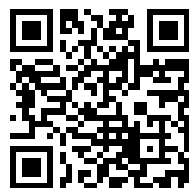

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





LIBRARY OF

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

s No. 051

k No. G54 2310

JANUARY.

GODDESS'S LADY'S BOOK



LIBRARY
by
MRS. SARAH J. GODEY,
L. A. GODEY.
PHILADELPHIA.
1851.

Great Offers for 1851!

A Leviathan Paper, 36 columns of reading and a costly engraving for \$2!

THE PREMIUM YEAR.

Costly Parlour Engravings, Popular and Fashionable Music, Historical and Useful Books, as Premiums to Subscribers to

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

WITH ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS IN THE LITERARY, NEWS AND ARTISTICAL CHARACTER OF ITS CONTENTS, FOR THE YEAR 1851 !

THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE NEW SERIES.

THE publisher, having completed the most extensive arrangements with Literary Writers, Correspondents, Designers, and Engravers, is prepared to offer to the American public a family journal which—great as has been its popularity heretofore—will, he firmly believes, so far excel all its contemporaries as to place "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" at once so far beyond all competition as to insure for it

A CIRCULATION OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES

before the first of March, 1851. Being a practical printer, possessed of large pecuniary means, and all the appliances for publishing a first-class literary paper, as well as the latest news, reports of markets, &c., from all parts of the world, and furnishing them to subscribers in advance of the other papers,—and having correspondents at all points to forward correct intelligence—he expects, by the additional outlay of a large amount of capital, to make his favourite family journal a requisite article in every family in the United States. To more fully accomplish this, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but to have in their possession also a beautiful house ornament, he proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS:

UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING!

One copy, one year, (with an elegant premium engraving,).....	\$2 00
Four copies, (and a premium engraving to the "getter-up of the club,")	8 00
Ten " " " " " " " " " " " "	10 00
Twenty " (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber.).....	20 00

* * Those who prefer it, can have the Premium Books or Music of the past year, on the same terms as heretofore.

THE PREMIUM PLATES!

Any person sending \$2 in advance will receive "*SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER*" for one year, and any one of the following costly and beautiful Parlour Pictures:—

Christ Blessing Little Children.—*Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*—**MATT. xix. 14.**

(This is one of the very best large size mesopotamian engravings ever published. It contains seventeen full-length figures, engraved in the very best style of art, and covers a space of 285 square inches. It is an elegant and suitable ornament for the richest parlour in the world. It is from Benjamin West's celebrated picture—cost of engraving, \$1800! The retail price of this print is \$3, plain—\$5, coloured. For \$3 we will furnish the Paper one year, and the coloured print.)

The First Prayer.—“*Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.*”

[This is a neat, chaste, instructive, and appropriate parlour print, 26 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in superior style, from a painting by the celebrated German artist, Holfeld, at a cost of \$1500. It represents a mother teaching her babe the Lord's Prayer, and is charmingly attractive. The store price of this print is also \$3.]

The Reverie.—(Coloured.)

The silver orb of heaven, with waning light,
Beams in soft splendour on the silent night,

And the fair maiden, musing 'neath its ray,

[The Reverie is one of the sweetest pictures, when coloured, the eye ever beheld. It is soft, natural, effective, and so perfectly innocent in expression, as to fairly enchant. Its size is 168 square inches: a fine mezzotint, drawn and engraved by G. K. Hall—cost, \$600.

* Persons getting up clubs, either of FOUR or TEN, will receive any picture in the whole list, above or below.

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

~~As~~ Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the club will receive any one of the following beautiful engravings:—

The Rev. John Wesley Preaching in the Gwenap Amphitheatre.—

Mr. Wesley, in his "Journal," says:—"The natural amphitheatre at Gwenap, (Cornwall,) is far the finest I know in the kingdom. It is a round, green hollow, gently shelving down about fifty feet deep; but I suppose it is two hundred acres across one way, and nearly three hundred the other. The people both filled it and covered the ground round about—above 32,000—the largest assembly I ever preached to. I think it the most magnificent spectacle which is to be seen on this side of heaven."

[The engraving is a fine mezzotint, (new,) and is the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving, \$1500. It is from a painting, designed from the above extract, which is printed on the engraving. The engraving is filled with figures of Wesley and his hearers. The picture is 23 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$2.]

America Guided by Wisdom.—An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity.

[This is a fine steel engraving, (now,) and has been most admirably executed, at a cost of \$1800. The design shows the Goddess of Liberty, a statue of Washington, the winged Mercury, the evidences of husbandry, commerce, industry, and the born of plenty, indicative of our prolific country. The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price, \$2.]

President Taylor and his W

[This print shows the hero of Buena Vista standing by his favourite steed, "Old Whitley," and attended by his faithful aid. The General is resting on the wheel of a cannon-carriage, and is represented in full military costume. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved at a cost of \$1000, and is sold at retail for \$2.]

The Reverse.—(Plain.)—

[This beautiful mezzotint engraving, described above, will be furnished, uncoloured, to club subscribers. The store price of this print, plain, is \$2.]

Remarks.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive any one of the last four described plates that he may select. By paying \$1 he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less than \$2. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it.

 The publisher assures the public that every picture is exactly as here represented—indeed, he believes that the description is far beneath the reality. Those plates which are of old but popular subjects, have been re-engraved expressly for Mr. Scott, and are superior to the previous copies. The list of Book Premiums is published at length in "Scott's Weekly Paper," and a catalogue of some two thousand pieces of music, from which subscribers may select, will be sent, on the receipt of an order, post-paid. The terms will also be found in "The Paper" for these premiums.

THE PUBLIC WILL OBSERVE

That SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER is a first-class two dollar journal, and yet the publisher is enabled, by the most liberal enterprise, to offer it almost for nothing. He is determined to have the largest subscription list in the world. His "Paper" is a mammoth sheet, containing thirty-six columns of reading. Since it has been enlarged to the present levianthan size, it contains about eight columns more reading every week than it did previously; and, consequently, publishes nearly one-half more literary and news matter than any other paper of any price. **IT IS PRINTED ON THE FINEST, WHITE PAPER,** a better article than has ever been used for a newspaper, and with new and beautiful clear-faced type, of a good size for reading without injury to the eyes.

It will number amongst its contributors for 1861, the leading writers of Europe and America, (for a list of whom see the paper,) and the contents will be nearly all original. The engravings will be of the most magnificent description. An Original Tale is published every week, without exception: so also original Poetry, Stories, Romances, Biographies, Statistics, Moral Essays, &c. It is just such a paper as every parent may place in the hands of his child with safety.

Early in December will be commenced an original *SEA-TALE*, or *nouvellette*, of the highest order of literary excellence. It will occupy several numbers, and is well worth the price of a year's subscription. It is copyrighted, and cannot be obtained in any other way. In addition, the ample dimensions of the sheet afford space for a great variety of reading, besides the news of the week—a feature peculiar to "Scott's Weekly Paper." The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH ANNUALS* will be published as soon as received from our London Agent; and the best of the foreign monthlies selected as fast as received.

43- All the publisher asks in return, is a response on the part of the public. For the five years that his "Paper" has been published, it has maintained an unsullied reputation for purity and excellence. He pledges himself to continue improving it commensurate with its patronage. Of one thing the public may rest assured, that this popular journal shall not be excelled, if equaled, by any other.

. All letters must be addressed, *post-paid*—or they are not taken from the Post-office,—to

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut St., Philad., Pa.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. XLII.

A Dream of the Past, by <i>D. Ellen Goodman</i> ,	169	Good For Evil, by <i>Angele de V. Hull</i> ,	252, 285
A Good-By Song, by <i>Giftie</i> ,	109	Hair Work,	128, 196
A Hindoo Belle, by <i>J. E. P.</i> ,	322	Home; or, the Cot and the Tree, by <i>Robert Johnson</i> ,	295
An Invocation, by <i>J. K. H.</i> ,	200	Hope on, Hope Ever, by <i>Robert G. Allison</i> ,	59
A New Fancy Table,	133	Incidents in the Life of Audubon, by the author of " <i>Tom Owens, the Bee Hunter</i> ,"	306
A Parable, by <i>James Carruthers</i> ,	8	"In every Heart Care builds her Nest," by <i>Christoph Durang</i> ,	389
A Poetical Version of a Portion of the Second Chapter of Joel, by <i>Ladd Spencer</i> ,	12	Infants' Robes,	263
April Fool's Day,	215	Kinneho; a Legend of Moosehead Lake, by <i>E. Oakes Smith</i> ,	175
A Remembrance, by <i>Ladd Spencer</i> ,	265	Kissing with a Moustache, by <i>Charles J. Peterson</i> ,	77
A Revery, by <i>J. A. S.</i> ,	376	Knitted Flowers,	61, 199, 263, 328, 386
A Small Villa, for a Gentleman much attached to Gardening,	261	Leaves from my Journal.—Florence, by <i>Ferdinand Coxe</i> ,	373
A Song for June, by <i>Fanny Fales</i> ,	344	Let Well Enough Alone, by <i>Mrs. Emma Ball</i> ,	27
A Spring Carol, by <i>Mrs. A. A. Barnes</i> ,	326	Life in the Woods, by <i>Geo. P. Morris</i> ,	10
A Winter Garden,	188	Lines Inscribed to One in Heaven, by <i>Æschylus</i> ,	80
Bladensburg—a Ballad, by <i>Thomas S. Donoko</i> ,	352	Luther and the Ballad Singer,	200
Bubbles, by <i>John Neal</i> ,	36	Matrimonial Reflections, by <i>J. Wm. Weidmeyer</i> ,	363
Burial of the Missionary, by <i>Mrs. L. G. Abell</i> ,	191	Model Cottages,	4, 126, 283
Chemisettes and Caps,	131, 262	Moral Courage, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	316, 367
Chemisettes and Undersleeves,	64	More Gossip About Children, by <i>Lewis Gaylord Clark</i> ,	47
Chenille Work,	62	My Love is like the Opening Rose,	389
Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, by <i>Rev. H. Hastings Weld</i> ,	76	My Own Fireside, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	75
Cloud Musings, by <i>Mrs. H. J. Lewis</i> ,	225	Napkins,	127
Corners for Pocket Handkerchiefs,	74	Neck Tie in Grecian Netting,	130
Costumes of all Nations—Second Series,	34, 107, 168, 353	New Music,	68, 137
Cottage Furniture,	329	Night, by <i>J. R. Orton</i> ,	190
Death, by <i>Francis D. H. Janvier</i> ,	194	Oh, Lady, touch that Lute again! by <i>J. A. Turner</i> ,	228
Death of a Young Lady of Sixteen, by <i>Mrs. L. G. Abell</i> ,	20	On a Child Asleep, by <i>John A. Chapman</i> ,	64
Design for a Carriage Bag,	264	Othello to Iago, by <i>R. T. Conrad</i> ,	54
Design for a Lady's Work-Box,	364	Patchwork,	198
Develour, by <i>Professor Charles E. Blumenthal</i> ,	51, 102, 182, 257, 323, 377	Persons and Pictures from the History of England, by <i>Henry William Herbert</i> .	55, 97
Dress and Fashion,	195	Plan of a Southern Cottage, by a <i>Lady Correspondent</i> ,	190
Editors' Table,	65, 134, 201, 266, 330, 391	Publisher's Department,	269, 334, 394
Editors' Book Table,	66, 135, 202, 267, 332, 392	Reply to A. G. J., by <i>Amasa Kinne, M. D.</i> ,	261
Ella Mason; or, The Romance of a Second Marriage, by <i>Effie Evergreen</i> ,	355	Retributions of History, by <i>Professor John Frost</i> ,	125
Embroidery.—The Toilet Set,	265	Robert Southey, by <i>H. T. Tuckerman</i> ,	119
Etruscan Lace Cuff,	328	Rose O'Connor—the Queen of the Flowers, by <i>George Johnson</i> ,	213
Fancy Costume,	386	Sabbath Lyrics, by <i>W. Gilmore Simms</i> ,	26, 109, 174, 366
Fashions,	70, 140, 205, 270, 336, 396	Saint Mary's Bells,	392
Flowers, by <i>G. H. Cranmer</i> ,	284	Search the Scriptures, by <i>Rev. H. Hastings Weld</i> ,	213
For the Fun of it, by <i>T. S. Arthur</i> ,	221		
Four Eras of Life, by <i>Mrs. A. F. Law</i> ,	9		
Four Sonnets to the Four Seasons, by <i>Mary Spenser Pease</i> ,	10		
Garden Decorations,	251, 282, 372		
Getting into Society, by the author of " <i>Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing</i> ," " <i>Signs of Gentility</i> ," " <i>Mysterious Knockings</i> ," etc.	110		

Sing Me that Song Again ! by <i>Miss E. Bogart</i> ,	33
Song of the Dying King, by <i>L. J. W.</i> ,	388
Song of the Stars, by <i>Thomas S. Donoho</i> ,	50
Sonnet, by <i>Lewis Graham, M. D.</i> ,	35
Sonnet, by <i>Mrs. L. S. Goodman</i> ,	281
Sonnet, by <i>Samuel Laurence James</i> ,	188
Sonnets, by <i>William Alexander</i> ,	42, 75, 169, 215, 277, 390
Spring, by <i>Fanny Fales</i> ,	292
Spring—a Ballad, by <i>Mary Spenser Pease</i> ,	278
Stanzas, by <i>a Stray Waif</i> ,	76
Susan Clifton ; or, the City and the Country, by <i>Professor Alden</i> ,	29, 93, 170, 246, 302, 360
Taking Boarders, by <i>T. S. Arthur</i> ,	13, 81, 160
Taking Care of Number One, by <i>T. S. Arthur</i> ,	320
The Angel Visitant, by <i>Mrs. M. A. Bigelow</i> ,	118
The Autour-Bouton,	364
The April Garland, by <i>Kate Berry</i> ,	227
The Balance of Happiness, by <i>Cara</i> ,	390
The Beauty of the Soul, by <i>Silas Livermore</i> ,	132
The Broken Wand,	189
The California Emigrant, by <i>M. S. A.</i> ,	245
The Cave of Eigg : a Legend of the Hebrides, by <i>Mrs. Caroline H. Butler</i> ,	229
The Child and the Rainbow, by <i>Mina Merton</i> ,	226
The Constant ; or, the Anniversary Present, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	5
The Coquette, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	149
The Dressing-Room,	60
The Dying Child, by <i>Llewellyn</i> ,	389
The Forest Stream, by <i>Emily Herrmann</i> ,	389
The Heart's Visitants, by <i>Cilia</i> ,	388
The Infant Saviour and St. John, by <i>Rev. H.</i> <i>Hastings Weld</i> ,	153
The Judge ; a Drama of American Life, by <i>Mrs. Sarah J. Hale</i> ,	21, 88, 154, 237, 298
The Language of Flowers, by <i>Jno. B. Duffey</i> ,	277
The Last of the Tie-Wigs, by <i>Jared Austin</i> ,	296
The Letter, by <i>Mary S. Adams</i> ,	216
The Lone One, by <i>P. A. Jordan</i> ,	236
The Matinée,	385
The Morning Ride, by <i>Edith Hervey</i> ,	345
The Mother and the Roses, by <i>D. E. Wilson</i> ,	391
The Mourner's Lament, by <i>Park Benjamin</i> ,	54
The Old Belfry, by <i>Mary May</i> ,	116
The Pioneer Mothers of the West, by <i>Mrs. E.</i> <i>F. Ellet</i> ,	43
The Sisters, by <i>Mrs. Helen C. Lewis</i> ,	153
The Song of the Mountain Maid, by <i>A. M. F.</i> ,	201
The Storm, by <i>Mary Spenser Pease</i> ,	341
The Tiny Glove — a May-Day Story, by <i>Blanche</i> ,	280
The Two Hours, by <i>Carl Linley</i> ,	167
The Valentines, by <i>Cara</i> ,	73
The Watcher's Vision, by <i>Francie Floravale</i> ,	388
The Witches—a Scene from Main Street, by <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> ,	192
The Young Enthusiasts, by <i>Frank I. Wilson</i> ,	309, 346

To A. E. B., or Her who Understands it, by <i>Adaliza Cutter</i> ,	297
To Hennie,	133
To Him who can alone sit for the Picture, by <i>James W. Simmons</i> ,	345
To the Bluebird, by <i>Anna</i> ,	181
To the Conductors of the Public Press,	66
To the Genius of Art, by <i>E. Anna Lewis</i> ,	187
To my Absent Little Boy, by <i>Ion</i> ,	179
To my Wife, by <i>J. Fred. Simmons</i> ,	106
Tribute to the Memory of Lieutenant Thomas B. F. Weld, by <i>M. E. A. C. Brown</i> ,	220
Undersleeves and Caps,	327
Various Useful Receipts, 69, 139, 205, 270, 335, 396	
Walking Costumes,	132
What is Life ? by <i>Mary M. Chase</i> ,	11
Who Speaks First ? by <i>C. T. Hinckley</i> ,	214
Window and Balcony Gardens,	117
Woman's Lot, by "the Author of <i>Jane Eyre</i> ,"	193
Women of the Revolution, by <i>Mrs. E. F. El-</i> <i>let</i> ,	293
Ye Come to me in Dreams, by <i>Nilla</i> ,	279

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

JANUARY

The Constant.
The Four Eras of Life.
"The Sylphs of the Seasons."
A Double Fashion Plate—Colored.
Music, &c.

FEBRUARY.

"My Own Fireside."
Christ Entering Jerusalem.
Take Care of Yourself.
Colored Vase and Flowers.
Music, &c.

MARCH.

The Coquette.
Birds and Flowers.
The Infant Saviour and St. John
Luther and the Ballad Singer.
Music, &c.

APRIL.

"Search the Scriptures."
"Who Speaks First ?"
The Fairy's Court.
"You won't Forget ?"
Music, &c.

MAY.

May-Day Morning.
The Language of Flowers.
Spring.
"Now be Careful."
Music, &c.

JUNE

The Storm.
The Morning Ride.
Model Cottage in the Tudor Style
Fancy Dress Fashions.
Music, &c.





THE FOUR ERAS

OF LIFE.



Printed and Published by G. & J. S. Smith, 10, Old Bailey, London. Engraved by J. W. Smith.



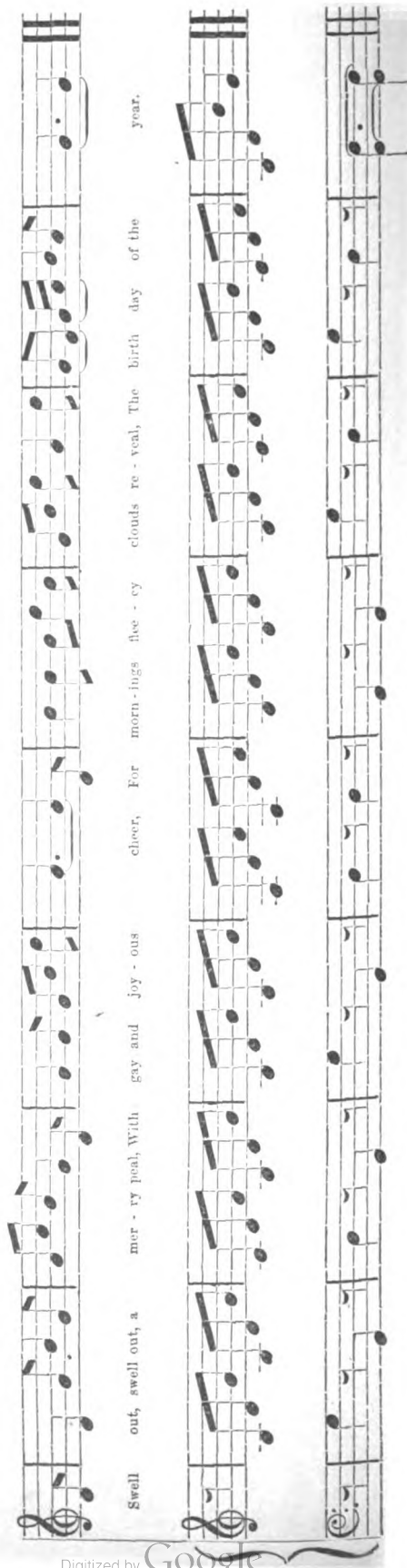


A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS. MUSIC BY W. J. WETMORE.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

S. V. A.



Swell out, swell out, a mer - ry peal, With gay and joy - ous cheer, For morn - tugs the - cy clouds re - veal, The birth day of the year.

The lit - tle snow-flakes glad - ly dance, To ring - ing bells sleigh - bells chime, While joy jewels sparkling glance, And mer - ry hearts keep

CORO.
time. Then swell a - new the joy - ous song, Of Win - ter's snow-clad reign, And how we all a mer - ry through, Greet New Year's day again.

There's joy upon the snowy crest,
 Encircling round the earth,
 And glittering dew-drops sweetly rest,
 Unstartled by our mirth.
 We may not on the green-sward dance,
 But in the summer time,
 And then our horses proudly prance,
 As in the autumn chime.
 Then shout anew, &c

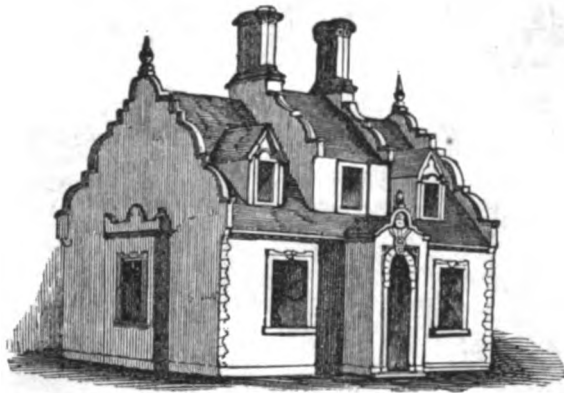
Oh! many a day has past and gone,
 And many a bright hope fled,
 Since last the earth her birth-day won,
 And they have quickly sped.
 And how to greet the new born year,
 Shall be the theme of our day,
 Then mar it not by sigh or tear,
 Our revelry so gay.
 Then swell anew, &c.



42
**CODEY'S LADY'S
BOOK**



MODEL COTTAGE.



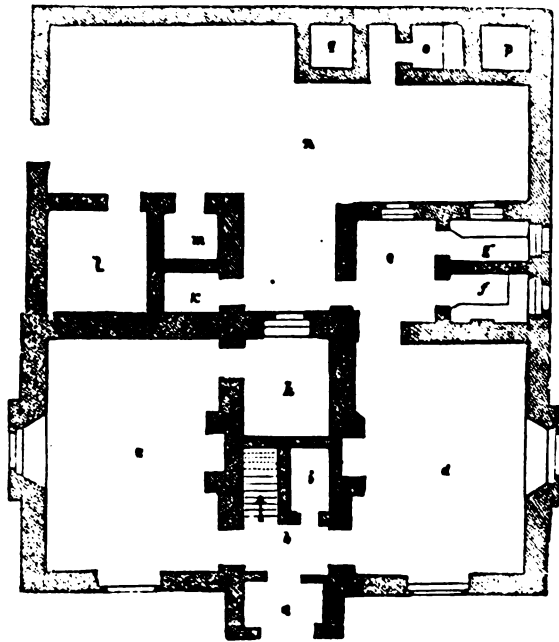
A Cottage in the Style of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

THE elevation is shown in fig. 1, the ground-plan in fig. 2.

Accommodation.—The plan shows a porch, *a*; a lobby, *b*; living room, *c*; kitchen, *d*; back-kitchen, *e*; pantry, *f*; dairy, *g*; bed-closet, *h*; store-

closet, *s*; fuel, *k*; cow-house, *l*; pig-stye, *m*; yard, *n*; dust-hole, *q*.

The Scotch are great admirers of this style, as belonging to one of their favorite public buildings, which is said to have been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones. The style is that of the times of Queen Elizabeth, and King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1851.

THE CONSTANT; OR, THE ANNIVERSARY PRESENT.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

It has an excellent influence on one's moral health to meet now and then in society, or, better still, in the close communion of home life, such a woman as Catherine Grant. She influences every one that comes within the pure atmosphere of her friendship, and as unconsciously to them as to herself. She never moralizes, or commands reform. There is no parade of her individual principle in any way, but she always *acts* rightly; and, if her opinion is called forth, it is given promptly and quietly, but very firmly.

Yet, though even strangers say this of her now, there was a time when few suspected the moral strength of her character. Not that principle was wanting; but it had never been called forth. She moved in her own circle with very little remark or comment. She was cheerful, and even sprightly in her manner, and her large blue eyes, as well as her lips, always spoke the truth. I do not know that she was ever called beautiful; but there was an air of *ladyhood* about her, from the folding of her soft brown hair to the gloving of a somewhat large but exquisitely-shaped hand, that marked her at once as possessing both taste and refinement.

I remember that friends spoke of her engagement with Willis Grant as a "good match," and rather wondered that she did not seem more elated with the prospect of being the mistress of such a pleasant little establishment as would be hers, for she was one of a large family of daughters, and her father's income as a professional man did not equal that of Willis, who was at the head of one of our largest mercantile houses. But it was in her nature to take all things calmly, though she was young, and enjoyed all the kindness of his attentions, and the prospect of a new home, as much as any happy bride could have done. It was a delightful home—

not so extravagantly furnished as Willis would have chosen it to be, but tasteful, and withal including many of those luxuries and elegancies which we of the nineteenth century are rapidly, too rapidly, learning to need. Willis declared that no one could be happier than they were; and, strange as it may seem, the envious world for once prophesied no cloud in the future.

But we have nothing to do with that first eventful year of married life—the year of attrition in mind and character, when two natures, differing in many points, and these sharpened as it were by education, are suddenly brought into immediate contact. There were some ideals overthrown, no doubt—it is often so; and some good qualities discovered, which were unsuspected before. The second anniversary of the wedding-day was also the birth-day of a darling child, and the home was more homelike than ever.

Yet Willis Grant was seldom there. It was not that he loved his wife the less—that her beauty had faded, or her temper changed. She was the same as ever—gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful for his wishes; and he appreciated all this. But before he had known her, in those wild idle days of early manhood, when the spirit craves continual excitement, and has not yet learned that it is the love of woman's purer nature which it needs, Willis had chosen his associates in a circle which it was very difficult to break from, now that their society was no longer essential to him. He was close in his attention to business; his great success had arisen from industry as well as talent; but when the counting-house was closed, there was no family circle to welcome him, and the doors of the club-house were invitingly open.

True, it was one of the most respectable clubs of

the city, mostly composed of young business men like himself, who discussed the tariffs and their effects upon trade over their *recherche* dinners, and chatted of European politics over their wine. And this reminds us of one thing that argues much, if not more than anything else, against the club-house system, that is so rapidly gaining favor in our cities. It accustoms the young man just entering life to a surrounding of luxury that he cannot himself consistently support when he begins to think of having a home of his own. He passes his evenings in a beautiful saloon, where the light is brilliant, yet tempered; where crimson curtains and a blazing fire speak at once of comfort and affluence of means. There are no discomforts, such as any one meets with more or less, inevitably, in private families—nothing to jar upon the spirit of self-indulgence and indolence which is thus fostered. The dinners, in cooking and service, are unexceptionable; and there are always plenty of associates as idle and thoughtless, and as good-natured, as himself, to make a jest of domestic life and domestic virtues. And, by-and-by, there is a stronger stimulus wanted, and the jest becomes more wanton over the roulette table or the keenly contested rubber; and the wine circulates more freely as the fire of youth goes out and leaves the ashes of mental and moral desolation. Ah no! the club-house is no conservator of the purity of social life, and this Catherine Grant soon felt, as night after night her husband left her to the society of her own thoughts, or her favorite books, to meet old friends in its familiar saloons, and show them that he at least was none the less “a good fellow” for being a married man!

It was all very well, no doubt, to be able to break away from the pleasant parlor, and the interesting woman who was the presiding genius of his household, and spend his evenings in the society of gay gallants who talked of horses and Tedesco's figure, or the gray-headed votaries of the whist table, who played the game as if the presidency depended upon “following lead,” and each trump was a diamond of inestimable worth, to be cherished and reserved, and parted with only at the last extremity. Sometimes a thought of comparison would arise, as he sat with elevated feet beside the anthracite fire, and gazed steadfastly on his patent leathers. Sometimes the idle jests and the heartless laughter would jar upon his ear; and the cigar was suffered to die out as, in thoughts of wife and child, he forgot to put it to his lips. But the injustice of his conduct, in thus depriving them of his society, did not once cross his mind, until he was involuntarily made the witness of a visit between Catherine and a lady who had been her intimate friend before marriage.

He had returned hurriedly one morning in search of some papers left in his own room, dignified by the name of study, though it must be confessed that he passed but little time there. It communicated with Catherine's apartment, which was just then occupied by the two ladies in confidential chat.

“And so you won't go to Mrs Sawyer's to-night?”

said Miss Lyons, who had thrown herself at full length upon a couch, and was idly teasing the baby with the tassel of her muff. “How provoking you are! You might as well be dead as married! It's well for your husband that I'm not in your place. Why, every one's talking about it, my child, how you are cooped up here, and Willis at the club-house night after night. Morgan told me he was always there, and asked me what kind of a wife he had—whether you quarreled or flirted, that he was away from you so much.”

Had the heedless speaker glanced up from her play with little Gertrude, she would have seen her friend's face suffused with a slight flush, for the last was a view of the case entirely new to her. But she said, quietly as ever—

“‘Everybody’ might be in better business, Nell; and why is it well for Willis that you are not in my place?”

“Why? Because I'd pay him in his own coin; he should not have the game all in his own hands. If he went to the club, I'd flirt, that's all, and we'd see who would hold out the longer.”

“Bad principle, Nelly. ‘Two wrongs,’ as the old proverb says, ‘never make a right;’ and yet I am sorry I said that, for so long as it gives Willis pleasure, and he is not drawn from his business by it, it is no wrong, though there is danger to any man in confirmed habits of ‘good-fellowship,’ as it is called. No one could see that more plainly than I do, or dread it more. Of course, when we love a person it is natural to wish to be with him as much as possible; and I must confess I am a little lonely now and then. But your plan would never succeed, nor would it be wise to annoy my husband with complaints. Nothing provokes a man like an expostulation.”

“And what do you do, then?”

“Nothing at all but try to make his home as pleasant as possible, and when he is weary of his gay companions he will return to me with more interest.”

“Well, well,” broke in her visitor; “Morgan can make up his mind to a very different state of things. I shall stipulate, first of all, that he must give up that abominable club-house.”

“And do you intend to lay your flirting propensities on the same altar of mutual happiness?”

Willis did not hear the reply, for he stole softly away, annoyed, as he thought, at having been a listener to what was not intended for his ears. But there was a little sting of self-reproach at his selfish desertion of home, and more than all, that Catherine should have been blamed for offences that any one who had known her would never have attributed to her.

“Ah, by the way, Kate,” he said that evening, turning suddenly, as she stood arranging her work-table beneath the gas light, “how about that invitation to Mrs. Sawyer's? It was for to-night, if I recollect?”

“I sent regrets, of course, as you expressed no wish to go; and, to tell the truth, I would much

rather pass the evening quietly here with you. How long it is since we have had one of those nice old-fashioned chats! Not since baby has been my companion."

This was said in a cheerful tone, as a reminiscence, not as a reproach; and yet Willis felt the morning's uncomfortable sensations return, though he tried to dispel them by stooping to kiss her forehead. Nevertheless, he ordered his coat, as the servant came in to remove the tea things, and took up his gloves from the table. The very consciousness of being in the wrong prevented an acknowledgment, even by an act so simple as giving up one evening's engagement.

"And here she comes!" he said, as the nurse drew the cradle from an adjoining room, so lightly that the little creature did not move or stir in her sweet sleep. And when his wife threw back the light covering, and said, "*Isn't she beautiful, Willis?*" as only a young mother could say it, it must be confessed that he thought himself a very fortunate man to have two such treasures, and he could not help saying so.

"I love to have the little thing where I can watch her myself; so, when there is no one in, nurse spares her to me, and we sit here as cosily as possible. I could watch her for hours. Sometimes she does not move, and then she will smile so sweetly in her sleep—and only look at those dear little dimpled hands, Willis!"

And yet Willis took the coat when it came, though with a guilty feeling at heart. The greater the self-reproach, the more the pride that arose to combat it; and he drew on his gloves resolutely.

"Don't sit up for me," he said, as he had said a hundred times before; and in a moment the hall door shut with a clang, as he passed into the street. Catherine echoed the sound with a half sigh. The morning's conversation rose to her recollection, and she had hoped, she scarce knew why, that Willis would remain with her that evening. But she checked the regretful reverie, and took up the pretty little sock she was knitting for Gertrude, and soon became engrossed in counting and all the after mysteries of this truly feminine employment.

Willis was ill at ease. He met young Morgan on the steps, and returned his bow very coldly. His usual companions were absent, and, after haunting the saloon restlessly for an hour, he strolled down to his counting-house. He knew that the foreign correspondence had just arrived, and, as he expected, his confidential clerk was still at the desk. And here he found, much to his dismay, that the presence of one of the firm was immediately necessary in Paris, and that, as the partner who usually attended to this branch of the business was ill, the journey would devolve on him. He was detained until a late hour, and as he turned his steps homeward the scene that he had left there rose vividly to his mind. He hurried up the steps, hoping to find Catherine still there, but the room was empty, and the fire, glowing redly through the bars of the grate,

was the only thing to welcome him. He stood a long time, leaning his elbow on the marble of the mantel, and thought over many things that had happened within the last few years—the many happy social evenings he had passed at that very hearth; the unvarying love and constancy of his wife; of his late neglect, for he could call it by no gentler name; and then came the thought that he must leave all this domestic peace, which he had valued so little—and who knew what might chance before he should return? He kissed his sleeping wife and child with unwonted tenderness, as he entered their apartment, and thought that they had never been so dear to him before.

It would be their first protracted separation, and Catherine was sad enough when its necessity was announced to her. But all preparations were hastened; and, at the close of the week, they were standing together in the dining-room, the last trunk locked, and the carriage waiting at the door that was to convey Willis to the steamer.

"And mind you do not get ill in my absence, Kate," he said, as he smoothed back her beautiful hair, and looked down fondly in her face. "If you are very good, as they tell children, I will send you the most charming present you can conceive of, or that Paris can offer, for the anniversary of our wedding-day. Too bad that we shall be separated, for the first time; but three months will soon pass away."

And Catherine smiled through the tears that were trembling in her eyes, at the half sad, half playful words; and a wifelike glance of trustfulness told how very dear he was.

There is nothing very romantic nowadays in a voyage to Europe. It has become a commonplace, everyday journey. You step to the deck of the steamer with less fear and trembling of friends than was once bestowed on a passage down the Hudson, and before you are fairly recovered from the first shock of sea-sickness, you have reached the destined port. But, for all that, longing eyes watch the rapid motion of the vessel as it lessens in the distance, and many a prayer is wafted to its white sails by the sighing night-wind. There are lonely hours to remind one that the broad and silent sea is rolling between us and those we love, and we know that it is sometimes treacherous in its tranquillity.

It is then we bless the quiet messengers that come from afar to tell us of their well-being—when the seal, with its loving device, is pressed to trembling lips, and the well-known hand recalls the form of the absent one so vividly. So, at last, the long-looked-for letters came with tidings of the safe arrival of Mr. Grant at his destination, and the hope that his return would be more speedy than had been anticipated. A month passed slowly away, and little Gertrude had been her mother's best comforter in absence. Every day some new intelligence lighted her bright eyes, and Catherine could trace another token of resemblance to the absent one. But, sud-

denly, the child grew ill, and the pain of separation was augmented as day by day the mother watched over her alone.

It was her first experience of the illness of childhood, and it required all her strength and all her calmness to be patient, while sitting hour after hour with the moaning infant cradled in her arms, unable to understand or relieve its sufferings, and tortured by the dull look of apathy which alone answered to her fond or despairing exclamations. She had forgotten that the birthday of the infant was so near—that first birthday—and the anniversary which they had twice welcomed so joyfully. At last the crisis came; the long night closed in drearily, and the physician told her that, ere morning, there would be hope or despair. Those who have thus watched can alone understand the agony of that midnight vigil; how every breath was counted, and every flush marked with wild anxiety. And Catherine sat there, forgetting that food or rest was necessary to her, conscious only of the suffering of her child, and picturing darkly to herself the loneliness of the future, should it be taken from her. How could she survive the interval that would elapse before her husband's return? and how dreary would be the meeting which she had hitherto anticipated with so much pleasure!

She was not to be so sorely tried. The hard feverish pulse gave place to a gentler beating; the fever flush passed away; and the regular heaving of a quiet sleep gave token at length that all danger to the child was over.

Then, for the first time, Catherine was persuaded to seek rest for herself, and all her anxiety was forgotten in a deep and trance-like slumber.

When she awoke there were letters and packages lying beside her bed, directed by her husband; and after she had once more assured herself that it was no dream the child was really safe, she opened them eagerly. The letter announced that the business was happily adjusted, and that his return might be looked for by the next steamer. Meantime, he

said, he had sent some things to amuse her, and more particularly the choice gift for the anniversary of their marriage. It was the morning of that very day! She had not thought of it before. She stooped to place a birthday kiss upon the fair but wasted little face beside her, and then tore open the envelopes. There were many beautiful things, "such as ladies love to look upon," and at the last she came to a small package marked, "*For our wedding day.*" It contained a little jewel case; but there was nothing on the snowy satin cushion but a pair of daintily wrought clasps for the robe of the little child, marked, "with a father's love;" and then, as she was replacing them, a sealed envelop caught her eye. There was an inclosure directed to a name she was not familiar with, and a few lines penciled for herself:—

"DEAR KATE: I have searched all over Paris, and could not find anything that I thought would please you better than the inclosed, which is my resignation of club membership. Will you please send it to the president, and accept the true and earnest love of
YOUR ABSENT HUSBAND."

Then he had not been unmindful of her silent regret; he still loved his home, and the dangerous hour of his temptation was passed! Had she not great reason for the gush of love and thankfulness that filled her heart and renewed her strength that happy morning—her child saved, and her husband, as it were, restored to her? Ere he came, the little one was fast regaining her bright playfulness, and became a stronger tie between Willis Grant and his happy home. I do not know that you and I, dear reader, would have learned the secret of his renewed devotion to his wife, had he not told Nelly Lyons himself that "Kate's way was the best, and she had better try it with Morgan, if ever he showed an undue fondness for the club after their marriage." Of course, the volatile girl could not help telling the story, and when two know a thing, as we are all aware, it is a secret no longer.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES CARRUTHERS.

"It is a marvel," remarked the youth Silas to his companion, "that, after so many years of unremitting application, favored by the combination of extraordinary advantages, I should yet have accomplished nothing. Scholarly toil, indeed, is not without its meet reward. But in much wisdom is much grief, when it serves not to advance the well-being of its possessor."

"I have remarked, as thou hast," returned the companion of Silas, "how sorely thou hast been distanced in thy life's pursuit by those who came

after with far less ability and fewer advantages; and, if thou wilt believe me, have read the marvel. Last noon, while in attendance on the Syrian race, I observed that the untamed, high-mettled steed, that, in his daring strength and almost limitless swiftness, scorned his rider's curb, though traveling a space far more extended than the appointed course, and, surmounting every hill, left the race to be won by the well-governed courser that obeyed the rein, and, in the track marked out for his progress, reached the goal."

ERAS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW

(See Plate.)

BAPTISM

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign her with the sign of the cross—in token that hereafter she shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant, unto her life's end."

BAPTISMAL SERVICE OF P. E. C.

In the house of prayer we enter, through its aisles our course we wend,
And before the sacred altar on our knees we humbly bend;
Craving, for a young immortal, God's beneficence and grace,
That, through Christ's unfailing succor, she may win the victor race.
Water from *baptismal fountain* rests on a "young soldier," sworn
By the cross' holy signet to defend the "Virgin-born."
May she never faint or falter in the raging war of sin,
And, encased in Faith's tried armor, a triumphant conquest win!
To the Triune One our darling trustingly we now commend,
And for full and *free* salvation, from our hearts pure thanks ascend.

COMMUNION.

"HAIL! sacred feast, which Jesus makes—
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food."

With a bearing meekly grateful, slow approach the *sacred feast*,
And, with penitential gladness, take, by faith, this Eucharist.
Hark! how sweetly, o'er it stealing, come the sounds of pardoning love!
Winning back to paths of virtue all who now in error rove.
Here is food for all who languish, and for those who, fainting, thirst—
Free, from Christ, the *Living Fountain*, crystal waters ceaseless burst!
Come, ye sad and weary-hearted, bending 'neath a weight of woe—
Here the *Comforter* is waiting his rich blessings to bestow!
None need linger—all are bidden to this "Supper of the Lamb."
Come, and by this outward token, worship God, the great "I AM!"

MARRIAGE.

"One sacred oath hath tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide!"

Choral voices float around us, music on the night air swells;
Hill and dell resound with echoes of the gleeful wedding bells!
Ushered thus, we haste to enter on a scene of radiant joy—
Listening vows in ardor plighted, which alone can death destroy.
Passing fair the bride appeareth, in her robes of snowy white,
While the veil around her streameth, like a silvery halo's light;
And amid her hair's rich braidings rests the pearly orange bough,
With its fragrant blossoms pressing on her pure, unclouded brow.
Love's devotion yields the future with young Hope's resplendent beam;
And her spirit thrills with rapture, yielding to its blissful dream!

DEATH.

"DEATH, thou art infinite!"
"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to Eternity."

Now we chant a miserere which proclaims the *end of man*—
Telling, in prophetic language, "Life," at best, "is but a span!"
Scarcely treading, slowly enter, reverently bend the knee—
List the Spirit's inward whisper, and from *worldly thoughts* be free.
Here we view a weary pilgrim, cradled in a dreamless sleep;
Human sounds no more shall reach her, for its spell is "long and deep!"
Gaze upon the marble features! Mark how peacefully they rest!
Anguished thought, and sorrow's heavings, all are parted from that breast!
Soon on mother earth reposing, this cold form shall calmly lie,
Till, by God's dread trump awakened, it shall mount to realms on high.

FOUR SONNETS TO THE FOUR SEASONS.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

(See Plate.)

SPRING.

FROM mountain top, and from the deep-voiced valley,
The snow-white mists are slowly upward wreathing :
Now floating wide, now hovering close, to dally
With sportive winds, around them lightly breathing,
Till, in the quickening Spring-shine through them
creeping,
Their gloomy power dissolves in warmth and glad-
ness ;
While swift, new tides through Nature's heart-pulse
sweeping,
Floods all her veins with a delicious madness.
Warmed into life, a world of bright shapes thronging—
Young, tender leaf-buds in fresh greenness swelling,
Flower, bird, and insect, with prophetic longing.
Pour forth their joy in tremulous hymns upwelling :
Thus, Love's Spring sun dispels all chill and sorrow
With joyful promise of Love's fullest morrow.

SUMMER.

SWEET incense from the heart of myriad flowers,
Sweet as the breath that parts the lips of love,
Floats softly upward through the sunny hours,
Hiving its fragrance in the warmth above :
Big with rich store, the teeming earth yields up
The increase of her harvest treasury ;
While golden wine, from Nature's brimming cup,
Quickens her pulse to love-toned melody.
Full choired praise from countless glad throats break,
More dazzling bright doth gleam night's dewy eyes ;
A newer witchery doth the great moon wake ;
More mellow languisheth the bending skies :
Thus, through the heart Life's Summer-sun comes
stealing,
Spring's wildest promise in Love's fulness sealing

AUTUMN.

ATHWART the ripe, red sunshine fitfully,
Like withering doubts through Love's warm, flush-
ing breast,
With wailing voice of saddest augury,
Sweeps from the frozen North a phantom guest .
With icy finger on each yellow leaf
Writes he the history of the dying year.
Love's harvest reaped, the grainless stalk and sheaf—
Like plundered hearts, unkerneled of sweet cheer—
Lie black and bare, exposed to rudest tread :
While still, with semblance of the Summer brave,
Soft, pitying airs float o'er its cold death-bed ;
Bright flowers and motley leaves flaunt o'er its
grave :
As in Earth's Autumn—so, through weeping show-
ers,
Love sighs a mournful requiem over bygone hours.

WINTER.

LOCKED in a close embrace, like that of Death,
Earth's pulseless heart reposes, mute and chill ;
Within her frozen breast, her frozen breath,
In its forgotten fragrance, slumbereth still :
Sapless her veins, and numb her withered arms,
That still, outstretched, stand grim mementoes drear
Of her once gorgeous and full-leaved charms,
Of flower and fruit, all increase of the year :
Voiceless the river, in ice fretwork chained ;
Hushed the sweet cadences of bird and bee ;
Dumb the last echo to soft music trained,
And warmth and life are a past memory :
Thus, buried deep within dull Winter's rime,
Love dreamless sleeps through the long Winter-
time.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.—A SONG.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

A MERRY life does the hunter lead !
He wakes with the dawn of day ;
He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,
And scuds to the woods away !
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along ;
And his rifle startles the cheerful lark,
As she carols his morning song.

The hunter's life is the life for me !
'That is the life for a man !
Let others sing of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can.
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer, as they bound along !
My steed, dog, and gun, and the cheerful lark,
To carol my morning song.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY MARY M. CHASE.

ONE sun-shiny afternoon, a little girl sat in a wood playing with moss and stones. She was a pretty child; but there was a wishful, earnest look in her eye, at times, that made people say, "She is a good little girl; but she won't live long." But she did not think of that to-day, for a fine western wind was shaking the branches merrily above her head, and a family of young rabbits that lived near by kept peeping out to watch her motions. She threw bread to the rabbits from the pockets of her apron, and laughed to see them eat. She laughed, also, to hear the wild, boisterous wind shouting among the leaves, and then she sang parts of a song that she had imperfectly learned—

"Hurrah for the oak! for the brave old oak,
That hath ruled in the greenwood long!"

and the louder the wind roared, the louder she sang. Presently, a light-winged seed swept by her; she reached out her pretty hand and caught it. It was an ugly brown seed; but she said, as she looked at it—

"Mother says, if I plant a seed, may be it will grow to be a tree. So I will see."

Then she scraped away a little of the mellow earth, and put the seed safely down, and covered it again. She made a little paling around the spot with dry sticks and twigs, and then a thoughtful mood came over her.

That brown seed is dead now, thought she; but it will lie there in the dark a great while, and then green leaves will come up, and a stem will grow; and some day it will be a great tree. Then it will live. But, if it is dead now, how can it ever live? What a strange thing life is! What makes life? It can't be the sunshine; for that has fallen on these stones ever so many years, and they are dead yet; and it can't be the rain; for these broken sticks are wet very often, and they don't grow. What is life?

The child grew very solemn at her own thoughts, and a feeling as if some one were near troubled her. She thought the wind must be alive; for it moved, and very swiftly, too, and it had a great many voices. If she only could know now what they said, perhaps they would tell what life was. And then she looked up at the aged oaks, as they reared their arms to the sky, and she longed to ask them the question, but dared not. A small spring leaped down from a rock above her, and fled past with ceaseless murmurs, and she felt sure that it lived, too, for it moved and had a voice. And a

strong feeling stirred the young soul, a sudden desire to know all things, to hold communion with all things.

Now the day was gone, and the child turned homewards; but she seemed to hear in sleep that night the whispered question, "What is life?" She was yet to know.

The seed had been blown away from a pine tree, and it took root downward and shot green spears upward, until, when a few summers had passed, it had grown so famously that a sparrow built her nest there, among the foliage, and never had her roof been so water-proof before. There, one day, came a tall, fair girl, with quick step and beaming eyes, and sat down at its root. One hand caressed lovingly the young pine, and one clasped a folded paper. How she had grown since she put that brown seed into the earth! She opened the paper and read; a bright color came to her cheeks, and her hand trembled—

"He loves me!" said she. "I cannot doubt it."

Then she read aloud—

"When you are mine, I shall carry you away from those old woods where you spend so much precious time dreaming vaguely of the future. I will teach you what life is. That its golden hours should not be wasted in idle visions, but made glorious by the exhaustless wealth of love. True life consists in loving and being loved."

She closed the letter and gazed around her. Was this the teaching she had received from those firm old oaks who had so long stood before the storms? She had learned to know some of their voices, and now they seemed to speak louder than ever, and their word was—"Endurance!"

The never-silent wind, that paused not, nor went back in its course, had taught her a lesson, also, in its onward flight, its ceaseless exertion to reach some far distant goal. And the lesson was—"Hope."

The ever-flowing spring, whose heart was never dried up either in summer or winter, had murmured to her of—"Faith."

She laid her head at the foot of the beloved pine and said, in her heart, "I will come back again when ten years are passed, and will here consider whose teachings were right."

It was a cold November day. A rude north wind raved among the leafless oaks that defied its power with their rugged, unclad arms. The heavy masses of clouds were mirrored darkly in the spring, and

the pine, grown to lofty stature, rocked swiftly to and fro as the fierce wind struck it. Down the hill, over the stones, and through the tempest, there came a slight and bending form. It was the happy child who had planted the pine seed.

She threw herself on the dry leaves by the water's edge, and leaned wearily against the strong young evergreen. How sadly her eyes roved among the trees, and then tears commenced to fall quickly from them. She was very pale and mournful, and drew her rich mantle closely around her to shield her from the wind. It had been as her lover had said. She had gone out into the world, had tasted what men call pleasure, had put aside the simple lessons she had learned in her childhood, to follow *his* bidding, to live in the light of *his* love. Ten years had dissolved the dream. The young husband was in his grave; the child she had called after him was no more. Weary and heart-broken, she had hurried back to the home she had left, and the haunts she had cherished.

She embraced the young pine, tenderly, and exclaimed—

"Oh, that thy lot was mine! Thou wilt stand here, in a green youth, a century after I am laid low. No fears perplex thee, no sorrows eat away thy strength. Willingly would I become like thee."

At last she grew calm; and the old question which she had never found answered to her satisfaction—"What is life?"—sprang up into her mind. All the deeds of past days moved before her, and she felt that hers had not been a life worthy of an immortal soul. She heard again the voices of the trees, the wind, and the stream, and a measure of peace seemed granted to her. "Endurance—Hope—Faith," she murmured. She rose to go.

"Farewell, beloved pine," she said. "God knows whether I shall see thee again; but such is my desire. With his help, I will begin a new ex-

istence. Farewell, monitors who have comforted me. I go to learn 'what is life.'"

In a distant city, there dwelt, to extreme old age, a pious woman, a Lydia in her holiness, a Dorcas in her benevolence. Years seemed to have no power over her cheerful spirit, though her bodily strength grew less. Great riches had fallen to her lot; but in her dwelling luxury found no home. A hospital—a charity school—an orphan asylum—all attested her true appreciation of the value of riches. In her house, many a young girl found a home, whose head had else rested on a pillow of infamy. The reclaimed drunkard dispensed her daily bounty to the needy. The penitent thief was her treasurer. Prisons knew the sound of her footstep. Alms-houses blessed her coming. She had been a faithful steward of the Lord's gifts.

Eighty-and-eight years had dropped upon her head as lightly as withered leaves; but now the Father was ready to release his servant and child. Her numerous household was gathered around her bed to behold her last hour. On the borders of eternity, a gentle sleep fell upon her. She seemed to stand in a lofty wood, beside a towering pine. A spring bubbled near, and soft breezes swept the verdant boughs. She looked upon the tree, glorious in its strength, and smiled to think she could ever have desired to change her crown of immortality for its senseless existence. Then the old question—"What is life?"—resounded again in her ears, and she opened her eyes from sleep and spoke, in a clear voice, these last words—

"He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life. This is the true life for which we endure the trials of the present. For this we labor and do good works. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth; for to be spiritually-minded is life. I have finished my course; my toil will be recompensed an hundredfold; and I go to Him whose loving kindness is better than life."

A POETICAL VERSION.

OF A PORTION OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF JOEL.

BY LADD SPENCER.

In Zion blow the trumpet,
Let it sound through every land;
And let the wicked tremble,
For the Lord is nigh at hand.
Alas! a day of darkness—
A day of clouds and gloom—
Approaches fast, when all shall be
As silent as the tomb!

As the morn upon the mountains,
There comes a mighty train,
The like of which hath never been,
And ne'er shall be again.

A burning fire before them,
And behind a raging flame—
Alas, that beauty so should be
Enwrapt in sin and shame!

The earth doth quake before them,
The sun withdraws its light;
The heavens and earth are shrouded
In darkest, deepest night.
Then weep, ye evil doers,
Let tears of anguish flow;
Your evil deeds have brought you
A load of endless woe!

TAKING BOARDERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

A LADY, past the prime of life, sat, thoughtful, as twilight fell duskily around her, in a room furnished with great elegance. That her thoughts were far from being pleasant, the sober, even sad expression of her countenance too clearly testified. She was dressed in deep mourning. A faint sigh parted her lips as she looked up, on hearing the door of the apartment in which she was sitting open. The person who entered, a tall and beautiful girl, also in mourning, came and sat down by her side, and leaned her head, with a pensive, troubled air, down upon her shoulder.

"We must decide upon something, Edith, and that with as little delay as possible," said the elder of the two ladies, soon after the younger one entered. This was said in a tone of great despondency.

"Upon what shall we decide, mother?" and the young lady raised her head from its reclining position, and looked earnestly into the eyes of her parent.

"We must decide to do something by which the family can be sustained. Your father's death has left us, unfortunately and unexpectedly, as you already know, with scarcely a thousand dollars beyond the furniture of this house, instead of an independence which we supposed him to possess. His death was sad and afflictive enough—more than it seemed I could bear. But to have this added!"

The voice of the speaker sank into a low moan, and was lost in a stifled sob.

"But what *can* we do, mother?" asked Edith, in an earnest tone, after pausing long enough for her mother to regain the control of her feelings.

"I have thought of but one thing that is at all respectable," replied the mother.

"What is that?"

"Taking boarders."

"Why, mother!" ejaculated Edith, evincing great surprise, "how can you think of such a thing?"

"Because driven to do so by the force of circumstances."

"Taking boarders! Keeping a boarding-house! Surely we have not come to this!"

An expression of distress blended with the look of astonishment in Edith's face.

"There is nothing disgraceful in keeping a boarding-house," returned the mother. "A great many very respectable ladies have been compelled to resort to it as a means of supporting their families."

"But, to think of it, mother! To think of your keeping a boarding-house! I cannot bear it."

"Is there anything else that can be done, Edith?"

"Don't ask *me* such a question."

"If, then, you cannot think for me, you must try and think with me, my child. Something will have to be done to create an income. In less than twelve months, every dollar I have will be expended; and then what are we to do? Now, Edith, is the time for us to look at the matter earnestly, and to determine the course we will take. There is no use to look away from it. A good house, in a central situation, large enough for the purpose, can no doubt be obtained; and I think there will be no difficulty about our getting boarders enough to fill it. The income, or profit, from these will enable us still to live comfortably, and keep Edward and Ellen at school."

"It is hard," was the only remark Edith made to this.

"It is hard, my daughter; very hard! I have thought and thought about it until my whole mind has been thrown into confusion. But it will not do to think forever. There must be action. Can I see want stealing in upon my children, and sit and fold my hands supinely? No! And to you, Edith, my oldest child, I look for aid and for counsel. Stand up, bravely, by my side."

"And you are in earnest in all this?" said Edith, whose mind seemed hardly able to realize the truth of their position. From her earliest days, all the blessings that money could procure had been freely scattered around her feet. As she grew up, and advanced towards womanhood, she had moved in the most fashionable circles, and there acquired the habit of estimating people according to their wealth and social standing, rather than by qualities of mind. In her view, it appeared degrading in a woman to enter upon any kind of employment for money; and with the keeper of a boarding-house, particularly, she had always associated something low, vulgar, and ungentle. At the thought of her mother's engaging in such an occupation, when the suggestion was made, her mind instantly revolted. It appeared to her as if disgrace would be the inevitable consequence.

"And you are in earnest in all this?" was an expression, mingling her clear conviction of the truth of what at first appeared so strange a proposition, and her astonishment that the necessities of their situation were such as to drive them to so humiliating a resource.

"Deeply in earnest," was the mother's reply. "We are left alone in the world. He who cared for us, and provided for us so liberally, has been taken away, and we have nowhere to look for aid but to

the resources that are in ourselves. These, well applied, will give us, I feel strongly assured, all that we need. The thing to decide is, what we ought to do. If we choose aright, all will, doubtless, come out right. To choose aright is, therefore, of the first importance; and to do this, we must not suffer distorting suggestions nor the appeals of a false pride to influence our minds in the least. You are my oldest child, Edith; and, as such, I cannot but look upon you as, to some extent, jointly, with me, the guardian of your younger brothers and sisters. True, Miriam is of age, and Henry nearly so; but still you are the eldest—your mind is most matured, and in your judgment I have the most confidence. Try and forget, Edith, all but the fact that, unless we make an exertion, one home for all cannot be retained. Are you willing that we should be scattered like leaves in the autumn wind? No! you would consider that one of the greatest calamities that could befall us—an evil to prevent which we should use every effort in our power. Do you not see this clearly?"

"I do, mother," was replied by Edith in a more rational tone of voice than that in which she had yet spoken.

"To open a store of any kind would involve five times the exposure of a boarding-house; and, moreover, I know nothing of business."

"Keeping a store? Oh, no! we couldn't do that. Think of the dreadful exposure!"

"But in taking boarders we only increase our family, and all goes on as usual. To my mind, it is the most genteel thing that we can do. Our style of living will be the same. Our waiter and all our servants will be retained. In fact, to the eye there will be little change, and the world need never know how greatly reduced our circumstances have become."

This mode of argument tended to reconcile Edith to taking boarders. Something, she saw, had to be done. Opening a store was felt to be out of the question; and as to commencing a school, the thought was repulsed at the very first suggestion.

A few friends were consulted on the subject, and all agreed that the best thing for the widow to do was to take boarders. Each one could point to some lady who had commenced the business with far less ability to make boarders comfortable, and who had yet got along very well. It was conceded on all hands that it was a very genteel business, and that some of the first ladies had been compelled to resort to it, without being any the less respected. Almost every one to whom the matter was referred spoke in favor of the thing, and but a single individual suggested difficulty; but what he said was not permitted to have much weight. This individual was a brother of the widow, who had always been looked upon as rather eccentric. He was a bachelor, and without fortune, merely enjoying a moderate income as book-keeper in the office of an insurance company.

But more of him hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. DARLINGTON, the widow we have just introduced to the reader, had five children. Edith, the oldest daughter, was twenty-two years of age at the time of her father's death; and Henry, the oldest son, just twenty. Next to Henry was Miriam, eighteen years old. The ages of the two youngest children, Ellen and Edward, were ten and eight.

Mr. Darlington, while living, was a lawyer of distinguished ability, and his talents and reputation at the Philadelphia bar enabled him to accumulate a handsome fortune. Upon this he had lived for some years in a style of great elegance. About a year before his death, he had been induced to enter into some speculation that promised great results. But he found, when too late to retreat, that he had been greatly deceived. Heavy losses soon followed. In a struggle to recover himself, he became still further involved; and, ere the expiration of a twelve-month, saw everything falling from under him. The trouble brought on by this was the real cause of his death, which was sudden, and resulted from inflammation and congestion of the brain.

Henry Darlington, the oldest son, was a young man of promising talents. He remained at college until a few months before his father's death, when he returned home, and commenced the study of law, in which he felt ambitious to distinguish himself.

Edith, the oldest daughter, possessed a fine mind, which had been well educated. She had some false views of life, natural to her position; but, apart from this, was a girl of sound sense and great force of character. Thus far in life, she had not encountered circumstances of a nature calculated to develop what was in her. The time for that, however, was approaching. Miriam, her sister, was a quiet, gentle, retiring, almost timid girl. She went into company with reluctance, and then always shrunk as far from observation as it was possible to get. But, like most quiet, retiring persons, there were deep places in her mind and heart. She thought and felt more than was supposed. All who knew Miriam, loved her. Of the younger children we need not here speak.

Mrs. Darlington knew comparatively nothing of the world beyond her own social circle. She was, perhaps, as little calculated for doing what she proposed to do as a woman could well be. She had no habits of economy, and had never, in her life, been called upon to make calculations of expense in household matters. There was a tendency to generosity rather than selfishness in her character; and she rarely thought evil of any one. But all that she was need not here be set forth, for it will appear as our narrative progresses.

Mr. Hiram Ellis, the brother of Mrs. Darlington, to whom brief allusion has been made, was not a great favorite in the family—although Mr. Darlington understood his good qualities, and very highly respected him—because he had not much that was prepossessing in his external appearance, and was

thought to be a little eccentric. Moreover, he was not rich—merely holding the place of book-keeper in an insurance office, at a moderate salary. But, as he had never married, and had only himself to support, his income supplied amply all his wants, and left him a small annual surplus.

After the death of Mr. Darlington, he visited his sister much more frequently than before. Of the exact condition of her affairs, he was much better acquainted than she supposed. The anxiety which she felt, some months after her husband's death, when the result of the settlement of his estate became known, led her to be rather more communicative. After determining to open a boarding-house, she said to him, on the occasion of his visiting her one evening—

"As it is necessary for me to do something, Hiram, I have concluded to move to a better location, and take a few boarders."

"Don't do any such thing, Margaret," her brother made answer. "Taking boarders! It's the last thing of which a woman should think."

"Why do you say that, Hiram?" asked Mrs. Dar-

lington, evincing no little surprise at this unexpected reply.

"Because I think that a woman who has a living to make can hardly try a more doubtful experiment. Not one in ten ever succeeds in doing anything."

"But why, Hiram? Why? I'm sure a great many ladies get a living in that way."

"What you will never do, Margaret, mark my words for it. It takes a woman of shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to get along in this pursuit. Even if you possessed all these prerequisites to success, you have just the family that ought not to come in contact with anybody and everybody that find their way into boarding-houses."

"I must do something, Hiram," said Mrs. Darlington, evincing impatience at the opposition of her brother.

"I perfectly agree with you in that, Margaret," replied Mr. Ellis. "The only doubt is as to your choice of occupation. You think that your best plan will be to take boarders; while I think you could not fail upon a worse expedient."



"Why do you think so?"

"Have I not just said?"

"What?"

"Why, that, in the first place, it takes a woman of great shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to succeed in the business."

"I'm not a fool, Hiram!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, losing her self-command.

"Perhaps you may alter your opinion on that head some time within the next twelve months," coolly returned Mr. Ellis, rising and beginning to button up his coat.

"Such language to me, at this time, is cruel!" said Mrs. Darlington, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"No," calmly replied her brother, "not cruel, but kind. I wish to save you from trouble."

"What else can I do?" asked the widow, removing the handkerchief from her face.

"Many things, I was going to say," returned Mr. Ellis. "But, in truth, the choice of employment is not very great. Still, something with a fairer promise than taking boarders may be found."

"If you can point me to some better way, brother," said Mrs. Darlington, "I shall feel greatly indebted to you."

"Almost anything is better. Suppose you and Edith were to open a school. Both of you are well——"

"Open a school!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, interrupting her brother, and exhibiting most profound astonishment. "*I* open a school! I didn't think *you* would take advantage of my grief and misfortune to offer me an insult."

Mr. Ellis buttoned the top button of his coat nervously, as his sister said this, and, partly turning himself towards the door, said—

"Teaching school is a far more useful, and, if you will, more respectable employment, than keeping a boarding-house. This you ought to see at a glance. As a teacher, you would be a minister of truth to the mind, and have it in your power to bend from evil and lead to good the young immortals committed to your care; while, as a boarding-house keeper, you would merely furnish food for the natural body—a use below what you are capable of rendering to society."

But Mrs. Darlington was in no state of mind to feel the force of such an argument. From the thought of a school she shrunk as from something degrading, and turned from it with displeasure.

"Don't mention such a thing to me," said she fretfully, "I will not listen to the proposition."

"Oh, well, Margaret, as you please," replied her brother, now moving towards the door. "When you ask my advice, I will give it according to my best judgment, and with a sincere desire for your good. If, however, it conflicts with your views, reject it; but, in simple justice to me, do so in a better spirit than you manifest on the present occasion. Good evening!"

Mrs. Darlington was too much disturbed in mind to make a reply, and Mr. Hiram Ellis left the room without any attempt on the part of his sister to detain him. On both sides, there had been the indulgence of rather more impatience and intolerance than was commendable.

CHAPTER III.

In due time, Mrs. Darlington removed to a house in Arch Street, the annual rent of which was six hundred dollars, and there began her experiment. The expense of a removal, and the cost of the additional chamber furniture required, exhausted about two hundred dollars of the widow's slender stock of money, and caused her to feel a little troubled when she noted the diminution.

She began her new business with two boarders, a gentleman and his wife by the name of Grimes, who had entered her house on the recommendation of a friend. They were to pay her the sum of eight dollars a week. A young man named Barling, clerk in a wholesale Market Street house, came next; and he introduced, soon after, a friend of his, a clerk in the same store, named Mason. They were room-mates, and paid three dollars and a half each. Three or four weeks elapsed before any further additions were made; then an advertisement brought several applications. One was from a gentleman who wanted two rooms for himself and wife, a nurse and four children. He wanted the second story front and back chambers, furnished, and was not willing to pay over sixteen dollars, although his oldest child was twelve and his youngest four years of age—seven good eaters and two of the best rooms in the house for sixteen dollars!

Mrs. Darlington demurred. The man said—

"Very well, ma'am," in a tone of indifference. "I can find plenty of accommodations quite as good as yours for the price I offer. It's all I pay now."

Poor Mrs. Darlington sighed. She had but fifteen dollars yet in the house—that is, boarders who paid this amount weekly—and the rent alone amounted to twelve dollars. Sixteen dollars, she argued with herself, as she sat with her eyes upon the floor, would make a great difference in her income; would, in fact, meet all the expenses of the house. Two good rooms would still remain, and all that she received for these would be so much clear profit. Such was the hurried conclusion of Mrs. Darlington's mind.

"I suppose I will have to take you," said she, lifting her eyes to the man's hard features. "But those rooms ought to bring me twenty-four dollars."

"Sixteen is the utmost I will pay," replied the man. "In fact, I did think of offering only fourteen dollars. But the rooms are fine, and I like them. Sixteen is a liberal price. Your terms are considerably above the ordinary range."

The widow sighed again.

If the man heard this sound, it did not touch a single chord of feeling.

"Then it is understood that I am to have your rooms at sixteen dollars?" said he.

"Yes, sir. I will take you for that."

"Very well. My name is Scragg. We will be ready to come in on Monday next. You can have all prepared for us?"

"Yes, sir."

Scarcely had Mr. Scragg departed, when a gentleman called to know if Mrs. Darlington had a vacant front room in the second story.

"I had this morning; but it is taken," replied the widow.

"Ah! I'm sorry for that."

"Will not a third story front room suit you?"

"No. My wife is not in very good health, and wishes a second story room. We pay twelve dollars a week, and would even give more, if necessary, to obtain just the accommodations we like. The situation of your house pleases me. I'm sorry that I happen to be too late."

"Will you look at the room?" said Mrs. Darlington, into whose mind came the desire to break the bad bargain she had just made.

"If you please," returned the man.

And both went up to the large and beautifully furnished chambers.

"Just the thing!" said the man, as he looked around, much pleased with the appearance of everything. "But I understood you to say that it was taken."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Darlington, "I did partly engage it this morning; but, no doubt, I can arrange with the family to take the two rooms above, which will suit them just as well."

"If you can"—

"There'll be no difficulty, I presume. You'll pay twelve dollars a week?"

"Yes."

"Only yourself and lady?"

"That's all."

"Very well, sir; you can have the room."

"It's a bargain, then. My name is Ring. Our week is up to-day where we are; and, if it is agreeable, we will become your guests to-morrow."

"Perfectly agreeable, Mr. Ring."

The gentleman bowed politely and retired.

Now Mrs. Darlington did not feel very comfortable when she reflected on what she had done. The rooms in the second story were positively engaged to Mr. Scragg, and now one of them was as positively engaged to Mr. Ring. The face of Mr. Scragg she remembered very well. It was a hard, sinister face, just such a one as we rarely forget because of the disagreeable impression it makes. As it came up distinctly before the eyes of her mind, she was oppressed with a sense of coming trouble. Nor did she feel altogether satisfied with what she had done—satisfied in her own conscience.

On the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Ring came and took possession of the room previously engaged

to Mr. Scragg. They were pleasant people, and made a good first impression.

As day after day glided past, Mrs. Darlington felt more and more uneasy about Mr. Scragg, with whom, she had a decided presentiment, there would be trouble. Had she known where to find him, she would have sent him a note, saying that she had changed her mind about the rooms, and could not let him have them. But she was ignorant of his address; and the only thing left for her was to wait until he came on Monday, and then get over the difficulty in the best way possible. She and Edith had talked over the matter frequently, and had come to the determination to offer Mr. Scragg the two chambers in the third story for fourteen dollars.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Darlington was nervous. This was the day on which Mr. Scragg and family were to arrive, and she felt that there would be trouble.

Mr. Ring, and the other gentlemen boarders, left soon after breakfast. About ten o'clock, the door-bell rang. Mrs. Darlington was in her room at the time changing her dress. Thinking that this might be the announcement of Mr. Scragg's arrival, she hurried through her dressing in order to get down to the parlor as quickly as possible to meet him and the difficulty that was to be encountered; but before she was in a condition to be seen, she heard a man's voice on the stairs saying—

"Walk up, my dear. The rooms on the second floor are ours."

Then came the noise of many feet in the passage, and the din of children's voices. Mr. Scragg and his family had arrived.

Mrs. Ring was sitting with the morning paper in her hand, when her door was flung widely open, and a strange man stepped boldly in, saying, as he did so, to the lady who followed him—

"This is one of the chambers."

Mrs. Ring arose, bowed, and looked at the intruders with surprise and embarrassment. Just then, four rude children bounded into the room, spreading themselves around it, and making themselves perfectly at home.

"There is some mistake, I presume," said Mrs. Scragg, on perceiving a lady in the room, whose manner said plainly enough that they were out of their place.

"Oh no! no mistake at all," replied Scragg. "These are the two rooms I engaged."

Just then Mrs. Darlington entered, in manifest excitement.

"Walk down into the parlor, if you please," said she.

"These are our rooms," said Scragg, showing no inclination to vacate the premises.

"Be kind enough to walk down into the parlor," repeated Mrs. Darlington, whose sense of propriety was outraged by the man's conduct, and who felt a corresponding degree of indignation.

With some show of reluctance, this invitation was acceded to, and Mr. Scragg went muttering

down stairs, followed by his brood. The moment he left the chamber, the door was shut and locked by Mrs. Ring, who was a good deal frightened by so unexpected an intrusion.

"What am I to understand by this, madam?" said Mr. Scragg, fiercely, as soon as they had all reached the parlor, planting his hands upon his hips as he spoke, drawing himself up, and looking at Mrs. Darlington with a lowering countenance.

"Take a seat, madam," said Mrs. Darlington, addressing the man's wife in a tone of forced composure. She was struggling for self-possession.

The lady sat down.

"Will you be good enough to explain the meaning of all this, madam?" repeated Mr. Scragg.

"The meaning is simply," replied Mrs. Darlington, "that I have let the front room in the second story to a gentleman and his wife for twelve dollars a-week."

"The deuce you have!" said Mr. Scragg, with a particular exhibition of gentlemanly indignation. "And pray, madam, didn't you let both the rooms in the second story to me for sixteen dollars?"

"I did; but"—

"Oh, very well. That's all I wish to know about it. The rooms were rented to me, and from that day became mine. Please to inform the lady and her husband that I am here with my family, and desire them to vacate the chambers as quickly as possible. I'm a man that knows his rights, and, knowing, always maintains them."

"You cannot have the rooms, sir. That is out of the question," said Mrs. Darlington, looking both distressed and indignant.

"And I tell you that I will have them!" replied Scragg, angrily.

"Peter! Peter! Don't act so," now interposed Mrs. Scragg. "There's no use in it."

"Ain't there, indeed! We'll see. Madam"—he addressed Mrs. Darlington—"will you be kind enough to inform the lady and gentleman who now occupy one of our rooms?"

"Mr. Scragg!" said Mrs. Darlington, in whose fainting heart his outrageous conduct had awakened something of the right spirit—"Mr. Scragg, I wish you to understand, once for all, that the front room is taken and now occupied, and that you cannot have it."

"Madam!"

"It's no use for you to waste words, sir! What I say I mean. I have other rooms in the house very nearly as good, and am willing to take you for something less in consideration of this disappointment. If that will meet your views, well; if not, let us have no more words on the subject."

There was a certain something in Mrs. Darlington's tone of voice that Scragg understood to mean a fixed purpose. Moreover, his mind caught at the idea of getting boarded for something less than sixteen dollars a-week.

"Where are the rooms?" he asked, gruffly.

"The third story chambers."

"Front?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to the third story."

"Very well. Then you can have the back chamber down stairs, and the front chamber above."

"What will be your charge?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"That will do, Peter," said Mrs. Scragg. "Two dollars a week is considerable abatement."

"It's something, of course. But I don't like this off and on kind of business. When I make an agreement, I'm up to the mark, and expect the same from everybody else. Will you let my wife see the rooms, madam?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Darlington, and moved towards the door. Mrs. Scragg followed, and so did all the juvenile Scraggs—the latter springing up the stairs with the agility of apes and the noise of a dozen rude schoolboys just freed from the terror of rod and ferule.

The rooms suited Mrs. Scragg very well—at least such was her report to her husband—and, after some further rudeness on the part of Mr. Scragg, and an effort to beat Mrs. Darlington down to twelve dollars a-week, were taken, and forthwith occupied.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DARLINGTON was a woman of refinement herself, and had been used to the society of refined persons. She was, naturally enough, shocked at the coarseness and brutality of Mr. Scragg, and, ere an hour went by, in despair at the unmannerly rudeness of the children, the oldest a stout, vulgar-looking boy, who went racing and rummaging about the house from the garret to the cellar. For a long time after her exciting interview with Mr. Scragg, she sat weeping and trembling in her own room, with Edith by her side, who sought earnestly to comfort and encourage her.

"Oh, Edith!" she sobbed, "to think that we should be humbled to this!"

"Necessity has forced us into our present unhappy position, mother," replied Edith. "Let us meet its difficulties with as brave hearts as possible."

"I shall never be able to treat that dreadful man with even common civility," said Mrs. Darlington.

"We have accepted him as our guest, mother, and it will be our duty to make all as pleasant and comfortable as possible. We will have to bear much, I see—much beyond what I had anticipated."

Mrs. Darlington sighed deeply as she replied—

"Yes, yes, Edith. Ah, the thought makes me miserable!"

"No more of that sweet drawing together in our own dear home circle," remarked Edith, sadly.

"Henceforth we are to bear the constant presence and intrusion of strangers, with whom we have few or no sentiments in common. We open our house and take in the ignorant, the selfish, the vulgar, and

feed them for a certain price! Does not the thought bring a feeling of painful humiliation? What can pay for all this? Ah me! The anticipation had in it not a glimpse of what we have found in our brief experience. Except Mr. and Mrs. Ring, there isn't a lady nor gentleman in the house. That Mason is so rudely familiar that I cannot bear to come near him. He's making himself quite intimate with Henry already, and I don't like to see it."

"Nor do I," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Henry's been out with him twice to the theatre already."

"I'm afraid of his influence over Henry. He's not the kind of a companion he ought to choose," said Edith. "And then Mr. Barling is with Miriam in the parlor almost every evening. He asks her to sing, and she says she doesn't like to refuse."

The mother sighed deeply. While they were conversing, a servant came to their room to say that Mr. Ring was in the parlor, and wished to speak with Mrs. Darlington. It was late in the afternoon of the day on which the Scraggs had made their appearance.

With a presentiment of trouble, Mrs. Darlington went down to the parlor.

"Madam," said Mr. Ring, as soon as she entered, speaking in a firm voice, "I find that my wife has been grossly insulted by a fellow whose family you have taken into your house. Now they must leave here, or we will, and that forthwith."

"I regret extremely," replied Mrs. Darlington, "the unpleasant occurrence to which you allude; but I do not see how it is possible for me to turn these people out of the house."

"Very well, ma'am. Suit yourself about that. You can choose between us. Both can't remain."

"If I were to tell this Mr. Scragg to seek another boarding-house, he would insult me," said Mrs. Darlington.

"Strange that you would take such a fellow into your house!"

"My rooms were vacant, and I had to fill them."

"Better to have let them remain vacant. But this is neither here nor there. If this fellow remains, we go."

And go they did on the next day. Mrs. Darlington was afraid to approach Mr. Scragg on the subject. Had she done so, she would have received nothing but abuse.

Two weeks afterwards, the room vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ring was taken by a tall, fine-looking man, who wore a pair of handsome whiskers and dressed elegantly. He gave his name as Burton, and agreed to pay eight dollars. Mrs. Darlington liked him very much. There was a certain style about him that evidenced good breeding and a knowledge of the world. What his business was he did not say. He was usually in the house as late as ten o'clock in the morning, and rarely came in before twelve at night.

Soon after Mr. Burton became a member of Mrs. Darlington's household, he began to show particular attentions to Miriam, who was in her nineteenth

year, and was, as we have said, a gentle, timid, shrinking girl. Though she did not encourage, she would not reject the attentions of the polite and elegant stranger, who had so much that was agreeable to say that she insensibly acquired a kind of prepossession in his favor.

As now constituted, the family of Mrs. Darlington was not so pleasant and harmonious as could have been desired. Mr. Scragg had already succeeded in making himself so disagreeable to the other boarders that they were scarcely civil to him; and Mrs. Grimes, who was quite gracious with Mrs. Scragg at first, no longer spoke to her. They had fallen out about some trifle, quarreled, and then cut each other's acquaintance. When the breakfast, dinner, or tea bell rang, and the boarders assembled at the table, there was generally, at first, an embarrassing silence. Scragg looked like a bull-dog waiting for an occasion to bark; Mrs. Scragg sat with her lips closely compressed and her head partly turned away, so as to keep her eyes out of the line of vision with Mrs. Grimes's face; while Mrs. Grimes gave an occasional glance of contempt towards the lady with whom she had had a "tiff." Barling and Mason, observing all this, and enjoying it, were generally the first to break the reigning silence; and this was usually done by addressing some remark to Scragg, for no other reason, it seemed, than to hear his growling reply. Usually, they succeeded in drawing him into an argument, when they would goad him until he became angry; a species of irritation in which they never suffered themselves to indulge. As for Mr. Grimes, he was a man of few words. When spoken to, he would reply; but he never made conversation. The only man who really behaved like a gentleman was Mr. Burton; and the contrast seen in him naturally prepossessed the family in his favor.

The first three months' experience in taking boarders was enough to make the heart of Mrs. Darlington sick. All domestic comfort was gone. From early morning until late at night, she toiled harder than any servant in the house; and, with all, had a mind pressed down with care and anxiety. Three times during this period she had been obliged to change her cook, yet, for all, scarcely a day passed that she did not set badly-cooked food before her guests. Sometimes certain of the boarders complained, and it generally happened that rudeness accompanied the complaint. The sense of pain that attended this was always most acute, for it was accompanied by deep humiliation and a feeling of helplessness. Moreover, during these first three months, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes had left the house without paying their board for five weeks, thus throwing her into a loss of forty dollars.

At the beginning of this experiment, after completing the furniture of her house, Mrs. Darlington had about three hundred dollars. When the quarter's bill for rent was paid, she had only a hundred and fifty dollars left. Thus, instead of making any thing by boarders, so far, she had sunk a hundred and

fifty dollars. This fact disheartened her dreadfully. Then, the effect upon almost every member of her family had been bad. Harry was no longer the thoughtful, affectionate, innocent-minded young man of former days. Mason and Barling had introduced him into gay company, and, fascinated with a new and more exciting kind of life, he was fast forming associations and acquiring habits of a dangerous character. It was rare that he spent an evening at home; and, instead of being of any assistance to his mother, was constantly making demands on her for money. The pain all this occasioned Mrs. Darlington was of the most distressing character. Since the children of Mr. and Mrs. Scragg came into the

house, Edward and Ellen, who had heretofore been under the constant care and instruction of their mother, left almost entirely to themselves, associated constantly with these children, and learned from them to be rude, vulgar, and, in some things, even vicious. And Miriam had become apparently so much interested in Mr. Burton, who was constantly attentive to her, that both Mrs. Darlington and Edith became anxious on her account. Burton was an entire stranger to them all, and there were many things about him that appeared strange, if not wrong.

So much for the experiment of taking boarders, after the lapse of a single quarter of a year.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY OF SIXTEEN.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Oh, I cannot, cannot think of her without a starting
tear;
So late, in youthful loveliness, I felt her presence
near:
Her healthful form of fairest mould, I seem to see her
still,
And to hear her sweet and gentle voice, as the voice of
summer rill.

Her eye of blue, like azure sky of clear pure light
above,
With soft silk fringes on the lids, shading the deepest
love,
Was a light that gleamed from out the heart, and its
rainbow hues revealed—
A ray from its own full happiness, too full to be con-
cealed.

At twilight's calm and silent hour, on the hushed lake's
quiet breast,
I saw her gliding joyously, as glide the waves to rest—
And music, too, was on the air, soft as Eolian strain;
But I thought not then that Death was near, a victim
soon to gain.

Oh, can it be that this is life!—a thing so frail as this!
Like a lovely flower that only smiles to give one thought
of bliss—
That blooms in light and beauty a fleeting summer
day,
Then closes up its sweetness, and passes thus away?

How still she lies! her ringlets droop, of pale and soft
brown hair—
Parted upon her marble brow, they fall neglected there;
Her cold hands folded on her breast, her round arms by
her side—
How sad all hearts that knew her well that she so soon
has died!

How she is missed from out each spot where she so late
has been;
Her silent chamber thrills the heart with keenest throbs
of pain:

Her music, too, of voice and string seems ling'ring on
the ear,
Only to fill the heart with woe that its sound ye cannot
hear.

How long life looked to her; its far and distant day
Seemed like the rosy path she trod, and perfumed all the
way:
No tear but those for others' woe had ever dimmed her
eye,
For her youth was cloudless as the morn, and bright as
noonday sky.

But ah! how soon the light is quenched that shone so
sweetly here—
And oh! if love to God was hers, it glows in a brighter
sphere!
That strange, mysterious spark of mind, shrouded in the
finest clay,
Now flames amid the seraph band in a "house" that
will not decay.

This world we know is full of tombs, covered with
fairest flowers;
But yet how soon we all forget, and think them *rosy
bowers!*
We build our hopes of pleasure here, select a fairy spot;
But Death soon proves to our pierced souls that he has
not forgot!

Oh! wisely, wisely let us learn that this earth is not
our home;
'Tis but the trial-place of life—a race that's swiftly
run:—
Our precious hours are links of gold in that mysterious
chain,
That fastens to our life above its *pleasures* or its *pain*.

Reclining on a Saviour's arm, we then walk safely here;
He whispers holiest words to us, and wipes the falling
tear:
If Death appears, He takes away his cruel, poisonous
sting—
Then for a home of perfect bliss He plumes the spirit's
wing.

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

JUDGE BOLTON.
HENRY BOLTON, *son of the Judge.*
DR. MARGRAVE, } *Classmates and friends of the*
REV. PAUL GODFREY, } *Judge.*
PROF. OLNEY, *Teacher of a Classical School.*
FREDERICK BELCOUR, *son of Madame Belcour.*
CAPT. PAWLETT, *friend of Fred. Belcour.*
LONDON, *Counselor at Law.*
SHERIFF.
CLERK OF THE COURT.
CRIMINAL OF THE COURT.
OFFICERS OF THE COURT.
TWELVE JURYMEN.
DENNIS O'BLARNEY, *servant of Dr. Margrave.*
MICHAEL MAGEE, *servant of the Judge.*
CITIZENS, MESSENGERS OF THE COURT, WATCHMEN,
&c.

MADAME BELCOUR, *a widow, cousin of the Judge, and
presiding in his household.*
BELINDA, *daughter of Madame Belcour.*
LUCY, *daughter of the Judge.*
MRS. OLNEY, *wife of Prof. Olney.*
ISABELLE, *reputed daughter of Prof. Olney.*
RUTH, *waiting-maid at Judge Bolton's.*

SCENE—partly in the city; partly at Rose Hill, near
the city.

TIME OF ACTION, twenty-four hours, commencing
at 10 o'clock, A. M., and ending at the same hour on
the following day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Doctor's study. Books and instru-
ments scattered around. Table in the centre,
strewn with books and pamphlets. DR. MAR-
GRAVE seated by the table, cutting the leaves of a
pamphlet.*

DR. MARGRAVE.

Thus, ever on and on must be our course:
Even as the ocean drinks a thousand streams,
And never cries "enough!"—the human mind
Would drain all sources of intelligence,
Yet ne'er is filled, and never satisfied.
And theory succeeds to theory
As regular as tides that ebb and flow.
This treatise will disprove the last I read.
Shade of Hippocrates! what creeds are formed,
What antics practiced with your "Healing Art!"
I will not sport with fate, nor tamper thus
With man's credulity and nature's strength.
No: I will gently coincide with nature,
And give her time and scope to work the cure—
Strengthening the patient's heart with trust in God,
And teaching him that genuine health depends
On true obedience to the natural laws
Ordained for man—not on the doctor's skill.

Enter DENNIS, with a card to the Doctor.

DENNIS.

The gentleman awaits you in the hall.

DR. MARGRAVE (*reading the card*).

"Reverend Paul Godfrey"—my old college chum!
Is't possible! (*To DENNIS.*) Bring him up, instantly.

[*Exit DENNIS.*]

I have not seen him since our hands were clasped
In Harvard Hall:—I wonder if he'll know me.

(*Enter REV. PAUL GODFREY.*)

Ah! welcome! welcome!—You are Godfrey still.
The changes of—how many years have passed
Since last we parted?

GODFREY.

Thirty years;—and you—

MARGRAVE.

Are altered, you would say. I know it well.
My hair, that then was black as midnight cloud,
Is now as white as moonbeams on the snow.
The image that my mirror gives me back
I scarce believe my own—so pale and worn.
Would you have known me had we met by chance?

GODFREY.

Ay, ay—among a million—if you spoke.
There's the old touch of kindness in your voice;
And then your eye from its dark thatch looks out
Like beacon-light, soul-kindled, as of yore.
Warm hearts will hold their own, tho' frosts of age
May lay their blighting fingers on our hair.

MARGRAVE.

Thank Heaven 'tis so!—But you are little changed,
Save the maturing touch that manhood brings
When health and strength have won the victory,
And laid their trophies on the shrine of mind!

GODFREY.

My lot has been amid the wild, fresh scenes
Of Nature's wide domain; where all is free

Life seems t' inhale the vigorous breath required
To struggle with the elements around,
And thus keeps Time at bay. Like good old Boone,
The patriarch hunter, in the forest wilds
I've found that God supplied, and healed, and blessed.
Men live too fast in cities.

MARGRAVE.

Not if they
Would give their energies a noble aim.
The opportunities to compass good,
And good effected—these are dates that give
The sum of human life.

GODFREY.

True; most true.
It is in cities where men congregate,
And good and evil strive for mastery,
The sternest strength of soul must needs be tested.
But all that stirs the passions makes us old.
'Twould wear me out—this round of ceaseless toil,
In the same range of artificial life;
And I must greet you with a traveler's haste,
And back to my free forest home again.

MARGRAVE.

'Tis well that every part and scene in life
Can find its actors ready for the stage,
And well that our wide land has scope for all.
And yet to feel that those who raised together
Their hope-swelled canvass when life's voyage began—
Like ships, storm-parted, on the world's rough sea—
Can sail no more in sweet companionship!
'Tis a sad thought! Of all our college friends,
But one, beside myself, is here to greet you.

GODFREY.

Who is he?—There is one would glad my heart.
When college scenes arise, yourself and Bolton—

MARGRAVE.

'Tis he I mean.

GODFREY.

What, Bolton? Harry Bolton?
I heard some fellow-travelers in the cars
Talking of one Judge Bolton, as the man
Who filled his orb of duty like the sun—
Shining on all, and drawing all t' obey.
Surely this cannot be our Harry Bolton—
The frank, warm-hearted, but most wayward youth,
Whose mind was like a comet—now all light,
Anon, away where reason could not follow.
He surely has not reached this grave estate
Of Judge!

MARGRAVE.

The same, the same—our Harry Bolton.
And better still, a man whom all men honor.

GODFREY.

I must see him. Let us go at once. I feel
A joy like that of Joseph's when he found
That his young brother Benjamin had come.
Though now the order is reversed, for here
The youngest claims the honors.

MARGRAVE.

No, not so.

Your order should be first in estimation,
And always is, where men are trained for heaven
And mine would be the second, were we wise,
And followed Nature as you follow God.
And Law is the third station on the mount,
When men are placed as lights above life's path
And Bolton is, in truth, a light and guide.

GODFREY.

Where shall I find him?

MARGRAVE.

In his place, to-day,
The seat of Justice. We'll go—it is not far.
The cause is one of special interest:
I'll give its history as we pass along.
Wilt go?

GODFREY.

Ay, surely, surely. I am ready now.
It is the very place and time to see him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A street. Crowds of people hurrying on.

Enter PROFESSOR OLNEY and FREDERICK

BELCOUR.

OLNEY.

You say the sentence will be passed to-day?

BELCOUR.

Most certainly; and crowds will press to hear it
Judge Bolton has a world-wide reputation,
And 'tis a cause to rouse his eloquence.

OLNEY.

I wish I could be there

BELCOUR.

What should hinder?

'Twould but detain you for an hour or two.

OLNEY.

My pupils stand between. Yet Isabelle
Might hear the recitations; she does this
Often, when I am ill. A dear, good child:
She thinks her learning of no more account,
Save as the means to help me in my tasks,
Than though she only could her sampler sew
Yet she reads Latin like a master, and
In Greek bids fair to be a Lizzy Carter.
If she but knew I was detained—

BELCOUR.

A note

Would tell her this. Write one, and I will send it.
Here's paper, pencil—

[Taking them from his pocket. OLNEY writes.]

OLNEY.

I shall trouble you.

BELCOUR.

No trouble in the least. Now, hurry on.
The court-room will be filled. I'll send the note—
[Exit OLNEY.]

Or bear it, rather. She shall see me, too,
Before she has the letter from my hand.
A proud, ungrateful girl :—reject my love !

[*Turns to go out.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

PAWLETT.

How, Belcour—what 's the matter? You go wrong.
'Tis to the court-house all the world is going.

BELCOUR (*impetuously*).

Let the world go its way, and me go mine.
We 've parted company, the world and I.
When Fortune frowns, the wretch is left alone.

PAWLETT.

Ah! true—I 've heard of some embarrassments—

BELCOUR.

Embarrassments!—A puling, milliner phrase!
One of those tender terms we coin to throw
A sentimental interest round the bankrupt ;—
As though he may recover if he choose.
Why, Pawlett, man, I 'm ruined, if the plan
I 've formed to-day should fail. It shall not fail.
I will succeed. And Isabelle once mine,
With cash to bear us to a foreign land,
I care not for the rest, though death and hell
Should stand at the goal to seize me.

[*Exit violently.*]

PAWLETT (*looking after him*).

The fool!

He 's in a furious mood—and let him rave—
He 'll never win his way with Isabelle.
My chances there are better, but not good.
Young Bolton 's in my way. He loves her well;
And she, I fear, loves him. But then his father
Is proud as Lucifer, and selfish too.
Ambition makes the generous nature selfish.
He 'll ne'er consent his only son should wed
The portionless daughter of a pedagogue.
No, no. I 'll let these bitter waters out.
I 'll give the judge an inkling of the matter.
I 'll write a note—he 'll think it comes from Belcour.
If I can drive young Bolton from the field,
Then Isabelle is mine.—I 'll do it.

(*As PAWLETT is going out, Enter DR. MARGRAVE
and REV. PAUL GODFREY.*)

GODFREY.

You say Judge Bolton lives in princely style.
Is he a married man?

MARGRAVE.

He has been married ;—
Most happily married, too. His wife was one
Of those pure beings, gentle, wise, and firm.
That mould our sex to highest hopes and aims
He loved her as the devotee his saint :
And from the day he wed he trod life's path
As one who came to conquer.

GODFREY.

I see it now.
The motive to excel was all he needed.

He had a vigorous mind, a generous heart,
An innate love of goodness and of truth.
But he was wayward, and he hated tasks.
Such men must have an aim beyond themselves,
Or oft they prove but dreamers. And with such,
Woman's companionship, dependence, love,
Are like the air to fire :—the smouldering flame
Of genius, once aroused, sweeps doubts away,
And brightens hope, till victory is won.

MARGRAVE.

'Twas thus with Bolton. To his keeping given
The weal of one so dear—then he bore on,
Gathering from disappointments fruitful strength,
As winter's snows prepare the earth for harvest.
And when his angel wife was taken from him,
She left him pledges of her love and trust,
A son of noble promise, and a daughter
To nestle, dove-like, in her father's heart,
And keep her place for ever. She is blind!

GODFREY.

I marvel not that Bolton has excelled,
And won a station of the highest trust,
If his warm heart enlisted in the work :
But the small cares, the constant calculations
Required to make, at least to keep, a fortune—
I never should have looked to him for these.

MARGRAVE.

'Twas luck that favored him; or Providence,
As you would say. A friend of his and ours,
De Vere, the young West Indian in our class—
You must remember him—he left to Bolton
All his estate. A hundred thousand pounds
'Twas said he would inherit.

GODFREY.

How happened this?
De Vere returned to Cuba, there to marry?

MARGRAVE.

He did, and had a family. But all
His children died save one, and then his wife.
And so he hither came to change the scene.
Bolton, just widowed then, received his friend
With more than brother's kindness, for their griefs
Bound them, like ties of soul, in sympathy.
De Vere was ill, and, with his motherless babe,
He found in Bolton's home the rest he sought.
And there he died, and left his little daughter
To his friend's guardian care; and to his will
A codicil annexed, unknown to Bolton,
That gave him all if Isabelle should die
Before she reached the age of twenty-one,
And die unmarried.

GODFREY.

She is dead, then?

MARGRAVE.

She is. Her life was like the early rose,
That bears th' frost in its heart. The bud is fair;
The strength to bloom is wanting; so it dies
But come, we shall be late.

GODFREY.

What crowds are going!
And Irishmen!—Are these so fond of Justice?

MARGRAVE.

Ay; where they feel she holds an even scale,
And is the friend alike of rich and poor,
They yield a prompt obedience, and become
Americans. Our motto is—"The law."

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Court-room. A crowd of people.*

PRISONER *in the dock. His Wife, an infant in her arms, and his Sister, both in deep mourning, near him.* LANGDON, *counsel for the prisoner;* SHERIFF; CLERK *of the Court;* CRIER *of the Court;* CONSTABLES. *Enter JUDGE BOLTON, followed by two other JUDGES. All take their places on the bench. Then enter DENNIS and MICHAEL.*

DENNIS (*staring at the JUDGE*).

I' faith, 'tis a *purty* thing to be a judge,
And sit so high and cool above the crowd.
And your good master well becomes his seat.
He looks, for all the world, like Dan O'Connell.

MICHAEL.

He looks like a better man, and that 's himself.
I wish he was judge of Ireland.

DENNIS.

So do I;
And my good *master* was her doctor too.
They'd set the *ould* country on her legs right soon.
He 's coming now.

[*Pointing to DR. MARGRAVE, who is entering, followed by REV. PAUL GODFREY.*]

MICHAEL.

Who 's with your master?
He looks as he had mettle in his arm.

DENNIS.

He is my master's friend—a sort o' priest.

MICHAEL.

And sure can battle with the fiend himself.
He looks as strong as Samson.

DENNIS.

Well for him
Living away in the West, 'mong savages,
And bears, and wolves, and—

CRIER OF THE COURT.

Silence

MARGRAVE (*turning to GODFREY, who is gazing at JUDGE BOLTON*).

You seem surprised. Has he outlived the likeness
Kept in your mind? Seems he another man?

GODFREY.

He is another man. The soul has wrought
Its work, as 'twere, with fire, and purified
The dross of selfish passion from his aims.

I read the victory on his open brow,
And in the deep repose of his calm eye.

MARGRAVE.

His was a noble nature from the first.

GODFREY.

He had a searching mind, a strong, warm heart,
And impulses of nobleness and truth.
But Nature sets her favorite sons a task:
We are not good by chance. Bolton had pride—
An overweening pride in his own powers.
This pride obeys the will; and when the brain
Is mean and narrow, like a low-roofed dungeon,
And only keeps one image there confined—
The image of self—the heart soon yields its truth,
And makes this self its idol, aim, and end.
Such is the Haman pride that mars the man,
And makes the wise condemn and hate him too—
Hate and condemn the more, the more he prospers.

MARGRAVE.

This is not Bolton's picture?

GODFREY.

No. His pride,
Now his strong lion will has curbed the jackals—
Those appetites and vanities of self
That mark the cockcomb rare wherever seen—
Is all made up of generous sentiments,
The father's, citizen's, and patriot's pride.

MARGRAVE.

You read him like a book.

GODFREY.

An art we learn
Of reading men when we 've few books to read.

CRIER OF THE COURT.

Silence!

Enter two OFFICERS OF THE COURT, attending the twelve JURYMEN, who take their seats. A crowd follows. PROFESSOR OLNEY trying to press through the crowd: young HENRY BOLTON makes room for him.

YOUNG BOLTON.

Stand here, Professor Olney—take this place;
Here you will not be crowded. Ah! your cough
Is troublesome to-day. Pray, take this seat;
You 'll see as well, and be much more at ease.

PROFESSOR OLNEY (*taking the seat*).

Thank you! thank you! This is kind, indeed.
I am not well to-day, but could not lose
This chance of listening to your father's voice.
His eloquence is classic in its style;
Not brilliant with explosive coruscations
Of heterogeneous thoughts at random caught,
And scattered like a shower of shooting stars
That end in darkness—no; Judge Bolton's mind
Is clear, and full, and stately, and serene.
His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps
Fixed on the sun of Truth, and breathes his speech
As easy as an eagle cleaves the air,

And never pauses till the height is won.
And all who listen follow where he leads.

YOUNG BOLTON.

I hope you will be gratified. Are all—
All well at home?

PROFESSOR OLNEY (*smiling*).

I should not else be out.

And Isabelle will hear the recitations.

YOUNG BOLTON (*aside*).

I'll go, and see, and help her. Not to conquer,
As Cæsar boasted—she has conquered me.
I'll go and yield myself her captive.

[*Exit YOUNG BOLTON.*]

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Silence!

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready
To give the verdict now?

FOREMAN.

We are ready.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Prisoner, stand up and look upon the jury.
Jury, stand up and look upon the prisoner.
The man you now behold has had his trial
Before you for a crime. What is the verdict?
Is he, the prisoner, guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN (*reading the verdict*).

Guilty of murder in the second degree.

[*A deep silence, broken only by the sobs of prisoner's wife and sister. Prisoner sinks down on his seat. CLERK OF THE COURT records the sentence.*]

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Gentlemen of the jury, listen to
The verdict as recorded by the court.
The prisoner at the bar is therein found,
For crime committed—and that has been proven—
Guilty of murder in the second degree.
So say you, Mister Foreman? So say all?

FOREMAN AND JURY.

All (*bowing*).

JUDGE BOLTON.

A righteous verdict this, and yet a sad one
A fellow-being banished from our midst,
To pass his days in utter loneliness.
Prisoner, you've heard the verdict. Have you
aught
To say why sentence should not now be passed?
Speak; you may have the opportunity.

LANGDON, *counsel for the prisoner, confers with him; then addresses the JUDGE.*

LANGDON.

He cannot speak; his heart o'erpowers his tongue;
The tide of grief sweeps all his strength away,
As rising waters drown the sinking boat.

VOL. XLII.—3

And he entreats that I would say for him,
The court permitting me, a few last words.

JUDGE BOLTON

Go on. You are permitted.

LANGDON.

May it please

The court, the jury, and all these good people,
The prisoner prays that I would beg for him,
As on his soul's behalf, your prayers and pardon.
That is, while he in penitence will yield
To the just punishment the law awards,
You'll think of him as one misled—not cruel.
The murderous deed his hand did was not done
With heart consent—he knew it not. The fiend
That *rum* evokes had entered him, and changed
His nature. So he prays you will never brand
His innocent boy with this his father's guilt;
Nor on his broken-hearted wife look cold,
As though his leprous sin defiled these poor
And helpless sufferers. Then he prays that all
Would lend their aid to root intemperance out,
And crush the horrid haunts of sin and ruin,
Where liquid poison for the soul is sold.
And while the victims of this deadly traffic
Must bear the penalty of crimes committed,
Even when the light of reason has been quenched,
That you would frame a law to reach the tempter,
Nor let those go unscathed who cause the crime.
And then he prays, most fervently, that all
Who may, like him, be tempted by the bowl,
Would take a warning from his fearful fate,
And "touch not, taste not" make their solemn
pledge,
And so he parts with all in charity.

[*A pause—the sobs of the prisoner's wife and sister are heard.*]

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Silence!

CLERK OF THE COURT.

Prisoner, stand up and listen to the sentence

JUDGE BOLTON (*solemnly*).

Laws hitherto are framed to punish crime.
All legislators have been slow to deal
With vice in its first elements; and here
Lie the pernicious root and seeds of sin.
That children are permitted to grow up
From infancy to youth without instruction,
Is a grave wrong, and ne'er to be redeemed
By penal statutes and the prisoner's cell.
We leave the mind unfortified by Truth,
And wonder it should fill with wayward Error.
There's no blank ignorance, as many dream;
Each soul will have its growth and garnering.
As the uncultured prairie bears a harvest
Heavy and rank, yet worthless to the world,
So mind and heart uncultured run to waste;
The noblest natures serving but to show
A denser growth of passion's deadly fruit.
Another error of our social state—

We charter sin when chartering temptation.
 We see the ensnarer, like a spider, sit
 Weaving his web; and we permit the work.
 How many souls Intemperance has destroyed,
 Lured to his den by opportunities
 The law allows! The prisoner at the bar
 Is one of these unhappy instances.
 The testimony offered here has shown
 He bore a character unstained by crime.
 Nay, more—an active, honest, prudent man,
 Prisoner, you have appeared, since you came here
 Five years ago. You came with us to share,
 In this free land, the blessings we enjoy;
 Blessings by law secured, by law sustained;
 The impartial law that, like the glorious sun,
 Sends from its central light a beam to all,
 And binds in magnet interest all as one.
 And you had married here, and were a father
 And prospered in your plans, and all was well.
 Nay, more—'tis proved you had a generous heart,
 And had been kind to your poor countrymen,
 The homeless emigrants who gather here,
 Like men escaped from sore calamities,
 Where only life is saved from out the wreck.
 And one of these, an early friend, who died
 Beneath the kindly shelter of your roof,
 Left to your care his precious orphan child—
 His only child, his motherless, his daughter.
 And you received the gift, and vowed to be
 A father to the little lonely one.
 Where is that orphan now?—Must I go on?
 'Tis not to harrow up your trembling soul.
 I would not lay a feather on the weight
 Stern memory brings to crush the guilty down.
 But I would stir your feelings to their depths,
 And bring, like conscience in your dying hour,
 The sense of your great crime, that so you may
 Repent, and Heaven will pardon. Here on earth,
 Man has no power t' absolve such guilty deed.
 Prisoner, one month ago, and you were safe—
 A man among your neighbors well beloved,
 And in your home the one preferred to all.

No monarch could have driven you from the throne
 You held in th' loving hearts of wife and child.
 Your coming was their festival; your step,
 As eve drew on, was music to their ears.
 The little girl, the adopted of your vow,
 Was always at the door to claim the kiss
 That you, with father's tenderness, bestowed.
 Alas! for her—for you—the last return!

One fatal night you yielded to the tempter,
 And drained the drunkard's cup till reason fled,
 And then went reeling home, your brain on fire,
 And, raging like a tiger in the toils,
 You fancied every human form a foe.
 And when that little girl, like playful fawn,
 Unconscious of your state, came bounding forth
 To clasp your knee and welcome "father home"—
 You, with a madman's fury, struck her dead!

[A shriek is heard from prisoner's wife.
 Prisoner, for this offence you have been tried,
 And every scope allowed that law could grant
 To mitigate the awful punishment.
 No one believes that malice moved your mind;
 But murdering maniacs may not live with men;
 And therefore, prisoner, you are doomed for life
 To solitary toil. Alone! alone! alone!
 Love's music voice will never greet your ear,
 Affection's eye will never meet your gaze;
 Nor heart-warm hand of friend return your grasp.
 But morn, and noon, and night, days, months, and
 years,

Will all be told in this one word—alone!
 Prisoner, the world will leave you as the dead
 Within your closing cell—your living tomb.
 But One there is who pardons and protects,
 And never leaves the penitent alone.
 Oh, turn to Him, the Saviour! so your cell
 That opens when you die, may lead to heaven:—
 And God have mercy on your penitence!

[Prisoner sinks down, as the curtain
 slowly falls.

END OF ACT I.

SABBATH LYRICS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

GOD THE GUARDIAN.—PSALM XI.

How say ye to my soul,
 As a mountain bird depart?
 For the wicked bend the bow,
 With the aim upon the heart.
 In the Lord I put my trust—
 The Great Giver of my breath—
 He is mighty as he's just,
 He will guard my soul from death.

On his holy throne he sits,
 With his eye o'er all the earth;
 But his shaft, that slays the vile,
 Never harms the breast of worth.
 The man of wrath he dooms
 To the terror and the blight;
 But his love the soul sustains
 That walks humbly in his sight.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

BY MRS. EMMA BALL.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" and how often is its influence more lasting and more beneficial than at the time of its utterance either speaker or hearer dreams of.

To illustrate. When about seventeen, I was, at my earnest solicitation, placed in a seminary, with the understanding that for one year I should devote myself to study, and thus become better fitted for future usefulness as a teacher. How I had wished for such an opportunity! How often had my wish been disappointed! and how narrowly I had escaped disappointment even then! But I was there at last, and everything seemed to be just as I would have it. Thus far I had studied unaided, and amid incessant interruptions. Now I could obtain assistance, and command the necessary leisure. The last four years I had passed in a crowded city. Now I breathed the purest atmosphere, and the scenery around me was of surpassing beauty. My window commanded the prettiest view; and, better still, I had no room-mate to disturb me with unwelcome chit-chat. Who could be happier than I? There was but one inconvenience, one drawback to the feeling of entire satisfaction with which, day after day, I looked around "my charming little room;" and that was the position of my bedstead. I did not like that; for the head was so near the door as to leave no room for my table; and consequently, as I could not place my lamp in perfect safety near my bed, I was compelled either to waste the precious hour before broad daylight, or to rise and study in a freezing room. "If I could only turn this bedstead round," thought I, "so that the head would be near the table, how many hours I might save!" and I resolved that, on the coming Saturday, I would make the desirable change. On the afternoon of that day, I was engaged to ride home with one of the teachers, and the morning I had intended to devote to sewing and study: "but no matter," thought I; "by a little extra effort I can accomplish all." Accordingly, when Saturday came I commenced operations; but, after removing the bed and mattress, I discovered, to my great concern, that, although the bedstead would stand as I wished, yet I could not turn it thither without first taking it apart; and for this a bed-key was necessary. "Well," thought I, "it is worth the trouble;" so I procured a bed-key; and at length—at length—two of the screws yielded to my efforts. The others, however, *would not* yield. I tried and tried, but without avail; and, wearied and disappointed, I stood wondering what I should do. Just then, the door opened; and "Aunt," an old lady whose kindness and sound

sense had already won my regard, stepped in. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed—"why, what has the child been about?" "I was trying to turn my bedstead *so*," said I, ruefully pointing towards the table; and I went on to explain why I had done so. "I dare say thou wouldst find it more convenient *so*," answered Aunt; "but it is quite beyond thy strength." "I see it is," sighed I. "I would have it turned for thee," she said; "but that is the most troublesome bedstead in the house: no one can do anything with it except John Lawton, and he won't be home till Monday." "What shall I do?" asked I. "I'll get Mary to come up and help thee fix it as it was before," answered Aunt. I drew a long breath. "Oh, never mind," said she, soothingly; "it is not quite so convenient this way, to be sure, but—" "I'm not thinking of the inconvenience now," interrupted I, "but of the time I've wasted. Why, I've spent nearly four hours over that foolish old bedstead. I was to have taken tea with Miss Mansell this afternoon, and I had expected to learn a good French lesson besides: but now the morning is gone, and a profitable time I've made of it!" "I should not wonder if it prove one of the most profitable mornings of thy life," rejoined the old lady, "and teach thee a lesson more valuable than thy French or thy music either." "What is that?" inquired I. "To let well enough alone," answered Aunt—and she smiled and nodded slowly as she spoke. "I'll let well enough alone after this, I promise you," said I. "People of thy ardent temperament seldom learn to do it in one lesson," replied she; "but the sooner thou dost learn it, the better it will be for thy happiness. However, I'll go now and send Mary to help thee." Mary came; but it was nearly two hours before my room resumed its usual neat appearance.

Some three months after, I learned that a young lady whom I had unwillingly offended, by declining to receive her as a room-mate, had spoken of me disparagingly, and greatly misrepresented various little incidents of our every-day intercourse. Surprised and indignant, I at once resolved to "have a talk with her;" but first I made known my disquietude to Aunt Rachel. "What shall I do?" asked I, in conclusion. "Not much," she answered. "Take no notice of it. I see she has been talking ill of thee; but she can do thee little or no real injury. Those who know thee won't believe her." "But those who don't know me—" interrupted I. "Won't trouble themselves much about it," she replied; "and if ever they become acquainted with thee, they'll only have the better means of judging

thee truly." "If I say nothing about it, though," urged I, "she'll feel encouraged to talk on, and worse." "If thou dost find she is really doing thee an injury," returned Aunt, "I'll not dissuade thee from taking it in hand; but, as it now stands, it is not worth disturbing thyself about." "I could make her feel so ashamed," persisted I. "I don't doubt thee," replied she, laughing; "I don't doubt thee in the least: but in doing so, won't thou get excited? Won't thou sleep better, and study better, and waste less time, if thou just 'let well enough alone?'" "That seems a favorite maxim with you," observed I. "I have found it a very useful one," she answered; "and, had I known its value earlier in life, I might have escaped a good deal of suffering. Ten years ago, I had a kind husband, and a promising son, and slowly, yet surely, they were gathering a pretty competence. We thought we could gather faster by going south; but the location proved unhealthy, and in one season I lost them both by a bilious fever." Sympathy kept me silent. "You would not discourage all attempts to better one's condition?" I at length inquired. "By no means," answered Aunt Rachel; "for that were to check energy and retard improvement. I would only advise people—impulsive people especially—to think *before* they act: for it is always easier to avoid an evil than to remedy it. Thou art fond of History," she continued, "and that, both sacred and profane, abounds with examples of those who, in the day of adversity or retribution, have wished, oh how earnestly, that they had let well enough alone. Jacob, an exile from his father's house: Shimei, witnessing the return of David: Zenobia, high-spirited and accustomed to homage, gracing Aurelian's triumph, and living a captive in Rome: Christina, after she had relinquished the crown of Sweden; and, in our own days, Great Britain, involved in a long and losing war with her American colonies. Every-day life, too, is full of such examples." I asked her to mention some. "Thou canst see one," she answered, "in the speculator, whose anxiety for sudden wealth has reduced his family to indigence; and in the girl who leaves her plain country home, and sacrifices her health, and perhaps her virtue, in a city workshop. Disputatious people, passionate people, those who indulge in personalities, and those who meddle with what don't concern them, are very apt to wish they had let well enough alone. People who are forever changing their residence or their store, their clerks, or their domestics, frequently find reason for such a wish. Even in household affairs, my maxim saves me many an hour of unnecessary labor. Dost thou remember the bedstead?" she added, with a smile. "Yes, indeed," I answered; "I shall never forget that. The other day I was going to alter my pink dress into a wrapper, like Miss Mansell's;

but the thought of that old bedstead stopped me; and I'm glad of it; for, now that I look again, I don't think it would pay me for the trouble." "Well, think again before thou dost notice Jane Ansley's talk," said Aunt. I followed her advice; and I have never regretted that I did so.

Dear old lady! I left her when that pleasant year was ended, and never saw her again. She has long since entered into her rest: but I often think of her maxim, and in many cases have proved its value.

I think of it when I see a man spending time and money, and enduring all the wretchedness of long suspense or excitement, in a lawsuit which he might have avoided; and which, whether lost or gained, will prove to him a source of continual self-reproach. When I see a business man who, by an overbearing demeanor and oppressive attempts to make too much of a good bargain, has converted a conscientious and peace-loving partner into an unyielding opponent: or, when I hear of a farmer who has provoked a well-disposed neighbor by killing his fowls and throwing them over the fence, instead of trying some neighborly way of preventing their depredations on his grain. When I have seen a teacher exciting the emulation of a jealous-minded child; or by threats, or even by ill-timed reasoning(?), converting a momentary pettishness into a fit of obstinacy—I have felt as if I wanted to whisper in her ear, "Do not seem to notice them; let well enough alone." When I see an envious mother depreciating and finding fault with a judicious and conscientious teacher till she has discouraged or provoked her, I think it likely that the day will come when both mother and children will wish that she had "let well enough alone." So, too, when I observe a mother forcing upon her daughters an accomplishment for which they have no taste: a father compelling his son to study law or physic, while the bent of his genius leads to machinery or farming: or a widow with a little property placing her children under the doubtful protection of a young stepfather. Vanities is intelligent and well read, and appears to advantage in general society; but her love of admiration, her wish to be thought *superior*, is so inordinate, that she cannot bear to appear ignorant of any subject; hence she often tries to seem conversant with matters of which she knows nothing, and perceives not that she thereby sinks in the estimation of those whose homage she covets. Affectua is pretty and accomplished, and, two years ago, awakened goodwill in all who saw her. Latterly, however, she has exchanged her simple and natural manners for those which are plainly artificial and affected. What a pity these ladies cannot "let well enough alone!"

But I must stop, or my reader may exclaim: Enough—practice thy own precept—and let well enough alone.

SUSAN CLIFTON; OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

On a pleasant afternoon in August, two gentlemen were sitting in the shade of a large walnut tree, which stood in front of an ancient, yet neat and comfortable farmhouse. Perhaps it would be more in accordance with modern usage to say that a gentleman and a man were sitting there; for the one was clothed in the finest broadcloth, the other in ordinary homespun. They had just returned from a walk over the farm, which had been the scene of their early amusements and labors.

"I don't know," said he of the broadcloth coat, "but that you made the better choice, after all. You have time to be happy; you have a quiet that I know nothing about—in truth, I should not know how to enjoy it if I had it."

"The lack of it, then," replied his brother, "can be no hardship. I have often regretted that I did not secure the advantages of a liberal education when they were within my reach."

"That is an unwise as well as a useless regret. If you had gone to college, you would, as a matter of course, have chosen one of the learned professions. Your talents and industry would, doubtless, have secured to you a good measure of success; but you would often have sighed for the peace and rest of the old farmhouse. Remember, too, that it and these lands would have passed into the hands of strangers."

"Perhaps you are right. Still, as I am now situated, I should be very glad to have the advantages and influence which a liberal education would bestow."

"I think you overrate those advantages. You are substantially a well educated man; and you can now command leisure to add to your information. If you should be in want of any books which it may not be convenient for you to purchase, it will give me great pleasure to procure them for you. I can do so without the slightest inconvenience."

"I am greatly obliged to you; and, if it should be necessary, I will, without hesitation, avail myself of your kind offer. I feel the deficiency of my education most sensibly in respect to my daughter. I find myself incompetent to take the direction of her opening mind."

"That is the very point I wish to speak upon. You must, my good brother, allow me to take charge of her education. I owe it to you for keeping the old homestead in the family. It will give me great pleasure to afford her the very best advantages. Let me take her to the city with me on my return."

"We may, perhaps, differ in our estimate of advantages. I can conceive of none at present sufficiently great to compensate for the loss of her mother's society and example."

"No doubt these are very valuable; but girls must go away from home to complete their education, especially if they live in the country. Even in the city, a great many parents place their daughters in boarding-schools, and that, too, when the school is not half a mile distant from their residence."

"A great many parents, both in the city and country, do many things which I would not do."

"You are willing to do what is for the best interests of your child."

"Certainly."

"If you will allow Susan to go with me to New York, I will place her at the first school in the city. She shall have a home at my house; and my wife will, for the time being, supply the place of her mother."

"I fully appreciate your kind intentions; but I could almost as soon think of parting with the sunlight as with Susan."

"You forget the advantages she would enjoy. You are not wont to allow your feelings to interfere with the interests of those you love. I am sure you will not in this case. Think the matter over, and talk with your wife about it. She has an undoubted right to be consulted. I must go and prepare some letters for the evening mail." So saying, he arose and went to his room.

The two brothers, Richard and Henry Clifton, had been separated for many years. When Richard was seventeen years of age, his father indulged him in his earnest desire to become a merchant. At a great pecuniary sacrifice, he was placed in the employment of an intelligent and prosperous merchant in New York; and when, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted as a member of the firm, his patrimony was given him to be invested in the concern.

To his remaining son, Henry, Mr. Clifton offered a collegiate education. This offer was declined by Henry, not through lack of a desire for knowledge, but in consequence of a too humble estimate of his mental powers. When he became of age, a deed of the homestead was given him. Not long afterwards, his father was carried to his long home.

The business of the firm to which Richard Clifton belonged rendered it necessary for him to repair to a foreign city, where he resided for fifteen years. He was now on his first visit to his native place, subsequent to his return to the commercial emporium.

Susan, the only child of Henry and Mary Clifton,

was just sixteen years of age. Her light form, transparent countenance, brilliant eye, and graceful movements, were not in keeping with the theory that rusticity must be the necessary result of living in a farmhouse, especially when the labors thereof are not performed by hireling hands.

From the first day of his visit, the heart of the merchant warmed towards the child of his only brother. Her delicate and affectionate attentions increased the interest he felt in her. That interest was not at all lessened by a distinct perception of the fact that she was fitted to adorn the magnificent parlors of his city residence. It was, therefore, his fixed purpose to take her with him on his return. Some objections, he doubted not, would be raised by his sober brother; but he placed his reliance for success upon the mother's influence. No mother, he was sure, could reject so brilliant an offer for her darling child.

The time spent by the merchant in writing letters, affecting operations in the four quarters of the globe, was passed by the farmer in thoughtful silence, though in the presence of his wife and daughter. He withdrew as he heard his brother coming from his room.

"Uncle," said Susan, "do you wish to have those letters taken to the post-office?"

"Yes, dear."

"Let me take them for you."

She received the letters from his willing hand, and left him alone with her mother.

"Your husband," said he to Mrs. Clifton, "has spoken to you of the proposition I made to him respecting my niece?"

"He has not," said Mrs. Clifton.

"I requested him to consult you. I proposed to take her home with me, and give her the very first advantages for education that the city can afford."

"You are very generous. But what did Henry say to it?"

"He does not like the idea of parting with her; but, as I understand it, he holds the matter under advisement till he has consulted you. I hope you will not hesitate to give your consent, and to use your influence with my brother, in case it should be necessary."

"I should be sorry to withhold my consent from anything which may be for the good of my child. So generous an offer should not be declined without due consideration. At the same time, I must frankly say that I do not think it at all probable that I can bring myself to consent to your proposal."

"What objection can be urged against it?"

"I doubt very much whether it will be for the best."

"Why not for the best? What can be better than a first rate education?"

"Nothing, certainly, taking that term in its true sense. A first rate education for a young lady is one adapted to prepare her for the sphere in which she is to act. If Susan were to go with you, she would doubtless learn many things of which she

would otherwise be ignorant; but it may be a question whether she would be thereby fitted for the station she is to occupy in life. That, in all probability, will be a humble one."

"She has talents fitted to adorn any station, only let them receive suitable cultivation. She shall never be in a position which shall render useless the education I will give her. I have the means of keeping my promise."

"I doubt it not. But ought a mother to consent that one so young and inexperienced should be removed from home and its influences, and be exposed to the temptations of the great world in which you live? It is a very different one from that to which she has been accustomed."

"As to removing her from home, my house shall be her home, and my wife shall supply the place of her mother."

"I will give to your kind proposal the consideration which it deserves; but I must say, again, that it is very doubtful whether I can bring myself to consent to it."

"I can't say that I have any doubt about the matter," said her husband, who entered the room as she uttered the last remark. "To be plain, my dear brother, if there were no other reasons against the plan, I should not dare to place her in a family where the voice of prayer is not heard, especially as her character is now in process of formation."

Richard was silent. At first, he felt an emotion of anger; but he remembered that they were in the room in which their excellent father was accustomed to assemble his family each morning and evening for social worship. On no occasion was that worship neglected, even for a single day. After a long silence, he remarked, "You may think better of it, my brother," and retired to his room.

CHAPTER II.

For some time after Richard Clifton had exchanged the quiet of agriculture for the bustle of commercial life, he read his Bible daily, and retained the habit of secret prayer which had been so carefully taught him in childhood. But, at length, the Bible began to be neglected, and the altar of mammon was substituted for the altar of God. In his business transactions, the laws of integrity were never disregarded, nor was his respect and reverence for religion laid aside, but he had no time to be religious. When he became the head of a family, the Word of God lay unopened on his parlor table, and family worship was a thing unknown. Though God had guarded him at home and abroad, on the sea and on the land, and had made him rich even to the extent of his most sanguine expectations, yet he had forgotten the source of his prosperity, and had never bowed his knee in thanksgiving. The education of his wife, a daughter of one of the "merchant princes," had been such that she found nothing to

surprise or shock her in the practical atheism of her husband's course.

On the morning after the occurrence of the events recorded in the chapter above, as Susan returned from the village post-office, she handed her uncle a letter. Having perused it, he remarked—

"I must return to the city to-morrow. Will you go with me, Susan?"

"I should be delighted to do so, if father and mother could go with me."

"I should be happy to have them go. But suppose they do not? You cannot expect to have them always with you."

"Must you go so soon?" said Henry. "You make a very short visit after so long a separation."

"I must return to the city to-morrow; but my presence will be needed there only for a day or two. If Susan will go with me, I will return here next week and spend a few days more with you."

The matter was referred to Susan for decision. Her desire to see the wonders of the great city, as well as to gratify her uncle, overcame the reluctance which she felt to be separated, even for so brief a period, from her happy home.

The preparations for her sudden journey required the assistance of several neighbors; and thus the news of her intended visit to the city spread quickly through the village. There was, of course, much speculation concerning it. Some said it was merely a passing visit: Others said she had been adopted by her wealthy uncle, and was thenceforth to be a member of his family. Some regarded the supposed adoption as fortunate, and rejoiced in it for Susan's sake. Others were envious, and were ingenious and eloquent in setting forth the evils which might ensue. Some were sorry to see one so young and innocent exposed to the temptations of a city life. A few were surprised that her parents should consent to have her leave them, even though it were to become the heiress of almost boundless wealth.

In the course of the evening, a number of Susan's friends called to bid her good-by. As each new visitor came, an observant eye might have seen that she was disappointed. Her manner indicated that she expected one who did not come. The evening wore away, the social prayer was offered, and they were about to separate for the night.

"Susan, dear," said her uncle, "I will thank you for a glass of water."

Susan took a pitcher and repaired to the spring, which gushed out of a bank a few yards from the house. She had filled her pitcher, when a well-known voice pronounced her name.

"Is it you, Horace?" said she. "I am going away to-morrow."

"So I have heard. Are you going to live with your uncle?"

"Oh no. I am coming home in less than a week."

"I am sorry you are going."

"Are you?"

"I am afraid you will not want to come home."

"Why Horace!"

"Come back as soon as you can"

"I will."

"Good-by!" He extended his trembling hand, and received one still more trembling. It was carried to his lips. Another good-by was uttered, and he was gone.

It was well for Susan that her uncle was not sitting in his own brilliantly lighted parlor when, with blushing cheek and trembling hand, she handed him the glass of water. In the dim light of a single candle, her agitation passed unnoticed.

In the morning, after oft-repeated farewells, and amid tears not wholly divorced from smiles, Susan set out on her journey, and, on the following day, arrived at the busy mart where souls are exchanged for gold, and hearts are regarded as less valuable than stocks. She entered the mansion of her uncle, and was introduced to his polished and stately wife.

CHAPTER III.

No pains were spared by her uncle to amuse Susan and to gratify her curiosity. Mrs. Clifton, also, to her husband's great delight, put forth very unusual exertions tending to the same end. Still, Susan was far from being perfectly happy. She wanted a place like home to which she could retire when weary with sight-seeing and excitement. In her uncle's house, notwithstanding his manifest affection and the perfect politeness of his wife, she did not feel at ease—she felt as if she were in public. And then to sit down at the table and partake of God's bounties, when his blessing had not been asked upon them, and to retire for the night when his protection had not been invoked, detracted greatly from the enjoyment which her visit was in other respects adapted to afford. The week during which she was to remain had not elapsed ere she desired to return home. Of this desire she gave no voluntary indication, but exerted herself to appear (as she really was) thankful for the efforts designed to contribute to her happiness.

"What do you think of our niece?" said Mr. Clifton to his wife one morning, when Susan was not present.

"I think she will make a fine girl—that is, with due attention," said his wife. She would have expressed her meaning more accurately if she had said, "I think she will make a fine impression—will attract admiration, if her manners are only cultivated."

"Would you like to have her remain with us permanently?"

"I rather think I should. I like her very well." This was uttered in a very calm tone.

"What school would you send her to if she should remain?"

"I would not send her to any school. She is old

enough to go into society; and all that she needs is a little attention to her manners."

"She is only sixteen years old."

"She is quite tall, and will pass for eighteen at east. If we make a school-girl of her, she can't go into society for a year or more to come."

"It was a part of my plan to give her a thorough education."

"It is a part of my plan to have some one to go into society with me."

"I do not believe her parents will consent to part with her, except on condition that she shall spend several years in one of our best schools."

"Then let them keep her and make a milkmaid of her. If I take a girl and fit her for society, and introduce her into the circle in which I move, I wish to be understood as conferring a favor, not as receiving one."

"My dear, you know that the ideas of those who have always lived in the country must, of necessity, be somewhat contracted. We must not judge them by the standard to which we are accustomed."

"We ought not to make the girl suffer for the follies of her parent, to be sure. You can say what you please to them about it, and then the matter can be left with her. She will be glad to escape the drudgery of school, I dare say."

"I think not. She has an ardent desire for knowledge; and the strongest inducement I can set before her to come to the city is the means it furnishes for gratifying that desire."

"There are other gratifications furnished by the city which she will soon learn to prize more highly. Let her once be at home here, and be introduced to society, and her desire for book-knowledge will not trouble her much. I know more about women than you do, perhaps."

Mr. Clifton was silent. The last remark of his wife made a deep impression upon his mind. Certain it was that his knowledge of woman was rather more extensive and of a different character from that which he had expected to acquire, when he lived amid the green fields of the country, ere the stain of worldliness was upon his soul.

"I like Susan," said Mrs. Clifton. "I think she will prove quite attractive. I have never seen a girl from the country who appeared so well. She has a quick sense of propriety, and will give me very little trouble to fit her for society."

"I am glad you like her," said Mr. Clifton. "Her residence with us will make our home more cheerful; and, with your example before her, her manners will soon become those of a finished lady."

Mr. Clifton went to his counting-room, and his wife was left alone. The compliment her husband had just paid her inclined her to dwell with complacency upon the plan of adopting Susan. She liked her for her fair countenance and her faultless form, and her quick observation and ready adoption of conventional proprieties. Her presence, moreover, would attract visitors, who were now less numerous than when Mrs. Clifton was young. Her

name, too, favored the idea of adoption. The difference between a real and an adopted child would not readily be known. She made up her mind to adopt her, and would have made known her determination to Susan at once, had not an engagement compelled her to go out.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Susan was thus left alone for a little season, she employed herself in writing the following letter to her mother—

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I have been so long without any one to speak to (you know what I mean), that I must write you, though I hope to reach home almost as soon as this letter. I am treated in the kindest manner possible. My uncle, I think, really loves me, and I certainly love him very much. His wife is a splendid woman. She was once, I doubt not, very beautiful, and she looks exceedingly well now when she is dressed. She is very polite to me. I am, I believe, a welcome visitor; and she desires me to stay longer than I engaged to when I left home. I have not been out much, except with my uncle to see the curiosities with which the city abounds. I have seen but few of my aunt's friends. In truth, I suppose I have pleased her not a little by not wishing to be seen. I am from the country, you know; though she thinks I am making rapid progress in civilization. I judge so from the commendation she bestows upon my attempts to avoid singularity. I remember you used to commend me when I made successful efforts to govern my temper: aunt commends me for the manner in which I govern my limbs, or rather when they happen to move to please her without being governed. Last evening (I had not seen uncle since the day before at dinner), I was glad to find him in the parlor as I entered it. Aunt said to me, 'If you could enter the parlor in that way when company is present, you would make quite a sensation.' I can hardly help laughing to think what a matter of importance so simple a thing as putting one foot before the other becomes in the city. I suppose, if I were to live here, I should learn to step, and even to breathe, by rule. I was going to say to think by rule; but thinking is not in fashion. So far as I can learn, the thinking done here is confined to thinking of what others think about them. Aunt was originally taught to do everything by rule. Custom has become with her a second nature. Her manners are called fascinating; but to me they are formal and chilling. I suppose they are perfectly well suited to those who desire only the fascinating. You have taught me to desire something more.

"I find myself deficient in the easy command of language which seems so natural here. I have been astonished to find what an easy flow of polished and tolerably correct language is possessed

by some with whom language might rather be regarded as the substitute for, than the instrument of, thought. It must be owing to practice; though it is a mystery, to me how persons can talk so smoothly, and even so beautifully, without ideas.

"I have seen a great many new things. I will tell you all about them when I get home. I long for that time to come, though it be only two days off. Every one has so much to do here, or rather is in such a hurry, that, were it not for my uncle's mercantile habit of keeping his word, I should not expect to see home at the appointed time.

"I am glad I came, for many reasons. I did not know so well before how little the external has to do with happiness. As persons pass by and look through the plate glass upon the silk damask curtains, they doubtless think the owner of that mansion must be very happy. Now I believe my dear father is far more happy than my uncle. I do not believe that my uncle's magnificent parlors (I use strong language; but I believe they are regarded as magnificent by those who are accustomed to frequent the most richly furnished houses) have ever been the scene of so much happiness as our own

plain *keeping-room* has. I would not exchange our straight-backed chairs, which have been so long in the *home-service*, for the costly and luxurious ones before me, if the *adjuncts* were to be exchanged also. I long to sit down in the old room and read or converse with my parents, by the light of a single candle. I prefer that homely light to the cut-glass chandelier which illuminates the parlors here. I love to see beautiful things, and should have no objection to possessing them, provided the things necessary to happiness could be added to them. Of themselves, they are insufficient to meet the wants of the heart. Instead of being discontented with my plain home, I shall prize it the more highly in consequence of my visit to this great Babel. Do not think I am ungrateful to my dear uncle and to his wife for their efforts to amuse me and make me happy. I should not be your daughter if I were.

"Aunt has just come in, and has sent for me to her room. Kiss my dear father for me, and pray for me that I may be restored to you in safety.

"Your affectionate daughter,
"SUSAN."

(To be continued.)

SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN!

BY MISS E. BOGART.

Sing me that song again!

A voice unheard by thee repeats the strain;
And as its echoes on my fancy break,
Heart-strings and harp-chords wake.

Sing to my viewless lyre!
Each note holds mem'ries as the flint holds fire;
And while my heart-strings in sweet concert play,
Thought travels far away.

And back, on laden wings,
The music of my better life it brings;
For years of happiness, departed long,
Are shrined in that old song.

Its cadence on my ear
Falls as the night falls in the moonlight clear—
The darkness lost in Luna's glittering beams,
As I am lost in dreams.

Sing on, nor yet unbind
The chain that weaves itself about my mind—
A chain of images which seem to rise
To life before my eyes.

The veil which hangs around
The past is lifted by the breath of sound,
As strong winds lift the dying leaves, and show
The hidden things below.

I listen to thy voice,
Impelled beyond the power of will or choice,

And to those simple notes' mysterious chime,
My rushing thoughts keep time

The key of harmony
Has turned the rusted lock of memory,
And opened all its secret stores to light,
As by some wizard sprite.

But now the charm is past,
My heart-strings are too deeply wrung at last,
And harp-chords, stretched too far, refuse to play
Longer an answering lay.

The music-spell is o'er!
And that old song, oh, sing it nevermore
It is so old, 'tis time that it should die!
Forget it—so will I.

Let it in silence rest;
Guarded by thoughts which may not be expressed
There was a love which clung to it of old—
That love has long been cold.

Then sing it not again!
The voice that seemed to echo back the strain
Has filled succeeding years with discords strange
And won my heart to change

And thou mayst surely cull
Songs new and sweet, and still more beautiful
Sing new ones, then, to which no memories cling—
Most memories have their sting.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I

ANCIENT authors disagree in the accounts they give of the dress of the first inhabitants of Britain. Some assert that, previously to the first descent of the Romans, the people wore no clothing at all: other writers, however (and, probably, with more truth), state that they clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals; and as their mode of life required activity and freedom of limb, loose skins over their bodies, fastened, probably, with a thorn, would give them the needful warmth, without in any degree restraining the liberty of action so necessary to the hardy mountaineer.

Probably the dress of the women of those days did not differ much from that of the men: but, after the second descent of the Romans, both sexes are supposed to have followed the Roman costume: indeed, Tacitus expressly asserts that they did adopt this change; though we may safely believe that thousands of the natives spurned the Roman fashion in attire, not from any dislike of its form or shape, but from the detestation they bore towards their conquerors.

The beautiful and intrepid Queen Boadicea is the first British female whose dress is recorded. Dio mentions that, when she led her army to the field of battle, she wore "a various-colored tunic, flowing in long loose folds, and over it a mantle, while her long hair floated over her neck and shoulders." This warlike queen, therefore, notwithstanding her abhorrence of the Romans, could not resist the graceful elegance of their costume, so different from the rude clumsiness of the dress of her wild subjects; and, though fighting valiantly against the invaders of her country, she succumbed to the laws which Fashion had issued!—a forcible example of the unlimited sway exercised by the flower-crowned goddess over the female mind.

With the Saxon invasion came war and desolation, and the elegancies of life were necessarily neglected. The invaders clothed themselves in a rude and fantastic manner. It is not unlikely that the Britons may have adopted some of their costume. From the Saxon females, we are told, came the invention of dividing, curling, and turning the hair over the back of the head. Ancient writers also add that their garments were long and flowing.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies seldom, if ever, went with their heads bare; sometimes the veil, or *head-rail*, was replaced by a golden head-band, or it was worn over the veil. Half circles of gold, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, and crosses, were the numerous

ornaments worn at that period by the women. It is supposed that mufflers (a sort of bag with a thumb) were also sometimes used.

Great uncertainty exists respecting the true character of a garment much used by the Anglo-Saxon ladies, called a *kirtle*. Some writers suppose it to have meant the petticoat; others, that it was an under robe. But, though frequently mentioned by old authors, nothing can be correctly determined respecting it.

Little appears to be known concerning the costume in Britain under the Danes; but we are told that the latter "were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a day, bathed once a week, and often changed their attire."

The ladies' dress continued much the same till the reign of Henry the First, when the sleeves and veils were worn so immensely long, that they were tied up in bows and festoons, and *la grande mode* then appears to have been to have the skirts of the gowns also of so ridiculous a length, that they lay trailing upon the ground. Laced bodies were also



sometimes seen, and tight sleeves with pendent cuffs, like those mentioned in the reign of Louis the Seventh of France. A second, or upper tunic, much shorter than the under robe, was also the fashion; and, perhaps, it may be considered as the *surcoat* generally worn by the Normans. The hair was often wrapped in silk or ribbon and allowed to hang down the back; and mufflers were in common use.

The dresses were very splendid, with embroidery and gold borders.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century, the ladies found their long narrow cuffs, hanging to the ground, very uncomfortable; they therefore adopted tight sleeves. Pelisses, trimmed with fur, and loose surcoats, were also worn, as well as *wimples*, an



article of attire worn round the neck under the veil. Embroidered boots and shoes formed, also, part of their wardrobe.

The ladies' costume, during the reigns of Henry and Edward, was very splendid. The veils and wimples were richly embroidered, and worked in gold; the surcoat and mantle were worn of the richest materials; and the hair was turned up under a gold caul.

Towards the year 1300, the ladies' dress fell under the animadversion of the malevolent writers of that day. The robe is represented as having had tight sleeves and a train, over which was worn a surcoat and mantle, with cords and tassels. "The ladies," says a poet of the thirteenth century, "were like peacocks and magpies; for the pies bear feathers of various colors, which Nature gives them; so the ladies love strange habits, and a variety of ornaments. The pies have long tails, that trail in

the mud; so the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies."

The pictures of the ladies of that time certainly present us with no very elegant specimens of their fashions. Their gowns or tunics are so immensely long, that the fair dames are obliged to hold them up, to enable them to move; whilst a sweeping train trails after them; and over the head and round the neck is a variety of, or substitute for, the wimple, which is termed a *gorget*. It enclosed the



cheeks and chin, and fell upon the bosom, giving the wearer very much the appearance of suffering from sore-throat or toothache.

When this head-dress was not worn, a caul of net-work, called a *crispine*, often replaced it, and for many years it continued to be a favorite coiffure.

The writers of this time speak of tight lacing, and of ladies with small waists.

In the next reign, an apron is first met with, tied behind with a ribbon. The sleeves of the robe, and the petticoat, are trimmed with a border of embroidery; rich bracelets are also frequently seen; but, notwithstanding all the splendor of the costume, the gorget still envelops the neck.

SONNET. — WINTER.

BY LEWIS GRAHAM, M.D.

STERN Winter comes with frowns and frosty smiles,
The angry clouds in stormy squadrons fly,
While winds, in raging tones, to winds reply;
Old Boreas reigns, and, like a wizard, piles,
Where'er he pleases, with his gusty breath,
The heaps of snow on mountain, hill, or heath,
In strangest shapes, with curious sport and wild;

But soon the sun will come with gentle rays,
To kiss him while with fiercest storms he plays,
And make him mild and quiet as a child.
Though now the bleak wind-king so boisterous seems,
And drives the tempest madly o'er the plain,
He smiles in Spring-time soft as April rain,
In Summer sleeps on flowers in zephyr-dreams.

EUBBLES.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"HURRAH for bubbles! I go for bubbles, my dear," stopping for a moment on his way through the large drawing-rooms, and looking at his wife and the baby very much as a painter might do while in labor with a new picture. "Bubbles are the only things worth living for."

"Bubbles, Peter!—be quiet, baby!—hush, my love, hush! Papa can't take you now."

Baby jumps at the table.

"Confound the imp! There goes the ink-stand!"

"Yes, my dear; and the spectacles, and the lamp, and all your papers. And what else could you expect, pray? Here he's been trying to make you stop and speak to him, every time you have gone by the table, for the last half hour, and holding out his little arms to you; while you have been walking to and fro as if you were walking for a wager, with your eyes rolled up in your head, muttering to yourself—mutter, mutter, mutter—and taking no more notice of him, poor little fellow, than if he was a rag-baby, or belonged to somebody else!"

"Oh, don't bother! *Little arms*, indeed!—about the size of my leg! I do wish he'd be quiet. I'm working out a problem."

"A problem! fiddle-de-dee—hush, baby! A magazine article, more like—*will* you hush?"

Papa turns away in despair, muttering, with a voice that grows louder and louder as he warms up—

"Wisdom and wit are bubbles! Atoms and systems into ruin hurled! And now a *bubble* burst! And now a *WORLD*! I have it, hurrah! *Can't* you keep that child still?"

"Man alive, I wish you'd try yourself!"

"Humph! What the plague is he up for at this time o' night, hey?"

"At this time o' night! Why what on earth are you thinking of? It is only a little after five, my dear."

"Well, and what if it is? Ought to have been a-bed and asleep two hours ago."

"And so he was, my love; but you can't expect him to sleep *all* the time—there! there!"—trotting baby with all her might—"Hush-a-bye-baby on the tree top—there! there!—papa's gone a-huntin'—"

"My dear!"

"My love!"

"Look at me, will you? How on earth is a fellow to marshal his thoughts—will you be quiet, sir?—to marshal his thoughts 'the way they should go'—Mercy on us, he'll split his throat!"

"Or train up a child the way he should go, hey?"

"Thunder and lightning, he'll drive me distracted! I wonder if there's such a thing as a

ditch or a horsepond anywhere in the neighbor hood."

"Oh! that reminds me of something, my love. I ought to have mentioned it before. The cistern's out."

"The cistern's out, hey? Well, what if it is? Are we to have this kicking and squalling till the cistern's full again, hey?"

"Why what possesses you?"

"Couldn't see the connection, that's all. I ask for a horsepond or a ditch, and you tell me the cistern's out. If it were full, there might be some hope for me," looking savagely at the baby. "I suppose it's deep enough."

"For shame!—do hush, baby, will ye? Tuddy, tuddy, how he hawls!"

"Couldn't you tighten the cap-strings a little, my dear?"

"Monster! get away, will you?"

"Or cram your handkerchief down his throat, or your knitting-work, or the lamp-rug?"

"Ah, well thought of, my dear. Have you seen Mr. Smith?"

"What Smith?"

"George, I believe. The man you buy your oil of, and your groceries.—Hush, baby! He's been here two or three times after you this week."

"Hang Mr. Smith!"

"With all my heart, my love. But, if the quar-ter's rent is not paid, you know, and the grocer's bill, and the baker's, and the butcher's, and if you don't manage to get the bottling-house fixed up, and some other little matters attended to, I don't exactly see how the hanging of poor Mr. Smith would help us."

"Oh hush, will you?"

The young wife turned and kissed the baby, with her large indolent eyes fixed upon the door somewhat nervously. She had touched the bell more than once without being seen by her husband.

"Wisdom and wit," continued papa, with a voice like that of a man who has overslept himself and hopes to make up for lost time by walking very fast, and talking very little to the purpose—"Wisdom and wit are bubbles!"—

The young wife nodded with a sort of a smile, and the baby, rolling over in her lap, let fly both heels at the nurse, who had crept in slyly, as if intending to lug him off to bed without his knowledge. But he was not in a humor to be trifled with; and so he flopped over on the other side, and, tumbling head over heels upon the floor, very much at large, lay there kicking and screaming till he grew black in

the face. But the girl persisted, nevertheless, in lifting him up and lugging him off to the door, notwithstanding his outcries and the expostulatory looks of both papa and mamma—her wages were evidently in arrears, a whole quarter, perhaps.

"Wisdom and wit are bubbles," continued papa; "dominion and power, and beauty and strength!"

"And gingerbread and cheese," added mamma, in reply to something said by the girl in a sort of stage-whisper.

Whereupon papa, stopping short, and looking at mamma for a few moments, puzzled and well nigh speechless, gasped out—

"And *gingerbread and cheese!* Why, what the plague do you mean, Sarah?"

"Nothing else for tea, my love, so Bridget says. Not a pound o' flour in the house; not so much as a loaf, nor a roll, nor a muffin to be had for love or money—so Bridget says."

"Nothin' to be had without *money*, ma'am; that 's what I said."

"Bridget!"

"*Sir!*"

That "*sir!*"—it was an admission of two quarters in arrear at least.

"Take that child to bed this moment! Begone! I 'll bear this no longer."

The girl stared, muttered, grabbed the baby, and flung away with such an air—three quarters due, if there was a single day!—banged the door to after her, and bundled off up the front stairs at a hand-gallop, her tread growing heavier, and her voice louder and louder with every plunge

"*Sarah!*"

"*Peter!*"

"I wonder you can put up with such insolence. That girl is getting insufferable."

The poor wife looked up in amazement, but opened not her mouth; and the husband continued walking the floor with a tread that shook the whole house, and stopping occasionally, as if to watch the effect, or to see how much further he might go without injury to his own health.

"How often have I told you, my dear, that if a woman would be respected by her own servants, she must respect herself, and never allow a word nor a look of impertinence—*never! never!*—not even a look! Why, Sarah, life itself would be a burthen to me. Upon my word," growing more and more in earnest every moment—"Upon my word, I believe I should hang myself! And how *you* can bear it—you, with a nature so gentle and so affectionate, and so—I declare to you!"

"Pray don't speak so loud, my love. The people that are going by the window stop and look up towards the house. And what will the Peabodys think?"

"What do I care! Let them think what they please. Am I to regulate the affairs of my household by what a neighbor may happen to think, hey? The fact is, my dear Sarah—you must excuse me, I don't want to hurt your feelings—but, the fact is,

VOL. XLII.—4

you ought to have had the child put to bed three hours ago."

"Three hours ago!"

"Yes, *three* hours ago; and that would have prevented all this trouble."

Not a word from the young, patient wife; but she turned away hurriedly, and there was a twinkle, as of a rain-drop, falling through the lamplight.

A dead silence followed. After a few more turns, the husband stopped, and, with something of self-reproach in his tone, said—

"I take it for granted there is nothing the matter with the boy?"

No answer.

"Have you any idea what made him cry so terribly? Teething, perhaps?"

No answer.

"Or the colic. You do not answer me, Sarah. It cannot be that you have allowed that girl to put him to bed, if there is anything the matter with him, poor little fellow!"

The young wife looked up, sorrowing and frightened.

"The measles are about, you know, and the scarlet fever, and the whooping-cough, and the mumps; but, surely, a mother who is with her child all night long and all day long ought to be able to see the symptoms of any and every ailment before they would be suspected by another. And if it should so happen!"

The poor wife could be silent no longer.

"The child is well enough," said she, somewhat stoutly. "He was never better in his life. But he wanted his papa to take him, and he wouldn't; and reaching after him he tipped over the lamp, and then—and then!"—and here she jumped up to leave the room; but her husband was too quick for her.

"That child's temper will be ruined," said papa.

"To be sure it will," said mamma; "and I've always said so."

She couldn't help it; but she was very sorry, and not a little flurried when her husband, turning short upon her, said—

"I understand you, Sarah. Perhaps he wanted me to take him up to bed?"

No answer.

"I wonder if he expects me to do that for him till he is married? *Little arms*, indeed!"

No answer.

"Or till he is wanted to do as much for me?"

No answer; not even a smile.

And now the unhappy father, by no means ready to give up, though not at all satisfied with himself, begins walking the floor anew and muttering to himself, and looking sideways at his dear patient wife, who has gone back to the table, and is employed in getting up another large basket of baby-things, with trembling lips and eyes running over in bashful thankfulness and silence.

"Well, well, there is no help for it, I dare say. As we brew we must bake. It would be not merely unreasonable, but silly—foolish—absolutely foolish—

—whew!—to ask of a woman, however admirable her disposition may be, for a—*for a straightforward*—Why what the plague are you laughing at, Sarah? What have you got there?"

Without saying a word, mamma pushed over towards him a new French caricature, just out, representing a man well wrapped up in a great coat with large capes, and long boots, and carrying an umbrella over his own head, from which is pouring a puddle of water down the back of a delicate fashionable woman—his wife, anybody might know—wearing thin slippers and a very thin muslin dress, and making her way through the gutters on tip-toe, with the legend, "You are never satisfied!" "*Tu n'est jamais contente!*"

Instead of gulping down the joke, and laughing heartily—or making believe laugh, which is the next best thing, in all such cases—papa stood upon his dignity, and, after an awful pause, went on talking to himself pretty much as follows:—

"According to Shakspeare—and what higher authority can we have?—reputation itself is but a *bubble*, blown by the cannon's mouth: and therefore do I say, and stick to it—hurrah for bubbles!"

The young wife smiled; but her eyes were fixed upon a very small cap, with a mournful and touching expression, and her delicate fingers were busy upon its border with that regular, steady, incessant motion which, beginning soon after marriage, ends only with sickness or death.

"*And*," continued papa—"and, if Moore is to be believed, the great world itself, with all its wonders and its glories—the past, the present, and the future, is but a *'fleeing show.'*"

The young wife nodded, and fell to dancing the baby's cap on the tips of her fingers.

"And what are *bubbles*," continued papa, "what are *bubbles* but a *'fleeing show'*?"

The little cap canted over on one side, and there was a sort of a giggle, just the least bit in the world, it was so cunning, as papa added, in unspeakable solemnity—

"And so, too, everything we covet, everything we love, and everything we revere on earth, are but emptiness and vanity."

Here a nod from the little cap, mounted on the mother's fingers, brought papa to a full stop—a change of look followed—a downright smile—and then a much pleasanter sort of speech—and then, as you live, a kiss!

"And what are *bubbles*, I should be glad to know, but emptiness and vanity?" continues papa.

"By all this, I am to understand that a wife is a bubble—hey?"

"To be sure."

"And the baby?"

"Another."

"And what are husbands?"

"Bubbles of a large growth."

"Agreed!—I have nothing more to say."

"Look about you. Watch the busiest man you know—the wisest, the greatest, among the re-

nowned, the ambitious, and the mighty of earth, and tell me if you can see one who does not spend his life blowing bubbles in the sunshine—through the stump of a tobacco pipe. What living creature did you ever know—"

"Did you speak to me, my dear?"

"No, Sarah, I was speaking to posterity."

Another nod from the little cap, and papa grows human.

"Yes!—what living creature did you ever know who was not more of a bubble-hunter than he was anything else? We are all schemers—even the wisest and the best—all visionaries, my dear."

By this time, papa had got mamma upon his knee, and the rest of the conversation was at least an octave lower.

"Even so, my love. And what, after all, is the looming at sea; the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina, near Reggio; or the Mirage of the Desert, in Egypt and Persia, but a sample of those glittering phantasmagoria, which are called *chateaux en Espagne*, or castles in the air, by the wondrous men who spend their lives in piling them up, story upon story, turrets, towers, and steeples—domes, and roofs, and pinnacles? and therefore do I say again, hurrah for bubbles!"

"What say you to the South Sea bubble, my dear?"

"What say I!—just what I say of the Tulip bubble, of the Mississippi Scheme, of the Merino Sheep enterprise, of the Down-East Timber lands, of the Morus Multicaulis, of the California fever, and the Cuba hallucination. They are periodical outbreaks of commercial enterprise, unavoidable in the very nature of things, and never long, nor safely postponed; growing out of a plethora—never out of a scarcity—a plethora of wealth and population, and corresponding, in the regularity of their returns, with the plague and the cholera."

"And these are what you have called *bubbles*?"

"Precisely."

"And yet, if I understood you aright, when you said, 'I go for bubbles—hurrah for bubbles'—you meant to speak well of them?"

"To be sure I did—certainly—yes—no—so far as a magazine article goes, I did."

"But a magazine article, my love—bear with me, I pray you—ought to be something better than a brilliant paradox, hey?"

"Go on—I like this."

"If you will promise not to be angry."

"I do."

"Well, then—however *telling* it may be to hurrah for bubbles, and to call your wife a bubble, and your child another; because the world is all a *'fleeing show,'* and bubbles are a *'fleeing show,'* or because the Scriptures tell us that everything here is emptiness and vanity—and bubbles are emptiness and vanity; I have the whole of your argument, I believe?—is hardly worthy of a man, who, in writing, would wish to make his fellow-man better or wiser—"

"Well done the bubble!—I never heard *you* reason before: keep it up, my dear."

"You never gave me a chance; and, by the way, there is one bubble you have entirely overlooked."

"And what is that—marriage?"

"No."

"The buried treasures, and the cross of pure gold, a foot and a half long, you were talking with that worthy man about, last winter, when I came upon you by surprise, and found you both sitting together in the dark—and whispering *so mysteriously*?"

"Captain Watts, you mean, the lighthouse keeper?"

"Yes. Upon my word, Peter, I began to think you were *up* for California. I never knew you so absent in all your life as you were, day after day, for a long while after that conversation."

"The very thing, my dear!—and as I happen to know most of the parties, and was in communication for three whole years with the leader of the enterprise, I do think it would be one of the very best illustrations to be found, in our day, of that strange, steadfast, unquenchable faith, which upholds the bubble-hunter through all the sorrows and all the discouragements of life, happen what may: and you shall have the credit of suggesting that story. But then, look you, my dear—if I content myself with telling the simple truth, nobody will believe me."

"Try it."

"I will!—Good night, my dear."

"Don't make a long story of it, I beseech you.—Good night!"

"Haden't you better leave the little cap with me? It may keep you awake, my dear."

"Nonsense. Good night!" and papa drops into a chair, makes a pen, and goes to work as follows:—

Now for it: here goes! In the year 1841, there was a man living at Portland, Maine, whose life, were it faithfully written out, would be one of the most amusing, perhaps one of the most instructive, books of our day. Energetic, hopeful, credulous to a proverb, and yet sagacious enough to astonish everybody when he prospered, and to set everybody laughing at him when he did not, he had gone into all sorts of speculation, head over heels, in the course of a few years, and failed in everything he undertook. At one time, he was a retail dry-goods dealer, and failed: then a manufacturer by water power of cheap household furniture, and failed again: then a large hay-dealer: then a holder of nobody knows how many shares in the Marr Estate, whereby he managed to feather his nest very handsomely, they say: then he went into the land business, and bought and sold township after township, till he was believed to be worth about half a million, and used to give away a *tithe* of his profits to poor widows, at the rate of ten thousand dollars a year; offering the cash, but always giving on interest—simple interest—which was never paid—failed: tried his hand at working Jewell's Island, in Casco

Bay, at one time, for copperas; and at another, for treasures buried there by Captain Kyd. Let us call him Colonel Jones, for our present purpose; that being a name he went by, at a pinch, for a short period.

Well, one day he called upon me—it was in the year 1842, I should say—and, shutting the door softly, and looking about, as if to make sure that no listeners were nigh, and speaking in a low voice, he asked if I had a few minutes to spare.

I bowed.

He then drew his chair up close to mine, so near as to touch, and, looking me straight in the eyes, asked if I was a believer in animal magnetism; waiting, open-mouthed, for my answer.

"Certainly," said I.

Whereupon he drew a long breath, and fell to rubbing his hands with great cheerfulness and pertinacity.

"In clairvoyance, too—*perhaps*?"

"Most assuredly—up to a certain point."

"I knew it! I knew it!" jumping up and preparing to go. "Just what I wanted—that 's enough—I'm satisfied—good-by!"

"Stop a moment, my good fellow. The questions you put are so general that my answers may mislead you."

He began to grow restless and fidgety.

"Although I am a believer in what I call animal magnetism and clairvoyance, I would not have you understand that I am a believer in a hundredth part of the stories told of others. What I see with my own eyes, and have had a fair opportunity of investigating and verifying, that I believe. What others tell me, I neither believe nor disbelieve. I wait for the proof. Suppose you state the case fairly."

"Do you believe that a clairvoyant can see hidden treasure in the earth, and that, it would be safe to rely upon the assurances of such a person made in the magnetic sleep?"

"No."

"But suppose you had tried her?"

"*Her!* In what way?"

"By hiding a watch, for example, or a bit of gold, or a silver spoon, where nobody knew of it but yourself?"

"No; not even then."

"*No!* And why not, pray?"

"Simply because, judging by the experiments I have been able to make, I do not see any good reason for believing that, because a subject may tell us of what we ourselves know, or have heretofore known, which I admit very common, therefore she can tell me what I do not know and never did know. My notion is—but I may be mistaken—that she sees with my eyes, hears with my ears, and remembers with my memory; and that she can do nothing more than reflect my mind while we are in communication."

"May be so; but the woman we are dealing with has actually pointed out the direction, and, at last, by a process of lining peculiar to herself, the actual

position of what I had buried in the earth at a considerable distance, and without the knowledge or help of any living creature."

"Could she do this *always* and with *certainty*, and so that a third person might go to the treasure without help, on hearing her directions?"

"Why no, perhaps not; for that some few mistakes may have occurred, in the progress of our investigations, I am not disposed to deny."

"Probably. But, after all, were the directions given by her at any time, under any circumstances, definite and clear enough to justify a man of plain common sense in risking his reputation or money upon a third party's finding, without help, what you had concealed?"

Instead of answering my question, the poor fellow grew uneasy, and pale, and anxious; and, after considering awhile, and getting up and sitting down perhaps half a dozen times before he could make up his mind what to say, he told me a story—one of the most improbable I ever heard in my life—the leading features of which, nevertheless, I know to be true, and will vouch for as matters of fact.

There had been here, in Portland, for about six months, it appeared, a strange-looking, mysterious man—I give the facts, without pretending to give the words—who went by the name of Greenleaf. He was a sailor, and boarded with a man who kept a sailor boarding-house, and who, I am told, is still living here, by the name of Mellon. People had taken it into their heads that the stranger had something upon his mind, as he avoided conversation, took long walks by himself, and muttered all night long in his sleep. After a while, it began to be whispered about among the seafaring people that he was a pirate; and Mellon, his landlord, went so far as to acknowledge that he had his reasons for thinking so; although Greenleaf, on finding himself treated, and watched, and questioned more narrowly than he liked, managed to drop something about having sailed under the Brazilian flag. And, on being plied with liquor one day, with listeners about him, he went into some fuller particulars, which set them all agog. These, reaching the ears of Colonel Jones, led to an interview, from which he gathered that Greenleaf was one of a large crew commissioned by the Brazils in 1826; that, after cruising a long while in a latitude swarming with Spanish vessels of war, they got reduced to twenty-five men, all told. That one day they fell in with a large, heavily-laden ship, from which they took about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in gold and silver, and a massive gold cross, nearly two feet long, and weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, belonging to a Spanish priest; but what they did with the crew and the passengers, or with the ship and the priest, did not appear. That, soon after getting their treasure aboard, they saw a large sail to windward, which they took to be a Spanish frigate; and, being satisfied with their booty, they altered their course, and steered for a desolate island near Guadaloupe, where, after taking out

three hundred doubloons apiece, they landed, with the rest of the treasure packed in gun-cases, and hooped with iron; dug a hole in the earth and buried it; carefully removing the turf and replacing it, and carrying off all the dirt, and scattering it along the shore. That they took the bearings of certain natural objects, and marked the trees, and agreed among themselves, under oath, not to disturb the treasure till fifteen years had gone by, when it was to belong to the survivors. That, having done this, they steered for the Havana, and, after altering their craft to a fore-and-aft schooner, sold her, and shared the money. Being flush, and riotous, and quarrelsome, they soon got a-fighting among themselves; and, within a few months, by the help of the yellow fever, not less than twenty-three out of the whole twenty-five were buried, leaving only this Greenleaf and an old man, who went by the name of Thomas Taylor, and who had not been heard of for many years, and was now believed to be dead.

A fortune-teller was consulted, and put into a magnetic sleep, and, if the description they had painted of the man they were after could be depended on by her, they would find him, under another name, in a national ship on the East India station.

Here the Colonel began rubbing his hands again.

It appeared, moreover, that Taylor and Greenleaf had met more than once, and consulted together, and made two or three attempts to charter a vessel; but, being poor and among strangers, and afraid of trusting to other people—no matter why—they finally agreed to lie by till they were better off, and not be seen together till they should be able to undertake the enterprise without help from anybody.

"But," said Greenleaf, "I am tired of waiting. He may be dead for all I know. He was an old man. At any rate, he is beyond my reach, out of hail; and so, d'y'e see, if you'll rig us out a small schooner, of not more than seventy-five or eighty tons, I will go with you, and ask for no wages; and here 's the landlord 'll go, too, on the same lay; and, if you'll give me a third of what we find, I'll answer for Taylor, dead or alive, and you shall be welcome to the rest, and may do what you like with it."

"Would they consent to go *unarmed*?"

"Yes."

And all these facts being communicated to some of our people, and agreed to, a small schooner was chartered—the Napoleon, of ninety tons; Captain John Sawyer was put in master, and Watts, who had followed the sea forty years, and is now the keeper of Portland light, supercargo.

Not less than five, and it may be six, different voyages followed, one after the other, as fast as a vessel could be engaged and a crew got together; and, though nothing was "*realized*" but vexation, disappointment, and self-reproach, till the parties who had ventured upon the undertaking were almost ashamed to show their faces, there is not one of the whole to this hour, I verily believe, who does not stick to the faith and swear it was no bubble; and

they are men of character and experience—men of business habits, cool and cautious in their calculations, and by no means given to chasing will-o'-the-wisps anywhere.

And now let me give the particulars that have since come to my knowledge, on the authority of those who were actually parties in the strange enterprise from first to last.

Before they sailed on their first voyage, they consulted a fortune-teller by the name of Tarbox, who, without knowing their purpose, and while in a magnetic sleep, described the place, and the marks, and the treasure, even to the cross of gold, just as they had been described by Greenleaf himself. But she chilled their very blood at the time by whispering that, within two or three weeks at furthest, there would be a death among their number. Greenleaf made very light of the prediction at first, but grew serious, and, after a few days, gloomy, and refused to go. At last, however, he consented, and they had a very pleasant run to the edge of the Gulf Stream, latitude 38° and longitude 67°, when—but I must give this part of the story in the very language of Watts himself, a man still living, and worthy of entire confidence.

"We had been talking together pleasantly enough, and he seemed rather *chippur*. Only the night before, he had given me all the marks and bearings, and everything but the *distance*. He had never trusted anybody else in the same way, he said, but had rather taken a liking to me, and he kept back that one thing only that he might be safe, happen what must on the voyage. Well, we had been talking pleasantly together—it was about nine A. M., and the sea was running pretty high, and I had just turned to go aft, when something made me look round again, and I saw the poor fellow pitching head foremost over the side. He touched the water eight or ten feet from the vessel, but came up handsomely and struck out. He was a capital swimmer, and not at all frightened, so far as I could judge; for, if you'll believe me, squire, he never opened his mouth, but swam head and shoulders out of the water. At first, I thought he had jumped overboard; but afterwards, I made up my mind that he was knocked over by the leach of the foresail. I got hold of the gaff-topsail yard and run it under his arms, and threw a rope over him, and sung out, 'Hold on, Greenleaf! hold on, and we'll save you yet.' But he took no notice of me, and steered right away from the vessel. I then called to Captain Sawyer that we would lower the boat, and asked him to jump in with me. There was a heavy sea on, and we let go the boat, and she filled; she *rix* once or twice, and then the stem and stern were ripped out, and the body went adrift; and when I looked again, there was nothing to be seen of poor Greenleaf. We ran for Guadalupe and sold our cargo, and then for St. Thuras's, and then for the island where the money was buried. I offered to go ashore with Mellon, the Dutchman, though Captain Sawyer tried to discourage me."

4*

"Well, you went ashore?"

"I did."

"And satisfied yourself?"

"I did."

"But how?"

"I found the marks and the trees, and a well sunk in the sand with a barrel in it; and I came to a place where the turf had settled, and a—and a—and, from what I saw, I believe the money was there just as much as I believe that I am talking with you now."

"You do!—then why the plague didn't you bring it home with you?"

"I'll tell you, squire. Fact is, we all agreed to go shears when the voyage was made up. Greenleaf was to have a third, the Dutchman a third, and Williams and M'Lellan a third, to be divided between Mr. C—Colonel Jones, I should say—Captain Sawyer, and myself. But, the moment Greenleaf was out of the way, the Dutchman grew sulky, and insisted on having his part—making two-thirds; and finally swore he would have it, or *die*. This we thought rather unreasonable; and, as I had the chart with me, and all the marks, while the Dutchman had nothing to help him in the search, I determined to lose myself on the island, feel round the shore a little, for my own satisfaction, and then steal off quietly, and try another voyage, with fewer partners. You understand, hey?"

"Well, my good friend, I don't ask you *how* you satisfied yourself; but I may as well acknowledge that I have understood from another owner—Colonel Jones himself—that you carried probes and other mining tools with you, such as you had been using on Jewell's Island for a long while; and that in pricking, where you found the turf a little sunk, you touched something about the size of a small tea-chest, and square, three feet below the surface?"

To this Watts made no answer.

"And here ended the first voyage, hey?"

"Yes."

"How many were made in all?"

"I made three trips, and Captain M'Lellan two; and it runs in my head there was another, but I am not sure. I returned from my third voyage on the 18th day of July, 1842, in the *Grampus*, a little schooner of about seventy-five tons."

"Perhaps you would have no objection to tell me something about the other voyages?"

"Well, squire, to tell you the truth, we didn't land at all on the second voyage. July 14th, we'd fell to leeward, and was beating up. I had been all night on the look-out—I was master that trip—and we had got far enough to bear up and run down under the lee of the island. We saw huts there, and twenty or thirty people; and, we didn't much like their behavior. When they saw us, they ran down to the landing and took two boats and launched 'em. I offered to go ashore, if anybody would go with me. John Mac, he first agreed to 'u, but all the others refused; and then he said he would go if the others would. And then we steered for Portland Harbor."

"Well, and the third voyage?"

"That we made in the *Grampus*. Captain Josh Safford and Captain Bill Drinkwater went with us. We found two Spaniards upon the island. Their boats had gone to Porto Rico after provisions, they said. So Captain Safford, he gave them two muskets, with powder and ball, and they went off hunting goats. After this, I didn't consider myself justified in going ashore; and Captain Drinkwater complained a good deal of the liberty Safford took in supplying strangers with firearms. They might pop a fellow off at any time, you know, and nobody thereabouts would a ben the wiser."

"And here endeth the third voyage, hey?"

"Jess so."

"Do you happen to know anything about the other two?"

"Yes—for though I didn't go in the vessel, I knew pretty much all that happened. You see, Colonel Jones he went to work with the fortin-teller again; and he jest puts her to sleep, and tries her out and out, on Jewell's Island, where she found a skeleton fixed between two trees, and the walls of a hut, all grown over with large trees, and all the things he'd buried there; and then too, while we was at sea, she told him what we were doing, day by day, and they logged it all down: and when we got back and compared notes, we found it all true. Ah! he was a sharp one, I tell you! At last, he got her upon the track of Taylor. She found him in the East Indies, under another name, and shipped aboard one of our national ships. And so, what does he do but go to work and petition the Navy Department for Taylor's discharge, upon the ground that a grand estate had been left him—or, that he had large expectations, I forget which. He was very shy at first, and wouldn't acknowledge that he had ever gone by the name of Thomas Taylor. I dare say he had his reasons. But, after hunting him through hospitals, and navy yards, and sailor boarding-houses, and from ship to ship, the colonel he cornered him, and got him to say he would go with them. He told exactly the same story that Greenleaf did. I was taken sick, and couldn't go, and—stop—I'm before my story, I believe—they made their voyage without him. They landed, dug trenches, and blistered their hands, and spent over two days in the search, while the schooner lay off and on, waiting for them: but they found nothing. After they got back, however, the

colonel he had a meeting with the owners, and satisfied them all, in some way—I never knew how—that they had just reversed the bearings, and hadn't been near the place. How he knew, I can't say, for he had never been there, to my knowledge, and I happen to know that they must have been pretty near the spot, for they found a sort of a hillock that I remembered, and they told me all about the bearings, and they agreed with my chart."

"Well!—"

"Well, the next time they went, they took Taylor with them, and everything went on smoothly enough till one day, when the voyage was almost up, Taylor he said to Pearce—'Pearce,' said he, 'to-morrow, at this time, I shall be a rich man; and now,' says he, 'Mr. Pearce,' says he, 'I must have my letters.' Upon this, up steps John Mac, and says he. 'Taylor,' says he, 'when you want any letters, you'll have to come to me for them; and I shall have to put you upon allowance.' And then Taylor—he was an old man-o'-war'sman, you see, and he couldn't get along without his grog—he jest ups and says—'that's enough, capt'n. You may haul aft the sheet, tack ship, and go home. I shall tell you nothing more. As soon as the money is safe—I see how 'tis—old Taylor'll have to go overboard.' And he stuck to what he said, though he went ashore with them, just to show them that he knew every point of the compass—for he told them where they would find a couple of holes in the ledge—and they found them there, just as he said; and the first thing they saw, there was Taylor away up on the top of a high mountain, smoking a pipe. He had always told them he knew how to get up there; but they never believed him, because they had all tried and couldn't fetch it."

"And he stuck to it, hey, and never told them anything more?"

"Jess so."

"And what became of Taylor? Is he living?"

"No; he died in the hospital at Bath not more than five years ago."

"And you still think the money was there?"

"Think!—I am sure of it."

"Do you believe it is there now?"

"Do I!—Certainly I do!"

Whereupon, all I have to say is—*Hurrah for bubbles!*

SONNET.—QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WITHIN a castle, battlemented walls,
In crimsoned dungeons lay the Scottish queen:
Like drooping sorrow seemed she to lean
Her weary head. Pale, weeping memory recalls
The haunting joys of her life's early day,
Forever fled. Her spirit, pained with gloom,
Anticipates sweet rest but in the tomb.

White winged Faith, her guardian one, alway
There hovering nigh. 'Tis morn; dreams she no more;
On Fotheringay's black scaffold now she stands,
Clasping her cherished croslet in her hands,
Anon to die. Her fate the loves deplore;
The angel-loves, eke, waft her soul to heaven;
Her faults, her follies, to her faith forgiven.

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MARY BLEDSOE.

THE history of the early settlers of the West, a large portion of which has never been recorded in any published work, is full of personal adventure. No power of imagination could create materials more replete with romantic interest than their simple experience afforded. The early training of those hardy pioneers in their frontier life; the daring with which they penetrated the wilderness, plunging into trackless forests, and encountering the savage tribes whose hunting-grounds they had invaded; and the sturdy perseverance with which they overcame all difficulties, compel our wondering admiration. But far less attention has been given to their exploits and sufferings than they deserve, because the accounts we have received are too vague and general; the picture is not brought near us, nor exhibited with life-like proportions and coloring; and our sympathy is denied to what we are unable to appreciate. It will, I am sure, be rendering a service to those interested in our American story to collect such traditionary information as can be fully relied upon, and thus show something of the daily life of those heroic adventurers.

The kindness of a descendant of one of those noble patriots who, after having won distinction in the struggle for Independence, sought new homes in the free and growing West,* enables me to present some brief notice of one family associated with the early history of Tennessee. The name of Bledsoe is distinguished among the pioneers of the Cumberland Valley. The brothers of this name—Englishmen by birth—were living in 1769 upon the extreme border of civilization, near Fort Chipel, a military post in Wyth County, Virginia. It was not long before they removed further into the wild, being probably the earliest pioneers in the valley of the Holston, in what is now called Sullivan County, Tennessee, a portion of country at that time supposed to be within the limits of Virginia. The Bledsoes, with the Shelys, settled themselves about twelve miles above the Island Flats. The beauty of that mountainous region attracted others, who, impelled by the same spirit of adventure, and pride in being the first to explore the wilderness, came to join them in establishing the colony. They cheerfully ventured their property and lives, enduring the severest privations in taking possession of their new homes, influenced by the love of independence, equality, and religious freedom. The most dearly-

prized rights of man had been threatened in the oppressive system adopted by Great Britain towards her colonies; her agents and the colonial magistrates manifested all the insolence of authority; and individuals who had suffered from their aggressions bethought themselves of a country beyond the mountains, in the midst of primeval forests, where no laws existed save the law of Nature—no magistrate except those selected by themselves; where full liberty of conscience, of speech, and of action prevailed. Yet, almost in the first year of their settlement, they formed a written code of regulations by which they agreed to be governed; each man signing his name thereto. The pioneer settlements of the Holston and Watanga, formed by parties of emigrants from neighboring provinces, traveling together through the wilderness, were not, in their constitution, unlike those of New Haven and Hartford; but among them was no godly Hooker, no learned and heavenly-minded Haynes. As from the first, however, they were exposed to the continual depredations and assaults of their savage neighbors, who looked with jealous eyes upon the approach of the white men, and waged a war of extermination against them, it was perhaps well that there were among them few men of letters. The rifle and the axe, their only weapons of civilization, suited better the perils they encountered from the fierce and marauding Shawnees, Chickamangas, Creeks, and Cherokees, than would the brotherly address of William Penn, or the pious discourses of Roger Williams.

During the first year, not more than fifty families had crossed the mountains; but others came with each revolving season to reinforce the little settlement, until its population swelled to hundreds; increasing to thousands within ten or fifteen years, notwithstanding the frequent and terrible inroads upon their numbers of the Indian rifle and tomahawk. The dwelling-houses were forts, picketed, and flanked by block-houses, and the inhabitants, for mutual aid and protection, took up their residence in groups around different stations, within a short distance of one another.

Not long after the Bledsoes established themselves upon the banks of the Holston, Colonel Anthony Bledsoe, who was an excellent surveyor, was appointed clerk to the commissioners who ran the line dividing Virginia and North Carolina. Bledsoe had, before this, ascertained that Sullivan County was comprised within the boundaries of the latter province. In June, 1776, he was chosen by the inhabitants of the county to the command of the mili-

* Milton A. Haynes, Esq., of Tennessee, has furnished me with this and other accounts.

tin. The office imposed on him the dangerous duty of repelling the savages and defending the frontier. He had often to call out the militia and lead them to meet their Indian assailants, whom they would pursue to their villages through the recesses of the forest. The battle of Long Island, fought a few miles below his station, near the Island Flats, was one of the earliest and hardest fought battles known in the traditionary history of Tennessee. In June, 1776, more than seven hundred Indian warriors advanced upon the settlements on the Holston, with the avowed object of exterminating the white race through all their borders. Colonel Bledsoe, at the head of the militia, marched to meet them, and in the conflict which ensued was completely victorious; the Indians being routed, and leaving forty dead upon the field. This disastrous defeat for a time held them in check; but the spirit of savage hostility was invincible, and in the years following there was a constant succession of Indian troubles, in which Colonel Bledsoe was conspicuous for his bravery and services.

In 1779, Sullivan County having been recognized as a part of North Carolina, Governor Caswell appointed Anthony Bledsoe colonel, and Isaac Shelby lieutenant-colonel, of its military company. About the beginning of July of the following year, General Charles McDowell, who commanded a district east of the mountains, sent to Bledsoe a dispatch, giving him an account of the condition of the country. The surrender of Charleston had brought the State of South Carolina under British power; the people had been summoned to return to their allegiance, and resistance was ventured only by a few resolute spirits, determined to brave death rather than submit to the invader. The Whigs had fled into North Carolina, whence they returned as soon as they were able to oppose the enemy. Colonels Tarleton and Ferguson had advanced towards North Carolina at the head of their soldiery; and McDowell ordered Colonel Bledsoe to rally the militia of his county, and come forward in readiness to assist in repelling the invader's approach. Similar dispatches were sent to Colonel Sevier and to other officers, and the patriots were not slow in obeying the summons.

While the British Colonel Ferguson, under the orders of Cornwallis, was sweeping the country near the frontier, gathering the loyalists under his standard and driving back the Whigs, against whom fortune seemed to have decided, a resolute band was assembled for their succor far up among the mountains. From a population of five or six thousand, not more than twelve hundred of them fighting men, a body of near five hundred mountaineers, armed with rifles and clad in leathern hunting-shirts, was gathered. The anger of these sons of liberty had been stirred up by an insolent message received from Colonel Ferguson, that, "if they did not instantly lay down their arms, he would come over the mountains and whip their republicanism out of them;" and they were eager for an opportunity of showing what regard they paid to his threats.

At this juncture, Colonel Isaac Shelby returned from Kentucky, where he had been surveying land for the great company of land speculators headed by Henderson, Hart, and others. The young officer was betrothed to Miss Susan Hart, a belle celebrated among the western settlements at that period, and it was shrewdly suspected that his sudden return from the wilds of Kentucky was to be attributed to the attractions of that young lady; notwithstanding that due credit is given to the patriot, in recent biographical sketches, for an ardent wish to aid his countrymen in their struggle for liberty by his active services at the scene of conflict. On his arrival at Bledsoe's, it was a matter of choice with the colonel whether he should himself go forth and march at the head of the advancing army of volunteers, or yield the command to Shelby. It was necessary for one to remain behind, for the danger to the defenceless inhabitants of the country was even greater from the Indians than the British; and it was obvious that the ruthless savage would take immediate advantage of the departure of a large body of fighting men, to fall upon the enfeebled frontier. Shelby, on his part, insisted that it was the duty of Colonel Bledsoe, whose family, relatives, and defenceless neighbors looked to him for protection, to stay with the troops at home for the purpose of repelling the expected Indian assault. For himself, he urged, he had no family to guard, or who might mourn his loss, and it was better that he should advance with the troops to join McDowell. No one could tell where might be the post of danger and honor, at home or on the other side of the mountain. The arguments he used no doubt corresponded with his friend's own convictions, his sense of duty to his family, and of true regard to the welfare of his country; and the deliberation resulted in his relinquishment of the command to his junior officer. It was thus that the conscientious, though not ambitious, patriot lost the honor of commanding in one of the most distinguished actions of the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Shelby took the command of those gallant mountaineers who encountered the forces of Ferguson at King's Mountain on the 7th October, 1780. Three days after that splendid victory, Colonel Bledsoe received from him an official dispatch giving an account of the battle. The daughter of Colonel Bledsoe well remembers having heard this dispatch read by her father, though it has probably long since shared the fate of other valuable family papers.

When the hero of King's Mountain, wearing the victor's wreath, returned to his friends, he found that his betrothed had departed with her father for Kentucky, leaving for him no request to follow. Sarah, the above-mentioned daughter of Colonel Bledsoe, often rallied the young officer, who spent considerable time at her father's, upon this cruel desertion. He would reply by expressing much indignation at the treatment he had received at the hands of the fair coquette, and protesting that he would not follow her to Kentucky, nor ask her of

her father; he would wait for little Sarah Bledsoe, a far prettier bird, he would aver, than the one that had flown away. The maiden, then some twelve or thirteen years of age, would laughingly return his bantering by saying he "had better wait, indeed, and see if he could win Miss Bledsoe who could not win Miss Hart." The arch damsel was not wholly in jest; for a youthful kinsman of the colonel—David Shelby, a lad of seventeen or eighteen, who had fought by his side at King's Mountain—had already gained her youthful affections. She remained true to this early love, though her lover was only a private soldier. And it may be well to record that the gallant colonel who thus threatened infidelity to his, did actually, notwithstanding his protestations, go to Kentucky the following year, and was married to Miss Susan Hart, who made him a faithful and excellent wife.

During the whole of the trying period that intervened between the first settlement of east Tennessee and the close of the Revolutionary struggle, Colonel Bledsoe, with his brother and kinsmen, was almost incessantly engaged in the strife with their Indian foes, as well as in the laborious enterprise of subduing the forest, and converting the tangled wilds into the husbandman's fields of plenty. In these varied scenes of trouble and trial, of toil and danger, the men were aided and encouraged by the women. Mary Bledsoe, the colonel's wife, was a woman of remarkable energy, and noted for her independence both of thought and action. She never hesitated to expose herself to danger whenever she thought it her duty to brave it; and when Indian hostilities were most fierce, when their homes were frequently invaded by the murderous savage, and females struck down by the tomahawk or carried into captivity, she was foremost in urging her husband and friends to go forth and meet the foe, instead of striving to detain them for the protection of her own household. During this time of peril and watchfulness, little attention could have been given to books, even had the pioneers possessed them; but the Bible, the Confession of Faith, and a few such works as Baxter's Call, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, etc., were generally to be found in the library of every resident on the frontier.

About the close of the year 1779, Colonel Bledsoe and his brothers, with a few friends, crossed the Cumberland Mountains, descended into the valley of Cumberland River, and explored the beautiful region on its banks. Delighted with its shady woods, its herds of buffaloes, its rich and genial soil, and its salubrious climate, their report on their return induced many of the inhabitants of East Tennessee to resolve on seeking a new home in the Cumberland Valley. The Bledsoes did not remove their families thither until three years afterwards; but the idea of settling the valley originated with them; they were the first to explore it, and it was in consequence of their report and advice that the expedition was fitted out, under the direction of Captain (afterwards General) Robertson and Colo-

nel John Donaldson, to establish the earliest colony in that part of the country. The account of this expedition, and the planting of the settlement, is contained in the memoir of "Sarah Buchanan," vol. iii. of "Women of the American Revolution."

The daughter of Colonel Bledsoe, from whose recollection Mr. Haynes has obtained most of the incidents recorded in these sketches, has in her possession letters that passed between her father and General Robertson, in which repeated allusions are made to the fact that to his suggestions and counsel was owing the first thought of emigration to the Cumberland Valley. In 1784, Anthony Bledsoe removed with his family to the new settlement of which he had thus been one of the founders. His brother, Colonel Isaac Bledsoe, had gone the year before. They took up their residence in what is now Sumner County, and established a fort or station at "Bledsoe's Lick"—now known as the Castalian Springs. The families being thus united, and the eldest daughter of Anthony married to David Shelby, the station became a rallying-point for an extensive district surrounding it. The Bledsoes were used to fighting with the Indians; they were men of well-known energy and courage, and their fort was the place to which the settlers looked for protection—the colonels being the acknowledged leaders of the pioneers in their neighborhood, and the terror, far and near, of the savage marauders. Anthony was also a member of the North Carolina Legislature from Sumner County.

From 1780 to 1794, or 1795, a continual warfare was kept up by the Creeks and Cherokees against the inhabitants of the valley: The history of this time would be a fearful record of scenes of bloody strife and atrocious barbarity. Several hundred persons fell victims to the ruthless foe, who spared neither age nor sex, and many women and children were carried far from their friends into hopeless captivity. The settlers were frequently robbed and their negro slaves taken away; in the course of a few years two thousand horses were stolen; their cattle and hogs were destroyed, their houses and barns burned, and their plantations laid waste. In consequence of these incursions, many of the inhabitants gathered together at the stations on the frontier, and established themselves under military rule for the protection of the interior settlements. During this desperate period, the pursuits of the farmer could not be abandoned; lands were to be surveyed and marked, and fields cleared and cultivated, by men who could not venture beyond their own doors without arms in their hands. The labors of those active and vigilant leaders, the Bledsoes, in supporting and defending the colony, were indefatigable. Nor was the heroic matron—the subject of this notice—less active in her appropriate sphere of action. Her family consisted of seven daughters and five sons, the eldest of whom, Sarah Shelby, was not more than eighteen when she came to Sumner. Mrs. Bledsoe was almost the only instructor of these children, the family being left to

her sole charge while her husband was engaged in his toilsome duties, or harassed with the cares incident to an uninterrupted border warfare.

Too soon was this devoted wife and mother called upon to suffer a far deeper calamity than any she had yet experienced. On the night of the 20th July, 1788, the family were alarmed by hearing the horses and cattle running tumultuously around the station, as if suddenly frightened. Colonel Anthony Bledsoe, who was then at home, rose and went to the gate of the fort. As he opened it, he was shot down; the same ball killing an Irish servant, named Campbell, who had been long devotedly attached to him. The colonel did not expire immediately, but was carried back into the station, while preparations were made for defence. Aware of the near approach of death, Bledsoe's anxiety was to provide for the comfort of his family. He had surveyed large tracts of land, and had secured grants for several thousand acres, which constituted nearly his whole property. The law of North Carolina at that time gave all the lands to the sons, to the exclusion of the daughters. In consequence, should the colonel die without a will, his seven young daughters would be left destitute. In this hour of bitter trial, Mrs. Bledsoe's thoughts were not alone of her own sufferings, and the deadly peril that hung over them, but of the provision necessary for the helpless ones dependent on her care. She suggested to her wounded husband that a will should be immediately drawn up. It was done; and a portion of land was assigned to each of the seven daughters, who thus in after life had reason to remember with gratitude the presence of mind and affectionate care of their mother.

Her sufferings from Indian hostility were not terminated by this overwhelming stroke. A brief list of those who fell victims, among her family and kinsmen, may afford some idea of the trials she endured, and of the strength of character which enabled her to bear up, and to support others, under such terrible experiences. In January, 1793, her son Anthony, then seventeen years of age, while passing near the present site of Nashville, was shot through the body, and severely wounded, by a party of Indians in ambush. He was pursued to the gates of a neighboring fort. Not a month afterwards, her eldest son, Thomas, was also desperately wounded by the savages, and escaped with difficulty from their hands. Early in the following April, he was shot dead near his mother's house, and scalped by the murderous Indians. On the same day, Colonel Isaac Bledsoe was killed and scalped by a party of about twenty Creek Indians, who beset him in the field, and cut off his retreat to his station, near at hand.

In April, 1794, Anthony, the son of Mrs. Bledsoe, and his cousin of the same name, were shot by a party of Indians, near the house of General Smith, on Drake Creek, ten miles from Gallatin. The lads were going to school, and were then on their way to visit Mrs. Sarah Shelby, the sister of Anthony, who lived on Station Camp Creek.

Some time afterwards, Mrs. Bledsoe herself was

on the road from Bledsoe's Lick to the above-mentioned station, where the court of Sumner county was at that time held. Her object was to attend to some business connected with the estate of her late husband. She was escorted on her way by the celebrated Thomas S. Spencer, and Robert Jones. The party were waylaid and fired upon by a large body of Indians. Jones was severely wounded, and turning, rode rapidly back for about two miles; after which, he fell dead from his horse. The savages advanced boldly upon the others, intending to take them prisoners.

It was not consistent with Spencer's chivalrous character to attempt to save himself by leaving his companion to the mercy of the foe. Bidding her retreat as fast as possible, and encouraging her to keep her seat firmly, he protected her by following more slowly in her rear, with his trusty rifle in his hand. When the Indians in pursuit came too near, he would raise his weapon, as if to fire; and, as he was known to be an excellent mark-man, the savages were not willing to encounter him, but hastened to the shelter of trees, while he continued his retreat. In this manner he kept them at bay for some miles, not firing a single shot—for he knew that his threatening had more effect—until Mrs. Bledsoe reached a station. Her life and his own were, on this occasion, saved by his prudence and presence of mind; for both would have been lost had he yielded to the temptation to fire.

This Spencer—for his gallantry and reckless daring, named "the Chevalier Bayard of Cumberland Valley"—was famed for his encounters with the Indians, by whom he had often been shot at, and wounded on more than one occasion. His proportions and strength were those of a giant, and the wonder-loving people were accustomed to tell marvelous stories concerning him. It was said that, at one time, being unarmed when attacked by the Indians, he reached into a tree, and, wrenching off a huge bough by main force, drove back his assailants with it. He lived for some years alone in Cumberland Valley—it is said, from 1776 to 1779—before a single white man had taken up his abode there; his dwelling being a large hollow tree, the roots of which still remain near Bledsoe's Lick. For one year—the tradition is—a man by the name of Holiday shared his retreat; but the hollow being not sufficiently spacious to accommodate two lodgers, they were under the necessity of separating, and Holiday departed to seek a home in the valley of the Kentucky River. But one difficulty arose; those dwellers in the primeval forest had but one knife between them! What was to be done? for a knife was an article of indispensable necessity: it belonged to Spencer, and it would have been madness in the owner of such an article to part with it. He resolved to accompany Holiday part of the way on his journey, and went as far as Big Barren River. When about to turn back, Spencer's heart relented: he broke the blade of his knife in two, gave half to his friend, and with a light heart returned to his hol-

low tree. Not long after his gallant rescue of Mrs. Bledsoe, he was killed by a party of Indians, on the road from Nashville to Knoxville. For nearly twenty years he had been exposed to every variety of danger, and escaped them all; but his hour came at last; and the dust of the hermit and renowned warrior of Cumberland Valley now reposes on "Spencer's Hill," near the Crab Orchard, on the road between Nashville and Knoxville.

Bereaved of her husband, sons, and brother-in-law by the murderous savages, Mrs. Bledsoe was obliged alone to undertake, not only the charge of her husband's estate, but the care of the children, and their education and settlement in life. These duties were discharged with unwavering energy and Christian patience. Her religion had taught her fortitude under her unexampled distresses; and through all this trying period of her life, she exhibited a decision and firmness of character which bespoke no ordinary powers of intellect. Her mind, indeed, was of masculine strength, and she was remarkable for independence of thought and opinion. In person,

she was attractive, being neither tall nor large, until advanced in life. Her hair was brown, her eyes gray, and her complexion fair. Her useful life was closed in the autumn of 1808. The record of her worth, and of what she did and suffered, is an humble one, and may win little attention from the careless many, who regard not the memory of our "pilgrim mothers;" but the recollection of her gentle virtues has not yet faded from the hearts of her descendants; and those to whom they tell the story of her life will acknowledge her the worthy companion of those noble men to whom belongs the praise of having originated a new colony and built up a goodly state in the bosom of the forest. Their patriotic labors, their struggles with the surrounding savages, their efforts in the maintenance of the community they had founded—sealed, as they finally were, with their own blood, and the blood of their sons and relatives—will never be forgotten while the apprehension of what is noble, generous, and good survives in the hearts of their countrymen.

MORE GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN, IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

MY DEAR GODEY:—

I HAVE not finished my gossip about children. I have a good deal yet to say touching their sensibilities, their nice discriminating sense, and the treatment which they too frequently receive from those who, although older than themselves, are in very many things not half so wise.

If you will take up Southey's Autobiography, written by himself (and his son), and recently published by my friends, the brothers Harper, you will find in the portion of Southey's early history, as recorded by himself, many striking examples of the keen susceptibility of childhood to outward and inward impressions, and of the deep feeling which underlies the apparently unthoughtful career of a young boy. It is a delightful opening of his whole heart to his reader. One sees with him the smallest object of nature about the home of his childhood; and it is impossible not to enter into all his feelings of little joys and poignant sorrows. I am not without the hope, therefore, that, in the few records which I am about to give you, partly of personal experience and partly of personal observation, I shall be able to enlist the attention of your readers; for, after all, each one of us, friend Godey, in our own more mature joys and sorrows, is but an epitome, so to speak, of the great mass, who alike rejoice and grieve us.

I do not wish to exhibit anything like a spirit of egotism, and I assure you that I write with a grati-

fied feeling that is a very wide remove from that selfish sentiment, when I tell you that I have received from very many parents, in different parts of the country, letters containing their "warm and grateful thanks" for the endeavor which I made, in a recent number of your magazine, to *create more confidence in childhood and youth*; to awaken, along with a "sense of duty"—that too frequent excuse for domestic tyranny—a feeling of generous forbearance for the trivial, venial faults of those whose hearts are just and tender, and whom "kindness wins when cruelty would repel." You must let me go on in my own way, and I will try to illustrate the truth and justice of my position.

I must go back to my very earliest schooldays. I doubt if I was more than five years old, a little boy in the country, when I was sent, with my twin-brother, to a summer "district school." It was kept by a "school-ma'am," a pleasant young woman of some twenty years of age. She was positively my *first love*. I am afraid I was an awkward scholar at first; but the enticing manner in which Mary—(I grieve that only the faint *sound* of her unsyllabled name comes to me now from "the dark backward and abysm of Time") coaxed me through the alphabet and the words of one syllable; encouraged me to encounter those of two (the first *c'* which I remember to this day, whenever the baker's bill for my children's daily bread is presented for audit); stimulated me to attack those of three;

until, at the last, I was enabled to surmount that tallest of orthoëpical combinations, "*Mi-chi-li-mack-i-nack*," without a particle of fear; the enticing manner, I say, in which Mary — accomplished all this, won my heart. She would stoop over and kiss me, on my low seat, when I was successful, and very pleasant were her "good words" to my ear. Bless your heart! I remember at this moment the feeling of her soft brown curls upon my cheek; and I would give almost anything now to see the first "certificate" of good conduct which I brought home, in her handwriting, to my mother, and which was kept for years among fans, bits of dried orange-peel, and sprigs of withered "caraway," in a corner of the bureau—"draw." All this came very vividly to me some time ago, when my own little boy brought home his first "school-ticket." He is not called, however—and I rejoice that he is not—to remember dear companions, who "bewept to the grave did go, with true-love showers."

"Oh, my mother! oh, my childhood!
Oh, my brother, now no more!
Oh, the years that push me onward,
Farther from that distant shore!"

But I am led away. I wanted merely to say that this "school-ma'am," from the simple love of her children, her little scholars, knew how to teach and how to rule them. I hope that not a few "school-ma'ams" will peruse this hastily-prepared gossip; and if they do, I trust they will remember, in the treatment of their little charges, that, "the heart must leap kindly back to kindness." Why, my dear sir, I used to wait, in the summer afternoons, until all the little pupils had gone on before, so that I could place in the soft white hand of my school-mistress as confiding a little hand as any in which she may afterwards have placed her own, "in the full trust of love." I hope she found a husband good and true, and that she was blessed with what she loved, "wisely" and not "too well," children.

Now that I am on the subject of children at school, I wish to pursue the theme at a little greater length, and give you an incident or two in my farther experience.

It was not long after finishing our summer course with "school-ma'am" Mary —, that we were transferred to a "man-school," kept in the district. And here I must go back, for just one moment, to say that, among the pleasantest things that I remember of that period, was the calling upon us in the morning, by the neighbors' children—and especially two little girls, new-comers from the "Black River country," then a vague terra incognita to us, yet only some thirty miles away—to accompany us to the school through the winter snow. How well I remember their knitted red-and-white woolen hoods, and the red-and-white complexions beaming with youth and high health beneath them! I think of Motherwell's going to school with his "dear Jenny Morrison," so touchingly described in his beautiful

poem of that name, every time these scenes arise before me.

Well, at this "man-school" I first learned the lesson which I am about to illustrate. It is a lesson for parents, a lesson for instructors, and, I think, a lesson for children also. I remember names *here*, for one was almost burned into my brain for years afterwards.

There was something very imposing about "opening the school" on the first day of the winter session. The trustees of the same were present; a hard-headed old farmer, who sent long piles of "cord wood," beech, maple, bass-wood, and birch, out of his "own pocket," he used to say—and he might, with equal propriety, have said, "out of his own head," for surely there was no lack of "timber;" Deacon C—, an educated Puritan, who could spell, read, write, "punctify," and—"knew grammar," as he himself expressed it; a thin-faced doctor, whose horse was snorting at the door, and who sat, on that occasion, with his saddle-bags crossed on his knee, being in something of a hurry, expecting, I believe, an "addition" in the neighborhood, to the subject of my present gossip—at all events, I well remember peeping under the wrinkled leather-flaps of the "bags" and seeing a wooden cartridge-box, with holes for the death-dealing vials; and last, but not least, the town blacksmith, who was, in fact, worth all the other trustees put together, being a man of sound common sense, with something more than a sprinkling of useful education. Under the auspices of these trustees, this "man-school" was thus opened for the winter. "Now look you what befell."

For the first four or five days, our schoolmaster was quite amiable—or so at least he seemed. His "rules," and they were arbitrary enough, were given out on the second day; five scholars were "admonished" on the third; on the fourth, about a dozen were "warned," as the pedagogue termed it; and on the fifth, there was set up in the corner of an open closet, in plain sight of all the school, a bundle containing about a dozen birch switches, each some six feet long, and rendered lithe and tough by being tempered in the hot embers of the fire. These were to be the "ministers of justice;" and the portents of this "dreadful note of preparation" were amply fulfilled.

I had just begun to learn to write. My copy-book had four pages of "straight marks," so called, I suppose, because they are always crooked. I had also gone through "the hooks," up and down; but my hand was cramped; and I fear that my first "word-copy" was not as good as it ought to have been; but I "run out my tongue and tried" hard; and it makes me laugh, even now, to remember how I used to look along the line of "writing-scholars" on my bench, and see the rows of lolling tongues and moving heads over the long desk, mastering the first difficulties of chirography; some licking off "blots" of ink from their copy-books, others drawing in or dropping slowly out of

the mouth, at each upward or downward "stroke" of the pen.

One morning, "the master" came behind me and overlooked my writing—

"Louis," said he, "if I see any more such writing as that, you 'll repent it! I've *talked* to you long enough."

I replied that he had never, to my recollection, blamed me for writing badly but once; nor *had* he.

"Don't dare to contradict *me*, sir, but remember!" was his only reply.

From this moment, I could scarcely hold my pen aright, much less "write right." The master had a cat-like, stealthy tread, and I seemed all the while to *feel* him behind me; and while I was fearing this, and had reached the end of a line, there fell across my right hand a diagonal blow, from the fierce whip which was the tyrant's constant companion, that in a moment rose to a red and blue welt as large as my little finger, entirely across my hand. The pain was excruciating. I can recall the feeling as vividly, while I am tracing these lines, as I did the moment after the cruel blow was inflicted.

From that time forward I could not write at all; nor should I have pursued that branch of school-education at all that winter but that "the master's" cruelty soon led to his dismissal in deep disgrace. His floggings were almost incessant. His system was the "reign of terror," instead of that which "works by *love* and purifies the heart." His crowning act was furling a little boy, as ingenuous and innocent-hearted a child as ever breathed, on the tops of his finger-nails—a refinement of cruelty beyond all previous example. The little fellow's nails turned black and soon came off, and the "master" was turned away. I am not sorry to add that he was subsequently cowhided, while lying in a snow-bank, into which he had been "knocked" by an elder brother of the lad whom he had so cruelly treated, until he cried lustily for quarter, which was not *too* speedily granted.

But I come now to my illustration of the "law of kindness," in its effect upon myself. The successor to the pedagogue whom we have dismissed was a native of Connecticut. He was well educated, had a pleasant manner, and a smile of remarkable sweetness. I never saw him angry for a moment. On the first day he opened, he said to the assembled school that he wanted each scholar to consider him as a *friend*; that he desired nothing but their good; and that it was for the interest of *each one* of them that *all* should be careful to observe the few and simple rules which he should lay down for the government of the school. These he proclaimed; and, with one or two trivial exceptions, there was no infraction of them during the three winters in which he taught in our district.

Under his instruction, I was induced to resume my "exercises" in writing. I remember his coming to look over my shoulder, to examine the first page of my new copy-book: "Very well written,"

said he; "only *keep on* in that way, and you cannot fail to succeed." These encouraging words went straight to my heart. They were words of kindness, and their fruition was instantaneous. When the next two pages of my copy-book were accomplished, he came again to report upon my progress: "That is *well* done, Louis, quite *well*. You will soon require very little instruction from *me*. I am afraid you 'll soon become to excel your teacher."

Gentle-hearted, sympathetic O—M—! would that your "law of kindness" could be written upon the heart of every parent, and every guardian and instructor of the young throughout our great and happy country!

I have often wondered why it is that parents and guardians do not more frequently and more cordially *reciprocate the confidence of children*. How hard it is to convince a child that his father or mother can do wrong! Our little people are always our sturdiest defenders. They are loyal to the maxim that "the king can do no wrong;" and all the monarchs they know are their parents. I heard the other day, from the lips of a distinguished physician, formerly of New York, but now living in elegant retirement in a beautiful country town of Long Island, a touching illustration of the truth of this, with which I shall close this already too protracted article.

"I have had," said the doctor, "a good deal of experience, in the long practice of my profession in the city, that is more remarkable than anything recorded in the 'Diary of a London Physician.' It would be impossible for me to detail to you the hundredth part of the interesting and exciting things which I saw and heard. That which affected me most, of late years, was the case of a boy, not, I think, over twelve years of age. I first saw him in the hospital, whither, being poor and without parents, he had been brought to die.

"He was the most beautiful boy I ever beheld. He had that peculiar cast of countenance and complexion which we notice in those who are afflicted with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. He was *very* beautiful! His brow was broad, fair, and intellectual; his eyes had the deep *interior* blue of the sky itself; his complexion was like the lily, tinted, just below the cheek-bone, with a hectic flush—

'As on consumption's waning cheek,
Mid ruin blooms the rose;'

and his hair, which was soft as floss silk, hung in luxuriant curls about his face. But oh, what an expression of deep melancholy his countenance wore! so remarkable that I felt certain that the fear of death had nothing to do with it. And I was right. Young as he was, he did not wish to live. He repeatedly said that death was what he most desired; and it was truly dreadful to hear one so young and so beautiful talk like this. 'Oh!' he would say, 'let me die! let me die! Don't *try* to save me; I *want* to die!' Nevertheless, he was

most affectionate, and was extremely grateful for everything that I could do for his relief. I soon won his heart; but perceived, with pain, that his disease of body was nothing to his 'sickness of the soul,' which I could not heal. He leaned upon my bosom and wept, while at the same time he prayed for death. I have never seen one of his years who courted it so sincerely. I tried in every way to elicit from him what it was that rendered him so unhappy; but his lips were sealed, and he was like one who tried to turn his face from something which oppressed his spirit.

"It subsequently appeared that the father of this child was hanged for murder in B— County, about two years before. It was the most cold-blooded homicide that had ever been known in that section of the country. The excitement raged high; and I recollect that the stake and the gallows vied with each other for the victim. The mob labored hard to get the man out of the jail, that they might wreak summary vengeance upon him by hanging him to the nearest tree. Nevertheless, law triumphed, and he was hanged. Justice held up her equal scales with satisfaction, and there was much trumpeting forth of this consummation, in which even the women, merciful, tender-hearted women, seemed to take delight.

"Perceiving the boy's life to be waning, I endeavored one day to turn his mind to religious subjects, apprehending no difficulty in one so young; but he always evaded the topic. I asked him if he had said his prayers. He replied—

"*Once, always—now, never.*"

"This answer surprised me very much; and I endeavored gently to impress him with the fact that a more devout frame of mind would be becoming in him, and with the great necessity of his being prepared to die; but he remained silent.

"A few days afterwards, I asked him whether he would not permit me to send for the Rev. Dr. B—, a most kind man in sickness, who would be of the utmost service to him in his present situation. He declined firmly and positively. *Then* I determined to solve this mystery, and to understand this strange phase of character in a mere child. 'My

dear boy,' said I, 'I implore you not to act in this manner. What can so have disturbed your young mind? You certainly believe there is a God, to whom you owe a debt of gratitude?'

"His eye kindled, and to my surprise, I might almost say horror, I heard from his young lips—

"No, I don't *believe* that there is a God!"

"Yes, that little boy, young as he was, was an atheist; and he even reasoned in a logical manner for a mere child like him.

"I cannot believe there is a God,' said he; 'for if there were a God, he must be merciful and just; and he never, never, NEVER could have permitted my father, who was innocent, to be hanged! Oh, my father! my father!' he exclaimed, passionately, burying his face in the pillow, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

"I was overcome by my own emotion; but all that I could say would not change his determination; he would have no minister of God beside him—no prayers by his bedside. I was unable, with all my endeavors, to apply any balm to his wounded heart.

"A few days after this, I called, as usual, in the morning, and at once saw very clearly that the little boy must soon depart.

"Willie,' said I, 'I have got good news for you to-day. Do you think that you can bear to hear it?' for I really was at a loss how to break to him what I had to communicate.

"He assented, and listened with the deepest attention. I then informed him, as I best could, that, from circumstances which had recently come to light, it had been rendered certain that his father was entirely innocent of the crime for which he had suffered an ignominious death.

"I never shall forget the frenzy of emotion which he exhibited at this announcement. He uttered one scream—the blood rushed from his mouth—he leaned forward upon my bosom—and died!"

I leave this, friend Godey, with your readers. I had much more to say; and, perhaps, should it be desirable, I may hereafter give you one more chapter upon children.

SONG OF THE STARS.

E PLURIBUS UNUM—"Many in One."

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY THOMAS S. DONOHO.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM!" The world, with delight,
Looks up to the starry blue banner of night,
In its many-blent glory rejoicing to see
AMERICA'S motto—the pride of the Free!

"E PLURIBUS UNUM!" Our standard for ever!
Woe, woe to the heart that would dare to disavow!

Shine, Liberty's Stars! your dominion increase—
A guide in the battle, a blessing in peace!

"E PLURIBUS UNUM!" And thus be, at last,
From land unto land our broad banner cast,
Till its Stars, like the stars of the sky, be unfurled,
In beauty and glory, embracing the world!

DEVELOUR.

A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE twenty-second of February, 1848, found Paris in a condition which only a Napoleon or a Washington could have controlled. The people felt and acted like a lion conscious that his fetters are corroded, yet still somewhat awed by the remembrance of the power which they once exercised over him.

Poverty and want, licentious habits and irreligious feeling, had contributed to bring about a ferocious discontent, which needed only the insidious and inflammatory articles spread broadcast over the land by designing men to fan into an insurrection.

Louis Philippe and his advisers exemplified the proverb *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*, determined upon closing one of the best safety-valves of public discontent. The Reform Banquet had been prohibited, and apparently well-planned military preparations had been made to meet any possible hostile demonstrations, and to quench them at the outset. Troops paraded through the city in every direction, and every prominent place was occupied by squadrons of cavalry or squads of infantry. Nevertheless, soon after breakfast the people collected at various points, at first in small numbers; but gradually these swelled in size in proportion as they advanced to what appeared the centre to which all were attracted, the *Place de la Concorde*. Shouts, laughter, and merriment were heard from all quarters of the crowd, and the moving masses appeared more like a body of people going to some holiday amusement, than conspirators bent upon the overthrow of a government.

Just as a detached body of these was passing through the Rue de Burgoigne, a gentleman stepped out of one of the houses in that narrow street, and, partly led by curiosity and partly by his zeal for the popular cause, joined their ranks and advanced with them as far as the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*, where they were met by a troop of dragoons, who endeavored to disperse the crowd. Angry words were exchanged, and a few sabre blows fell among the crowd. One of the troopers, who seemed determined to check the advancing column, rode up to one who appeared to be a leader, and, raising his sword, exclaimed, "Back, or I'll cleave your skull!" But the youthful and athletic champion folded his arms, and, without the slightest discomposure, replied, "Coward! strike an unarmed man;—prove your courage!" The dragoon, without a reply, wheeled his horse, and rode to another part of the square. Just at

that moment, another insolent trooper pressed his horse against the gentleman who had joined the crowd in the Rue de Burgoigne. The latter lifted his cane, and was about to chastise the soldier's insolence, when a man in a blouse and a slouched hat resembling the Mexican *sombrero*, arrested his arm, and whispered to him, "Do not strike! you are not in America: France is not as yet the place to resent the insolence of a soldier." Irritated at this unexpected interference, the gentleman endeavored to free his arm from the vice-like grasp of the new-comer, while he exclaimed, "Unhand me, sir! A free American is everywhere a freeman; and these soldiers shall not prevent me from proceeding and aiding the cause of an oppressed people." "Say rather a hungry people," replied the other; and then added with a smile, and in good English, "Has the quiet student of the Juniata been so soon transformed into a fierce revolutionary partisan? What would Captain Sanker say if he could see you thus turned into a hot-headed insurgent?"

"I have heard that voice before," replied the stranger. "Who are you, that you are so familiar with me and my friends?"

"One who will guide and advise you in the storm that is now brewing, which will soon overwhelm this goodly Nineveh, and in its course shake a throne to its foundation. But this is no place for explanations. Come—and on our way I will tell you who I am, and why I have mingled with this people, that know hardly, as yet, what they are about to do."

While saying this, he drew his companion into the Rue St. Dominique, and disentangled him thus from the crowd, which, now no longer opposed by the dragoons, moved onward towards the *Pont de la Concorde*. After they had crossed the Rue de Bac, they found the streets almost deserted, and then the man with the slouched hat turned to his companion and said—

"Has Mr. Filmot already forgotten the picnic on the banks of the Juniata, and the stranger guest whom he was good enough to invite to his house?"

Mr. Filmot, for it was he whom we found just now about to take an active part in the insurrection of the Parisian people, examined the features of his interlocutor closely and rather distrustfully, and finally exclaimed—"It cannot be that I see M. Develour in Paris and in this strange disguise? for only yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Karsh, in which he informs me that his friend is even now a sojourner at the court of the Emperor of Austria."

"That letter was dated more than a month ago," replied Mr. Develour. "I left the Prater city in the beginning of last month, and, it appears, have arrived just in time to prevent Mr. Filmot from committing a very imprudent act, which, by the way, you will recollect, was predicted to you in the magic mirror. Had you asked my advice before you left your native land to pursue your studies in the modern Nineveh, I would have counseled you to wait for a more propitious season. But, as soon as I heard of your presence in the city, I determined to watch over you and to warn you, if your enthusiasm should lead you to take too active a part in the deadly strife that awaits us here."

"You certainly do not think that a revolution is contemplated?" inquired Mr. Filmot.

"Come and see," replied Develour, while he continued his walk down the Rue St. Dominique. They then passed through the Rue St. Marguerite, and entered the Rue de Boucheries. About half way down the street they stopped before a mean-looking house. Develour rapped twice in quick succession at the door, and then, after a short interval, once more, and louder than before. Immediately after the third rap, the door was partially and cautiously opened, and some one asked, in an under tone, "What do you want?"

"To see the man of the red mountain," replied Develour, in the same tone.

"What is your business?"

"To guide the boat."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the rough sea."

"And where do you wish to go to now?"

"To the still waters."

After this strange examination, the door was fully opened, and the doorkeeper said, "You may enter." But when he saw Filmot about to accompany Develour, he stopped him, and inquired by what right he expected to gain admission.

"By my invitation and introduction," said Develour, before Filmot had time to speak.

"That may not be," replied the doorkeeper. "No one has a right to introduce another, except those who have the word of the day."

"I have the word," said Develour; and then he whispered to him, "Not Martin, but Aibert." After that he continued aloud, "Now go and announce me: we will wait here in the vestibule."

As soon as the doorkeeper, after carefully locking the door, had withdrawn into the interior of the house, Develour turned to his companion and asked him, "Have you ever come across an account of the Red Man, whom many believe to have exercised a great influence over the mind of Napoleon?"

"I have read some curious statements concerning an individual designated by that name; but have always considered them the inventions of an exuberant imagination," replied Filmot.

"You will soon have an opportunity to form a more correct opinion. I hope to have the pleasure,

in a few minutes, to introduce you to him. As for his claims to——"

Before Develour had time to finish the sentence, a side door opened close by him, and a black boy, dressed in oriental costume, entered and bowed, with his hands crossed over his breast, and then said to Develour, in broken French, "The master told me to bid you welcome, and to conduct you into the parlor, where he will join you in a few minutes."

CHAPTER 11.

DEVELOUR and Filmot followed their guide into a room fitted up in Eastern style. Divans made of cushions piled one upon another were placed all around the room, with small carpets spread before them. Light stands of beautiful arabesque work were tastefully distributed in various places, and in the centre played a small fountain fed by aromatic water. The lower part of the room contained a recess, the interior of which was concealed by a semi-transparent screen, which permitted the visitors to see that it was lit up by a flame proceeding from an urn. Heavy rich silk curtains, hung before the windows, excluded the glare of the sun, and were so arranged that the light in the room resembled that given by the moon when at its full. The atmosphere of the apartment was heavy with the perfumes of exotic plants and costly essences. The Moor requested them to be seated, and, again crossing his arms over his breast, he bowed and left the room.

As soon as the door had closed behind him, Develour said to Filmot: "It is reported that the Red Man appeared four times to Napoleon, and each time, in order to expostulate with him about the course he was pursuing; that, during each visit, he advised him what to do, and accompanied his advice with the promise of success, in case he would follow his counsel; and a threat of defeat if he persisted in disregarding it. The last visit which he paid to the Emperor was shortly before the battle of Waterloo. Montholon was in the antechamber, when the man with the red cloak entered his master's apartment. After renewed expostulations, he urged the Emperor to make an overture to the allied powers, and to promise that he would confine his claims to France, and pledge himself not to attempt conquest beyond the Rhine. When Napoleon, though half awed, rejected this advice with some irritation, his visitor rose, and solemnly predicted to him a signal defeat in the next great battle he would be compelled to fight; and, after that, an expulsion from his empire; and then left the room as abruptly as he had entered it.

"As soon as Napoleon had recovered from his surprise at the bold language and the sudden departure of his strange monitor, he hastened into the antechamber to call him back. But no one but Mon-

olon was in the room, who, when questioned by the Emperor concerning the man who had just left the cabinet, replied that, during the last half hour, no human being had passed through the antechamber, to seek ingress or egress. The sentinels on the staircases and at the gates were then examined, but they all declared that they had not seen any stranger pass their respective posts. Perplexed at this fruitless endeavor to recall the Red Man, Napoleon returned to his cabinet mystified and gloomy, disturbed by his self-appointed monitor, and his predictions. Shortly afterward, she fought the battle of Waterloo, and saw the prophecy fulfilled. He could never afterwards wholly divest himself of the belief that the Man in Red, as he was called by the officers, was an incarnation of his evil genius."

Before Develour had ceased speaking, a door opened in the lower part of the room, and an old man advanced, with a slow but firm step, towards the two friends. The new-comer appeared to be a man of more than threescore years and ten, though not a falter in his step, not the slightest curvature of his lofty figure, evinced the approach of old age. He was a little above the middle height, lofty in his carriage, and dignified in all his movements. A high forehead gave an intellectual cast to a countenance habitually calm and commanding, and to which long flowing silver locks imparted the look of a patriarch ruler. He was dressed in a velvet morning-gown, which was confined around his waist by a broad belt of satin, upon which several formulas in Arabic were worked with silver thread; and on his feet he had slippers covered with letters similar to those on his belt. As soon as Develour became aware of his presence, he advanced to meet him, and said a few words in Arabic; then, introducing his friend, he continued, in English—"M. Delevert, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Filmot. Nothing but a desire to afford him the pleasure of knowing you, the friend and admirer of his countrymen and their institutions, could have induced me to absent myself from my post this morning."

"You are welcome, Mr. Filmot," said M. Delevert, "even at a time when our good city affords us little opportunity to make it a welcome place to a stranger."

"On the contrary," replied Filmot, "to an American and a true lover of liberty, it seems to hold out a very interesting spectacle, if what I have seen and heard to-day is a fair indication of what is to come."

"Ah," said M. Delevert, with a sad smile, "I fear that the philanthropic part of your expectations will be doomed to disappointment. But a fearful lesson will again be read to the oppressors of the people; a lesson which would have been more effectual if taught a year hence, but which circumstances prevent us to delay longer. In a few minutes, messengers will arrive from all parts of the city to report progress and the probable result. You will thus have an opportunity, if not otherwise en-

gaged, to gain correct information of the insurrection in all quarters."

"Will you be displeased with me, my friend," said Develour, "if I tell you that not only of M. Delevert, but also of the Red Man have I spoken to Mr. Filmot; and I have even promised him that he shall hear from that mysterious being a detail of one of his visits to the emperors?"

"And can M. Develour think still of these things?" replied the old man, smiling good-humoredly. "How can they interest your friend Mr. Filmot—a citizen of a country where everything is worked for in a plain matter-of-fact way? What interest can he feel in the various means that were employed in an endeavor to make the military genius of the great warrior an instrument to bring about a permanent amelioration in the condition of the people?"

"The very mystery in which the whole seems enveloped," said Filmot, "would, in itself, be enough to interest me in it; particularly so now, when I have reason to believe myself in the presence of the chief actor—of him whom hitherto I have always regarded as the creation of an excited imagination."

"And why a creature of the imagination?" inquired M. Delevert. "Is it because I had it in my power to appear before the Emperor and to leave him unseen by other eyes? Or is it because of the truth of my predictions? Neither was impossible; neither required means beyond those which the scientific student of the book of nature, when properly instructed, can obtain. I resorted once even to a use of the utmost powers of nature, as far as they are known to me, in order to entice him, by a palpable proof of my ability to aid him, to promise that he would become an instrument in the hands of those who sought to usher in the dawn of a happier age, the age of true liberty, true equality; an age in which every man and woman would be able to feel, through the advantages of education and equal political and moral rights, unhampered by false prejudices, that all human beings were created free and equal. It was on the night before the battle of Austerlitz, when he, as was his frequent custom, visited the outpost, wrapped in his plain gray coat. At the hour of midnight, I presented myself before him, and offered to show him the plans of the enemy for the following day, on condition that he would not endeavor to meddle with anything he should see, except so far as necessary to obtain the promised information. He knew something of my ability to fulfil what I promised, and therefore did not doubt me, but gave his imperial word to fulfil his part of the compact. I then led him a few paces beyond the camp, and bade him be seated on a large stone, a fragment of an old heathen altar-stone. He had hardly taken his seat before a phantom-like being, in the garb of an officer in the Austrian army, was seen kneeling before him with a portfolio in his hand. Napoleon opened it, and found there all the information he desired. He complied strictly

with his promise, and returned the portfolio as soon as he had taken his notes, and the officer disappeared like a vapor of the night. I then turned to the surprised monarch, and offered to repeat this specimen of my skill before every subsequent battle, if he would moderate his ambition and be content to be the first among his equals, the father of a wide-spread patriarchal family. But he angrily refused to listen to such a proposal, and, having somewhat recovered from his surprise, called for his guards to seize me. Fool! He stood upon a spot where I could have killed him without the danger of its ever becoming known to any one. While he turned to look for his myrmidons, the ground opened beneath my feet, and I disappeared before he had time to see by what means I escaped.

"Twice have I thus visited Alexander of Russia, but with like results. Fate has decreed it otherwise. Freedom cannot come to mankind from a throne. But, from what my friend Develour has told you already, you may be astonished that we

should have engaged, and still engage, in fruitless efforts, when we have gained from nature powers by which the sage is able to glance at the decrees. Alas! this earthly frame loads us with physical clogs that weigh us down, and throw frequently a film before the eyes which make even the clearest dim and short-sighted."

Here they were interrupted by a few raps at the inner door, which M. Delevert seemed to count with great attention; and then rising from his seat, he continued, without any change in the tone of his voice—

"The reporters are coming in. If you will accompany me to my reception-room, you will have an opportunity, shared by no other foreigner, to become acquainted with the mainsprings of this revolution; for such I am determined it shall become. Alas! would that it were of a nature to be the last one! But their haste prevents that altogether. Come, they are waiting for me."

(To be continued.)

THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE night-breeze fans my faded cheek,
And lifts my damp and flowing hair—
And lo! methinks sweet voices speak,
Like harp-strings to the viewless air;
While in the sky's unmeasured scroll,
The burning stars forever roll,
Changeless as heaven, and deeply bright—
Fair emblems of a world of light!

Oh, bathe my temples with thy dew,
Sweet Evening, dearest parent mild,
And from thy curtained home of blue,
Bend calmly o'er thy tearful child:
For, when I feel, so soft and bland,
The pressure of thy tender hand,
I dream I rest in peace the while,
Cradled beneath my mother's smile.

That mother sleeps! the snow-white shroud
Enfolds her stainless bosom now,
And, like bright hues on some pale cloud,
Rose-leaves were woven round her brow.

I wroathed them that to heaven's pure bowers,
Surrounded with the breath of flowers,
Her soul might soar through mists divine,
Like incense from a holy shrine.

How changed my being! moments sweep
Down, down the eternal gulf of Time;
And we, like gilded bubbles, keep
Our course amid their waves sublime,
Till, mingled with the foam and spray,
We flash our lives of joy away;
Or, drifting on through Sorrow's shades,
Sink as a gleam of starlight fades.

Alone! alone! I'm left alone—
A creature born to grieve and die;
But, while upon Night's sapphire throne,
In yonder broad and glorious sky,
I gaze in sadness—lo! I feel
A vision of the future steal
Across my sight, like some faint ray
That glimmers from the fount of day.

OTHELLO TO IAGO.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

ACCUSED be thy life! Darkness thy day!
Time, a slow agony; a poison, love;
Wild fears about thee, wan despair above!
Crush'd hopes, like wither'd leaves, bestrow thy way!
Nothing that lives lov'st thou; nothing that lives
Loves thee. The drops that fall from Hech's snow
'Neath the skant sun, are warmer than the flow

Of thy chill'd heart. Thine be the bolt that rives!
Be there no heaven to thee; the sky a pall;
The earth a rack; the air consuming fire;
The sleep of death and dust thy sole desire—
Life's throb a torture, and life's thought a thrall:
And at the judgment may thy false soul be,
And, 'neath the blasting blaze of light, meet me!

PERSONS AND PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO. I.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS WIFE.

It is commonly said, and appears generally to be believed, by superficial students of history, that with the reigns of the Plantagenets, with the Edwards and the Henrys of the fifteenth century, the age of chivalry was ended, the spirit of romance became extinct. To those, however, who have looked carefully into the annals of the long and glorious reign of the great Elizabeth, it becomes evident that, so far from having passed away with the tilt and tournament, with the complete suits of knightly armor, and the perilous feats of knight-errantry, the fire of chivalrous courtesy and chivalrous adventure never blazed more brightly, than at the very moment when it was about to expire amid the pedantry and cowardice, the low gluttony and shameless drunkenness, which disgraced the accession of the first James to the throne of England. Nor will the brightest and most glorious names of fabulous or historic chivalry, the Tancreds and Godfreys of the crusades, the Oliviers and Rolands of the court of Charlemagne, the Cid Campeador of old Castile, or the *preux* Bayard of France, that *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, exceed the lustre which encircles, to this day, the characters of Essex, Howard, Philip Sidney, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Walter Raleigh.

It was full time that, at this period, maritime adventure had superseded the career of the barded war-horse, and the brunt of the leveled spear; and that to foray on the Spanish colonies, beyond the line, where, it was said, truce or peace never came; to tempt the perils of the tropical seas in search of the Eldorado, or the Fountain of Health and Youth, in the fabled and magical realms of central Florida; and to colonize the forest shores of the virgin wildernesses of the west, was now paramount in the ardent minds of England's martial youth, to the desire of obtaining distinction in the bloody battle-fields of the Low Countries, or in the fierce religious wars of Hungary and Bohemia. And of these hot spirits, the most ardent, the most adventurous, the foremost in everything that savored of romance or gallantry, was the world-renowned Sir Walter Raleigh.

Born of an honorable and ancient family in Devonshire, he early came to London, in order to push his fortunes, as was the custom in those days with the cadets of illustrious families whose worldly wealth was unequal to their birth and station, by the chances of court favor, or the readier advancement of the sword. At this period, Elizabeth was desirous of lending assistance to the French Huguenots, who had been recently defeated in the bloody battle of

Jarnac, and who seemed to be in considerable peril of being utterly overpowered by their cruel and relentless enemies the Guises; while she was at the same time wholly disinclined to involve England in actual strife, by regular and declared hostilities.

She gave permission, therefore, to Henry Chamberlaine to raise a regiment of gentlemen volunteers, and to transport them into France. In the number of these, young Walter Raleigh enrolled, and thenceforth his career may be said to have commenced; for from that time scarce a desperate or glorious adventure was essayed, either by sea or land, in which he was not a participator. In this, his first great school of military valor and distinction, he served with so much spirit, and such display of gallantry and aptitude for arms, that he immediately attracted attention, and, on his return to England in 1570, after the pacification, and renewal of the edicts for liberty of conscience, found himself at once a marked man.

It seems that, about this time, in connection with Nicholas Blount and others, who afterward attained to both rank and eminence, Raleigh attached himself to the Earl of Essex, who at that time disputed with Leicester the favors, if not the affection, of Elizabeth; and, while in his suite, had the fortune to attract the notice of that princess by the handsomeness of his figure and the gallantry of his attire; she, like her father, Henry, being quick to observe and apt to admire those who were eminently gifted with the thews and sinews of a man.

A strangely romantic incident was connected with his first rise in the favor of the Virgin Queen, which is so vigorously and brilliantly described by another and even more renowned Sir Walter in his splendid romance of *Kenilworth*, that it shames us to attempt it with our far inferior pen; but it is so characteristic of the man and of the times that it may not be passed over in silence.

Being sent once on a mission—so runs the tale—by his lord to the queen, at Greenwich, he arrived just as she was issuing in state from the palace to take her barge, which lay manned and ready at the stairs. Repulsed by the gentlemen pensioners, and refused access to her majesty until after her return from the excursion, the young esquire stood aloof, to observe the passing of the pageant; and, seeing the queen pause and hesitate on the brink of a pool of rain-water which intersected her path, no convenience being at hand wherewith to bridge it, took off his crimson cloak, handsomely laid down with gold lace, his only courtlike garment, fell on one

knee, and with doffed cap and downcast eyes threw it over the puddle, so that the queen passed across dry shod, and swore by God's life, her favorite oath, that there was chivalry and manhood still in England.

Immediately thereafter, he was summoned to be a member of the royal household, and was retained about the person of the queen, who condescended to acts of much familiarity, jesting, capping verses, and playing at the court games of the day with him, not a little, it is believed, to the chagrin of the haughty and unworthy favorite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

It does not appear, however, that, although she might coquet with Raleigh, to gratify her own love of admiration, and to enjoy the charms of his rich and fiery eloquence and versatile wit, though she might advance him in his career of arms, and even stimulate his vaulting ambition to deeds of yet wilder emprise, she ever esteemed Raleigh as he deserved to be esteemed, or penetrated the depths of his imaginative and creative genius, much less beloved him personally, as she did the vain and petty ambitious Leicester, or the high-spirited, the valorous, the hapless Essex.

Another anecdote is related of this period, which will serve in no small degree to illustrate this trait of Elizabeth's strangely-mingled nature. Watching with the ladies of her court, in the gardens of one of her royal residences, as was her jealous and suspicious usage, the movements of her young courtier, when he either believed, or affected to believe himself unobserved, she saw him write a line on a pane of glass in a garden pavilion with a diamond ring, which, on inspecting it subsequently to his departure, she found to read in this wise:—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall—"

the sentence, or the distich rather, being thus left unfinished, when, with her royal hand, she added the second line—no slight encouragement to so keen and fiery a temperament as that of him for whom she wrote, when given him from such a source—

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

But his heart never failed him—not in the desperate strife with the Invincible Armada—not when he discovered and won for the English crown the wild shores of the tropical Guiana—not when he sailed the first far up the mighty Orinoco—not when, in after days, he stormed Cadiz, outdoing even the daring deeds of emulous and glorious—not when the favor of Elizabeth was forfeited—not in the long years of irksome, solitary, heart-breaking imprisonment, endured at the hands of that base, soulless despot, the first James of England—not at his parting from his beloved and lovely wife—not on the scaffold, where he died as he had lived, a dauntless, chivalrous, high-minded English gentleman.

The greatest error of his life was his pertinacious hostility to Essex, originating in the jealousy of that brave, but rash and headstrong leader, who dis-

graced and suspended him after the taking of Fayal, a circumstance which he never forgave or forgot—an error which ultimately cost him his own life, since it alienated from him the affections of the English people, and rendered them pitiless to him in his own extremity.

But his greatest crime, in the eyes of Elizabeth, the crime which lost him her good graces for ever, and neutralized all his services on the flood and in the field, rendering ineffective even the strange letter which he addressed to his friend, Sir Robert Cecil, and which was doubtless shown to the queen, although it failed to move her implacable and iron heart, was his marriage, early in life, to the beautiful and charming Elizabeth Throgmorton. The letter to which I have alluded is so curious that I cannot refrain from quoting it entire, as a most singular illustration of the habits of that age of chivalry, and of the character of that strange compound, Elizabeth, who, to the "heart of a man, and that man a king of England," to quote her own eloquent and noble diction, added the vanity and conceit of the weakest and most frivolous of womankind, and who, at the age of sixty years, chose to be addressed as a Diana and a Venus, a nymph, a goddess, and an angel.

"My heart," he wrote, "was never till this day, that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years, with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind here, in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once a miss has bereaved me of all. Oh! glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance? All wounds have scars but that of fantasy: all affections their relents but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship but adversity? or when is grace witnessed but in offences? There was no divinity but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortal. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, cannot they weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be his in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, '*spes et fortuna valet*;' she is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that which was Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous that I should perish; which, if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born."

It is singular enough that such a letter should have been written, under any circumstances, by a middle-aged courtier to an aged queen; but it be-

comes far more remarkable and extraordinary when we know that the life of Raleigh was not so much as threatened at the time when he wrote; and, so far had either of the parties ever been from entertaining any such affection the one for the other as could alone, according to modern ideas, justify such fervor of language, that Elizabeth was at that time pining with frustrated affection and vain remorse for the death of her beloved Essex; a remorse which, in the end, broke a heart which had defied all machinations of murderous conspiracies, all menaces, all overtures of the most powerful and martial princes to sway it from its stately and impassive magnanimity; while Raleigh was possessed by the most perfect and enduring affection to the almost perfect woman whom he held it his proudest trophy to have wedded, and who justified his entire devotion by her love unmoved through good or ill report, and proved to the utmost in the dungeon and on the scaffold—the love of a pure, high-minded, trusting woman, confident, and fearless, and faithful to the end.

It does not appear that Raleigh suspected the true cause of Elizabeth's alienation from so good and great a servant: perhaps no one man of the many whom for the like cause she neglected, disgraced, persecuted, knew that the cause existed in the fact of their having taken to themselves partners of life and happiness—a solace which she sacrificed to the sterile honors of an undivided crown—of their enjoying the bliss and perfect contentment of a happy wedded life, while she, who would fain have enjoyed the like, could she have done so without the loss of some portion of her independent and undivided authority, was compelled, by her own jealousy of power and obstinacy of will, to pine in lonely and unloved virginity.

Yet such was doubtless the cause of his decline in the royal favor, which he never, in after days, regained; for, after Essex was dead by her award and deed, Elizabeth, in her furious and lion-like remorse, visited his death upon the heads of all those who had been his enemies in life, or counseled her against him, even when he was in arms against her crown: nor forgave them any more than she forgave herself, who died literally broken-hearted, the most lamentable and disastrous of women, if the proudest and most fortunate queens, in the heyday of her fortunes, when she had raised her England to that proud and pre-eminent station above rather than among the states of Europe, from which she never declined, gave for a brief space under her successors, those weakest and wickedest of English kings, the ominous and ill-starred Stuarts, and which she still maintains in her hale and superb old age, savoring, after nearly nine centuries of increasing might and scarcely interrupted rule, in no respect of decrepitude or decay.

Her greatest crime was the death of Mary Stuart; her greatest misfortune, the death of Essex; her greatest shame, the disgrace of Walter Raleigh. But with all her crimes, all her misfortunes, all her

shame, she was a great woman, and a glorious queen, and in both qualities peculiarly and distinctively English. The stay and bulwark of her country's freedom and religion, she lived and died possessed of that rarest and most divine gift to princes, her people's unmixed love and veneration.

She died in an ill day, and was succeeded by one in all respects her opposite: a coward, a pedant, a knave, a tyrant, a mean, base, beastly sensualist—a bad man, devoid even of a bad man's one redeeming virtue, physical courage—a bad weak man with the heart of a worse and weaker woman—a man with all the vices of the brute creation, without one of their virtues. His instincts and impulses were all vile and low, crafty and cruel; his principles, if his rules of action, which were all founded on cheaterly and subtle craft, can be called principles, were yet baser than his instinctive impulses.

He is the only man I know, recorded in history, who is solely odious, contemptible, and bestial, without one redeeming trait, one feature of mind or body that can preserve him from utter and absolute detestation and damnation of all honorable and manly minds.

He is the only king of whom, from his cradle to his grave, no one good deed, no generous, or bold, or holy, or ambitious, much less patriotic or aspiring, thought or action is related.

His soul was akin to the mud, of which his body was framed—to the slime of loathsome and beastly debauchery, in which he wallowed habitually with his court and the ladies of his court, and his queen at their head, and could no more have soared heavenward than the garbage-battered vulture could have soared to the noble falcon's pitch and pride of place.

This beast,* for I cannot bring myself to write him man or king, with the usual hatred and jealousy of low foul minds towards everything noble and superior, early conceived a hatred for the gallant and great Sir Walter Raleigh, whose enterprise and adventure he had just intellect enough to comprehend so far as to fear them, but of whose patriotism, chivalry, innate nobility of soul, romantic daring, splendid imagination, and vast literary conceptions—being utterly unconscious himself of such emotions—he was no more capable of forming a conception, than is the burrowing mole of appreciating the flight of the soaring eagle.

So early as the second year of his reign, he contrived to have this great discoverer and gallant soldier—to whom Virginia is indebted for the honor of being the first English colony, Jamestown having been settled in 1606, whereas the Puritans landed on the rock of Plymouth no earlier than 1620, and to whom North Carolina has done honor creditable to herself in naming her capital after him, the first

* I would here caution my readers from placing the slightest confidence in anything stated in Hume's History (*fabulous*?) of the Stuarts, and especially of this, the worst of a bad breed.

English colonist—arraigned on a false charge of conspiracy in the case of Arabella Stuart, a young lady as virtuous and more unfortunate than sweet Jane Grey, whose treatment by James would alone have been enough to stamp him with eternal infamy, and for whose history we refer our readers to the fine novel by Mr. James on this subject.

At this time, Raleigh was unpopular in England, on account of his supposed complicity in the death of Essex; and, on the strength of this unpopularity, he was arraigned, on the single *written* testimony of one Cobham, a pardoned convict of the same conspiracy, which testimony he afterwards retracted, and then again retracted the retraction, and without one concurring circumstance, without being confronted with the prisoner, after shameless persecution from Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, then attorney-general, was found guilty by the jury, and sentenced, contrary to all equity and justice, to the capital penalties of high treason.

From this year, 1604, until 1618, a period of nearly fourteen years, not daring to put him at that time to death, he caused him to be confined strictly in the Tower, a cruel punishment for so quick and active a spirit, which he probably expected would speedily release him by a natural death from one whom he regarded as a dangerous and resolute foe, whom he dared neither openly to dispatch nor honorably to release from unmerited and arbitrary confinement.

But his cruel anticipations were signally frustrated by the noble constancy, and calm, self-sustained intrepidity of the noble prisoner, who, to borrow the words of his detractor, Hume, "being educated amid naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives."

Supported and consoled by his exemplary and excellent wife, he was enabled to entertain the irksome days and nights of his solitary imprisonment by the composition of a work, which, if deficient in the points which are now, in the advanced state of human sciences, considered essential to a great literary creation, is, as regarded under the circumstances of its conception and execution, one of the greatest exploits of human ingenuity and human industry—"The History of the World, by Sir Walter Raleigh."

It was during his imprisonment also that he projected the colonization of Jamestown, which was carried out in 1606, at his instigation, by the Bristol Company, of which he was a member. This colony, though it was twice deserted, was in the end successful, and in it was born the first child, Virginia Dare by name, of that Anglo-Saxon race which has since conquered a continent, and surpassed, in the nonage of its republican sway, the maturity of mighty nations.

In 1618, induced by the promises of Raleigh to put the English crown in possession of a gold mine which he asserted, and probably believed he had discovered in Guiana, James, whose avidity always conquered his resentments, and who, like Faustus,

would have sold his soul—had he had one to sell—for gold, released him, and, granting him, as he asserted, an unconditional pardon—but, as James and his counselors maintain, one conditional on fresh discoveries, sent him out at the head of twelve armed vessels.

What follows is obscure; but it appears that Raleigh, failing to discover the mines, attacked and plundered the little town of St. Thomas, which the Spaniards had built on the territories of Guiana, which Raleigh had acquired three-and-twenty years before for the English crown, and which James, with his wonted pusillanimity, had allowed the Spaniards to occupy, without so much as a remonstrance.

This conduct of Raleigh must be admitted unjustifiable, as Spain and England were then in a state of profound peace; and the plea that truce or peace with Spain never crossed the line, though popular in England in those days of Spanish aggression and Romish intolerance, cannot for a moment stand the test either of reason or of law.

Falling into suspicion with his comrades, Sir Walter was brought home in irons, and delivered into the hands of the pitiless and rancorous king, who resolved to destroy him—yet, dreading to awaken popular indignation by delivering him up to Spain, caused to revive the ancient sentence, which had never been set aside by a formal pardon, and cruelly and unjustly executed him on that spot, so consecrated by the blood of noble patriots and holy martyrs, the dark and gory scaffold of Tower Hill.

And here, in conclusion, I can do no better than to quote from an anonymous writer in a recent English magazine, the following brief tribute to his high qualities, and sad doom, accompanied by his last exquisite letter to his wife.

"His mind was indeed of no common order. With him, the wonders of earth and the dispensations of heaven were alike welcome; his discoveries at sea, his adventures abroad, his attacks on the colonies of Spain, were all arenas of glory to him—but he was infinitely happier by his own fireside, in recalling the spirits of the great in the history of his country—nay, was even more contented in the gloom of his ill-deserved prison, with the volume of genius or the book of life before him, than in the most animating successes of the battle-field.

"The event which clouded his prosperity and destroyed his influence with the queen—his marriage with Elizabeth Throgmorton—was the one upon which he most prided himself; and justly, too—for, if ever woman was created the companion, the solace of man—if ever wife was deemed the dearest thing of earth to which earth clings, that woman was his wife. Not merely in the smiles of the court did her smiles make a world of sunshine to her Raleigh; not merely when the destruction of the Armada made her husband's name glorious; not merely when his successes and his discoveries on the ocean made his presence longed for at the palace, did she interweave her best affections with the lord

of her heart. It was in the hour of adversity she became his dearest companion, his 'ministering angel;' and when the gloomy walls of the accursed Tower held all her empire of love, how proudly she owned her sovereignty! Not even before the feet of her haughty mistress, in her prayerful entreaties for her dear Walter's life, did she so eminently shine forth in all the majesty of feminine excellence as when she guided his counsels in the dungeon, and nerved his mind to the trials of the scaffold, where, in his manly fortitude, his noble self-reliance, the people, who mingled their tears with his triumph, saw how much the patriot was indebted to the woman.

"Were there no other language but that of simple, honest affection, what a world of poetry would remain to us in the universe of love! You may be excited to sorrow for his fate by recalling the varied incidents of his attractive life: you may mourn over the ruins of his chapel at his native village: you may weep over the fatal result of his ill-starred patriotism: you may glow over his successes in the field or on the wave: your lip may curl with scorn at the miserable jealousy of Elizabeth: your eye may kindle with wrath at the pitiful tyranny of James—but how will your sympathies be so awakened as by reading his last, simple, touching letter to his wife.

"You receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines. My love, I send you that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess—let them go to the grave with me and be buried in the dust—and, seeing that it is not the will of God that I should see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

"First—I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly—I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travels seek to help my miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child—your mourn-

ing cannot avail me that am dust—for I am no more yours, nor you mine—death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

"I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep. Beg my dead body, which, when living, was denied you, and lay it by our father and mother—I can say no more—time and death call me away;—the everlasting God—the powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom.

"My dear wife—farewell! Bless my boy—pray for me, and let the true God hold you both in his arms.

"Yours, that was; but now, not mine own,

"WALTER RALEIGH."

"Thus a few fond words convey more poetry to the heart than a whole world of verse.

"We know not any man's history more romantic in its commencement, or more touching in its close, than that of Raleigh—from the first dawn of his fortunes, when he threw his cloak before the foot of royalty, throughout his brilliant rise and long imprisonment, to the hour when royalty rejoiced in his merciless martyrdom.

"Whether the recital of his eloquent speeches, the perusal of his vigorous and original poetry, or the narration of his quaint, yet profound 'History of the World,' engage our attention, all will equally impress us with admiration of his talent, with wonder at his achievements, with sympathy in his misfortunes, and with pity at his fall."

When he was brought upon the scaffold, he felt the edge of the axe with which he was to be beheaded, and observed, "'Tis a sharp remedy, but a sure one for all ills," harangued the people calmly, eloquently, and conclusively, in defence of his character, laid his head on the block with indifference, and died as he had lived, undaunted, one of the greatest benefactors of both England and America, judicially murdered by the pitiful spite of the basest and worst of England's monarchs. James could slay his body, but his fame shall live forever.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

If sorrow's clouds around thee lower,
E'en in affliction's gloomiest hour;
Hope on firmly, hope thou ever;
Let nothing thee from Hope dis sever.
What though storms life's sky o'ercast,
Time's sorrows will not always last,
This vale of tears will soon be past.
Hope darts a ray to light death's gloom,
And smooths the passage to the tomb;

Hope is to weary mortals given,
To lead them to the joys of heaven
Then, when earth's scenes, however dear,
From thy dim sight shall disappear—
When sinks the pulse, and fails the eye,
Then on Hope's pinions shall thy spirit fly
To fairer worlds above the sky.
Then hope thou on, and hope thou ever;
Let nothing thee from Hope dis sever.

THE DRESSING ROOM.



FULL bodies not gathered in at the top, but left either quite loose, or so as to form an open fluting, are becoming very fashionable; but they require to be very carefully made, and to have a tight body under them, as otherwise they look untidy—particularly as the age of stiff stays has departed, we trust never to return, and the modern elegants wear stays with very little whalebone in them, if they wear any at all.

In our figures, the one holding the fan has the body of her dress, which is of spotted net, fluted at the top; the skirt is made open at the side, and fastened with a bouquet of roses. The petticoat,

which is of pink satin, has a large bow of ribbon with a rose in the centre, just below the rose which fastens the dress. The sleeves are also trimmed with bunches of roses; and the gloves are of a very delicate pale pink.

The other dress is of white net or tulle, made with three skirts, and a loose body and sleeves. The upper skirts are both looped up with flowers on the side, and large bows of very pale-yellow ribbon. Ribbon of the same color is worn in the hair, and the gloves are of a delicately tinted yellowish white.



THE dress of the standing figure is of rich yellow brocaded silk, trimmed with three flounces of white lace, carried up to the waist, so as to appear like three over skirts, open in front. The body is trimmed with a double berthe of Vandyked lace, which is also carried round the sleeves. The gloves are rather long, and of a delicate cream-color. The hair is dressed somewhat in the Grecian style, so as to form a rouleau round the face—the front hair being combed back over a narrow roll of brown silk stuffed with wool, which is fastened round the head

like a wreath. A golden bandeau is placed above the rouleau.

The sitting figure shows another mode of arranging the hair. The back hair is curiously twisted, and mixed with narrow rolls of scarlet and white; and the front hair is dressed in waved bandeaux, or it may be curled in what the French call English ringlets. Plain smooth bandeaux have almost entirely disappeared; but bandeaux, with the hair waved, or projecting from the face, are common.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

AMERICAN MARYGOLD.

THE prettiest are in *shaded orange*-colored wool (of four threads), which must be split in two, as the Berlin wool. Begin with the darkest shade.

Cast on eight stitches, work them in ribs, four in each row, knitting two stitches, and purling two; both sides must be alike. Continue this till you come to the beginning of the lightest shade; then begin to decrease one stitch at the beginning of every

row, till only one stitch remains in the middle; fasten this off, break the wool, and begin the next petal with the darkest shade. Eight petals will be required for each flower. Every petal must be edged with wire; and, in order to do this neatly, you must cover a piece of wire with wool—the middle of the wire with one thread only of brown split wool—and the sides with a lighter shade, to correspond with the color of the petal; sew this round with the same shades of wool.

To make up the flower, it will be necessary to form a tuft of the same shaded wool, *not* split. This is done by cutting five or six bits of wool about an inch long, and placing them across a bit of double wire; twist the wire very tight, and cut the ends of the wool quite even; fasten the eight petals round this, near the top, which can be done either by twisting the wires together or by sewing them round with a rug needle.

CALYX.—The calyx will require four needles.

Cast on twelve stitches, four on each of three needles. Knit in plain rounds till you have about half an inch in length; then knit two stitches in one, break the wool some distance from the work, thread it with a rug needle, and pass the wool behind the little scallop, so as to bring to the next two stitches; work these and the remainder of the stitches in the same manner. Cover a bit of wire with a thread of brown wool, sew it with wool of the same color round the top of the calyx, following carefully the form of the scallops; turn the ends of the wire inside the calyx, and place the flower within it. Tie the calyx under the scallops with a bit of green silk, gather the stitches of the lower part of the calyx with a rug needle and a bit of wool, and cover the stem with split green wool.

Another way of making this flower is the petals in brioche stitch; but if done stitches must be cast on the needle at times of eight, and the flower finished exactly as before.

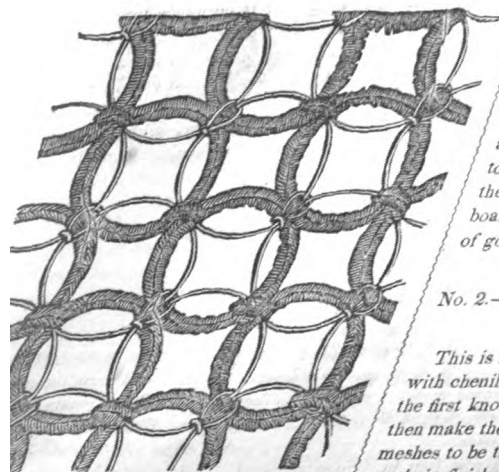
BUDS.—The buds are made just in the same manner as the tuft which forms the heart of the flower. The only thing that they must be formed of lighter shade wool, mixed with a little pale-green wool. The wool must be tightly fixed on the wire by twisting and then cut very smooth and even. It must be inserted in a small calyx, made as before.

LEAVES.—Each leaf, or small branch, is composed of seven leaflets, of the same size—one at the top, and three on each side; they must be placed in pairs, at a distance of about an inch between each pair.

First leaflet.—Cast on one stitch in a bright, but rather deep shade of yellowish-green wool. Knit and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning of every row till you have seven stitches on the needle; then knit and purl six rows without increase; decrease one stitch at the beginning of the two following rows, and cast off the five remaining stitches. Repeat the same for the six other leaflets. Each leaf must have a fine wire sewn round it, and the stems covered with wool.

CHENILLE WORK

No. 1.—A new style of Head-Dress. Worked in the second size crimson chenille, with No. 4 gold thread.



No. 1.—The pattern, full size.

board of three inches deep and fifteen inches wide, and fasten to the edge of it eleven

strands of chenille and gold thread placed together; leave a space of one inch between each strand; the length of the gold and chenille thread must be twenty-four inches. Take the first two threads from the left-hand side, pass the two next under them; tie them in a knot, the two outer over the two centre threads (chenille or gold thread, as may be), and then pass them through the loop formed on the left, and so on till the last row. The shape is an uneven triangle, nine inches from the top corner to the centre, and seven inches from the middle of the front to the centre. When finished, cut off the board, and sew round two sides of the work a fringe of gold thread, which is to fall over the neck.

No. 2.—Another style of Head-Dress. With white and pink second size chenille.

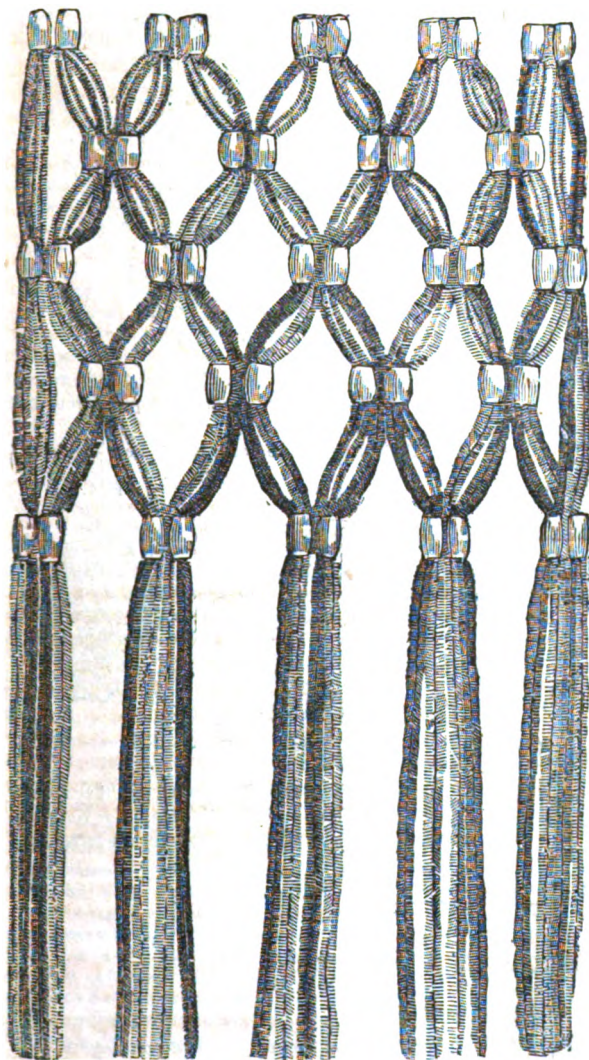
This is made nearly in the same manner as No. 1, with chenille, one yard long; but, after having made the first knot, pass a pearl bead on each side, and then make the second knot—the measurement of the meshes to be three-quarters of an inch. When the work is finished, the whole will be twelve inches square. Pass round it an India-rubber cord, which will form the fastening. The ends left from the work to be separately knotted together with silver

thread, to hang down, forming a very large and rich tassel.

No. 3.—Head-Dress of blue and silver. In chain crochet, silver cord No. 5, with second size of crochet chenille, light blue.

Eight chain stitches, the last of which is plain crochet, and so on continued. In the two middle stitches of the chenille take up the silver, and in the

middle stitches of the silver take up the chenille, each going in a slanting way, once over and once under each other, as the drawing (No. 3) will show. The chenille is worked one way, and the silver goes the other way, contrary to regular crochet work. The whole is worked square, eighteen inches in square; and, when finished, every loop is taken up with fine India-rubber cord, to form the shape. Put round it a silver fringe one inch and a half deep.



No. 2.—A portion full size, with fringe.

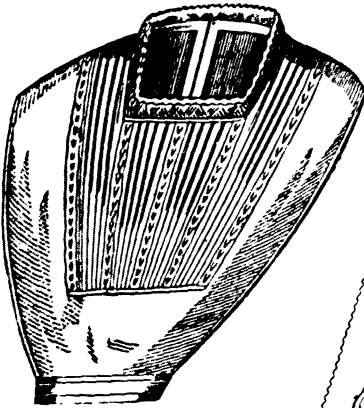


No. 3.—A portion of the pattern, full size.

CHEMISETTES AND UNDERSLEEVES

ALL fashionable promenade and evening dresses being cut with an open corsage and loose sleeves, the chemisettes and wristbands become of the greatest importance. There is something very neat in the close coat dress, buttoned up to the throat, and finished only by a cuff at the wrist; but it is never so elegant, after all, as the style now so much in vogue. This season, the V-shape from the breast has given place to the square front, introduced from the peasant costumes of France and Italy. It will be seen in fig. 1, which is intended to be worn with

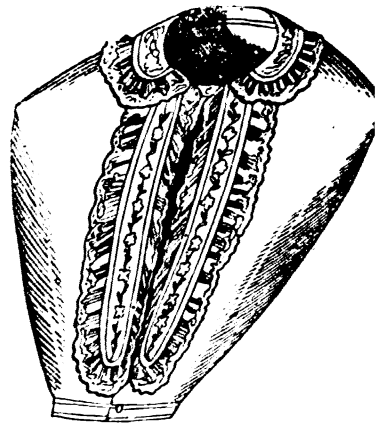
Fig. 1.



that style of corsage, and corresponds to it exactly. The chemisette is composed of alternate rows of narrow plaits and insertion, and is edged with muslin embroidery to correspond. It is decidedly the prettiest and neatest one of the season, and will be found inexpensive.

Fig. 2 has two bands of insertion, surrounded by embroidered muslin frills; the small collar is also

Fig. 2.



edged in the same way. This may be worn with the ordinary V front, or with the square front bodice we have alluded to.

Figs. 3 and 4 are some of the new fashionable

Fig. 3.

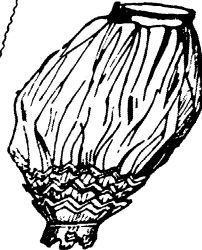


Fig. 4.



undersleeves. It will be noticed that they are very full, and edged with double frills. For further description, see *Chit-Chat* in December number.

ON A CHILD ASLEEP.

BY JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

In that ray of light that child reposes,
Sly as he a little angel were;
And then his eyes he half uncloses,
If his bright visions real are.

His visions are God only knoweth,
Sweet child forgets them day by day;
If Eden, that so gently bloweth,
No trace when they've passed away.

'Tis thus that innocent childhood ever sleepeth,
With half closed eyes and smiles around its mouth,
At sight of which man's sunken heart upheaveth,
Like chilled flowers when fanned by the sweet south.

Sleep on, sweet child, smile, as thou sleepest, brightly,
For thou art blest in this thy morning hour;
And, when thou wakest, thou shalt walk more lightly
Than crowned king, or monarch throned in power.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ONE perplexing question is settled, viz., that ninety-nine does not make a hundred. Those transcendently erudite men who contended that the nineteenth century commenced on the 1st of January, 1800, have at last learned to count correctly. So we may venture to affirm, without fear of raising an argument, that this New-Year's Day, 1851, begins the last half of this present century.

Here, then, we stand on the dividing ridge of Time, the topmost pinnacle of humanity; and, looking backward over the vast ocean of life, we can discern amidst the rolling, heaving, struggling surges, which have engulfed so many grand hopes, and towering aims, and strong endeavors during the world's voyage of half a century, that important victories have been won, wonderful things discovered, and great truths brought out of the turmoil in which power, pride, and prejudice were contending fifty years ago. At the beginning of the century, the stirring themes were deeds of war. Now, the palm is won by works of peace. In 1801, the Old World was a battle-field, the centre and moving power of destruction being placed in London. Now, 1851 finds "the whole world kin," as it were, busy in preparing for such an Industrial Convention as was never held since time began: and this, too, centres in London. What trophies of mind and might will be there exhibited! Not victories won by force or fraud, with their advantages appropriated to exalt a few individuals; but real advances made in those arts which give the means of improvement to nations, and add to the knowledge, freedom, and happiness of the people!

We are not intending to enlarge on this theme, which will be better done by abler pens. We only allude to it here, in order to draw the attention of our readers to one curious fact, which those who are aiming to place women in the workshop, to compete with men, should consider: namely, that none, or very few specimens of female ingenuity or industry will be found in the world's great show-shop. The female mind has as yet manifested very little of the kind of genius termed mechanical, or inventive. Nor is it the lack of learning which has caused this uniform lack of constructive talent. Many ignorant men have studied out and made curious inventions of mechanical skill; women never. We are constrained to say we do not believe woman would ever have invented the compass, the printing-press, the steam-engine, or even a loom. The difference between the mental power of the two sexes, as it is distinctly traced in Holy Writ and human history, we have described and illustrated in a work* soon to be published. We trust this will prove of importance in settling the question of what woman's province really is, and where her station should be in the onward march of civilization. It is not mechanical, but moral power which is now needed. That woman was endowed with moral goodness superior to that possessed by man is

the doctrine of the Bible; and this moral power she must be trained to use for the promotion of goodness, and purity, and holiness in men. There is no need that she should help him in his task of subduing the world. He has the strong arm and the ingenious mind to understand and grapple with things of earth; but he needs her aid in subduing himself, his own selfish passions, and animal propensities.

To sum up the matter, the special gifts of God to men are mechanical ingenuity and physical strength. To women He has given moral insight or instinct, and the patience that endures physical suffering. Both sexes equally need enlightenment of mind or reason by education, in order to make their peculiar gifts of the greatest advantage to themselves, to each other, to the happiness and improvement of society, and to the glory of God.

Such are the principles which we have been striving to disseminate for the last twenty years; and we rejoice, on this jubilee day of the century, that our work has been crowned with good success, and that the prospect before us is bright and cheering. The wise king of Israel asserted the power and predicted the future of woman in these remarkable words, "Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come." And so it will be. But the elevation of the sex will not consist in becoming like man, in doing man's work, or striving for the dominion of the world. The true woman cannot work with materials of earth, build up cities, mould marble forms, or discover new mechanical inventions to aid physical improvement. She has a higher and holier vocation. She works in the elements of human nature; her orders of architecture are formed in the soul. Obedience, temperance, truth, love, piety, these she must build up in the character of her children. Often, too, she is called to repair the ravages and beautify the waste places which sin, care, and the desolating storms of life leave in the mind and heart of the husband she reverences and obeys. This task she should perform faithfully, but with humility, remembering that it was for woman's sake Eden was forfeited, because Adam loved his wife more than his Creator, and that man's nature has to contend with a degree of depravity, or temptation to sin, which the female, by the grace of God, has never experienced. Yes, the wife is dependent on her husband for the position she holds in society; she must rely on him for protection and support; she should look up to him with reverence as her earthly guardian, the "saviour of the body," as St. Paul says, and be obedient. Does any wife say her husband is not worthy of this honor? Then render it to the office with which God has invested him as head of the family; but use your privilege of motherhood so to train your son that he may be worthy of this reverence and obedience from his wife. Thus through your sufferings the world may be made better; every faithful performance of private duty adds to the stock of public virtues.

We trust, before the sands of this century are run out, that these Bible truths will be the rule of faith and of conduct with every American wife and mother, and

* "Woman's Record; or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Creation to the Present Time. Arranged in Four Eras. With Selections from the Female Writers of each Era." The work is now in the press of the Harpers, New York.

that the moral influence of American women will be felt and blessed as the saving power not only of our nation, but of the world. Our hopes are high, not only because we believe our principles are true, but because we expect to be sustained and helped by all who are true and right-minded. And this recalls to our thoughts the constant and cheering kindness which has been extended to our periodical during the long period it has been attaining its present wide popularity. We must thank these friends.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

OUR FRIENDS EDITORIAL, who, for the last twenty years, have manifested uniform kindness, and always been ready with their generous support, to you, on this jubilee day, we tender our grateful acknowledgments. We have never sought your assistance to us as individuals. Your office should have a higher aim, a worthier estimation. You are guardians of the public welfare, improvement, and progress. Not to favor the success of private speculation, but to promote the dissemination of truths and principles which shall benefit the whole community, makes your glory. We thank you that such has been your course hitherto in regard to the "Lady's Book." The public confidence, which your judicious notices of our work have greatly tended to strengthen, is with us. The chivalry of the American press will ever sustain a periodical devoted to woman; and the warm, earnest, intelligent manner in which you have done this deserves our praise. Like noble and true knights, you have upheld our cause, and we thank you in the name of the thousands of fair and

gentle readers of our "Book," to whom we frankly acknowledge that your steady approval has incited our efforts to excel. We invoke your powerful aid to sustain us through the coming years, while we will endeavor to merit your commendations. None know so well as you, our editorial friends, what ceaseless exertions are required to keep the high position we have won. But the new year finds us prepared for a new trial with all literary competitors; and, with the inspiring voice of the public press to cheer us on, we are sure of winning the goal. In the anticipation of this happy result, we wish to all our kind friends—what we enjoy—health, hope, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Dream of the Past," "Sonnet—The God of Day," &c., "My Childhood's Home," "Town and Country Contrasted," "The Artist's Dream," "The Tiny Glove," "The Sisters," and "The Lord's Prayer."

Ellen Moynna's story came too late for the purpose designed. We do not need it.

MANUSCRIPT MUSIC ACCEPTED: "All Around and All Above Thee," "Oh, Sing that Song again To-Night!" (excellent); "Hope on, Hope Ever," "The Musing Hour," "La Gita in Gondola," "To Mary," by Professor Kehr.

Our friends who send us music must wait patiently for its appearance, if accepted. Months must sometimes elapse, as our large edition renders it necessary to print it in advance. Those who wish special answers from our musical editor will please mention the fact in their communications.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

From GEORGE S. APPLETON, corner of Chestnut and Seventh Street, Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Illustrated with engravings, designed by John Martin and J. W. M. Turner, R. A. We noticed an edition of "Paradise Lost" in our November number. Here, however, we have a complete edition of the modern Homer's works, including "Paradise Regained," and all his minor poems, sonnets, &c. These editions are pleasing testimonials of the renewed interest which the public are beginning to manifest for the writings of standard English authors, in preference to the light and ephemeral productions of those of the present day, who have too long held the classical taste and refinement in obedience to their influences. The illustrations of this edition are very beautiful.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS; containing his Poems, Songs, and Correspondence, with a New Life of the Poet, and Notices, Critical and Biographical. By Allen Cunningham. This edition of the works of the great Scottish poet cannot fail to attract the attention of all who admire the genius and independence of his mind, and of all who wish a full and correct copy of his productions, compiled under the supervision of a man who was himself an excellent poet, and capable of fairly distinguishing the beauties and powers of a poetical mind.

EVERYBODY'S ALMANAC AND DIARY FOR 1851; containing a List of Government Officers, Commerce and Resources of the Union, Exports of Cotton, and General Information for the Merchant, Tradesman, and Mechanic, together with a Complete Memorandum for every day in the year. A neat and valuable work.

We have received from the same publisher the following works, compiled for the special benefit of little children and of juvenile learners and readers, all of which are appropriately illustrated:—

LITTLE ANNE'S A B C BOOK.

LITTLE ANNE'S SPELLER.

MOTHER GOOSE. By Dame Gosalin.

THE ROSE-BUD. A Juvenile Keepsake. By Susan W. Jewett.

GREAT PANORAMA OF PHILADELPHIA. By Van Daube. With twenty-three illustrations.

From HENRY C. BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey; Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY. With illustrations by C. W. Radclyffe. Edited, with a memoir, by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Great pains have evidently been taken by the editor and the publisher to render this not only the most complete and accurate edition of the works of Gray that has ever been presented to the American public, but also one of

the most superbly embellished and beautifully printed volumes of the season, which has called forth so many works intended for presentation.

THE BUILDER'S POCKET COMPANION. This volume contains the elements of building, surveying, and architecture, with practical rules and instructions connected with the subjects, by A. C. Smeaton, Civil Engineer, &c. The inexperienced builder, whether engaged practically, or in the investment of capital in building improvements, will find this to be a very valuable assistant.

THE CABINET-MAKER'S AND UPHOLSTERER'S COMPANION. This work contains much valuable information on the subjects of which it treats, and also a number of useful receipts and explanations of great use to the workmen in those branches. The author, L. Stokes, has evidently taken great pains in the arrangement and compilation of his work.

HOUSEHOLD SURGERY; or, Hints on Emergencies. By John F. South, one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. The first American, from the second London edition. A highly valuable book for the family, which does not pretend, however, to supersede the advice and experience of a physician, but merely to have in preparation, and to recommend such remedies as may be necessary until such advice can be obtained. There are many illustrations in the work which will greatly facilitate its practical usefulness.

From LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia:—

THE RACES OF MEN. A Fragment. By Robert Knox, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the National Academy of Science in France. The character and tendency of this "fragment," or "outlines of lectures," to use the author's own terms, are such as cannot be suddenly determined upon or understood. This will appear the more evident to the reader from the assurance which he also gives, that his work runs counter to nearly all the chronicles of events called histories; that it shocks the theories of statesmen, theologians, and philanthropists of all shades. He maintains that the human character, individual and national, is traceable solely to the nature of that race to which the individual or nation belongs, which he affirms to be simply a fact, the most remarkable, the most comprehensive which philosophy has announced.

From T. B. PETERSON, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

HORACE TEMPLETON. By Charles Lever. The publisher of this work deserves the thanks of the reading public for presenting it with a cheap edition of so interesting a publication. It has already passed the ordeal of the press, and has been received, both in Europe and in America, as one of the most entertaining productions that has appeared for many years, not excepting "Charles O'Malley," and the other mirth-inspiring volumes of the inimitable Lever.

THE VALLEY FARM; or, the Autobiography of an Orphan. Edited by Charles J. Peterson, author of "Cruising in the Last War," &c. A work sound in morals and abounding in natural incident.

RESEARCHES ON THE MOTION OF THE JUICES IN THE ANIMAL BODY, AND THE EFFECTS OF EVAPORATIONS IN PLANTS; together with an Account of the Origin of the Potatoe Disease, with full and Ingenious Directions for the Protection and Entire Prevention of the Potatoe Plant against all Diseases. By Justus Liebig, M. D., Pro-

fessor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen; and edited from the manuscript of the author, by William Gregory, M. D., of the University of Edinburgh. A valuable treatise, as its title sufficiently indicates.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPTON & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

A PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX. A Tale of Olden Times. By Mrs. H. V. Cheney. Those who feel an interest in the records and monuments of the past, and who desire to study the characteristics of the Pilgrim Fathers, and Pilgrim Mothers and Daughters, will not fail to avail themselves of the graphic delineations presented to them in this entertaining volume.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. No. 25. Containing "Troilus and Cressida," with a very fine engraving.

From JOHN S. TAYLOR, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

LETTERS FROM THE BACKWOODS AND THE ADIRONDAC. By the Rev. J. T. Headley. Also, **THE POWER OF BEAUTY.** By the same author. Illustrated editions.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

MOSAÏQUE FRANÇAISE: ou Choix De Sujets Anecdotiques, Historiques, Littéraires et Scientifiques, tirés pour La Plupart D'Auteurs Modernes. Par F. Séron, Homme de lettres, l'un des rédacteurs du Journal Française; Les Monde des enfans, Revue Encyclopedique de la jeunesse de 1844 à 1848, etc.; Professeur de Langue et de Littérature Française à Philadelphie.

This work appears to have been compiled with great care, from works by the best French authors. Every subject has been carefully excluded that could in any manner wound or bias the preconceived opinions of the American reader in relation to religious or political freedom.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. By his son-in-law, the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. The appearance of the second volume of these memoirs will be hailed with pleasure by the admirers of Dr. Chalmers, whose reputation as a Christian minister, and as a writer of extraordinary beauty and power, has long preceded these volumes.

GENEVIEVE; or, the History of a Servant Girl. Translated from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine. By A. A. Seoble.

ADDITIONAL MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE. By A. De Lamartine.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. No. 8. This excellent and patriotic work fully sustains the spirit and interest that marked its commencement.

From the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE OLD MAN'S HOME. By the Rev. William Adams, M. A., author of the "Shadow of the Cross," &c. With engravings, from designs by Weir. Sixth American edition. An affecting tale, written in a familiar style, and peculiarly calculated to impress upon the youthful mind the importance of those moral

and religious truths which it is the aim of the author to inculcate.

From GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

THE PRE-ADAMITE EARTH: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D.D., author of "The Great Teacher," &c. The present volume is the "third thousand," which we presume to mean the "third edition," revised and corrected, of this work, which may be considered a successful effort to reconcile the dogmas of theology with the progress of philosophy and science. The style of the author is argumentative and eloquent, evincing great knowledge and zeal in the development of the interesting subjects connected with his treatise.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS: Discourses on the Development of the Christian Character. By William R. Williams. Comprising five lectures originally prepared for the pulpit, and delivered by their author to the people under his charge. These lectures are chaste and graceful in style, and sound and vigorous in argument.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By Thomas De Quincey, author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," etc. This is the second volume of Mr. De Quincey's writings, now in course of publication. It contains biographical sketches of Shakespeare, Pope, Charles Lamb, Goethe, and Schiller, accompanied by numerous notes, which, with the author's acknowledged taste, will give a new interest to these almost familiar subjects.

ASTRÆA. The Balance of Illusions. A poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, August 14, 1850, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. This poem contains many beautiful gems, interspersed with some satirical descriptions of men and manners, which prove Mr. Holmes to be a caustic as well as an amusing writer.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Mr. Oliver Diston, No. 115 Washington Street, Boston, a collection of beautiful music, got up in his usual taste.

The Prima Donna Polka. By Edward L. White.

The German Schottisch. By T. S. Lloyd. And

The Starlight Polka. Three excellent polkas, with music enough in them to draw the proper steps from every heel and toe in the land.

Oh, Come to the Ingleside! A sweet ballad by Eliza Cook, the music by W. H. Aldridge.

A Mother's Prayer. By J. E. Gould.

The Araby Maid. By J. T. Surenne.

Old Ironsides at Anchor lay. One of Dodge's favorite songs, the words by Morris, the music by B. Covert.

A Little Word. By Niciola Olivieri (!).

The Parting Look. Words by Henry Sinclair, music by Alex. Wilson. Embellished by a fine lithograph.

The Dying Boy. Another of Dodge's favorite songs. The words are by Mrs. Larned, and the music by Lyman Heath. This song has also a fine engraving.

Mr. Diston has also commenced the publication of Beethoven's Sonatas for the piano forte, from the newly revised edition, published by subscription in Germany.

MEASRS. LEE & WALKER, No. 162 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are now publishing "*Lindiana*," a choice selection of Jenny Lind's songs, with brilliant variations by the untiring Chas. Grobe. The first is the "Dream." In the hands of Professor Grobe, we cannot doubt the entire success of the enterprise. The series is dedicated to "our musical editor," who fully appreciates the compliment and returns his sincere thanks.

Our old friend Mr. James Conenhoven, associated with Mr. Duffy, has opened a new music store at No. 120 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. From Mr. C.'s known taste and knowledge of the business, we anticipate his entire success, and cheerfully recommend our friends to make his early acquaintance in his new career. They have sent us the *Silver Bell Waltz*, by Mr. Conenhoven himself, and *Solitude*, a beautiful song by Kirk White, the music by John Daniel. Both are very handsomely got up, and are valuable accessions to a musical portfolio.

OUR TITLE-PAGE.—Those who are fond of Fashions other than colored will be gratified with our title-page, which contains at least fifty figures.

PRINTING IN COLORS.—We give another specimen in this number, of printing in colors from a steel plate. We believe that we have the only artisans in this country that can do this kind of fancy work. The present specimen, which we are willing to contrast with any other plate in any magazine for this month, is entirely of American manufacture.

We will send a copy of the November and December numbers of the Lady's Book, containing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, gratis, to any religious publication with which we do not exchange, if it will signify a wish to have them.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.—All who have visited this gay country at the season of the holidays, will be struck with the graphic power displayed by our artist in the plate that graces the present number.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS.—The four principal plates in this number, viz., The Constant, The Four Eras of Life, The Four Seasons, and The Double Fashion Plate, as well as several of the wood engravings, are from original designs. This originality has never before been attempted in any magazine of any country. We do not remember an instance of the kind in any of the English annuals. It is our intention to be ever progressive. Our original designs last year were numerous: among them the never-to-be-forgotten Lord's Prayer and Creed. "The Coquette," the match plate to "The Constant," will appear in the March number. It will be seen by this number that we are able to transcend anything we have yet presented. Our Book, this year, shall be one continuous triumph. As we have only ourselves for a rival, our effort will be to excel even the well-known versatility and beauty which our Book has always exhibited.

PROFESSOR BLUMENTHAL.—We omitted to include among our list of contributors this gentleman's name. It was an oversight; but the professor shows, by his article in this number, that he has not forgotten us.

ARTHUR'S STORY.—With but one exception, Mr. Arthur writes for his own paper alone. The story in this number will amply repay a careful perusal. It will be completed in the March number.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—In our acquaintance with newspaperdom, as Willis would say, which extends over a period of twenty-two years, the history of this paper is the most singular of any in our recollection. Ample capital was provided to meet any exigency that might arise; but, strange to say, not a penny of it has been used. But we were too hasty; for, when we consider who is its editor, it must be confessed it is not strange. The paper has paid for itself from the start. Perhaps another instance of the kind lives not in the memory of that well-known person, "the oldest inhabitant." Mr. Arthur now counts his subscribers by thousands, nearly by tens of thousands. The rush for it has been unexampled—so much so as to make it necessary to reprint early numbers, and even to telegraph for extra supplies of paper, so rapidly has it been exhausted. Mr. Arthur has struck a vein that will render a voyage to California entirely useless to him. His advertisement will be found in this number.

We will mention one fact, and our subscribers will see the reason of it. We give no preference as regards the first impressions from the plates. If a plate wears in the printing, we have it retouched, so that all may have impressions alike. With our immense edition, the greatest ever known, this we find sometimes necessary.

ON reference to our advertisement in this number, it will be seen what is in store for the subscribers to Godey. When we announce the fact that the plates are engraved in the same style as those they have seen, "The Lord's Prayer," "The Evening Star," "The Creed," "We Praise Thee, O God," and those contained in the present number, they will conclude that a rich treat is to be obtained for the trifling outlay of \$3. Would it not be a convenient method, where it is difficult to obtain a club of five subscribers, to remit us \$10 for a club of five years? Any person remitting \$10 in advance, will be entitled to the Lady's Book five years. We cannot forbear inserting the following notices:—

"The Lady's Book is the best, most sociable, and decidedly the richest magazine for truth, virtue, and literary worth now published in this country."—*Indiana Gazette*.

"In matter of sentiment, and light literature, and elegant embellishments of useful and ornamental art, Godey's Lady's Book takes the lead of all works of its class. We have seen nothing in it offensive to the most fastidious taste."—*Church Quarterly Review and Ecclesiastical Reporter*.

"We find it difficult, without resorting to what would be thought downright hyperbole, to express adequately the admiration excited by the appearance of this last miracle of literary and artistic achievement."—*Maine Gospel Banner*.

The above are unsolicited opinions from grave authorities.

NEW MATTER FOR THE WORK TABLE.—The ladies will perceive that they have been well cared for in this number. We again give, for their benefit, two new styles of work, "The Chenille Work," and "Knitted Flowers."

THE HAIR WORK will be continued in our next number.

BLITZ HAS ARRIVED.—What joy this will carry into the minds of the young! Blitz, the conjuror, the kind-hearted Blitz, who dispenses his sugar things amongst his young friends with such a smile—and they are real sugar things, too; they don't slip through your fingers, except in the direction of your mouth, like many of the things he gives the young folks to hold—is at his old quarters, the Lecture-room at the Museum.

A. B. WARDEN, at his jewelry and silver ware establishment, S. E. corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, has an immense variety of beautiful and valuable presents for the season. He is the sole agent for a new style of watch lately introduced into this country, approved by the Chronometer Board at the Admiralty, in London, which is warranted. Orders by mail, including a description of the desired article, will be attended to.

THE Weber Minstrels is the title assumed by some gentlemen of this city, who intend to give concerts here and elsewhere. We commend them to our friends of the press in the various places they may visit. We can speak confidently of their singing; and we are sure that, wherever they go, their manners as gentlemen and their talent as singers will commend them to public favor.

FROM OUR MUSICAL EDITOR.

BERKSHIRE HOTEL, Pittsfield, Mass.,

Sept. 22, 1860.

MY DEAR GODEY.—You know I do not often brag of *Hotels*, and it is perhaps out of the line of the "Book." But, in this particular instance, I know you will excuse me, when I write of a spot in which you would delight. I wish, in the first place, to introduce you to Mr. W. B. COOLEY, the perfect pink of landlords, wearing a polka cravat and a buff vest, externally; but he has a heart in his bosom as big as one of the Berkshire cattle. If you ever come here—and by you, I mean the 100,000 subscribers to the Lady's Book, don't go anywhere else, for here you will find a home—a regular New England home. His table is magnificent—his beds and rooms all that any one could ask; and his friendly nature will make you perfectly at home. Indeed, it is the only hotel I have been at, on my protracted tour, where I have felt perfectly at home.

How I wish you, and your wife and daughters, and lots of our mutual friends, were here with me. We would have glorious times—music, dancing, singing, sight-seeing, conversation, &c. &c. I cannot write much; but I wish you to understand that this is the *ne plus ultra* of hotels. Don't fail to patronize it. Lebanon Springs and the Shaker settlement are within a short ride.

Yours ever,

J. C.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

RICE for curry should never be immersed in water, except that which has been used for cleaning the grain previous to use. It should be placed in a sieve and heated by the steam arising from boiling water; the sieve so placed in the saucepan as to be two or three inches above the fluid. In stirring the rice a light hand should be used, or you are apt to amalgamate the grains;

the criterion of well-dressed rice being to have the grains separate.

ARROW-ROOT FOR INVALIDS.—The practice of boiling arrow-root in milk is at once wasteful and unsatisfactory; the best mode of preparing enough for an invalid's supper is as follows: Put a dessertspoonful of powder, two lumps of sugar, into a chocolate cup, with a few drops of Malaga, or any other sweet wine; mix these well together, and add, in small quantities, more wine, until a smooth thick paste is formed. Pour boiling water, by slow degrees, stirring all the while, close to the fire, until the mixture becomes perfectly transparent.

CUSTARD OR SPONGE-CAKE PUDDING, WITH FRUIT SAUCE.—Break separately and clear in the usual way* four large or five small fresh eggs. whisk them until they are light, then throw in a very small pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar; then whisk them anew until it is dissolved: add to them a pint of new milk and a slight flavoring of lemon, orange-flower water, or ought else that may be preferred. Pour the mixture into a plain well buttered mould or basin, and tie securely over it a buttered paper and a small square of cloth or muslin rather thickly floured. Set it into a saucepan or stewpan containing about two inches in depth of boiling water, and boil the pudding very gently for half an hour and five minutes at the utmost. It must be taken out directly it is done, but should remain several minutes before it is dished, and will retain its heat sufficiently if not turned out for ten minutes or more. Great care must always be taken to prevent either the writing paper or the cloth tied over the pudding from touching the water when it is steamed in the manner directed above, a method which is preferable to boiling, if the preceding directions be attended to, particularly for puddings of this class. The corners of the cloth or muslin should be gathered up and fastened over the pudding; but neither a large nor a heavy cloth should be used for the purpose at any time. Three or four sponge biscuits may be broken into the basin before the custard is put in; it must then stand for twenty minutes or half an hour, to soak them, previously to being placed in a saucepan. The same ingredients will make an excellent pudding, if very slowly baked for about three quarters of an hour. Four eggs will then be quite sufficient for it.

By particular request we again publish the following receipt:—

NEW RECEIPT FOR A WASHING MIXTURE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Take two pounds of the best brown soap; cut it up and put it in a clean pot, adding one quart of clean soft water. Set it over the fire and melt it thoroughly, occasionally stirring it up from the bottom. Then take it off the fire, and stir in one tablespoonful of *real* white wine vinegar; two large tablespoonfuls of hartshorn spirits; and seven large tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. Having stirred the ingredients well together,

* That is to say, remove the specks with the point of a fork from each egg while it is in the cup; but if this cannot be adroitly done, so as to clear them off perfectly, whisk up the eggs until they are as liquid as they will become, and then pass them through a hair sieve: after this is done, whisk them afresh, and add the sugar to them.

ther, put up the mixture *immediately* into a stone jar, and cover it immediately, lest the hartshorn should evaporate. Keep it always carefully closely covered. When going to wash, nearly fill a six or eight gallon tub with soft water, as hot as you can bear your hand in it, and stir in two large tablespoonfuls of the above mixture. Put in as many white clothes as the water will cover. Let them soak about an hour, moving them about in the water occasionally. It will only be necessary to rub with your hands such parts as are very dirty; for instance, the inside of shirt collars and wristbands, &c. The common dirt will soak out by means of the mixture. Wring the clothes out of the suds, and rinse them well through two cold waters.

Next put into a wash kettle sufficient water to boil the clothes (it must be cold at first), and add to it two more tablespoonfuls of the mixture. Put in the clothes after the mixture is well stirred into the water, and boil them *half an hour* at the utmost, not more. Then take them out and throw them into a tub of cold water. Rinse them well through this; and lastly, put them into a second tub of rinsing water, slightly blued with the indigo bag.

Be very careful to rinse them in two cold waters out of the first suds, and after the boiling; then wring them and hang them out.

This way of washing with the soap mixture saves much labor in rubbing, expedites the business, and renders the clothes very white, without injuring them in the least. Try it.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

We challenge comparison in the design and execution, to say nothing of the accuracy, of our fashion plate. The first is as pretty a home scene as one could wish, and the costumes are brought in naturally. For instance, the promenade dress of the visitor, *Fig. 1st*. A plain stone-colored merino, with green tulle satin, a coat or mantle made to fit close to the figure, with sleeves demi-width. The trimming is not a simple quilting, like that worn the past season, as it would at first appear, but an entirely new style of silk braid put on in basket-work. Drawn bonnet of apple-green satin, lined with pink, and, with a small muff, the dress is complete.

Fig. 2d is a morning-dress, that would be very pretty to copy for a bridal wardrobe. In the engraving, it is represented of pink silk, with an open corsage, and sleeves demi-long. The chemisette is of lace, to match that upon the skirt, and is fastened at the throat by a simple knot of pink ribbon. The trimming of the dress is quilted ribbon, and the cap has a band and knot of the same color.

Fig. 3d is a mourning costume of silk, with four rows of heavily-knotted fringe upon the skirt, and the sleeves trimmed to correspond. The figures of the children are simple and easily understood. The pelisse of the little girl has an edge to correspond with the muff.

In the second and out-door scene, the artist has very happily given us a glimpse of sleigh-riding in the city. The pedestrians are tastefully dressed, the first figure having one of the most graceful cloaks of the season; it is of stone-colored Thibet cloth, and is trimmed with a fold of the same corded with satin. The sleeves are peculiar, and deserve particular attention. The bonnet is of uncut velvet, with satin bands.

The dress of the second figure will be found very comfortable. It is of thick Mantua silk, trimmed

heavily down the entire front breadth. The *sacque*, of the same, is lined with quilted white satin, as are the loose open sleeves. The sleeves of the dress open in a point at the wrist, to display the undersleeves. The bonnet is a pink casing, with bouquet of roses.

CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

EVENING DRESS.—Of all the uncomfortable sensations one can experience in society, that of being over or under-dressed is the most uncomfortable. It fetters your movements, it distracts your thoughts, and makes conversation next to impossible, unless you have an extraordinary degree of moral courage. We can speak from experience, and so can any of our lady readers, we venture to say.

"Come early; there won't be more than half a dozen people," says your friend, as she flies out of your room at the hotel, after having given you notice that a few of her intimates are to meet you that evening at her house. Take her at her word, of course. Go at half past seven, and ten to one the gas will not be turned on, and your hostess is still at her toilet. Presently, in she sails, making a thousand apologies at having been detained, and is so glad that you have kept your promise and come early. You look at her elaborate toilet, and think your old friend has become extravagantly fond of dress if this is her reception of half a dozen people. An hour, almost an hour by the marble time-piece, drags on. Not a visitor appears. At length, you are refreshed by a faint tinkle of the door bell. A lady shortly enters, saying, "Don't think me a Goth for coming so early." After she is introduced to you, a stolen glance at the clock. Early! It is half-past eight. What time do they intend to come? But now they arrive faster and faster, and each more elaborately dressed than the last, it seems to your startled eyes. A triple lace skirt glides in. You look at your dark green cashmere in dismay. Low neck and short sleeves! Yours is up to the throat. But you mentally thank your mantua-maker for inserting undersleeves; they are quite consoling. Dozens of white kid gloves! You have not even mitts, and your hand is fairly red with the same blush that suffuses your face. In fine, it is an actual party, dancing, supper, and all, given to you; and yet there you sit, among entire strangers, dumb from annoyance, and awkward for the first time in many years, perhaps.

But you will not be caught so again. You are wiser from fearful experience. A similar invitation is met with an appeal to your very best party dress, and you go armed *cap-à-pie*, even to white satin slippers. The clock strikes nine as you enter the room, and there is your truth-loving hostess, with her half dozen plain guests, who had given you up, and are sorry you cannot stay long, "as they see you are dressed for a party." Capital suggestion! Make the most of it, and retire as soon as possible under that plea.

We appeal to you, ladies, whether this is a fancy sketch; and yet sometimes it is not the fault of the hostess—you really do not know how you are expected to arrange your toilet. It is to obviate this evil that we propose giving a few plain hints on evening dress.

We once knew a very nice lady, who had come to town for the purpose of taking music lessons. She was

entirely unfamiliar with the etiquette of the toilet, and living at a boarding house, there was no one she felt at entire liberty to consult. A gentleman invited her to the opera. She was wild with delight. It was a cold winter's night, and she dressed accordingly. She wore a dark merino dress and cloak, a heavy velvet bonnet and plumes, and thick knit gloves, dark also. The gentleman looked astonished, but said nothing; and imagine her consternation, when she found herself in the centre of the dress circle, in the midst of unveiled necks and arms, thin white dresses, and white kid gloves. At once the oddity of her mistake flashed across her; but she bore it with unparalleled firmness, and enjoyed the music notwithstanding. The *lorgnettes* attracted by her costume, found a very sweet face to repay them, and her naive and enthusiastic criticism interested her companion so much that he forgot all else.

And how should she have dressed? Cloaks—and what is an opera toilet without a cloak?—are nothing more than *sacques* of bright cashmere or velvet, lined with quilted silk or satin, with loose flowing sleeves. A shawl is, of course, thrown over this out of doors. One of the prettiest cloaks of this season was made by Miss Wharton, of black satin, with a hood lined with Pompadour pink. But cashmere is less expensive, and may be trimmed with pointed silk or satin, and lined with the same colored silk. Your dress is not of so much consequence, if it is light, for the cloak conceals it. But the undersleeves should be very nice, and white kid gloves are indispensable. A scarf or hood may be worn to the door of the box, and then thrown over the arm. The hair is dressed with very little ornament this winter; but, whatever the head-dress adopted, the two chief points are simplicity and becomingness. Dress hats are allowed; but, as they obstruct the view of others, are not desirable.

Nearly the same dress is proper for a subscription concert, where you are sure of a large audience; of course, where Jenny Lind is the attraction, the same thing is certain. All her concerts are *dress* concerts. But, for a ballad *soirée*, or the first appearance of any new star, a pretty hat, with an opera cloak or light shawl, is quite sufficient. For panoramas, negro minstrels, or evening lectures, an ordinary walking costume is sufficient, and it would be very bad taste to go with the head uncovered.

A party dress should be regulated by the invitation, in a measure. In "sociables," the most sensible of all parties, a light silk, mousseline, or cashmere, is sufficient, with short sleeves and a pretty collar. Gloves are by no means indispensable, and many prefer black silk mitts. If the number of invitations exceeds twenty-five, a regular evening dress is expected, as well as at weddings, receptions, or a dancing party. A full evening costume we have often described, and shall give some new styles next month.

Of course, we have spoken only of young ladies, a more matronly style being expected from their chaperons. For instance, caps at the opera or concerts, a charming variety of which were seen at Miss Wilson's November opening. True satins, velvets, and brocades are to those in place of white tulle or embroidered crepes. And again, our hints of course are intended for the city alone, and for the guidance of those who are making that perilous venture, a "first winter in society."

FASHION.

A PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY.

NEW VOLUME--NEW FEATURES--NEW TYPE.

SERIES FOR 1851.

THE HOME JOURNAL,

Published weekly in the City of New York, at Two Dollars a Year.

On the first day of January next, commences a New Series of this copious, comprehensive, and elegantly printed FAMILY NEWSPAPER, which is now acknowledged to be

THE INDISPENSABLE DRAWING-ROOM GAZETTE OF THE COUNTRY.

A home is hardly complete, we think we may safely venture to say, without the HOME JOURNAL, which is the

CHRONICLE OF ALL THAT INTERESTS ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY,

And of the intelligence which must enliven an American Home.

NEW YORK IS THE ONLY CENTRE, and here, at the fountain-head of novelty, incident, literature, and foreign news, the HOME JOURNAL is edited and published. Its editors (GEO. P. MORRIS and N. P. WILLIS) devote their entire time, skill, and experience to the task of giving, each week,

EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING.

THEY PARTICULARLY KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THE

WHIMS AND NOVELTIES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

PRESENTING SKETCHES OF THE

DEEDS OF OUR TIME,

And careful Portraits of

THE DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

In addition to this, the utmost pains are taken, by translations from French Journals, and by foreign correspondence, to prepare such reports of

THE FASHIONABLE GOSSIP OF PARIS

As will exceedingly instruct and amuse.

We present to our readers *the facts and outlines of all news*. In our literary department we aim at *sketches and readable criticism*; and in our condensations of the second productions of the vast newspaper world of England, we aim to avoid the tiresome and the local, and transfer to our columns the pick of English information and brilliancy, while we endeavor to select, with a true sense of *pure morals, true wit, and genuine humor*. In addition to the above, we propose to give, in the course of the coming volume,

ONE ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE,

Which, we think, will particularly INTEREST THE LADIES, viz:—

A SERIES OF RETURNED LOVE-LETTERS.

This being a species of composition that interests all readers, we trust to make the numbers of the Home Journal more eagerly looked for, and more carefully preserved than ever.

We have also *new correspondents in London and Paris*, who will send us much that could never reach us through foreign Journals.

AS A NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY,

The Home Journal is one, of which the remembrance is renewed every week, and it is unsurpassed as a gift in good taste.

TERMS.—For one copy, \$2; for three copies, \$5, or one copy for three years, \$5, always in advance. Subscribe without delay.

Address

MORRIS & WILLIS,

Editors and Proprietors, 107 Fulton Street, New York.

A Paper for every Family.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EXPRESS, FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This is the title of a new literary and family journal, which the subscriber commenced with the design to make the most ably conducted, the most useful, and consequently, the most popular paper in the United States. Twelve years connection with the business department of Godey's Lady's Book, has familiarized him with the management of the most successful publications of the day, established for him an extensive correspondence with the talent and intelligence of the land, and made him conversant with the wants and wishes of the great reading community. He was convinced that the public wanted a spirited, independent high-toned moral and literary paper, unshackled by parties or isms, and an upholder of truth and virtue. The support already so liberally extended, shows that he was not mistaken, and is proof that the Express has met the wishes of the people. The establishment of a new paper, surrounded by competitors, thus early on a permanent basis, is a rare occurrence.

No pains or expense shall be withheld in continuing the publication. To make it worthy of wider spread patronage and popularity, money shall be freely expended in every department. It goes forth recommended by its intrinsic merit, and not by extraneous influences or inducements. The subscribers receive the full worth of their money in the paper.

Nothing indelicate or of doubtful morality mars its columns, but all that can instruct and elevate the mind is liberally furnished. Important events affecting the welfare of our race; Discoveries in the Sciences and Arts; Notices of New and Valuable Books; Literary Intelligence; Education; Criticisms; Biographical Sketches of Prominent Individuals; Tales; Poetry; Travels; Reviews, &c. &c. combined with

SEVERAL NEW FEATURES IN NEWSPAPER LITERATURE,

Make the paper an entertaining and instructive visitor in the Parlor and at the Fireside. The series of

POPULAR ESSAYS ON THE NATURAL SCIENCES, Being furnished by the

REV. J. H. WYTHES, M. D. and **ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS**, Will be followed by an equally interesting series of articles

ON THE WONDERFUL INVENTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

Illuminated by the Engraver's Art.

The Corps of Editors and Contributors, is the ablest that the Country can produce.

The Philadelphia Saturday Express is handsomely printed, with bold, clear, new type, on fine paper, and notwithstanding the great outlay and expense necessarily incurred, is furnished at the low price of

Two Dollars per Annum, in Advance,

So that all classes may be benefited by it, and a large circulation and field of usefulness be obtained.

Any person sending **THREE** subscriptions, shall be entitled to the paper one year, gratis. All payments must be made to the publisher. They may be sent by mail at his risk—the person sending, to retain a memorandum of the description of money, date of mailing, &c. &c. Notes of all solvent banks taken at par.

Postmasters are authorized by law, to frank letters and remittances.

A specimen will be mailed to any person wishing to examine the paper. All letters must be post paid, and carefully addressed to

S. McHENRY, Publisher,

No. 47 Dock Street, N. E. corner of Second Street, Philadelphia.

CANVASSERS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN & VILLAGE IN THE UNION.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WHO OBTAIN SUBSCRIBERS:

1st. The Postmaster, or other person, who sends us the largest number of subscribers in proportion to the population, prior to June 1st, 1851, shall have the papers continued the second year gratis. All the subscribers to be served at one Post Office.

2d. The Postmaster, or other person, who sends us the next largest list of subscribers, in proportion to the population, prior to June 1st, 1851, shall be entitled to a copy of *Virtue's Splendidly Illustrated London Quarto Edition of the Devotional Family Bible*, with notes, marginal references, &c. &c. by Rev. Alexander Fletcher D. D. This is the most superb edition of the Bible ever published. It is embellished with about *One Hundred and Twenty highly finished and beautiful Steel Engravings*, after the choicest pictures of old and modern masters. The Views of Places are after Drawings taken by W. W. Bartlett, during a recent visit to the Holy Land. The cost of engraving the plates for this Work, cannot be less than \$30,000. The typography, paper, &c. &c. are in perfect keeping with the illustrations.

3d. The Postmaster or other person who sends us the next or third largest list of subscribers, (conditions as above,) shall be entitled to a copy of Phillips, Sampson & Co's beautiful Illustrated Royal Octavo Boston Edition of *Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*, handsomely printed on fine paper, and embellished with about *Forty Steel Engravings*.

These works will be bound in the best style, of the best Philadelphia Book-binder. For a minute description of them see advertisement in the Express.

Should the persons entitled to the last two premiums prefer to receive the paper, these shall be sent to them the second year, instead of the splendid works described above.

Editors copying this prospectus, or giving a fair abstract of it with the address of the publisher, shall be entitled to an exchange.

A PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY.

NEW VOLUME--NEW FEATURES--NEW TYPE.



GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR THE READERS OF **ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.**

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES:

BY ARTHUR J. STANSBURY

For a better comprehension of the character and interest of this series of articles, we refer to the Prospectus of the "Home Gazette," on the cover of the Lady's Book.

THE FACTORY GIRL; A NOVEL OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE:

BY MRS. C. W. DENISON, Author of "Gertrude Russell."

A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA:

BY W. H. CARPENTER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "CLAIRBORNE, THE REBEL," "RUTH EMSLEY," &c.

A TEMPERANCE NOVEL:

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF KENTUCKY, AND LEGENDS OF THE "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND:"

BY C. W. WEBBER,

AUTHOR OF "SHOT IN THE EYE," "OLD HICKS," "THE GOLD MINES OF THE GILA," &c. &c.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY:

BY WM. H. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THE WOMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME:

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ.

THE WAY TO PROSPER; OR, IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH:

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This is a domestic Nouvellette, written to show the value of harmony and mutual interest in families, and the evil of discord and separation of interest. Its lessons are of the highest importance, both to parents and their children.

In addition to all these matters of sterling value and interest, there will be issued, in December,

A DOUBLE HOME GAZETTE!

as a Christmas and New Year's Offering to subscribers, which, besides the regular reading matter of the number, will contain

THE WHOLE OF A NEW NOUVELLETTE FROM THE PEN OF MR. ARTHUR.


Now is the time for those who purpose taking "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" to send on their subscriptions, and thus secure the *DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBER* and the editor's new novel, which will be published entire therein.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	-	-	-	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	-	-	-	\$15 00
Three copies "	-	-	-	5 00	Fourteen " "	-	-	-	20 00
Six " "	-	-	-	10 00					

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person who makes up the club.

ONE COPY of the "HOME GAZETTE," and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for FOUR DOLLARS. Or, one copy and the Ladies' National Magazine, for THREE DOLLARS.  All letters must be POST-PAID.

 Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,**
No. 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Phila.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THIS new weekly family paper, which was commenced on the 7th of September last, has been received with a warmth and favor unprecedented in the annals of newspaper literature. Already it has obtained a circulation equal to that of many papers that have been in existence for years.

Of the merits of the HOME GAZETTE the publishers will not themselves speak, but select a few of the hundreds of commendatory notices of the press that have appeared. The whole of them would fill a volume.

For a number of years past, no writer has made larger or better contributions to the useful literature of our country than Mr. Arthur. All of his writings that we have seen are eminently pure in sentiment, and replete with excellent teachings. We know no contemporaneous author who can "point a moral or adorn a tale" with equal felicity.

In addition to his merits as an author, Mr. Arthur stands in the foremost rank of those who have labored so long, earnestly, and successfully, in pushing forward the great Temperance Reformation in this country. His exertions in that cause alone should entitle him to the warmest gratitude of his countrymen, and secure for his paper the patronage of multiplied thousands.—*American Sovereign, Pontiac, Miss.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—This journal, published in Philadelphia, bids fair to be one of the ablest and most agreeable family papers in the country. Its circulation is rapidly increasing, and it will soon be read and appreciated in every section of the country. Its selections are judicious, and the reputation of its editor is sufficient assurance that its editorial matter will be of a high order of literature. It is edited by T. S. Arthur, one of the best literary writers of the age.—*Watchman, Circleville, Ohio.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—There are few men in our own country who are so extensively and favorably known as a chaste and elegant writer as T. S. Arthur. His numerous Temperance Tales are as popular throughout the length and breadth of our land as household words. The good they have already wrought no man may estimate. It will afford his numerous friends no little pleasure to learn that he has now established a journal of his own. It is called "Arthur's Home Gazette"—and it is indeed a Gazette for the Home—one which every father and mother in the land, who have the interest of the rising generation at heart, will be glad to patronize. In future, this journal will be the only vehicle of Mr. Arthur's popular writings; so that all who wish to receive them can do so only by becoming its patrons.—*National Temperance Magazine.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—A very interesting, capable, and already popular family newspaper, of the highest moral and intellectual character, and fully sustaining the author's reputation. We are in possession, at present, of but the third number, and there is so much of merit about this, that we feel no hesitancy in predicting its success. We take great pleasure in recommending it to the notice of every family circle, in which it will be found a most entertaining and instructive weekly visitor.—*Friend of the Family, Savannah, Ga.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—The specimen number of "a new weekly literary and family journal," under the above title, edited by that most deservedly popular writer, T. S. Arthur, is before us. The name alone of the editor is a sufficient guaranty to the reading public that a paper published under his supervision would possess surpassing merit; but when that public is assured that the literary labors of one so long, extensively, and favorably known, will be concentrated upon it, and that its design is clearly expressed in the title "Home Gazette," who shall doubt but that the design will be executed in a manner creditable to his refined sense of propriety and highly cultivated literary genius; and satisfactory to all who can appreciate these ennobling traits in a public journalist?

The number before us truly "speaks for itself;" and nothing we could say of its neat and elegant typography, the fine white paper upon which it is printed, the tasteful arrangement of the reading matter, or the matter itself, could possibly do any sort of justice to it: we therefore would take pleasure in exhibiting it to such of our friends as may call at our little *sanctum* for the purpose of examining it, with the view of patronizing a paper which none can see without admiring, and none read without wishing to have one of his or her own.—*The Argus, Gallatin, Miss.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—It is filled with the most interesting matter, and for beauty of appearance and elegance of finish, exceeds any paper we have had our eyes upon, of late. The very name of the editor is a tower of strength to it, and sufficient to give it a wide and extensive circulation. When we add to this the fact of several of the most talented pens in the country having been engaged as regular contributors to its columns, we are sure of its complete success.—*Delaware Journal.*

"ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" is a large paper—containing twenty-eight wide columns—but it is not a "mammoth." It is printed on type that can be read without ruinous consequences to the eyes—large, clear-faced, distinct. Its typographical appearance is consequently very neat. It is emphatically a journal for the family circle—lovely in tone, pure in sentiment, elevated in its moral inculcations. It will come into the Home like a benison, and will find a cordial welcome wherever there are pure tastes, serene affections, cultivated minds, and thoughtful hearts. T. S. Arthur will concentrate upon the Home Gazette nearly all of his literary labors, and will also receive the aid of some of the most popular writers in the country.—*Temp. Protector, Syracuse, N. Y.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We are in receipt of the first number of the above entitled paper. T. S. Arthur has already a world-wide fame as an author. He is a favorite author with us, and, we believe, with the great mass of the reading community. This paper, which is to be under his entire editorial control, will be hailed with pleasure by the multitude who have heretofore read the charming productions of his pen. "It will be emphatically a paper for the Home circle, a household companion, a pleasant fireside friend." It is a large sheet, and beautifully executed.—*Democrat, St. Charles, Ill.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—The first two numbers of T. S. Arthur's new paper have been received. They look very well, and read much better. Mr. Arthur is one of the most popular writers in the country, and has had experience enough in assisting others, to bring out a paper for himself that cannot fail to take and be taken.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette and Democrat.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING AND LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE UNION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now, beyond all denial, the leading as well as the largest Weekly Paper in the United States. Its circulation is undeniably greater than that of any other paper, of the same kind, in the Union; while its literary contents are allowed, by the best judges, to be unsurpassed. Such tales as "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Child Stealer," and "The Two Brides," have placed "The Post," by almost universal admission, a "head and shoulders" above its contemporaries.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to the American public that we have made arrangements with one of the

FIRST NOVELISTS IN AMERICA,

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "RETRIBUTION," "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," etc., by which the productions of her gifted pen will be secured hereafter (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper)

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mrs. Southworth, as an American novelist of great power—a rising Star in the West—has been hailed with acclamation by all those who can recognize genius as well in a native as in a foreign author. We design to commence a

NEW STORY, BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

about the beginning of the year. How many stories she will be able to furnish during 1851 will depend upon the state of her health, etc. We trust, however, that we shall be able to lay before our readers at least THREE of those splendid productions which have made her name already so distinguished.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Nouvellettes, we design publishing other and shorter Nouvellettes from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:—

"THE IRON HAND," by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq. "THE TEXAN HUNTRESS," by C. W. WEBBER, author of "Old Hicks, the Guide," "The Shot in the Eye," etc.

And mark this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public one year, but it will not answer a second time. If the public are humbugged *once*, it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice*, it is their own.

In addition to such choice ORIGINAL articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading, such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous Articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc. etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.—During the past year, we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakspeare, by Mr. Dana; and the instructive and interesting ones of Dr. Baird, upon Europe—Letters from Abroad—General News—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and Stock List, etc. etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES, are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works than any half a dozen other papers in the land. A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance. In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing—whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of subscribers of any paper of the same class in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival.

TERMS.—The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:—

4 COPIES,		\$5 00 PER ANNUM.
8	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$10 00 "
13	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$15 00 "
20	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$20 00 "

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and One of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Among the numerous and valuable family newspapers issuing from the American press, we do not hesitate to place the Post in the very front rank. We intend no disparagement to other enterprises of a similar character—and there are many of great merit—but this one seems to have risen, by the spirited enterprise of its conductors, to a degree of eminence which places it a full *head and shoulders* above all its contemporaries.

By the way, we take occasion just here, to venture the opinion that there is no branch of American literature that is contributing, at this time, so largely to the diffusion of useful knowledge, as this class of *Family Newspapers*. They are sowing, broadcast, a seed whose fruit cannot fail to tell upon American character in future ages. They are finding their way to every nook of human society—always exciting a fondness for reading, and with this a great point is gained, especially with the youth. Even the *children* enjoying these advantages know more that is useful and important in the formation of character than the *men* of former generations.

We could wish to see a good family newspaper—giving our preference to the Post—in every family in this Republic. No parent can appropriate the sum charged for it so profitably for his children, in any other way. On the score of instruction and pleasurable amusement, nothing of quadruple the cost has ministered so much to our family as the weekly visit of the Post, for years past.—*Minden Banner, La.*

NUMEROUS OTHER EQUALLY FLATTERING NOTICES ARE OMITTED FOR WANT OF ROOM.



THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is a weekly family paper, containing thirty-six columns of reading matter, devoted to the spread of virtue and intelligence. Its original contributors are the first literary writers of the United States; while its selections are made from the entire field of English and continental literature. In politics and religion, it is independent.

Illustrated Tales, Portraits, and other Engravings.

Most of the original sketches and tales published in the "GAZETTE," are illustrated with engravings designed expressly for it. Portraits of prominent individuals, pictures of remarkable incidents in history, &c., &c., will also be inserted.

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER.

The addition of a female editor, Mrs. Jos. C. Neal, enables this paper to excel as a family one. The cause of virtue is steadily maintained; and in the GAZETTE parents will find a moral teacher for their families. The latest fashions, new household receipts, and other things interesting to the sex, are also inserted for the benefit of lady readers. The department for children is pronounced by the press unequalled. In short every member of the family, will find something to delight him or her in the GAZETTE. Among its weekly contents will be

Original Novels, Tales, Sketches, Biographies, Scientific Facts, Useful Knowledge, Anecdotes, Receipts, Fashions, Congressional News, &c

Great care is observed in collecting the news of the week, so that every item of importance is chronicled. Nothing partisan or sectarian is ever admitted into our columns. News by telegraph, from all quarters of the Union, is inserted up to the moment of going to press.

MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, ETC.

The latest markets of stocks, provisions, cattle, &c., are prepared weekly for the GAZETTE, by a competent hand, with the prices of flour, &c., at the various marts of the Union, and always appear in the "Gazette" three days later than in most of the weeklies. A column is also devoted to agriculture.

TERMS.

One copy per annum,	\$2 00
Four copies,	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club.)	5 00
Eight copies,	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club.)	10 00
Thirteen copies,	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club.)	15 00
Twenty copies,	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club.)	20 00

Address, post-paid,

CUMMINGS & PETERSON.

No. 46 South Third Street, Philadelphia

N. B. Any person desirous of receiving a copy of "THE SATURDAY GAZETTE," as a specimen, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, post paid.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is now the largest public journal in the United States. It contains thirty-six columns of ordinary width, and of great length—each measuring two feet and a quarter. The printing is clear and beautiful, and the ornaments appropriate and symmetrical. Every number is better and fuller than three-quarters of the books now issued from the press. We sincerely wish the enterprising publishers of this "mammoth" paper now before us, (Cummings and Peterson,) as well as the accomplished editors, Charles J. Peterson, Esq., and Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, abundant prosperity and success.—*Litchfield Republican*.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE having a lady editor, Mrs. Neal, for those departments of the paper, which so appropriately belongs to the sex, cannot fail to ensure to it a preference with its more numerous and refined class of readers. Were we the publishers of a literary journal, we should rather have the suffrage of one lady than a whole town-meeting of men.—*New Hampshire Democrat*.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is now not only the best but the largest of the Eastern weeklies. It has an editor for each department—and all do up their articles in a way that cannot fail to please the most fastidious. The Gazette contains more literary and news matter than any other weekly in the Union.—*Urbana Gazette*.

and interesting matter in the Gazette, there is a vein of sparkling and yet quaint richness in the editorial department which is quite refreshing to us, who are obliged to wade through such shallow oceans of common-place every day.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.—Philadelphia, where it is published, is remarkable for the number, elegance, size, and excellent qualities of its weekly journals of literature, news, &c.; but we confess that the "Saturday Gazette" is our favorite. It is beautifully printed, and of the largest dimensions. As a family paper we think it unrivalled.—*Albany Express*.

"We have on our exchange list the above paper, and very cheerfully recommend it to our lady readers as the best paper for them we know of.—*Wheeling Times*.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is the best of the Philadelphia weeklies, and of a mammoth size.—*Glen's Falls Republican*

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE contains the most valuable reading matter of all the Philadelphia literary papers.—*Essex Co. Republican*.

"Among all the papers in the country noted for their generally well assorted miscellaneous matter, this journal stands pre-eminent.—*St. Louis Herald*.

THE YANKEE BLADE,

A LARGE AND HANDSOME WEEKLY JOURNAL;
Devoted to Literature, Art, Education, Morals, Criticism, Fun, News, etc.,
AND ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT \$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

WHAT THE PRESS THINK OF THE BLADE.

The Yankee Blade newspaper—with its wit, humor, and philosophy—"cramped chock full" of good things every week—looks more inviting than ever in its new dress.—*Boston Post.*

The Blade is celebrated as the most spirited, amusing, and interesting sheet in all New England. It has received the universal commendation of the press.—*Allegany (N. Y.) Advocate.*

The Yankee Blade is a capital paper. We always welcome it to our table, and our sensations on opening it are just like those on entering a baker's shop—an expectation of seeing something fresh.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

One of the best-conducted and most truly original journals in any country.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Yankee Blade has just commenced a new volume, and those of our readers who wish to secure THE BEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN AMERICA would do well to subscribe at once.—*Marion (S. C.) Star.*

The keenest "Blade" of all Down East.—*Maine Farmer.*

One of the best-conducted miscellaneous papers of the day.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

☞ In order to meet the wishes of our friends at a distance, with whom the item of postage is quite a consideration, we offer the following inducements to

☞ FORM CLUBS FOR THE YANKEE BLADE. ☞

THREE copies, one year,	: : : \$5 00	TEN copies, one year,	: : : \$10 00
FIVE " "	: : : 8 00	FOURTEEN " "	: : : 20 00

Where a club of Ten or Fourteen copies are sent, an extra copy will be furnished to the person who gets up the club.

☞ Subscribers and Postmasters are requested to act as Agents on the above terms.

☞ We hope that those Postmasters who have hitherto aided us will redouble their exertions for the coming year, and that other Postmasters may be induced to take the same interest; also, that all agents and friends of the paper will endeavor to send it into every "nook and hamlet" in the country.

☞ Southern and Western money taken at par for subscriptions. Or Post-Office stamps taken at their full value. ☞ All letters (post paid) should be addressed to

MATHEWS, STEVENS & CO., No. 12 School Street, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the Yankee Blade as a specimen can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid.*

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

A FEW OF THE GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR ITS READERS

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES:

By ARTHUR J. STANSBURY. This is one of the most interesting series of articles that has ever appeared in an American Newspaper.

THE DIVORCED WIFE:

A Novel of thrilling interest, by T. S. ARTHUR. (Now in the course of publication.)

HETTY AND NELL; OR, THE FACTORY GIRLS:

A Novel of New England Life. By MRS. C. W. DENISON, author of "Gertrude Russell."

A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA:

By W. H. CARPENTER, ESQ., author of "Claiborne, the Rebel," "Ruth Emsley," &c.

A TEMPERANCE NOVEL: By T. S. ARTHUR.

Sketches of the Early History of Kentucky, and Legends of the "Dark and Bloody Ground:" By C. W. WEBBER, author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks," "The Gold Mines of the Gila," &c. &c.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY: BY WM. H. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THE WOMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME: By H. W. Herbert, Esq.

THE WAY TO PROSPER; OR, IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH: By T. S. ARTHUR. This is a Domestic Nouvellette, written to show the value of harmony and mutual interest in families, and the evil of discord and separation of interest. Its lessons are of the highest importance both to parents and their children.

In addition to all these matters of sterling value and interest, there will be issued, in December

A DOUBLE HOME GAZETTE!

as a Christmas and New Year's Offering to subscribers, which, besides the regular reading matter of the number, will contain THE WHOLE OF A NEW NOUVELLETTE from the pen of MR. ARTHUR.

Now is the time for those who purpose taking "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" to send on their subscriptions, and thus secure the DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBER and the editor's new novel, which will be published entire therein.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	: : : \$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	: : : \$15 00
Three copies " "	: : : 5 00	Fourteen " "	: : : 20 00
Six " "	: : : 10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an extra copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person who makes up the club.

ONE COPY of the "HOME GAZETTE," and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for FOUR DOLLARS. Or, one copy and the Ladies' National Magazine, for THREE DOLLARS. ☞ All letters must be POST-PAID.

☞ Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Phila.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELLENCE

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—JANUARY, 1851.

It is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

SIX ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN THIS NUMBER.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. **THE CONSTANT.** Designed by GILBERT expressly for Godey. Engraved by TUCKER.
Principal figure, "The Constant and Family." Tableaux of "Going to Church," "Childish Sports," "Sickness," and "Wedlock." Five distinct pictures.
2. **THE FOUR ERAS OF LIFE.** Designed by CROOME expressly for Godey. Engraved by STEEL.
"Baptism," "The Holy Communion," "Marriage," "Death." Four distinct tableaux.
3. **"THE SYLPHS OF THE SEASON."** Designed by CROOME expressly for Godey, and printed in colors by D. STEVENS. Engraved by PRASE.
Four female figures representing "Spring" with her flowers, "Summer" reclining in a shady arbor, "Autumn" with her fruits, and "Winter" wrapped in a mantle.
4. **A DOUBLE FASHION PLATE—Colored.** Designed by PETERS expressly for Godey, and engraved by PRASE.
The first tableau represents an interior, "Three Female Figures, and Children receiving Christmas Presents;" the second contains "Two Female Figures and a Sleighing Party, with a view of the Philadelphia State House, in which

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

was signed. The whole is most elaborately colored, and contains correct representations of the Fashions. The above four engravings are equal to

FOURTEEN SEPARATE AND DISTINCT PICTURES.

5. **AN EMBLEMATIC TITLE-PAGE.** Designed by CROOME, and engraved by CROOME.
Containing at least Fifty Figures of Fashions.
6. **NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.** Engraved by HINCKLEY.
7. **MUSIC—"BIRTHDAY OF THE YEAR."** By W. J. WETMORE.
- 8, 9. **MODEL COTTAGE.** Two engravings. Engraved by FROST.
10. **TAKING BOARDERS.** An original design. Engraved by CROOME.
- 11, 12, 13. **COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS—Second Series—The Toilette in England.**
Three engravings. Engraved by FROST.
- 14, 15. **THE DRESSING-ROOM.** Two engravings. Engraved by FROST.
- 16, 17, 18. **CHENILLE WORK.** Something entirely new for our lady subscribers. Three engravings. Engraved by FROST.
- 19-22. **CHEMISETTES AND UNDERSLEEVES.** Four engravings. Engraved by FROST.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

Model Cottage,	4	Sonnet, by Wm. Alexander,	46
The Constant; or, the Anniversary Present, by Alice B. Neal,	5	The Pioneer Mothers of the West, by Mrs. E. F. Elliot,	47
A Parable, by James Carruthers,	8	More Gossip About Children, by Lewis Gaylord Clark,	48
Four Eras of Life, by Mrs. A. F. Law,	9	Song of the Stars, by Thomas S. Donohoe,	51
Four Sonnets to the Four Seasons, by Mary Spencer Pease,	10	Develour, by Professor Charles E. Blumenhal,	54
Life in the Woods, by Geo. P. Morris,	10	The Mourner's Lament, by Park Benjamin,	54
What is Life? by Mary M. Chase,	11	Othello to Iago, by R. T. Conrad,	54
A Poetical Version of a portion of the Second Chapter of Joel, by Ladd Spencer,	12	Persons and Pictures from the History of England, by Henry William Herbert,	54
Taking Boarders, by T. S. Arthur,	13	Hope on, Hope Ever, by Robert G. Allison,	54
Death of a Young Lady of Sixteen, by Mrs. L. G. Abell,	20	The Dressing-Room,	54
The Judge; a Drama of American Life, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,	21	Knitted Flowers,	54
Sabbath Lyrics, by W. Gilmore Simms,	26	Chenille Work,	54
Let Well Enough Alone, by Mrs. Emma Ball,	27	Chemisettes and Undersleeves,	54
Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by Professor Alden,	29	On a Child Asleep, by John A. Chapman,	54
Sing Me that Song Again! by Miss E. Bogart,	33	Editors' Table,	54
Costumes of All Nations—Second Series,	34	To the Conductors of the Public Press,	54
Sonnet, by Lewis Graham, M. D.,	35	Editors' Book Table,	54
Bubbles, by John Neal,	36	New Music,	54
		Various Useful Receipts,	54
		Description of Steel Fashion Plate,	54
		Chit-Chat upon Philadelphia Fashions for January,	54

TRAVELING AGENTS will please send and have their certificates renewed, and learn the new terms. No subscription will be received from them unless a remittance in accordance with our new terms accompanies it.

TO PERSONS ABOUT FORMING CLUBS.

All money received for subscriptions will be credited for the number of copies it pays for according to the following rates, and the Books promptly forwarded on receipt of the money: Single subscribers, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, \$10; and ten copies for \$20, and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten. These terms will be departed from by any of the Philadelphia three dollar magazines.

TO CLUBS.

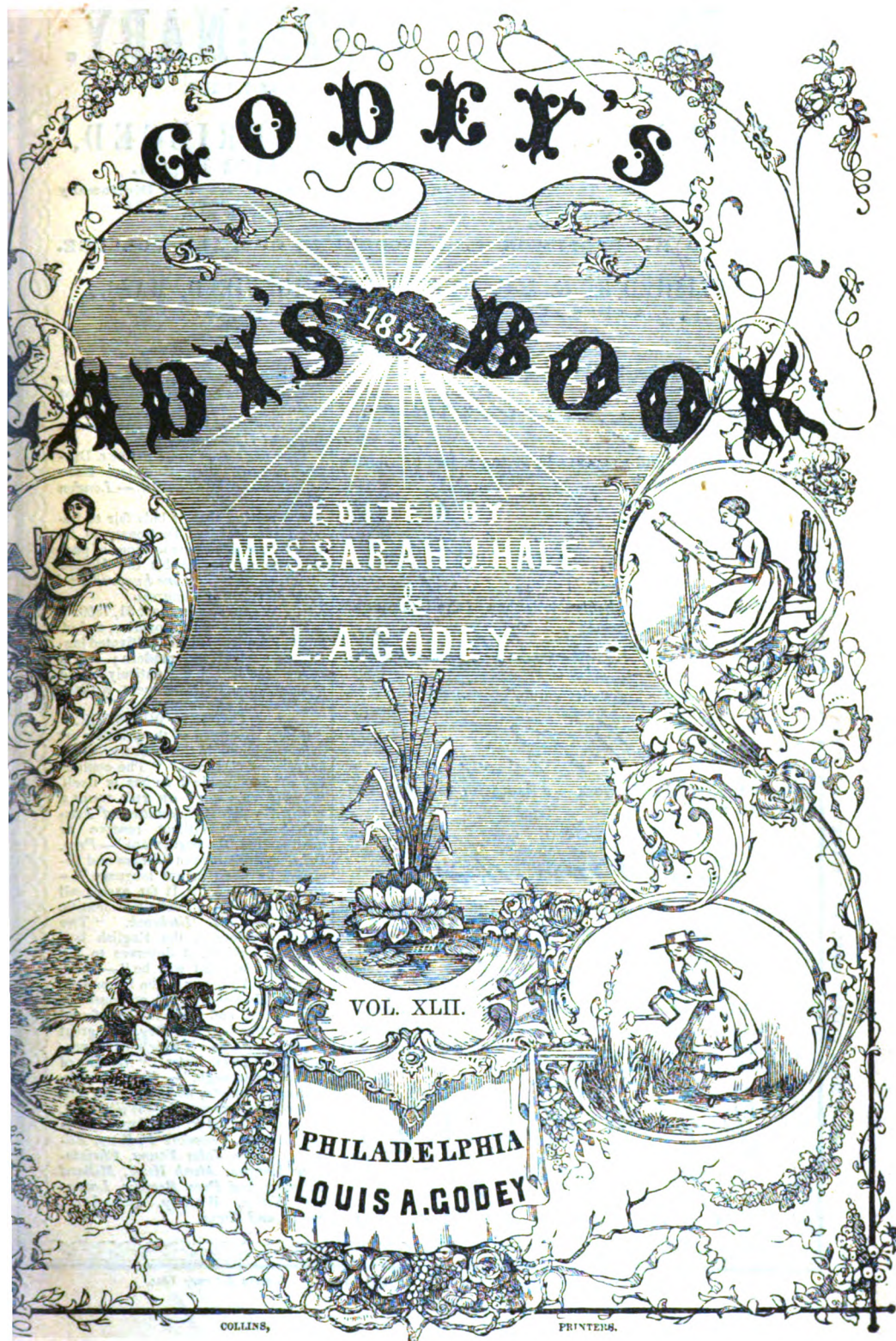
We prefer sending to only one address where it is practicable. It expedites our sending off to subscribers. It is of great convenience to us, and but little trouble to the getter-up of the club.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]

MONTHLY CIRCULATION, 70,000 COPIES.

As the Lady's Book is stereotyped, back numbers can be furnished.

FEBRUARY.



3, \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions for subsequent years, when not paid in advance, \$4.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

PRICE REDUCED TO SIX DOLLARS.

THE ENTIRE WORK, UNABRIDGED.

In One Volume, Crown Quarto, of 1452 Pages.

Containing THREE TIMES the matter found in any other English Dictionary compiled in this country, or any abridgment of this work, and yet "Its definitions are models of CONDENSATION and PURITY."—*Hon. W. B. Calhoun.*

REVISED BY PROFESSOR C. A. GOODRICH, OF YALE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY G. & C. MERRIAM, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I find it an invaluable *code morum*."

Washington Irving

"ACCURATE and RELIABLE in giving a just exhibition of the Language."

Robt. C. Winthrop

"Most accurate and reliable Dictionary of the Language."

Chas. F. Johnson

"Every scholar knows its value."

Wm. H. Prescott

"A very valuable work—a NECESSITY TO EVERY EDUCATED MAN."

And Brunsdon

"AGES WILL ELAPSE before any other Dictionary of the language will be required."

Thomas Dick

LL.D., of Scotland, author of *Ch. Philoso.*, etc.

"Its reputation is widely extended. I doubt not this edition has received essential improvements from the able hands it has passed through."

Jared Sparks

"Best Defining Dictionary in the English Language."

Horace Mann

It is acknowledged, both in this country and in America, to be the most copious and most excellent at present in circulation.—*Editor of the London Imperial Dictionary, 1849.*

THE BEST AND MOST USEFUL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EVER PUBLISHED.—*London Times.*

We rejoice that it bids fair to become the standard Dictionary to be used by the numerous millions of people who are to inhabit the United States.—*Signed by one hundred and four Members of Congress.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1850.

I possess many Dictionaries, and of most of the learned and cultivated languages, ancient and modern; but I never feel that I am entirely armed and equipped, in this respect, without Dr. Webster at command.

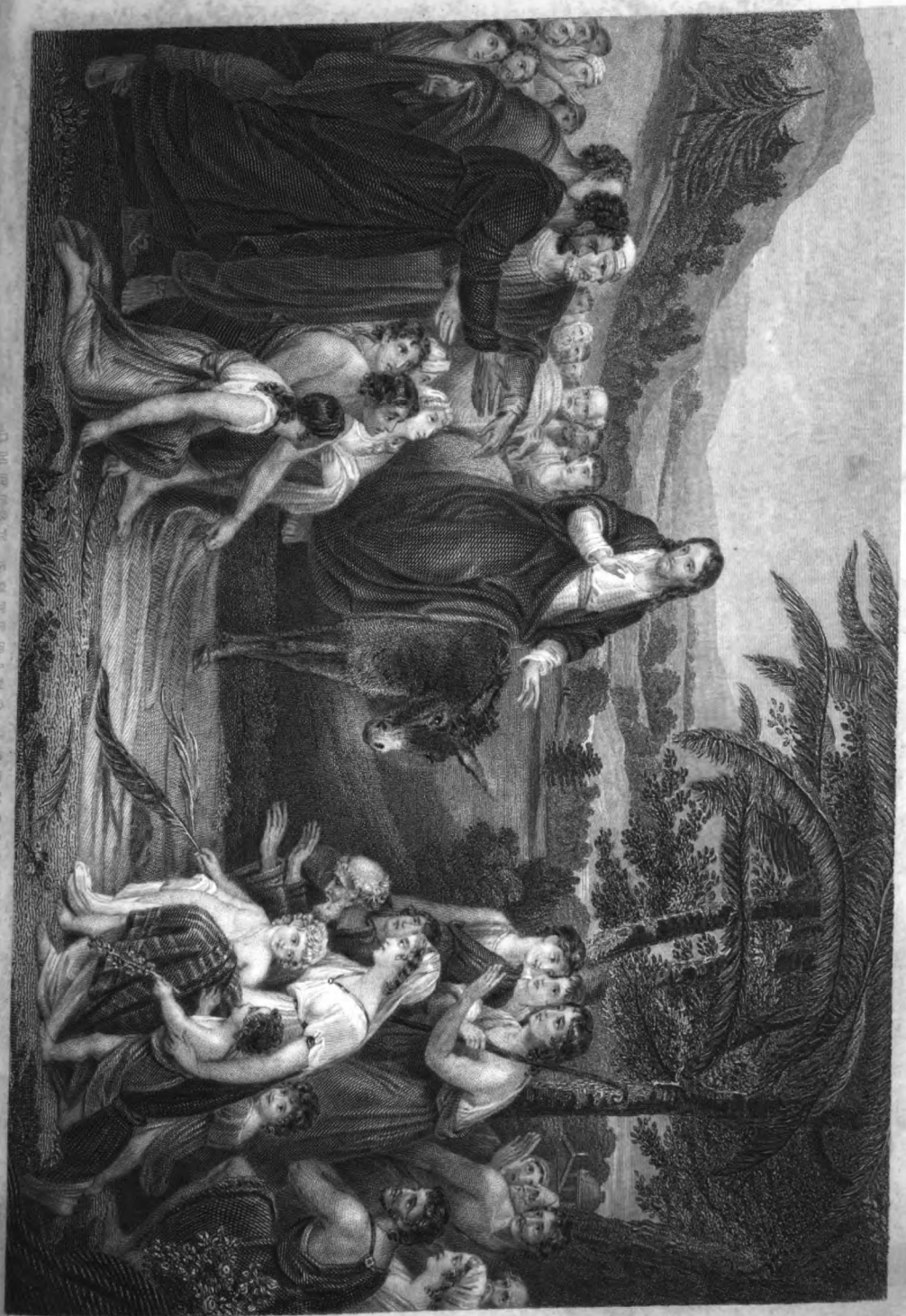
DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Best specimen of the printing art ever produced in this country."—*Librarian of Congress.* "The copious list of geographical names is itself WORTH THE COST OF THE WHOLE WORK."—*School Committee of Framingham.* "Without reserve or qualification, the best extant."—*Pres. Olin.* "Surpassed in fullness and accuracy by none in our language."—*Pres. Wayland.* "It far excels all others in giving and defining scientific terms."—*Pres. Hitchcock.* "The standard, wherever the English language is spoken, it deserves to be, must be, is, and will be."—*Prof. Stone.* "An honor to the language."—*Pres. Humphrey.* "A copiousness, perspicuity, and accuracy not found in any other."—*Pres. Day.* "A great improvement on all which have preceded."—*Pres. Bates.* "Worthy of general patronage."—*Pres. Woods.* "Most complete, accurate, and reliable of the language."—*William B. Calhoun, Robert C. Winthrop, Richard S. Rust, Theodore F. King, Edmund Burke, John Young, Christopher Morgan, Alvah Hunt, Millard Fillmore, and Pres. Beecher, Larabee, Keller, Woolsey, Blanchard, Smith, and Knox.*

"A NOBLE MONUMENT of Erudition."—*London Lit. & Gaz.*

"Most COMPLETE, ACCURATE, and RELIABLE Dictionary of the Language."—*Thirty Members United States Senate.*





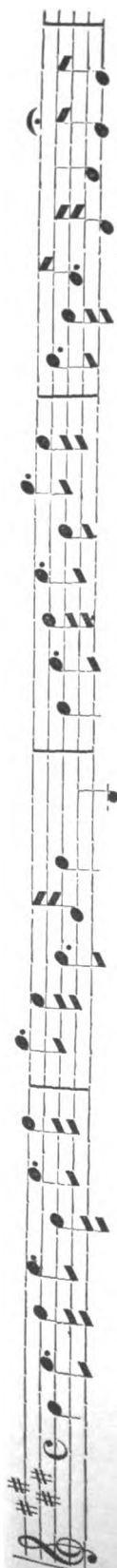


A S O N G.

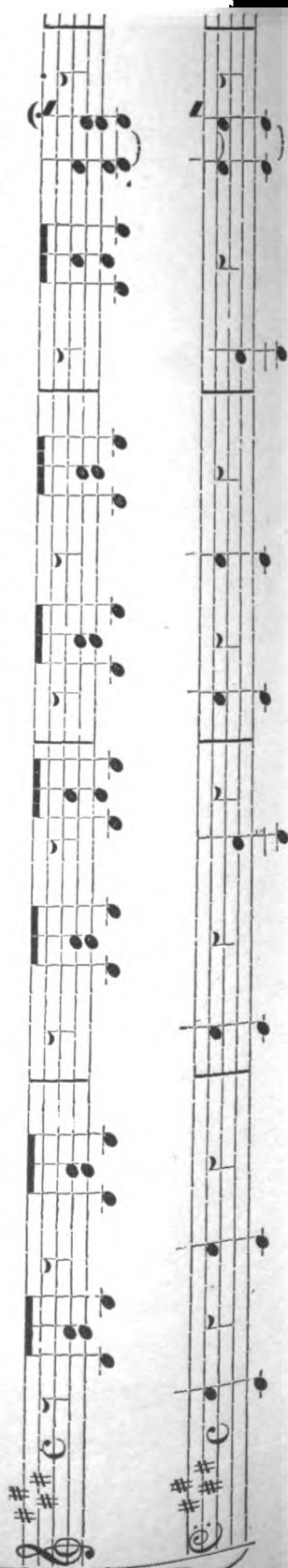
THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY PROFESSOR CH. H. KERR,

OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.



Oft in my visions bright, When fairy wings were o'er me, I've seen a sylph of light, Se - rene - ly move be - fore me. Her
Oft in the festive hall, In days of sum - mer weather, Where gentle footsteps fall, We since have moved to - geth - er. The



eyes have shone on me a - lone, The smiles her cheeks would va - ry, And
 smile, the glance, the mer - ry dance, The words which love would va - ry, Can

when she spoke, my soul a - woke, To love, to joy, and Mary.
 nev - er die, while mem - 'ry's eye, Still dwells upon them, Mary.



THE VALENTINES.

THE fires of February lit the hearth,
And shone with welcome lustre on the brows
Of two most lovely maidens, as they sat
Expecting, in their heart of hearts, the notes
Called "*Valentines*," that February brings
Upon its fourteenth day, to tell, in rhyme,
All fair and gentle ladies whether they
Have made new conquests, or have kept the old
As fresh as new-blown roses in the hearts
Of their admiring slaves. One of the girls
(Laughing and lovely was she), ever won
High hearts to do her bidding, dreaming it
No sin that *all* should yield her love and homage;
Yet was no trifling, passionless coquette.
Her winning beauty was the standing toast
Of the wide neighborhood, and serenades
From many a gallant woke the sleeping echoes
Beneath her window, and her name was like
The silvery pealing of a tinkling bell;
(Perhaps 'tis yours, fair reader,) "*Clairinelle*."

May sat beside her with a graver air,
Something more matronly controlled her mien;
Yet was she not a sighing "*sentimentalist*,"
But, like her cousin Cary, could be gay:
Two Valentines had come for these fair girls,
Which made the dimpled smiles show teeth like pearls
Pray, read those tender missives—here they are—

CLAIRINELLE'S VALENTINE.

THE maiden I love is the fairest on earth,
Her laugh is the clear, joyous music of mirth;



I think of the angels whenever she sings—
 She's a seraph from Heaven, but folding her wings.
 The least little act that she doeth is kind;
 Her goodness all springs from a beautiful mind.
 I love her much more than I know how to tell;
 Let her do what she will, it is always done well:
 Her voice is the murmur the mild zephyr makes
 As it steals through the forest and ripples the lakes:
 Her eyes are so gentle, so calm, and so blue,
 That I'm sure that she's constant, and trusting, and true:
 Her features are delicate, classic, and pure:
 Her hair is light chestnut, and I'm almost sure
 That the sunbeams that bathe it can't set themselves free:
 Her teeth are like pearls from the depths of the sea.
 A bee in a frolic once stung her red lip,
 And left there the honey he hastened to sip:
 Let her go where she will, she is always the belle.
 And her name, her sweet name, is the fair Clairinelle.

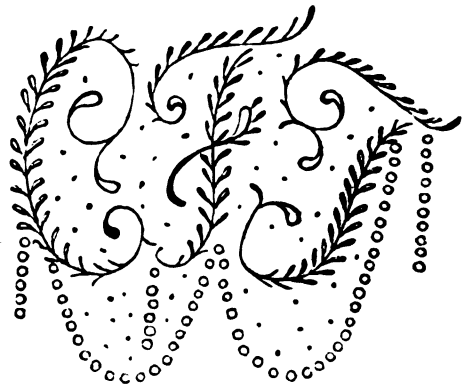
MAY'S VALENTINE.

MY UNSENTIMENTAL COUSIN:—
 THE moon was half bewildered by the vexing clouds
 That did beset her in her path serene,

Veiling her beauty with their envious shrouds,
 Hiding her glorious, most majestic mien.
 There was a depth of silence in the night—
 A mist of melancholy in the air—
 And the capricious beams of Dian's light
 Gave something mystic to the scene most fair.
 I gave my cousin Dante's divine "Inferno,"
 Implying her to read it *primo canto*.
 "Lo giorno s'andava," she drawled; but, tired of
 plodding,
 Directly fell asleep, and pretty soon—*was nodding*!!
 "Cousin, sweet cousin," cried I out, "awake!
 I long for sympathy—compassion on me take:
 They say yon stars are worlds—don't think 'tis so!"
 "Really, my—*hear (a yawn)*. I—don't exactly know."
 "Cousin," said I, "upon a night like this,
 Back to the heart steal distant memories
 From out the vista of the waning past!"—
 "Harry, I've caught the horrid fly at last!"
 Shades of the angry Muses! worse and worse!
 She disappears!—is gone!—*to knit a crochet purse*!!
 "Cousin, come back again!" in vain I cried;
 Echo (the mocking-bird!) *alone* replied.

CARA.

CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1851

MY OWN FIRESIDE

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

I CARE not how fiercely 'tis storming,
How heavily dashes the rain;
The wind hath an impotent fury,
Its shrieking and howling are vain.
The curtains, draped close o'er the casement,
Have muffled the sounds as they come;
I hear but a sorrowful murmur,
That ever is music at home.

For here I can gather my treasures
Of books, both the new and the old—
Rare poems that oft, in their quaintness,
New thoughts and bright fancies unfold.
We fear no "vexatious intruders,"
The rain is our warder to-day;
No visitors surely would venture
The dripping and desolate way.

The fireside sendeth us greeting—
Why linger to glance down the street?
The glow and the warmth both invite us
To lounge in our favorite seat.
How cheerily sounds its low humming!
How ruddily flashes the flame!
Ah! who could resist such soft pleading?
So gently it urgeth its claim.

What, Marion! still at thy dreaming?
Fair sister, thy thoughts are afar;
I can guess, by those eyes full of sadness,
That long, grieving sigh, where they are:
Of the surf that is angrily flashing—
The sails that are rent in the blast—
And of those that are fearfully watching
The clouds that go hurrying past.

Fear not! for the Father, who loves us,
Hath power on the sea as the land;
The winds do but wait on his bidding—
Thy treasures are safe in his hand.
But murmur a prayer for the absent,
'Twill speed on its errand of love,
And peace to these faithless forebodings
Shall come to thy heart from above.

A blessing on those for whose coming
No fireside flashes its light;
For all who shall wander unsheltered
This chilling and pitiless night.
For a glow in our hearts has arisen,
With thoughts of our home and our friends,
And pity for sorrow and suffering,
With the music of thankfulness blends.

SONNET.—THE ARK.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

FLOOD-WEARIED, see the sacred Ark at rest
On lofty Ararat's still storm-crowned steep,
While, far below, the unvoyageable deep
All wildly roars. At the great God's behest
The mad, retreating waters fast assuage,
Till earth is dried. Forth flies the white-winged
Dove,
Commissioned messenger of peace and love,

But finds no rest, where tempests rudely rage
She tries again—anon, she reappears,
And in her beak the olive-branch she brings,
Bright spray-drops wetting all her silver wings:
So when, world-wearied, overwhelmed with fears,
We this wide wilderness of woe have trod,
May we, too, find an Ark—"a resting-place in God!"

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

BY REV. M. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

Go forth with the peaceful olive tree,
And wave the leaf of the lofty palm:
Let Salem awake her minstrelsy,
And lift up her voice in a joyful psalm
Tell the daughter of Sion no more to fear,
For SHILOH, MESSIAH, her KING is here!

With leaves of myrtle the garland twine,
And the willow-bough from Cedron bring,*
Branches of citron and graceful pine,
To strew in the pathway of Israel's King:
The RIGHTEOUS BRANCH, from David sprung,†
By prophet-poets and monarchs sung.

Hosanna! the voices of thousands cry—
Hosanna! the daughters of Judah sing—

* Lev. xxiii. 40; Neh. viii. 15. † Jer. xxiii. 5.

Hosanna! the lisping babes reply—
And with angel-echoes the heavens ring:
Bless—heaven and earth with glad accord,
The MAN DIVINE—The INCARNATE WORD!

He cometh to pay our fearful debt—
To ransom and raise a fallen race:
Mercy and Truth in Him are met,
And Righteousness and Peace embrace:
Should thankless man withhold his praise,
The wondering stones the cry would raise!

Hosanna! the rolling wave of Time
Shall bear on its breast the sound along:
Hosanna! till every land and clime
Shall add a voice to the grateful song:
Hosanna! the cry of the ransomed host
Shall be, when earth and time are lost:

STANZAS.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

How common, but how foolishly wrong it is for parents to display a preference for one child over another! Little do they know how mischievous it is, or how bitterly it is felt by the slighted ones. Its results are disunion, jealousy, and hatred, among those who should live together in harmony. A child feels most acutely in its affections long before its reasoning faculties are awakened. Its love springs up spontaneous with its being, and clings even to the stone that shelters it; but it suffers from the cold embrace. Its perception of an ungenial atmosphere is as quick as it is intuitive.

The following stanzas were composed on hearing, from a friend, an anecdote of parental preference which came under his own observation. I believe the anecdote, somewhat differently told, has lately found its way into the papers; but there is a moral in the simple fact that will bear repeating.

A lady had two children—both girls. The elder was a fair child: the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite.

"Is that you, sweet?" she inquired.

"No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't sweet; it's only me."

The mother's heart smote her; and, from that hour, "Only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

Oh! love not with a partial love
The sweetest treasures God has given;
Each soul, a blossom from above,
Was formed to bloom a flower in Heaven.
Let not the earth's imperfect mould
Divert affection's holy tide;
Its life eternal will soon unfold,
And cast the withering husk aside.

Why choose between the precious seed
Entrusted to thy gentle care?
Each grain alike demands thy heed—
A seraph's germ is sleeping there.
Blight not with cold the promised flower,
As it peeps forth to greet the day:
Thy wintry smile's ungenial power
May cause a sacred soul's decay.

And He who gave thee power to bear,
His own will surely soon demand.
Durst thou reply—"It was not fair;
'Twas crushed by my despoiling hand?"
Be wiser thou! With equal eye
To all thy fostering warmth extend,
And on their perfume to the sky
Thy soul accepted will ascend.

KISSING WITH A MOUSTACHE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"What do you think has come back from the city?" said Fanny Alleyne to a party of her young friends, who had assembled at her house to talk over the morrow's contemplated pic-nic. And, as no one answered, but a dozen voices simultaneously cried "*do tell*," she added, "who but Charlie Weaver, and with such a moustache!"

"A moustache!"

"Yes," she cried, clapping her hands, as if the idea was full of glee, "and it looks, for all the world, as if Charlie had a little stiff brush pasted under his nose. For my part, I can't comprehend what he wears it for, unless he thinks himself handsome, and has it as a protection, to keep the girls from kissing him." And again she clapped her pretty hands, her eyes fairly dancing with fun.

"I hav'n't seen him yet," said Emily Rogers; "but does he look so queer? They say moustaches are all the fashion among young men who are in society in New York and Philadelphia. Foreign counts always wear them, you know."

Miss Rogers had spent a year in a fashionable boarding-school in New York, where she had tried to learn French, and had succeeded only in learning folly; and so she considered herself an excellent judge of all things pertaining to the *mode*. She had a cousin, moreover, who was traveling in Europe, and who wrote her long letters about the German counts whom she met at German watering-places. Miss Rogers, therefore, had a weakness for moustaches, big beards, and foreign customs in general.

"Foreign counts always wear them, do they?" said Fanny. "And so do barbers. For my part, when I was in Philadelphia last winter, I hardly knew whether it was a wig-maker or a dandy that was coming down the street; and I always supposed the first until the animal raised his hat, and then I knew he must be one of the human poodles I was accustomed to dance with at the assemblies."

"For my part," retorted Miss Rogers, making a second effort to stand her ground, "I rather admire a handsome moustache; some men suit it so well."

"Yes! the moustache is a fortunate thing for some gentlemen," said Fanny, mischievously, "for those who can't grow ideas can grow hair."

The laugh was against Miss Rogers, who accordingly paused and kept silence. The entrance of a fresh visitor now changed the conversation, and, in five minutes, Charlie Weaver and his moustache were forgotten. In fact, the girls were too busy talking about the pic-nic to devote much time to

anything else. In about an hour, they separated, full of the contemplated excursion.

The morning dawned brilliant, with every prospect of a bright day. At six o'clock, before the dew was well off the grass, the pic-nic party began to assemble; and before seven were all convened in a beautiful open grove, about a mile back of the village. A charming place it was for the purpose as ever existed. A clear stream, flowing over a gravelly bottom, ran by one side of the wood. The brook ended in a pretty little cascade, a hundred yards or so to the south, so that the murmur of the waterfall made music for the party all the day long. And a merry company was that party. The girls of — were a joyous, happy set, blessed with good health, fond of exhilarating sports, and by no means infected with any of the mawkish affectations of the city. For instance, they were not afraid of making their feet large by exercise, or of spoiling their hands by household work. They liked a hearty dance, were fond of a good laugh, and were even, some of them at least, sad romps. But they were an excellent set, for all that; with fine, graceful figures, rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and a constant flow of spirits. I am sure any one of them was worth a dozen of the faded beauties who, with chalk-like faces, lustreless eyes, and stooping shoulders, mope about town ball-rooms. A few, indeed, were infected with a mania for French manners, and thought foreign counts divine; and of these, Miss Rogers was the acknowledged leader.

Among the beaux, Charlie Weaver shone, or fancied he shone, conspicuous. His coat was of the latest cut; his vest spread out into vast amplitude below; and his boots were of varnished leather, made on red morocco—yes! positively on red morocco leggings. But his moustache, that was the crowning glory! It was between a yellow and a brown, stiff as a hair-brush, and grew beneath his nose like a forest of rushes under the side of a hill. Charlie was evidently proud of his moustache. He often stroked it complacently when talking with the ladies. He trimmed it, with great care, every few days; and he was never in a room where there was a mirror, for five minutes, without looking at the charming excrescence.

Charles Weaver, or, as all the girls familiarly called him, Charlie Weaver, had been a very sensible young man until he went to Philadelphia to study medicine. He there caught the moustache rabies, a madness as infectious among young men, I verily believe, as hydrophobia is prevalent among dogs. Nature was a little obstinate at first; for

only down grew where Charlie wished for bristles; but, by dint of frequent oiling and shaving, and much time and money spent on various hair preparations, he succeeded at last in obtaining his heart's desire. The day he walked into our village, after an absence of six months, with that remarkable moustache, "a finer one than even Count Hair-sky's," as he was wont to say—that day was the proudest of his life. In his secret heart he believed all the girls of the place would be in love with him before a week.

And now he was at the pic-nic, shining resplendent in that moustache. He first addressed himself to Fanny; she had always been his favorite: but she was now full of mischief, and, soon detecting the conceit of Charlie, she resolved he should suffer for it. So Fanny, without actually driving him off altogether, kept him at a respectable distance, taking care to give him but few smiles, and then only when she saw he was beginning to move away. In this there was something of coquetry, we must admit; but vanity in the male sex can, after all, only be matched by coquetry in women.

"Oh come, let us have a game at Copenhagen," said Fanny, at last, giving a wicked glance at Charlie. "We have danced, and sung, and walked, and promenaded, and eaten, and drunk: we have done everything that sensible people can be expected to do. Now, let us be children for once again. What say you, girls?"

Miss Rogers was the first to speak. Pursuing up her acid-looking mouth, and drawing her thin figure to its full height, she said—

"Copenhagen! I am astonished at you, Miss Alleyne: Copenhagen for young ladies like ourselves! Why, it is not played now, in the city, by anybody but washerwomen's daughters, and people of that sort."

"Our grandmothers used to play it, and thought it not so vulgar," said Fanny. "However, I want a good romp, and I vote for Copenhagen."

Fanny had a purpose of her own to serve: besides, she enjoyed the reputation of doing as she pleased; and, truth to tell, when she now proposed Copenhagen, many of the girls, who would not have dared to suggest it themselves, seconded her proposal. As for the gentlemen, they all with one voice cried out for it, except Charlie.

"And what do you say, Mr. Weaver?" demurely asked Fanny. "You are silent, I see. Have you forgotten how to hold buttercups under the girls' chins, twirl the platter at pawns, or catch a partner at Copenhagen?"

"Copenhagen?" said he, as if trying to recollect. "I believe that's the game where the gentlemen kiss the girls, aint it?"

"Exactly so," replied Fanny; "that is, if they can."

"And if I play at Copenhagen, and catch you, will you play fair, and let me kiss you?"

The question was rather pointed, and Fanny blushed a little; but she answered resolutely—

"As I said before—if you can."

"'Pon honor, then," replied Charlie, "I'll play, and take care that I get the kiss. I never object to kissing a pretty girl."

The party soon entered into the spirit of the game. A rope of sufficient length was soon fabricated, by unlacing some of the hampers, and the gentlemen and their partners, alternately, ranged themselves around the ring. Few of them had joined in the game since they had been children; but they all seemed to catch Fanny's spirit of fun; and besides, each knew the other familiarly: in fact, all were like members of one household.

There was a good deal of dodging, shuffling, struggling, and pretty screaming, mingled now and then with some rather loud kissing. One large fat young man especially, always kissed with a noise like the report of a pistol. He rarely succeeded in touching a lady's cheek, being rather awkward; while the girls, one and all, dodged like wild pigeons: as Fanny said, "he took it flying." As for Fanny, the minx, no one, as yet, had kissed her. Being the prettiest girl on the ground, and by all odds the merriest, a dozen at least had tried to touch her hands, in order to entitle them to a struggle, at least, for the kiss; but Fanny's hands were like the rappings of the mysterious knockers, everywhere but where you expected to find them. Once, a young gentleman succeeded in hitting her finger, but she was gone, the next moment, like a flash of lightning; and, before he knew where to look for her, she was laughing merrily at him from the middle of the ring, shaking her curls like a flood of sunlight over her face.

"Now that's not exactly fair, Miss Alleyne," drawled Charlie. "Mind, if I succeed in touching your hand, when I am in the ring, you must play right. Any lady can get off if the other ladies lift up the rope for her, in that manner."

"I promised you I'd play fair, to you at least," said Fanny, without even a blush, "and I mean to keep my word. There, catch me if you can."

She lightly touched his hand, while he was still pluming himself on her flattering speech; and—whiz!—like a trial locomotive, she was at the other side of the ring, and fairly out of it.

"Ah! I'll have my revenge," said Charlie Weaver, shaking his head at her. "I didn't see what you were at."

Fanny made no reply in words, but her eyes danced roguishly. She soon saw, as did all the rest, that Charlie was bent on getting her into the ring again; for, though he made numerous feints in other directions, he always kept the corner of one eye on her. He was quite active, too; at least he would have been, but for his boots: so it was a sharp struggle for a while. At last Fanny seemed to have made up her mind—she had made it up all along, the vixen—and she suffered him, therefore, to touch her hand, without any serious effort to prevent it. Charlie instantly sprang forward, and would have placed an arm around her person.

But Fanny drew herself up with a wonderfully quick assumption of dignity, stepped a pace back, and said—

"Not so fast, Mr. Weaver. We country bred girls are not over-fastidious, I know; but we don't allow young gentlemen to put their arms around us."

A peal of laughter broke from the crowd. Her look was so serious, so much in contrast with her late mirth, that the whole thing was inexpressibly ludicrous. Charlie drew back, abashed for a moment; but recovering himself, he said—

"This is a breach of your agreement. You said, Miss Alleyne, you would play fair. You said, if I became entitled to it by the laws of the game, I might kiss you. I know," and here he bowed, with what he thought the latest air—"I know that, without such an understanding, it would be an unpardonable liberty."

"Oh! I mean to keep my word," said Fanny, coolly. "But you were about to put your arm around me; and there was no stipulation about that, was there?"

Then there was another general laugh. Charlie was forced to acknowledge that Fanny was right; there was no stipulation except one that she would let him kiss her.

"You were to kiss me—if you could; that was the bargain, was it not?"

She looked seriously around the circle. All confessed she was right. Few could keep their faces; for though none knew what she meant by all this, most present were certain, from her character, that there was some fun at the bottom of it.

"Yes!" said Charlie, "that was it."

She folded her arms, stood straight up, and, looking him full in the face, said—

"Come on, then!"

Now it is a very different thing, kissing a blushing, struggling, half willing, half unwilling girl, and kissing a girl that stands up like a grenadier and tells you coolly to come on. With all his conceit, and even impudence—and Charlie had enough of both—he was fairly at fault for a moment. The girls at last began to giggle, and the gentlemen to laugh outright. He could stand the ridicule of a failure no longer, and, summoning all his courage, he made a step towards Fanny.

She had stood, meantime, without moving a muscle of her face, as serious as a judge about to pass sentence of death. She suffered Charlie to come within a foot of her, when she suddenly raised her finger, and drew back again.

"Remember," she said, "you are to kiss me if you can."

"To be sure," he said. "But fair play requires that you stand still. If you keep receding in this way, of course I can't kiss you."

He spoke in some pique—indeed, half angry. He found himself a sort of butt, and began to see somewhat through Fanny's behavior. He discovered she was not so desperately in love with him as her

conduct had at first led him to suppose. He was already terribly taken down.

"But if I do stand still," said Fanny, and her eyes began to resume the roguish look, "you can't kiss me, and you know you can't."

"Only stand still, and you'll see," retorted he, recovering his spirits. "I'll promise, on the honor of a gentleman, not to touch you with my hands." And he mentally added, "and I'll kiss you, too, in as handsome a fashion as gentleman ever kissed lady."

"No you won't, and you can't, Charlie," said Fanny, calling him by the familiar name, the first time that day, and she spoke in a wheedling tone. "It's a mile and more from the edge of that moustache of yours to the mouth underneath, and you never could get your lips to mine, if you were to try at it for a week."

I wish you could have heard the peal of laughter that went up, as Fanny, with a demure, provoking air, said these words. The old woods positively rocked to the echo. The fat young man I have already told you of rushed to the edge of the crowd, threw himself on the grass, and rolled there in agonies of laughter. The girls, one and all, held their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Fanny only was polite. There she stood, demurely regarding Charlie, with not a vestige of a laugh on her face, except a roguish working of the corners of her mouth.

The butt of all this remained regarding her for a second, anger and shame mounting, blood-red, to his very forehead. He tried, at first, to brave it out. But the attempt was vain: and at last, with an audible oath, he turned his back on his fair tormentor, and rushed madly away.

The village of — was never troubled with a moustache after that. The ridicule that pursued Charlie, when Fanny's jest came to be known, drove him from the place; and no successor has ever ventured to sport a moustache there since. Occasionally a traveling dandy stops at the hotel for a night's rest; and on such occasions a moustache may be seen, for an hour or two, in the quiet street; but, at all other times, the article is as scarce as money in an editor's pocket-book.

Fanny is somewhat sobered since the day of the picnic. Several years have passed, and the once merry maiden is now a sedate matron. She married a rising young lawyer of the city, and took her place immediately at the head of fashion; for her wit, as well as her beauty, gave her a pre-eminence which all acknowledged. To this day, however, she laughs heartily when the story of Charlie's discomfiture is told.

Miss Rogers, after all her affectations, was forced to put up with the fat young man, who makes a very worthy husband for her, though he still kisses as boisterously as ever. She is quite cured of her fine notions, makes her own family bread, and intends setting up for a notable housewife, to judge from the loud voice with which she scolds her servants.

Charlie Weaver is still a bachelor, and cultivates his moustache as assiduously as ever. He has an office in the city, with the plate of an M. D. on the door; but he gets, we fear, scarcely more practice than pays for the perfume which he uses on his

moustache. Any fine day, between twelve and two o'clock, he may be seen promenading in Chestnut Street, where that remarkable moustache still continues "the observed of all observers."

LINES INSCRIBED TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY ECHYLUS.

I wooed her in her beauty, and I wooed her in her bloom,
When her silvery breath was freighted with an orient
morn's perfume;
When the pearly pink of sea-shells was mantling on
her cheek,
And the gay light in her glad eyes told a tale no tongue
can speak.

I wooed her 'neath a shady tree, when but the stars
above,
And the spirits of the lovely night, could hear our vows
of love;
And we saw their misty shadows pass, and heard their
dreamy strain,
As we whispered, as each moment fled, our vows of
love again.

It was a passion holy, pure, which filled our youthful
breasts;
The feelings there were young sweet birds within their
spring-dewed nests;
No thought impure had darkened o'er the sunlight of
our love—
Each seemed as bright and lovely as the stars which
shone above.

Her heart was a young flower, and it opened day by day,
Each leaf too bright and beautiful to yield to foul
decay;
And when she said she loved me, her heart's deep crim-
son dye
Came swelling to her fairy cheek in virgin purity.

I will not say I loved her, for no mortal love can be
So holy, pure, unselfish, as my feelings were to me;
But a living fire from heaven in my breast so brightly
shone,
And I worshiped, as an angel would his God upon his
throne.

And many a night we lingered long upon some grassy
knoll,
With arms enwreathed, and blended hearts, commin-
gling soul with soul;
And our commune was faint whisperings of joys be-
yond the skies—
Of mingling through eternity a love which never dies.

I saw the hues upon her cheek grow fainter day by day,
As though Consumption's lily hand had stol'n those
tints away;
I heard the short, dry, hacking cough burst painful
from her chest—
Death's watch-dog baying ceaselessly within her lovely
breast

I loved her more devotedly, because I knew that Death
Was wooing her for his own bride—was drinking her
sweet breath;

It was a strange, strange rivalry—and sleepless foes
were we—
Each watching an unguarded point to win the victory

But gradually she waned away, as stars before the sun,
And I knew by her faint pulses that the victory was
won;

But, as her breath was sinking low, her smiles to me
were given,
And, with my name upon her lips, her spirit entered
Heaven.

Oh! when I kissed her clay-cold lips, and found no an-
swering kiss,
No mortal heart could ever dream my untold agonies;
My heart—my hope—my love—my soul—and all *see*
life had flown—
And *life* alone was left to teach what sorrows can be
known.

Naught else I knew for many months; they say, when
she was borne
By friends, all tears, unto her grave—her last, her
lonely bourne—

I burst the weeping circle through, and raving, tear-
less, stood
Within that grave's dark, dismal depths, and, frantic,
cursed my God!

They buried her, and virgin hands threw flowers upon
her head.

(Alas! she was the loveliest flower, with all its per-
fume fled!)

And long ere health returned to me, sweet Spring had
come again,
Decking her head with lovely flowers, and weeping its
soft rain.

I know I cannot love again—I have no heart to give—
And, though I move, and act, and think, I do not seem
to live;

Life seems a dream, a horrid dream, a dream of care
and pain—

I'd give a thousand golden worlds to wake from sleep
again.

And when I wake I shall behold, all blooming, by my
side,

All robed in Heaven's bright jeweled garb, my sweet,
my lovely bride;

But while I sleep, O Heaven! I ask, be this my only
prayer,

My heart be not so sinful that I may not meet her there!

TAKING BOARDERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued from page 20.)

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time, a lady and gentleman, named Marion, called and engaged boarding for themselves and three children. In Mrs. Marion there was something that won the heart at first sight; and her children were as lovely and attractive as herself. But towards her husband there was a feeling of instant repulsion. Not that he was coarse or rude in his exterior; that was polished; but there were a sensualism and want of principle about him that could be felt.

They had been in the house only a week or two, when their oldest child, a beautiful boy, was taken ill. He had fever, and complained of distress in his back, and pain in his head. The mother appeared anxious, but the father treated the matter lightly, and said he would be well again in a few hours.

"I think you'd better call in a doctor," Mrs. Darlington heard the mother say, as her husband stood at the chamber door ready to go away.

"Nonsense, Jane," he replied. "You are easily frightened. There's nothing serious the matter."

"I'm afraid of scarlet fever, Henry," was answered to this.

"Fiddlesticks! You're always afraid of something," was lightly and unkindly returned.

Mrs. Marion said no more, and her husband went away. About half an hour afterwards, as Mrs. Darlington sat in her room, there was a light tap at her door, which was immediately opened, and Mrs. Marion stepped in. Her face was pale, and it was some moments before her quivering lips could articulate.

"Won't you come up and look at my Willy?" she at length said, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Mrs. Darlington, rising immediately. "What do you think ails your little boy?"

"I don't know, ma'am; but I'm afraid of scarlet fever—that dreadful disease!"

Mrs. Darlington went up to the chamber of Mrs. Marion. On the bed lay Willy, his face flushed with fever, and his eyes wearing a glassy lustre.

"Do you feel sick, my dear?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as she laid her hand on his burning forehead.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child.

"Where are you sick?"

"My head aches."

"Is your throat sore?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very sore?"

"It hurts me so that I can hardly swallow."

"What do you think ails him?" asked the mother, in anxious tones.

"It's hard to say, Mrs. Marion; but, if it were my case, I would send for a doctor. Who is your physician?"

"Dr. M——."

"If you would like to have him called in, I will send the waiter to his office."

Mrs. Marion looked troubled and alarmed.

"My husband doesn't think it anything serious," said she. "I wanted him to go for the doctor."

"Take my advice, and send for a physician," replied Mrs. Darlington.

"If you will send for Dr. M——, I will feel greatly obliged," said Mrs. Marion.

The doctor was sent for immediately. He did not come for two hours, in which time Willy had grown much worse. He looked serious, and answered all questions evasively. After writing a prescription, he gave a few directions, and said he would call again in the evening. At his second visit, he found his patient much worse; and, on the following morning, pronounced it a case of scarletina.

Already, Willy had made a friend in every member of Mrs. Darlington's family, and the announcement of his dangerous illness was received with acute pain. Miriam took her place beside Mrs. Marion in the sick chamber, all her sympathies alive, and all her fears awakened; and Edith and her mother gave every attention that their other duties in the household would permit.

Rapidly did the disease, which had fixed itself upon the delicate frame of the child, run its fatal course. On the fourth day he died in the arms of his almost frantic mother.

Though Mrs. Marion had been only a short time in the house, yet she had already deeply interested the feelings of Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, who suffered with her in the affliction almost as severely as if they had themselves experienced a bereavement. And this added to the weight, already painfully oppressive, that rested upon them.

The nearer contact into which the family of Mrs. Darlington and the bereaved mother were brought by this affliction, discovered to the former many things that strengthened the repugnance first felt towards Mr. Marion, and awakened still livelier sympathies for his suffering wife.

One evening, a week after the body of the child was borne out by the mourners and laid to moulder in its kindred dust, the voice of Mr. Marion was heard in loud, angry tones. He was alone with his wife in their chamber. This chamber was next to that of Edith and Miriam, where they, at the time, happened to be. What he said they could not make out; but they distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Marion, and the words—

"Oh, Henry! don't! don't!" uttered in tones the most agonizing. They also heard the words, "For the sake of our dear, dear Willy!" used in some appeal.

Both Edith and Miriam were terribly frightened, and sat panting and looking at each other with pale faces.

All now became silent. Not a sound could be heard in the chamber save an occasional low sob. For half an hour this silence continued. Then the door of the chamber was opened, and Marion went down stairs. The closing of the front door announced his departure from the house. Edith and her sister sat listening for some minutes after Marion had left, but not a movement could they perceive in the adjoining chamber.

"Strange! What can it mean?" at length said Miriam, in a husky whisper. Edith breathed heavily to relieve the pressure on her bosom, but made no answer.

"He didn't strike her?" said Miriam, her face growing paler as she made this suggestion.

The moment this was uttered, Edith arose quickly and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked her sister.

"Into Mrs. Marion's room."

"Oh no, don't!" returned Miriam, speaking from some vague fear that made her heart shrink.

But Edith did not heed the words. Her light tap at Mrs. Marion's door was not answered. Opening it softly, she stepped within the chamber. On the bed, where she had evidently thrown herself, lay Mrs. Marion; and, on approaching and bending over her, Edith discovered that she was sleeping. On perceiving this, she retired as noiselessly as she had entered.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, and yet Mr. Marion had not returned. An hour later than this, Edith and her sister lay awake, but up to that time he was still away. On the next morning, when the bell rang for breakfast, and the family assembled at the table, the places of Mr. and Mrs. Marion were vacant. From their nurse it was ascertained that Mr. Marion had not come home since he went out on the evening before, and that his wife had not yet arisen. Between nine and ten o'clock, Mrs. Darlington sent up to know if Mrs. Marion wished anything, but was answered in the negative. At dinner time, Mr. Marion did not make his appearance, and his wife remained in her chamber. Food was sent to her, but it was returned untasted.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Darlington knocked at her door; but the nurse said that Mrs. Marion asked

to be excused from seeing her. At supper time, food was sent again to her room; but, save part of a cup of tea, nothing was tasted. After tea, Mrs. Darlington called again at her room, but the desire to be excused from seeing her was repeated. Marion did not return that night.

Nearly a week passed, the husband still remaining away, and not once during that time had Mrs. Marion been seen by any member of the family. At the end of this period, she sent word to Mrs. Darlington that she would be glad to see her.

When the latter entered her room, she found her lying upon the bed, with a face so pale and grief-stricken, that she could not help an exclamation of painful surprise.

"My dear madam, what has happened?" said she, as she took her hand.

Mrs. Marion was too much overcome by emotion to be able to speak for some moments. Acquiring self-possession at length, she said, in a low, sad voice—

"My heart is almost broken, Mrs. Darlington. I feel crushed to the very ground. How shall I speak of what I am suffering?"

Her voice quivered and failed. But in a few moments, she recovered herself again, and said, more calmly—

"I need not tell you that my husband has been absent for a week. He went away in a moment of anger, vowing that he would never return. Hourly have I waited, since, in the hope that he would come back. But, alas! I have thus far received from him neither word nor sign."

Mrs. Marion here gave way to her feelings, and wept bitterly.

"Did he ever leave you before?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as soon as she had grown calm.

"Once."

"How long did he remain away?"

"More than a year."

"Have you friends?"

"I have no relative but an aunt, who is very poor."

Mrs. Darlington sighed involuntarily. On that very day she had been seriously examining into her affairs, and the result was a conviction that, under her present range of expenses, she must go behind-hand with great rapidity. Mr. and Mrs. Marion were to pay fourteen dollars a week. Thus far, nothing had been received from them; and now the husband had gone off and left his family on her hands. She could not turn them off; yet how could she bear up under this additional burden?

All this passed through her mind in a moment, and produced the sigh which distracted her bosom.

"Do you not know where he has gone?" she asked, seeking to throw as much sympathy and interest in her voice as possible, and thus to conceal the pressure upon her own feelings which the intelligence had occasioned.

Mrs. Marion shook her head. She knew that, in the effort to speak, her voice would fail her.

For nearly the space of a minute there was silence. This was broken, at length, by Mrs. Marion, who again wept violently. As soon as the passionate burst of feeling was over, Mrs. Darlington said to her, in a kind and sympathizing voice—

"Do not grieve so deeply. You are not friendless, altogether. Though you have been with us only a short time, we feel an interest in you, and will not!"—

The sentence remained unfinished. There was an impulse in Mrs. Darlington's mind to proffer the unhappy woman a home for herself and children; but a sudden recollection of the embarrassing nature of her own circumstances checked the words on her tongue.

"I cannot remain a burden upon you," quickly answered Mrs. Marion. "But where can I go? What shall I do?"

The last few words were spoken half to herself, in a low tone of distressing despondency.

"For the present," said Mrs. Darlington, anxious to mitigate, even in a small degree, the anguish of the unhappy woman's mind, "let this give you no trouble. Doubtless the way will open before you. After the darkest hour the morning breaks."

Yet, even while Mrs. Darlington sought thus to give comfort, her own heart felt the weight upon it growing heavier. Scarcely able to stand up in her difficulties alone, here was a new burden laid upon her.

None could have sympathized more deeply with the afflicted mother and deserted wife than did Mrs. Darlington and her family; and none could have extended more willingly a helping hand in time of need. But, in sustaining the burden of her support, they felt that the additional weight was bearing them under.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE months more elapsed. Mrs. Marion was still an inmate of the family. Up to this time, not a word had come from her husband, and she had not been able to pay Mrs. Darlington a single dollar. Painfully did she feel her dependent situation, although she was treated with the utmost delicacy and consideration. But all the widow's means were now exhausted in the payment of the second quarter's rent, and she found her weekly income reduced to thirty-five dollars, scarcely sufficient to meet the weekly expense for supplying the table, paying the servants, etc., leaving nothing for future rent bills, the cost of clothing, and education for the younger children. With all this, Mrs. Darlington's duties had been growing daily more and more severe. Nothing could be trusted to servants that was not, in some way, defectively done, causing repeated complaints from the boarders. What proved most annoying was the bad cooking, to remedy which, Mrs. Darlington strove in vain. One day

the coffee was not fit to drink, and on the next day the steak would be burnt or broiled as dry as a chip, or the sirloin roasted until every particle of juice had evaporated. If hot cakes were ordered for breakfast, ten chances to one that they were not sour; or, if rolls were baked, they would, most likely, be as heavy as lead.

Such mishaps were so frequent that the guests of Mrs. Darlington became impatient, and Mr. Scragg, in particular, never let an occasion for grumbling or insolence pass without fully improving it.

"Is your coal out?" said he, one morning, about this time, as he sat at the breakfast table.

Mrs. Darlington understood, by the man's tone and manner, that he meant to be rude, though she did not comprehend the meaning of his question.

"No, sir," she replied, with some dignity of manner. "Why do you ask?"

"It struck me," he answered, "that such might be the case. But, perhaps, cook is too lazy to bring it out of the cellar. If she'll send for me to-morrow morning, I'll bring her up an extra scuttleful, as I particularly like a good cup of hot coffee."

His meaning was now plain. Quick as thought, the blood rushed to the face of Mrs. Darlington. She had borne so much from this man, and felt towards him such utter disgust, that she could forbear no longer.

"Mr. Scragg," said she, with marked indignation, "when a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman."

"Madam!" exclaimed Scragg, with a threat in his voice, while his coarse face became red with anger.

"When a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman," repeated Mrs. Darlington, with a more particular emphasis than at first.

"I'd thank you to explain yourself," said Scragg, dropping his hands from the table, and elevating his person.

"My words convey my meaning plain enough. But, if you cannot understand, I will try to make them clearer. Your conduct is not that of a gentleman."

Of course, Mr. Scragg asked for no further explanation. Starting from the table, he said, looking at Mrs. Scragg—

"Come!"

And Mrs. Scragg arose, and followed her indignant spouse.

"Served him right," remarked Burton, in a low voice, bending a little towards Miriam, who sat near him. "I hope we shall now be rid of the low-bred fellow."

Miriam was too much disturbed to make a reply. All at the table felt more or less uncomfortable, and soon retired. Ere dinner time, Mr. and Mrs. Scragg, with their whole brood, had left the house, thus reducing the income of Mrs. Darlington from thirty-five to twenty-three dollars a week.

At dinner time, Mrs. Darlington was in bed. The reaction which followed the excitement of the morn-

ing, accompanied as it was with the conviction that, in parting with the Scraggs, insufferable as they were, she had parted with the very means of sustaining herself, completely prostrated her. During the afternoon, she was better, and was able to confer with Edith on the desperate nature of their affairs.

"What are we to do?" said she to her daughter, breaking thus abruptly a silence which had continued for many minutes. "We have an income of only twenty-three dollars a week, and that will scarcely supply the table."

Edith sighed, but did not answer.

"Twenty-three dollars a week," repeated Mrs. Darlington. "What are we to do?"

"Our rooms will not remain vacant long, I hope," said Edith.

"There is little prospect of filling them that I can see," murmured Mrs. Darlington. "If all our rooms were taken, we might get along."

"I don't know," returned Edith to this, speaking thoughtfully. "I sometimes think that our expenses are too great for us to make anything, even if our rooms were filled. Six hundred dollars is a large rent for us to pay."

"We've sunk three hundred dollars in six months. That is certain," said Mrs. Darlington.

"And our furniture has suffered to an extent almost equivalent," added her daughter.

"Oh, do not speak of that! The thought makes me sick. Our handsome French china dinner set, which cost us a hundred and fifty dollars, is completely ruined. Half of the plates are broken, and there is scarcely a piece of it not injured or defaced. My heart aches to see the destruction going on around us."

"I was in Mrs. Scragg's room to-day," said Edith.

"Well, what of it?" asked her mother.

"It would make you sick in earnest to look in there. You know the beautiful bowl and pitcher that were in her chamber?"

"Yes."

"Both handle and spout are off of the pitcher."

"Edith!"

"And the bowl is cracked from the rim to the centre. Then the elegant rosewood washstand is completely ruined. Two knobs are off of the dressing-bureau, the veneering stripped from the edge of one of the drawers, and the whole surface marked over in a thousand lines. It looks as if the children had amused themselves by the hour in scratching it with pins. Three chairs are broken. And the new carpet we put on the floor looks as if it had been used for ten years. Moreover, everything is in a most filthy condition. It is shocking."

Mrs. Darlington fairly groaned at this intelligence.

"But where is it all to lead, Edith?" she asked, arousing herself from a kind of stupor into which her mind had fallen. "We cannot go on as we are now going."

"We must reduce our expenses, if possible."

"But how are we to reduce them? We cannot send away the cook."

"No. Of course not."

"Nor our chambermaid."

"No. But cannot we dispense with the waiter?"

"Who will attend the table, go to market, and do the dozen other things now required of him?"

"We can get our marketing sent home."

"But the waiting on the table. Who will do that?"

"Half a dollar a week extra to the chambermaid will secure that service from her."

"But she has enough to do besides waiting off the table," objected Mrs. Darlington.

"Miriam and I will help more through the house than we have yet done. Three dollars a week and the waiter's board will be saving a good deal."

Mrs. Darlington sighed heavily, and then said—

"To think what I have borne from that Scragg and his family, ignorant, low-bred, vulgar people, with whom we have no social affinity whatever, who occupy a level far below us, and who yet put on airs and treated us as if we were only their servants! I could bear his insolence no longer. Ah, to what mortifications are we not subjected in our present position! How little dreamed I of all this, when I decided to open a boarding-house. But, Edith, to come back to what we were conversing about, it would be something to save the expense of our waiter; but what are three or four dollars a week, when we are going behind-hand at the rate of twenty?"

"If Mrs. Marion"—

Edith checked herself, and did not say what was in her mind. Mrs. Darlington was silent, sighed again heavily, and then said—

"Yes; if it wasn't for the expense of keeping Mrs. Marion. And she has no claim upon us."

"None but the claim of humanity," said Edith.

"If we were able to pay that claim," remarked Mrs. Darlington.

"True."

"But we are not. Such being the case, are we justified in any longer offering her a home?"

"Where will she go? What will she do?" said Edith.

"Where will we go? What will we do, unless there is a change in our favor?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"Alas, I cannot tell! When we are weak, small things are felt as a burden. The expense of keeping Mrs. Marion and her two children is not very great. Still, it is an expense that we are unable to meet. But how can we tell her to go?"

"I cannot take my children's bread and distribute it to others," replied Mrs. Darlington, with much feeling. "My first duty is to them."

"Poor woman! My heart aches for her," said Edith. "She looks so pale and heart-broken, feels so keenly her state of dependence, and tries so in every possible way to make the pressure of her

presence in our family as light as possible, that the very thought of turning her from our door seems to involve cruelty."

"All that, Edith, I feel most sensibly. Ah me! into what a strait are we driven!"

"How many times have I wished that we had never commenced this business!" said Edith. "It has brought us nothing but trouble from the beginning; and, unless my fears are idle, some worse troubles are yet before us."

"Of what kind?"

"Henry did not come home until after two o'clock this morning."

"What!" exclaimed the mother, in painful surprise.

"I sat up for him. Knowing that he had gone out with Mr. Barling, and finding that he had not returned by eleven o'clock, I could not go to bed. I said nothing to Miriam, but sat up alone. It was nearly half past two when he came home in company with Barling. Both, I am sorry to say, were so much intoxicated that they could scarcely make their way up stairs."

"Oh, Edith!" exclaimed the stricken mother, hiding her face in her hands, and weeping aloud.

Miriam entered the room at this moment, and seeing her mother in tears, and Edith looking the very image of distress, begged to know the cause of their trouble. Little was said to her then; but Edith, when she was alone with her soon after, fully explained the desperate condition of their affairs. Hitherto they had, out of regard for Miriam, concealed from her the nature of the difficulties that were closing around them.

"I dreamed not of this," said Miriam, in a voice of anguish. "My poor mother! What pain she must suffer! No wonder that her countenance is so often sad. But, Edith, cannot we do something?"

Ever thus, to the mind of the sweet girl, when the troubles of others were mentioned to her, came, first, the desire to afford relief.

"We can do nothing," replied Edith, "at present, unless it be to assist through the house, so that the chambermaid can attend the door, wait on the table, and do other things now required of the waiter."

"And let him go?"

"Yes."

"I am willing to do all in my power, Edith," said Miriam. "But, if mother has lost so much already, will she not lose still more if she continues to go on as she is now going?"

"She hopes to fill all her rooms; then she thinks that she will be able to make something."

"This has been her hope from the first," replied Miriam.

"Yes; and thus far it has been a vain hope."

"Three hundred dollars lost already," sighed Miriam, "our beautiful furniture ruined, and all domestic happiness destroyed! Ah me! Where is all going to end? Uncle Hiram was right when he objected to mother's taking boarders, and said that it

was the worst thing she could attempt to do. I wish we had taken his advice. Willingly would I give music lessons, or work with my hands for an income, to save mother from the suffering and labor she has now to bear."

"The worst is," said Edith, following out her own thoughts rather than replying to her sister, "now that all our money is gone, debt will follow. How is the next quarter's rent to be paid?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes. How can we pay that?"

"Oh dear!" sighed Miriam. "What are we to do? How dark all looks!"

"If there is not some change," said Edith, "by the close of another six months, everything we have will be sold for debt."

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Miriam, "dreadful!"

For a long time the sisters conferred together, but no gleam of light arose in their minds. All the future remained shrouded in darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE man named Burton, to whom reference has been made as being particularly attentive to Miriam, was really charmed with the beautiful young girl. But the affection of a man such as he was comes to its object as a blight instead of a blessing. Miriam, while she did not repel his attentions, for his manner towards her was ever polite and respectful, felt, nevertheless, an instinctive repugnance towards him, and when she could keep out of his way without seeming to avoid him, she generally did so.

A few evenings after the conversation held with Edith, as given in the last chapter, Burton, in passing from the dining-room, said to Miriam—

"Come. I want you to play for me some of those beautiful airs in Don Giovanni."

"Indeed you must excuse me, Mr. Burton," replied Miriam. "I don't feel like playing to-night."

"Can't excuse you, indeed," said Burton, smiling pleasantly, and, at the same time, taking Miriam's hand, which she quickly withdrew from his touch. The contact sent an unpleasant thrill along her nerves. "So come. I must have some music to-night."

Miriam yielded to the request, although she felt in no mood for touching the piano. After playing several pieces, she lifted her hands from the instrument, and, turning away from it, said—

"There, Mr. Burton, you must really excuse me. I cannot play to-night."

"Excuse you. Certainly. And for the pleasure you have given me accept my thanks," replied Mr. Burton. There was a change in his tone of voice which Miriam did not comprehend. "And now," he added, in a low voice, bending to her ear, "come and sit down with me on the sofa. I have something particular that I wish to say."

Miriam did as she was desired, not dreaming of what was in the mind of Burton.



"Miriam," said he, after a pause, "do not be startled nor surprised at what I am going to say."

But his words and manner both startled her, and she was about rising, when he took her hand and gently detained her.

"Nay, Miriam," said he, "you must hear what I wish to speak. From the day I entered this house, you have interested me deeply. Admiration was followed quickly by profound respect; and to this succeeded a warmer sentiment."

A deep crimson instantly mantled the face of Miriam, and her eye fell to the floor.

"Can you, my dear young lady," continued Mr. Burton, "reciprocate the feeling I have expressed?"

"Oh, sir! Excuse me!" said Miriam, so soon as she could recover her disordered thoughts. And she made another effort to rise, but was still detained by Burton.

"Stay! stay!" said he. "Hear all that I wish to utter. I am rich"—

But, ere he could speak another word, Miriam sprung from the sofa, and, bounding from the room,

flew rather than walked up the stairs. The instant she entered her own room she closed and locked the door, and then falling upon the bed, gave vent to a flood of tears. A long time passed before her spirit regained its former composure; and then, when her thought turned towards Mr. Burton, she experienced an inward shudder.

Of what had occurred, she breathed not a syllable to Edith when she joined her in the chamber to retire for the night.

"How my heart aches for mother!" sighed Edith, as she came in. "I have been trying to encourage her; but words are of no avail. 'Where is all to end?' she asks; and I cannot answer the question. Oh dear! What is to become of us? At the rate we are going on now, everything must soon be lost. To think of what we have sacrificed and are still sacrificing, yet all to no purpose. Every comfort is gone. Strangers, who have no sympathy with us, have come into our house; and mother is compelled to bear all manner of indignities from people who are in every way her inferior. Yet, for all, we are

losing instead of gaining. Ah me! No wonder she is heart-sick and utterly discouraged. How could it be otherwise?"

Miriam heard and felt every word; but she made no answer. Thought, however, was busy, and remained busy long after sleep had brought back to the troubled heart of Edith its even pulsations.

"I am rich." These words of Mr. Burton were constantly recurring to her mind. It was in vain that she turned from the idea presented with them; it grew more and more distinct each moment. Yes, there was a way of relief opened for her mother, of safety for the family, and Miriam saw it plainly, yet shuddered as she looked, and closed her eyes like one about to leap from a fearful height.

Hour after hour, Miriam lay awake, pondering the new aspect which things had assumed, and gazing down the fearful abyss into which, in a spirit of self-devotion, she was seeking to find the courage to leap.

"I am rich." Ever and anon these words sounded in her ears. As the wife of Burton, she could at once lift her mother out of her present unhappy situation. Thus, before the hour of midnight came and went, she thought. He had offered her his hand. She might accept the offer, on condition of his settling an income upon her mother.

This the tempter whispered in her ears, and she hearkened, in exquisite pain, to the suggestion.

When Edith awoke on the next morning, Miriam slept soundly by her side; but Edith observed that her face was pale and troubled, and that tears were on her cheeks. At breakfast time, she did not appear at the table; and when her mother sent to her room she returned for answer that she was not very well. The whole of the day she spent in her chamber, and, during all the time, was struggling against the instinctive repulsion felt towards the man who had made her an offer of marriage.

At supper time, she reappeared at the table with a calm, yet sad face. As she was passing from the dining-room, after tea, Burton came to her side and whispered—

"Can I have a word with you in the parlor, Miriam?"

The young girl neither looked up nor spoke, but moved along by his side, and descended with him to the parlor, where they were alone.

"Miriam," said Burton, as he placed himself by her side on the sofa, "have you thought seriously

of what I said last evening? Can you reciprocate the ardent sentiments I expressed?"

"Oh, sir!" returned Miriam, looking up artlessly in his face, "I am too young to listen to words like these."

"You are a woman, Miriam," replied Burton, earnestly—"a lovely woman, with a heart overflowing with pure affections. Deeply have you interested my feelings from the first; and now I ask you to be mine. As I was going to say last evening, I am rich, and will surround you with every comfort and elegance that money can obtain. Dearest Miriam, say that you will accept the hand I now offer you."

"My mother will never consent," said the trembling girl, after a long pause.

"Your mother is in trouble. I have long seen that," remarked Mr. Burton, "and have long wanted to advise and befriend her. Put it in my power to do so, and then ask for her what you will."

This was touching the right key, and Burton saw it in a moment.

"Yes, you have said truly," replied Miriam; "my mother is in great trouble. Ah! what would I not do for her relief?"

"Ask for your mother what you will, Miriam," said Burton.

The maiden's eyes were upon the floor, and the rapid heaving of her bosom showed that her thoughts were busy in earnest debate. At length looking up, she said—

"Will you lift her out of her present embarrassed position, and settle upon her an income sufficient for herself and family?"

"I will," was the prompt answer. "And now, my dear Miriam, name the sum you wish her to receive."

Another long silence followed.

"Ah, sir!" at length said the maiden, "in what a strange, humiliating position am I placed!"

"Do not speak thus, Miriam. I understand all better than words can utter it. Will an income of two thousand dollars a year suffice?"

"It is more than I could ask."

"Enough. The moment you are mine, that sum will be settled on your mother."

Miriam arose up quickly, as Burton said this, murmuring—

"Let me have a few days for reflection," and, ere he could prevent her, glided from the room.

(To be concluded.)

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rose Hill, the residence of PROFESSOR OLNEY. House in the background. Before it a garden of flowers. ISABELLE in the garden tying up a drooping rose-tree.*

ISABELLE.
This surely was the work of paradise,
This tending flowers. It always brings to me
Sweet thoughts and visions of a better state.
I'd have the world a garden, and the trees
And earth forever green, as skies are blue.
Is it a dream? or have I known it thus?
It must have been a vision—but the thought
Comes over me at times like whispered words,
Of a cool, rose-twined arbor, where I played:
And orange trees were near; my little hand
Was often reaching for the golden fruit.
It was a vision, surely—for my mother
Says we have never lived where oranges
Are gathered from the trees. It was a dream.
Yet how it haunts me!

Enter FREDERICK BELCOUR.

BELCOUR.
Good morning, Isabelle.
What, talking with the flowers for company!

ISABELLE.
Where could I find companionship so sweet?
They always smile a welcome.

BELCOUR.
If they would
But teach this lesson to a fairer flower,
I'd hold them for my friends. Ah! Isabelle,
Why frown, and turn away? What have I done
To merit your displeasure? Is 't a sin
To love—and strive to win the one beloved?

ISABELLE.
'Tis folly to intrude your compliments
Where these are undesired; nor is it kind.
You make th' occasion, and then call me cruel.
I would not frown if you would cease to flatter.

BELCOUR.
Flatter! Good heavens!—Why, Isabelle, should I
Pour out my heart's creed as my tongue would speak,
The goddesses of old, who dazzled Paris,
And still are bright to every schoolboy's eye,
Would seem like fading stars beside the sun,
Comparisoned with my divinity.
I love you, Isabelle, and I must woo you
Till you return my love.

88

ISABELLE.
It cannot be.
Forbear, and do not force me to reveal
What I would fain subdue, a deep dislike.
I would be friends with you, and nothing more.
We may not force affection.

BELCOUR.
We may mould it.
Love springs from habit oft in woman's heart.
You love your flowers because you watch and tend
them.
Give me such constant tendance, such kind place
In your dear thoughts, and soon it will be love.

ISABELLE.
Oh! never, never!—Love has deeper source.
It is the spirit speaking to the spirit;
The attractive power of soul that moves the will
To sweet obedience, as the stars obey
The sun that warms and lights them.

BELCOUR.
You're eloquent
In love lore—and such eloquence betrays
Deep knowledge of the subject. Lawyer-like,
I think young Bolton must have been your teacher.
That blush betrays your secret, Isabelle.
Your heart is given to Bolton;—let me tell you
'Tis not deserved. He'll never marry you.
His father's pride is, eagle-like, to soar
Above the world, though on a barren rock,
Would be more joy than reveling 'mid flowers,
If these grew in a lowly dale. The son
Is like the father in his pride—not genius.
The father has the strength to seize his place;
The son will have to creep and buy his way.
Hence, he must wed a woman who can bring him
Fortune and powerful friends—which you have not.

ISABELLE (*imploringly*).
Pray cease to trouble me with such discourse.
I have no time to listen. (*Going.*)

BELCOUR.
Stay a moment.
Here is a note I bring you from your father.
[*Holds the note towards her, but will not give it.*

ISABELLE.
Give, give it, pray. 'Tis not to plead your cause.

BELCOUR.
It shall be yours when you have heard me through.
I love you, Isabelle. —(*Attempts to take her hand.*)

ISABELLE.

It is in vain.

Pray cease these persecutions. 'Tis in vain.
Waste not your love where there is no return.

BELCOUR (*impetuously*).

Then hate me, if you will; you shall be mine.
(*Aside*) I'll find a surer way to urge my suit.
Women are often gained by impudence—
They give their love as alms as given beggars,
To 'scape the importuner—(*To her*) You'll be mine.

ISABELLE.

Never. As easy make this rose a rock
As turn my heart to love you.

BELCOUR.

Then, Isabelle,
I'll be the rock to crush the rose in th' dust.
By Heaven! you shall be mine—(*seizing her hand*).

ISABELLE.

Away! away!
Leave me! Let me go instantly. Help! help!
Enter YOUNG BOLTON. ISABELLE breaks from BELCOUR and runs to BOLTON.
Oh! save me from your cousin! He is mad.

YOUNG BOLTON.

Villain, what means this outrage?—Isabelle,
You're safe with me. Love, do not tremble so.
She's fainting!—Frederick, on your peril, come
No nearer her—begone! out of her sight!

BELCOUR (*throwing down the letter*).

There is her father's letter.—

[*Sees MRS. OLNEY issuing from the house.*]

I am going.

You have the 'vantage now; but, mark me, Henry,
This triumph is your last. She shall be mine.
I've sworn it. Either I will be in hell
Before to-morrow's close—or she is mine.

[*Exit BELCOUR.*][*As MRS. OLNEY reaches ISABELLE, the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The dwelling of JUDGE BOLTON. A drawing-room magnificently furnished. Mirrors, marble tables, ottomans, piano, harp, vases with flowers, pictures.*

Enter MADAME BELCOUR, followed by her son, FREDERICK BELCOUR.

MADAME BELCOUR (*hurriedly*).

Come, Frederick, say, what is the important secret
You could not tell me in Belinda's presence?
I am in haste this morning.

BELCOUR.

So am I.—

And therefore, like an epic poem, dash
Into the pith at once. I must have money.
Not the small dribblets, such as tailors take
From rich men's sons, as pledge the spendthrift heir
Will pay the balance when the old man dies.
No—I must have a good, round, heavy sum.

8*

MADAME BELCOUR (*coldly*).

I'm not your banker, Frederick; I have little
To give.

BELCOUR (*hurriedly*).

Nor do I, mother, want your mite;
Only your aid. The Judge will hear your suit:—
To me he would not listen for a moment.

MADAME BELCOUR.

What sum do you require?

BELCOUR (*hesitating*).

Ten thousand dollars.

(*Aside*) I may as well say that—I'll not get more,
Though twenty thousand would not meet the mark

MADAME BELCOUR (*holding up her hands*).

Ten thousand dollars! Are you mad, my son?
You surely do not wish me to demand
This money from the Judge?

BELCOUR.

As you prefer.

Beg it, if that is better. I have found
The boldest pleader oftenest wins his suit,
Whether for love or money he may plead.

MADAME BELCOUR.

My son, I will do all that mother can.
I have done more than any mother should—
Borne with your follies, justified your faults,
When these deserved reproof.

BELCOUR.

I know it well.

And 'tis this fond indulgence wrought my ruin.
You let me have my wayward, boyish will,
Pampered my appetites, and fostered self,
Till now I cannot break the chains of habit:
But, mother, I'll reform

MADAME BELCOUR.

Do it at once

Begin to-day. Go to your creditors;—
They'll surely wait. And you may say the Judge
Will aid you. I will try and compass this.

BELCOUR.

Go to my creditors! Ha! ha!—They'll wait!
Bid the tide wait, and let the drowning wretch
Creep leisurely to land! Mother, I'm ruined.
(*Aside*) I may as well confess—she soon will hear it.
(*To her*) If this sum be not in my hand to-day
To-morrow morning I shall be in prison.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Fie! You say this to frighten me. Beware,
You urge beyond my patience. I have been
Too lenient, and shall still be so:—but go
Go now; I cannot listen longer. Go,
And do your best to meet the exigence.

BELCOUR.

Mother, I cannot, dare not venture forth.
At every turn I fear an officer.
Unless I have this money I am lost;—
I say not this to frighten you;—I'm lost!

MADAME BELCOUR.

What mean you, Frederick? What have you done?
What crime committed?—No! no! not a crime!
I would I had not said the word.—What folly?
It is no worse, I trust.

BELCOUR.

Yes, 'tis a crime—
At least before the law. The laws are framed
To make men villains; they'll make one of me.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Never, if you've been honest.

BELCOUR.

I would be,
If I had twenty thousand dollars now,
To pay the notes I've put in circulation.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Twenty thousand! You said ten but now.

BELCOUR.

'Twas only half I need.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Why need at all?
Your salary is ample for your needs.
What have you done with this? Where is it gone?

BELCOUR.

Ask the earth where the rain went yesterday;
It fell in ample showers—'tis vanished now.
The thirsty ground is dry, and so am I.

MADAME BELCOUR.

I must know more. Either you mean to vex me,
Or there is still a story to be told.
How came you thus involved? What notes are these
That you are called to pay? Some spendthrift friend,
That Pawlett, I will venture, has your name.

BELCOUR.

You'll know to-morrow. Should I fail to pay,
You'll hear me call'd—

MADAME BELCOUR.

What? what?

BELCOUR.

Belcour—the forger!

MADAME BELCOUR.

Oh! Heaven forbid! (*shrieking.*)

(*Enter LUCY BOLTON (a green shade over her eyes),
followed by BELINDA BELCOUR.*)

What brings you hither, Lucy?

I know you're quick of ear; a subtle sense
Of hearing gifts the blind.

BELINDA.

Dear mother, pray
Be tender with the child; she is not well;
And I persuaded her to try her music.
It ever seems to charm her pain away.

BELCOUR (*aside*).

I wish I could hear music that would charm

The scorpions of my mind. One struggle more—
If that fail—then, as scorpion, fire-surrounded,
Dies by its own fierce sting, even so will I!

[*Exit BELCOUR.*]

MADAME BELCOUR (*mildly*).

I was perplexed by something I had heard.
Come to my room, Belinda; come at once.
Lucy plays best alone—and she may stay
Your time is always given to music;—come.

[*Exit MADAME BELCOUR*]

BELINDA (*to LUCY*).

I'll not be long away. Pray, do not weep.
My mother did not mean to censure you,
Dear Lucy. O! a hasty word escapes her,
That ne'er was meant to wound. 'Tis not the heart
That prompts the tongue; it is the nerves that speak,
And these are touched and quickened by disease,
Or wearying cares. Dear Lucy, do not weep.

LUCY.

I'm weak to-day;—bear with my foolish tears
Your mother called me blind. I know I'm blind;
But oh! I would not hear it as reproach.
'Tis a sad state. "Alone!"—I am alone.
And I play best alone. Belinda, go;—
I'll sing while you are gone, most cheerily,
And make the room resound with melody.
I'm well and happy now.

Enter RUTH, the maid.

RUTH (*to BELINDA*).

Your mother waits.
[*Exit RUTH*]

BELINDA.

I'll go at once (*to LUCY*)—and I'll return to you,
And bring a healing gift, like this (*kisses her*), dear
Lucy.
Now do not feel alone;—my heart stays with you.
[*Exit BELINDA.*]

LUCY (*alone*)

I wish I was alone in the deep woods,
Where the old, bard-like trees, in solemn tones,
Would tell me tales of nature's holy love!
And I would sing in cadence with the brook,
That breathes its soothing, ceaseless melody,
As though it held the sunshine in its heart,
And sweetly sought to cheer the sorrowful.
This cheerful mood keeps water always young.
They tell me it is older than the earth,
And yet is bright, and free, and fresh as when
It gushed in Eden's garden. Ah! to me
Water has been a wondrous mystery.
But I must tura me to my daily task.

[*Opening the piano, and seating herself.*]

They think I never weary of my music.
Ah! none may know the sorrows of the blind—
The struggles of the soul in its dark prison—
The pining wish for sight. Ah me!

[*Covers her face with her hands*]

Enter JUDGE BOLTON. He goes up to LUCY.

JUDGE BOLTON.

Lucy,

My bird, my darling one, why here alone?
Where is Belinda?

LUCY (*striving to speak cheerfully*).

In her mother's room.

I'm best alone. I always am alone;—
There's none can walk in spirit with the blind.

JUDGE (*sorrowfully*).

My dearest child, why dwell on this sad theme?
Has aught been said to wound my gentle dove?

LUCY.

Not purposely, dear father;—but the wind
That only sways the tree may break the flower.
I am too sensitive, and I must learn
To bear the slight rebukes of Madame Belcour.
Belinda says—and she is ever kind—
Her mother does not mean to wound my heart.

JUDGE (*aside*).

She shall not longer have the power to do it.
I'll give this gentle spirit to the care
Of one that Heaven has gifted for the task.
I have delayed too long. (*To LUCY*) Now, pretty one,
I have a secret that will startle you,
Perchance, at first; but still, I trust your heart
Will not be sad to hear it, when I say
Your father seeks to enhance your happiness
While adding to his own.

LUCY (*joyfully*).

Oh! tell it me,

Dear father; if it promise happiness
To you, it is enough to make me happy.
Pray tell me—now.

JUDGE.

I shall be married soon.

Nay, tremble not, dear child; my wife will be
A mother to my Lucy. We will have
A home of mutual confidence and love.
Such home I had while your dear mother lived.
The memory of those days has been my solace
When I have felt my loneliness; and then
The world has held me in its busy toils.
But I must shake these off as years increase.
The young and old, these both require a home.
'Tis only in the pride of manhood's strength
That, self-sustained, we dream of life without
The sweet companionship of woman's soul,
Which God bestowed ere Eden had a home.
Speak, Lucy; shall we have a home at last?
And will you love the mother I shall give you?

LUCY.

I scarce can speak for joy, my dearest father.
My mother!—How I've pined to say the word!
And I shall love her—if you love her, father;
And she'll love you.

JUDGE.

And you, my darling one.
We'll be a family of love: our home

Shall be the centre of our happiness,
The magnet drawing all our hearts as one.

LUCY (*turning to the piano*).

I know a song will please you well; its theme
Is home, dear home!

JUDGE.

Pray sing it to me, Lucy.

LUCY.

My brother gave it me, and said the song
Was written by a friend of his—a lady
He's often praising when we are alone.
I fancy he is very fond of her;
And fears you will not quite approve his choice

JUDGE.

Who is the lady?

LUCY.

I may not tell her name.
But Henry begged me, should occasion offer,
To sing this song to you;—the sentiment,
He said, would charm you, and might serve to turn
Your feelings in her favor: when you knew her,
Your judgment would be won.

JUDGE (*smiling*).

You choose the time,
With courtier's art, to speak this tender mission.
Henry is yet too young for these grave cares.
But let the subject pass; I'll hear the song.

LUCY *sings*.

(*As she is about to begin, MICHAEL enters, and gives
the JUDGE a letter; then withdraws a little, but
listens to the song.*)

THE EXILE'S SONG OF HOME.

The flowers, they open everywhere,
Upspringing pure, and sweet, and fair,
As though their heavenly mission were
To comfort all who come;
They gem the earth as stars the sky,
And to the weary wanderer's eye
They bring the sweetest visions nigh
Of flowers around his home—
Home, home, home—
Around his own dear home.

I've gathered flowers in many a land,
And twined me many a fragrant band,
And felt that beauty met my hand
Wherever I might roam;
And yet, to memory's views would rise
A lovelier land and softer skies,
Where flowers look up, like angels' eyes,
Around my own dear home—
Home, home, home—
Around my own dear home.

And though an ocean roll between,
Yet Hope can see the hills of green,
And Eden-vales that intervene—
They beckon us to come;
Home! home! I've seen the rich and rare—
God breathes his beauty everywhere;
But oh! no flowers are half so fair

As those around our home—
Home home, home—
Around our own dear home.

(While LUCY was singing, MICHAEL has been beating time, and showing much emotion. He now comes hastily forward, half singing, half saying the words—)

MICHAEL.

"Home, home, home—
The flowers around our home."

'Tis beautiful, that song of home and flowers:
But where there is no food, there is no home;
The flowers are only for the funerals.
'Twas thus in poor old Ireland when I left.
It is Ameriky has homes for all.
God grant yer honor's home may stand forever;
The poor man finds a shelter where ye live.
Pardon my bouldness—but the heart would speak,
And bless you, purty nightingale (to LUCY), the
flowers
Are kept in heaven to charm your opening eyes.
[Exit MICHAEL, and re-enter MADAME BELCOUR.]

MADAME BELCOUR (fretfully).
Is this an opera house?—Oh! my poor nerves!
Lucy, I am surprised—(sees the JUDGE) and charm-
ed, my love.
Your voice reminds me of sweet Biscaccianti's.
I'm glad to find you here (to the JUDGE); I wish to
ask
About those friends who are to dine with us.
One is a stranger?

JUDGE.

No; my earliest friend
My college Damon and my Mentor too.
I hold him as a brother.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Comes he, then,
From Boston hither?

JUDGE.

No; from Illinois.
From the far West, where he, a Christian hero,
Leads the front rank in his great Master's cause;
Carrying the Gospel, like the ark of old,
Wherever moves our host of pioneers.
I hold my dwelling honored to receive
Such guest as Godfrey.

MADAME BELCOUR.

I am glad to hear it;
And when the feast is over, I shall beg
A favor at your hands.

[LUCY goes out.]

JUDGE.

Pray ask it now;
It gives me pleasure to oblige my friends.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Not now. It is a favor of great moment.
One I am loth to ask, and much I fear
You will be loth to grant. And yet I hope

That, after dinner, you will be inclined,
At least, to listen kindly to my pleading.

JUDGE (smiling).

You hold the lion harmless when he's fed.
Well, 'tis an old belief, and may be true
Of men; but, with your generous sex, the thought
Of making others happy is their feast.
So I will tell you now a pleasant tale
About myself—I shall be married soon.

MADAME BELCOUR (starting).

Married! Indeed! Who is the lady fair?

JUDGE.

Miss Walsingham.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Matilda! She is rich.

JUDGE (frowning).

She is in all the treasures of the soul.

MADAME BELCOUR.

And has some fifty thousand charms besides,
That can be counted, passed from hand to hand—
The real treasures men delight to win.
I wish you joy (ironically, and curtsying).

JUDGE (very gravely).

I thank you for the wish,
And feel assured it will be realized.
I trust you will be happy, too. Your son
Is now established as he chose to be.
Perhaps 'twere better he should have a home.
When I am married, you will be relieved
Of cares for me and mine. I have arranged
That you shall have the house in Linden Place.
'Twill be secured to you and to your daughter.
There you can have a pleasant home; and there,
I trust, you will be happy with your children.

[Exit JUDGE BOLTON.]

MADAME BELCOUR (alone).

Happy! when he is married to another!
He marry her—Matilda Walsingham!
She must be thirty-five, if she's a day,
And I'm scarce five years older (looks in the mirror)

Ay; but cares,
And griefs, and hopes, and fears, have left their
traces,

While she, like Prudence crystalized, remains
Unaltered as the marble slave that stands
In Eden costume, calm and cold, to tell
That Genius did not die when Phidias died—
Nor Love with Sappho. How I've loved this man!
Since my young heart, like the warm wax, received
Its first impression, he has been its god!
And I have worshiped him as pilgrims do,
In Eastern lands, their idols; sacrificed
My dearest, warmest hopes before the shrine
Where no response was heard. It shall not be!
He shall not wed this woman! Send me forth
Never to dwell within his home again!
I can prevent it. I can tell the tale.
Ay, I can hurl him from his pedestal

Of pride! But I must be a victim, too!
 Shall I do this? My children—oh, my son!
 My son! I had forgotten him, and he
 Is near the gulf. I'll see the Judge at once:
 If he will grant relief to Frederick now,
 I'll bear my fate and let the past be sealed
 But if he will not hear me when I plead—

If he refuse me aid—then I will tell him
 A tale shall make his haughty spirit bow!
 I'll humble him, even though my heart-strings
 break
 Beneath the sorrow I inflict and feel!
 [Exit MADAME BELCOUR.]

END OF ACT II.

SUSAN CLIFTON; OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

(Continued from page 33.)

CHAPTER V.

"I wish to have a long and confidential conversation with you this morning, Susan," said Mrs. Richard Clifton. "I have given orders to be denied to all visitors; so sit down beside me and listen to what I have to say. I am sorry Mr. Clifton said he would take you home on Tuesday. There will be no use in proposing any change in his arrangements; for he will be sure to keep his word. So go you must; but you can return, you know. What would you say to staying here always, and being our daughter? What would you say to being looked up to as the heiress of your uncle, or, rather, of your adopted father?"

Susan was silent; but not, as her aunt supposed, through astonishment at the magnificent vision placed before her.

"Your uncle and I," continued Mrs. Clifton, "have had the matter under consideration, and have come to the conclusion to invite you to become a member of our family. We have, in short, concluded to adopt you as our daughter. We shall treat you in all respects as our own daughter. We shall give you all the advantages our own daughter would enjoy."

Mrs. Clifton then paused, to give Susan an opportunity to express her gratitude and joy in view of such an unexpected change in her position and prospects.

"You are very kind," said Susan—"very. But my mother!"

She will rejoice to hear of your good fortune."

"I am sure my mother cannot spare me."

"I am sure she can, and will. She would be a strange mother, indeed, if she would not allow her child to secure such advantages as we design to bestow upon you."

"I am not fitted for a city life. I could not do credit to your family, even if my parents would consent to my leaving them."

"You will do admirably well after a little practice. You only need a few accomplishments, which you will speedily acquire. I will put you in train-

ing as soon as you return from the country. As to leaving your parents, they know that you will leave them when you marry; and your chance for a good establishment will certainly not be less here, as our acknowledged daughter, than it would be if you were to remain at the farm-house. You will be fit to come out next winter; and, as Mr. Richard Clifton's daughter, you need have no fear of being looked down upon even by the highest."

"My dear aunt, you are very kind. But my parents—I am an only daughter."

"I know it; and for that very reason your parents will be the more proud to see you moving in an elevated sphere. Your beauty and the accomplishments you will soon acquire, taken in connection with your advantageous introduction to society, will make you the reigning belle. I will write to your parents and tell them what I will do for you."

"I am certain I can tell you beforehand what their reply will be."

"Do not despair too soon. I am not apt to fail in what I undertake."

Taking it for granted that she had Susan's assent to her proposal, and that she should, without the slightest difficulty, secure that of her parents, Mrs. Clifton proceeded to make a more full exposition of her plans. These, though adapted to flatter the pride of a novice, were repulsive to one whose heart had attained so full a development, and whose intellect was keen to perceive the complete selfishness that dictated the proposed adoption. It was difficult for Susan to listen in silence to a description of what she was expected to become. She made an effort to do so, and to prevent her countenance from revealing the thoughts passing in her mind. She determined to leave to her parents the task of delivering her from the fate of a rich and fashionable belle.

Mrs. Clifton was by no means pleased that she evinced no emotions of rapture in view of the brilliant life spread out before her, and, in consequence, the interview was brought rather suddenly to a close.

"I would not adopt her," said Mrs. Clifton, to

herself, after Susan had left the apartment, "if I had not told Mrs. Wilmer that I had determined to do so."

Mrs. Wilmer was one whose opinion was of the highest authority in the circle in which Mrs. Clifton moved. She had seen Susan, and had been struck with her beauty and natural gracefulness of manner. She predicted for her a brilliant career, if introduced to society under the auspices of Mrs. Clifton. It was this opinion which decided the latter to make the adoption; though, in view of the advantages which might accrue from Susan's presence as an attraction to youthful visitors, it had been previously a subject of serious consideration.

The announcement to Mrs. Wilmer of the intended adoption was not connected with any injunction to secrecy. It was natural that such a fact, relating to such a person as Mrs. Clifton, and to several hundred thousand dollars, would obtain a rapid and extended currency. Mrs. Clifton felt that the reality must be made to correspond to the report. Susan's want of due sensibility to the brilliant offer made her must be overlooked. Her parents' consent must be obtained. She set herself at once to the task of inditing an epistle to Mrs. Henry Clifton, in which she considerably proposed to relieve her from further maternal responsibilities. She found more difficulty in accomplishing the feat than she had anticipated. It was finally accomplished. Susan was to be the bearer of the important document.

CHAPTER VI.

"If you look so happy when you are going away, you will make us fear that we shall not see you again as soon as we wish to," said Mr. Clifton to Susan, as she came into the breakfast-room on the morning of the day set for her departure from the city.

"We shall see her again soon," said Mrs. Clifton. "I have made her acquainted with our purposes respecting her."

Mr. Clifton fixed an inquiring gaze upon his niece, which caused her features to assume a crimson hue. He interpreted her silence in accordance with his wishes.

"Her parents must, of course, be consulted," said he, in a tone which did not indicate a perfectly confident expectation that they would give their consent.

"Of course," said Mrs. Clifton. "I have prepared a letter, which Susan will take to her mother."

"Perhaps you had better leave the matter with me to arrange."

"If it were a matter relating to a son, I should do so most certainly; but, as it relates to a daughter, it seems proper that I should write to the mother."

Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Clifton and his niece prepared to set out on their journey.

"We shall expect you soon," said Mrs. Clifton, in her most attractive manner. "You must return with father, if you possibly can. I will see that my dress-maker holds herself in readiness, and we will put you in complete order at once. Promise me that you will return with him."

"I cannot promise," replied Susan.

"Not till you have seen your parents. Very well. I like obedience in a daughter; so, when you become my daughter, you will obey me." So saying, she dismissed her with a kiss.

The travelers were soon on board the steambest, and, as soon as she could draw her uncle apart from the crowd, Susan proceeded to undeceive him as to her own views and feelings relative to becoming a permanent member of his family.

"My dear uncle," said she, "I would not deceive you, nor, by my silence, allow you to be deceived. My aunt is under a mistake in regard to my wishes. I cannot think of leaving my dear father and mother. I love you next to my father; but I cannot leave him."

"From what my wife said, I supposed the matter was settled so far as you are concerned. It is not a matter of surprise that you find difficulties in the way of making so great a change. It will cost you an effort to leave home, or rather to exchange one home for another. When the difficulties before you seem great, you must fix your mind on the substantial advantages to be secured. That is the course I pursued when I left home. It cost a struggle; but I thought of the object to be attained, and pressed on. You have brighter prospects before you than I had. It is the more important to keep your resolution firm, since all your influence will be needed to induce your parents to give their consent to the plan."

"They will not think of it for a moment."

"They will make strong objections at first; but, with your aid, I hope to overcome them."

"My dear uncle, do you really think it possible I could thus exert any influence I may have with my parents? I am most grateful to you for your kind intentions, but the whole world would not induce me to leave my home."

Mr. Richard Clifton was silent. A manifest shade of displeasure passed over his countenance. It is not in the nature of rich men to have their proposed favors undervalued, as, in their estimation, they must be when they are not promptly and thankfully accepted.

No further allusion was made to the subject during the remainder of their journey.

They arrived at the farm-house late in the afternoon. No loud demonstrations of joy were made as the parents and daughter met; still the meeting was such that Richard Clifton felt, for a moment, that there were treasures more valuable than real estate and stocks—that his brother possessed, in his daughter, a source of happiness far greater than his own well-secured thousands afforded. He had, for a moment, feelings which almost led to the convic-

tion that Susan would be unwise if she were to make the proposed exchange.

"Punctual to your promise as ever, my dear brother," said Henry, as he gave the merchant his hand.

Richard bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, and, turning to his sister-in-law, offered her the civilities which the most accurate rules of politeness required.

"I have brought back your daughter safely," said he.

"And I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness to her."

"The obligation is wholly on our part. Our home was never so cheerful as when she was there, though she never looked quite so bright there as she does now."

"The splendor with which I was surrounded put me out of countenance, you know," said Susan, with a smile.

"We had nothing to complain of while you were with us. We should be content if we could always have you with us, looking and acting just as you did while there."

At this moment, Horace Larned came to the door to make some inquiries of Mr. Henry Clifton relating to agricultural matters. He seemed greatly embarrassed, and, in constructing his questions, manifested very little skill in the use of language. As his eye caught that of Susan, he made a slight inclination of his head. As she returned the silent salutation, a blush suffused her countenance. It was observed by the merchant, who attributed it to the awkward bearing of the young man. Horace withdrew without again encountering the eyes of Susan.

"Who is that young man? The son of any one I used to know?" said Richard.

"His name is Horace Larned," said Henry; and, after a pause, he added, "His mother is a widow. Before her marriage her name was Margaret Hyde."

It was now, for some reason, Richard Clifton's turn to blush, and to preserve an embarrassed silence. A remark or two from his brother failing to restore his wonted composure, he was, by a skillful movement on the part of Mrs. Clifton, left at liberty to retire for a season to his chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

It will be recollected that Richard Clifton promised to spend a few days with his brother on his return with Susan. This promise was kept to the letter. Henry Clifton suspended his agricultural labors during the interval. The brothers revisited the haunts of their childhood. They reviewed their youthful exploits. They called to remembrance their young companions. They made themselves young again.

Susan's best exertions were put forth to add to her uncle's happiness. Under these influences, a

perceptible change took place in him. His firmly knit brow was somewhat relaxed. A smile, different from that which was habitual, frequently sat upon his lips. A new feeling stole gradually over him—a feeling that he had time to be happy. If he had not, previous to leaving the city, named a day for his return, he would have remained perhaps for weeks amid the scenes of his youth. As his better feelings gained the ascendancy, his desire for Susan's society increased, as did also his conviction of the wisdom of her choice. He avoided all allusion to it in his conversation with his brother till the day before his departure. Perhaps he would not have mentioned it then but for the fact that his wife had written on the subject, and therefore a full report must needs be made to her from all concerned. To said letter and its immediate effects, we will now turn the attention of the reader.

As soon as Mrs. Clifton had read the letter, she questioned Susan as to her views and wishes, and was delighted to find that they corresponded with her own. The letter, it may be remarked, was an elaborate statement of the advantages which would be gained by Susan by an exchange of homes. Mrs. Richard Clifton had taken her own heart as the type of womankind, and had filled her communication with arguments adapted to convince and influence such a one as herself. On reading it over previous to sending it, she was a little displeased with herself at the condescension she had used. She had treated the matter too much in the light of a favor done to herself. Still, she made no alterations, as she deemed it essential that she should succeed in her plan, since she had divulged it to one who would not fail to spread it far and wide.

When Mrs. Henry Clifton had ended her conference with Susan, she handed the letter to her husband, saying—

"You can hardly expect me to withstand that."

"She has spoken on the subject to Susan, it seems," said he, when he had read the letter. "How does her account of the matter agree with the one here given, or rather implied?"

"Her views in relation to it are such as we should expect and ought to desire, and she expressed herself to her aunt as frankly as she was permitted to do."

"It is a singular letter, revealing fully the character of the writer."

"All women are alike, you know—at least so men say."

"Alike, but different."

"Do you not wish you had such a wife?"

"As it would be useless to wish, I may as well be content."

"What answer shall I give to this letter?"

"Such as you please."

"You will agree to anything I propose?"

"Yes; in this matter."

"In *this* matter! How very cautious and prudent you are! Has your brother said anything to you on the subject?"

"No; not since his return."

"I hope he has given the plan up as hopeless. He has reason to, from the conversation he had with Susan on board the boat."

"Susan has no desire to go?"

"No more than I have."

"She is so much like you, that there is no hope of making anything of her—different from you."

"It may be a sad case, but it cannot be helped. But, really, the idea of our parting with our only daughter!"

"In regard to the views of life which we entertain, as compared with those entertained by others, we are led to remember the words of Holy Writ, 'Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou which thou dost not receive?'"

In due time, Mrs. Clifton addressed herself to the task of replying to the letter. She concluded to make a full statement of the grounds of her insuperable objection to the plan proposed. The following letter was at length written:—

"MY DEAR SISTER: Your very kind letter was handed me by Susan, and has been submitted to my husband. It has been duly considered by us both. It contains an offer which would be generally pronounced generous—one which thousands of parents would eagerly accept, which receives due acknowledgment from us, though our feelings and views of duty lead us to decline it. We are not insensible to the advantages, in a worldly point of view, which our dear daughter would secure by the proposed arrangement. No doubt it would cause her to move, for life, in a sphere far more elevated than that which she will be likely to attain. But is it certain that she would be happier in consequence of moving in that sphere? She has a warm heart. Her life is one of affection. Would her affections find their appropriate aliment amid the scenes which you so glowingly describe? She has by nature but little love of display. Her preference is for the natural, as distinguished from the conventional. She would find but little enjoyment in the world to which you would introduce her, till her nature became, in a good degree, changed—until she had, as it were, parted with her birthright. Nothing which she could gain would yield an adequate compensation for the loss. It is far better that she should retain her taste for simple pleasures—that she should remain ignorant of the joys of flattery and of conquest. Her beauty, of which you speak so highly, may afford pleasure to her friends even here. It will not be lost any more than the beauty of the lily is lost, when it opens its fair petals in the meadow remote from general observation.

"I do not speak of the difficulty of parting with an only child. We regard her as lent to us; we are under obligation to dispose of her as the great Author of her being shall require. If he should require us to give up her society, though it were to go to the far distant heathen, or even to be laid in the cold grave, we think we should not murmur or hesi-

tate, even if it were left to our choice. Duty, then, and not feeling, must decide the question. A regard to our own happiness must not govern us. When a child is given to a parent, it is with the command, 'Take this child and train it for me.' That command we dare not disobey. The execution of that trust we dare not devolve upon others.

"Would the influences to which she would be exposed in the city tend to the formation of a decided and consistent Christian character—the great end of education? I cannot conceive of a decided, consistent, self-denying Christian—one who makes it her daily object to please God and to make others happy—mingling in the scenes to which you allude, and in which you are confident our daughter would appear to advantage.

"The great desire of our hearts is, not that she may be rich in the treasures of this world, but that she may be rich towards God; that she may have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; that she may be prepared to dwell in those mansions which the Saviour has gone to prepare.

"With these views, we feel constrained, most respectfully and gratefully, to decline to accede to your proposal. We tender you our warmest thanks for your attention and kindness to our daughter during her visit to the city. Pardon me that I have spoken so plainly; but, in a matter so serious, sincerity is peculiarly imperative.

"Affectionately yours,

"ELIZA CLIFTON."

When Mrs. Clifton had finished the letter, she handed it to her husband, who read it and returned it without any comment, save what was expressed by a nod of approbation.

"Shall I send it?" said his wife.

"Why not?"

"I have, by implication at least, censured her manner of life."

"You could not do otherwise in giving the true reasons of declining her proposition. Every consistent Christian censures, by his daily conduct, the manner of life pursued by the careless and worldly-minded."

"True; but censure expressed in words is felt more keenly than the censure implied by actions."

"We must not let our consciousness of a lack of sympathy on the part of others cause us to fail to give free expression to our views of truth and duty, whenever circumstances require such an expression. Much harm is done by this failure on the part of those who are possessed of intelligence and delicacy of feeling. In consequence, it too often happens that transgressors are reproved only by the less intelligent and refined. Thus, those who possess the greatest power for reproof fail to employ it."

"I confess I have often been prevented from giving a free and natural expression to my views and feelings on the subject of religion, from a consciousness that there were some present who could

not sympathize with me. I have therefore been afraid that anything I might say in those circumstances might do harm."

"Never. The natural unobtrusive expression of views and feelings in regard to duty never does harm. Persons are much more frequently benefited by it than by direct personal appeals. The conscience often guards itself against impression when it is directly addressed. The presentation of truth in the way you have mentioned, the introduction of religious thought in that quiet, indirect way, often steals upon the conscience and awakens it unawares.

Christians are not to sound a trumpet before them, nor are they to conceal their light under a bushel. The one is as much a transgression of God's command as the other."

"Shall I show the letter to Susan?"

"It is a matter of no consequence. It contains nothing with which she is not already familiar. There is no doubt about her concurrence in our views?"

"None whatever."

"And it is a fact for which we ought to be very thankful."

(To be continued.)

PERSONS AND PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC. ETC.

NO. II.—JANE GREY AND GUILFORD DUDLEY.

THERE was a pleasant summer parlor in an old Elizabethan mansion, as we are wont now-a-days to call the buildings of the era of the Tudors, although many were built long before the time of that great princess, and this of which I speak among the rest—overlooking from its oriel windows a wide stretch of park and chase, varied by dells and dingly hollows, and interspersed with clumps and groves of magnificent timber trees, all falling away in a long, gentle descent to the southwestward, so that the eye could range for miles over the open country, until it rested, far on the horizon's verge, on one of the stateliest of English rivers, and, yet beyond that, on an extensive mass of forest, empurpled now by the haze of distance and near-approaching sunset.

It was a pleasant parlor, hung with rich tapestries of green, inwrought with scenes of the chase, deer in full cry, and hounds in hot pursuit, foresters winding their bugles with puffed cheeks, or spearing mighty boars, nobles with falcons on their fists, and gentle demoiselles reining their jennets of Castile or Andalusia, and all the pride and pomp of the mimicry of warfare. The level sunbeams, streaming in through the latticed casements, filled the whole apartment with misty golden lustre, played lovingly on the books and ornaments which crowded the great central table, and kindled into warmer hues the dark wainscoting of the carved ceiling. The huge sculptured mantel-piece, and the embossed doorways; but it fell upon nothing, where all was beautiful and rare, so rare or beauteous as the young girl, for she was scarcely woman yet, who sat on the cushioned window-seat of that oriel window, with the sunset rays playing about her light-brown hair, her delicate and pensive features, and her slender though symmetrical form, like a lambent glory. She was reading in a huge velvet-covered, brass-clasped folio, which lay on a desk before her,

and that so intently that she appeared to take no note of the gay sights and exciting sounds which, all that livelong day, had been sweeping past the windows, within reach of her abstracted eyes, and ringing in her ears unheeded. For the chase was sport without, gayer and more enlivening than it was depicted within; bloodhounds were baying until the deep woods rebellowed their harmonious discords; bugles were winded far and near; coursers were prancing and plumes waving, and ladies cantering across the lily leas eager to mark the towering goshawk swoop on the soaring heron.

Yet from noon till it was now nearly night had that fair girl sat there engrossed in her studies, though friends and kinsmen—and one more dear, alas! than friend or kinsman—were chasing down the sun in the gay sport; and never once had she upraised those deep blue eyes from those quaintly characterized vellum pages, although his charger had curveted within sight, and his view-holloa swelled the breeze within hearing.

Suddenly the door opened, still unheard by the young student, who read on, unconscious that she had a spectator present at her studies. It was a tall, spare, dark-featured man, of sixty years or over, with a thick grizzled beard falling down square cut on his breast, and wearing the trencher cap and flowing black robes which were then, as now, the distinctive garb of the universities. His features, naturally grave, not stern, relaxed into a placid and benevolent smile, and an unbidden tear-drop sparkled, he knew not why, in his heavy lashes.

"Ha! gentle lady," he said, advancing slowly towards her, "indeed you are an earnest and right studious student for one of such years as most men hold better befitting to gay and mirthful pastime; what be thy studies, my fair daughter, this bright



evening when the hunt is up, and all the world, saving you only, are afield and merry?"

"O, Master Roger Ascham," exclaimed the girl, arising with a bright smile to greet her friend, the preceptor of the Lady Elizabeth of England—"O, Master Roger Ascham, you have surprised me. But, indeed, Plato is my most choice favorite, and his sweet eloquence and all-persuading wisdom delight me far beyond all pleasures they can reap from all their sport and gayety."

"Yet Dudley is among them, daughter," replied the old man, with a quiet smile.

"Ah! Master Ascham!" answered the girl, with a blush rising for a moment to her fair cheeks and brow, lifting her finger in half playful reproof; and then she added with a smile, "but Guilford Dudley is not Plato, father; and though his company is very pleasant, I doubt if from his converse I should reap so much good, excellent though it be and gentle, as from this wondrous Phreton."

"You are wise, daughter, excellent wise and good, for one of your years, so gay of wont, and thoughtless," replied the old man, with something of a sigh breathed from a smiling lip; for the aged wise are apt to associate, even the least superstitious of them, something, I know not what, of premature decay with early wisdom. "It is my fervent prayer that your maturity be no less happy than your youth is promising."

"Why should it not be happy, father!" she replied. "I am most happy now. All are so kind and affectionate to me; and then——"

"And then what, fair daughter?"

Again the faint blush rose to her cheek for an instant; but she answered in an unfaltering and clear tone of her silver voice—"I was thinking of *him*, Master Ascham." She spoke of her youthful lord, to whom she had been so lately wedded. "My life, hitherto, has been but one long, long spring day of unmixed sweetness, without one cloud to overshadow it, one shower to drown its rosebuds."

"God grant, in his goodness," said the old man solemnly, "that your life henceforth, my sweet daughter, may advance into the flush and flower of perfect summer, and decline, peaceful as an autumn sunset, dying away in a flood of heavenly glory."

"Amen! good Master Ascham. But you seem sad to-night; it is not, I trust, that you have any cause for melancholy?"

"It is not melancholy; it is only thought, my daughter; the old are wont to grow more thoughtful, as they have the less hold on earth, and the more hope, we will trust, of heaven. But of a truth—for why should I deceive you?—I have heard tidings that in some sort disquiet me; that make me thoughtful, yet glad withal at finding you so studious and so wise; that make me hope you will know how to hold fast of your philosophy."

"What are your tidings, father?" she inquired timidly, yet eagerly withal—for there was something in his manner that almost alarmed her, while at the same time it excited all her woman's wonder.

"The king is dead, Jane."

"Dead! Gentle Edward dead! My excellent good cousin dead! So virtuous, so wise for his youth; so young for his wisdom! Oh, father, but this is very, very sad. Oh, father, I have lost a friend."

"Pray God, you ne'er may feel the loss of one."

But she scarce heard his words, for, her short and broken ejaculations ended, she had bowed her gentle head upon her knees, and was weeping silently, with the big heavy tears trickling through the slender fingers, in which her face was buried; and while she wept, the kind grave tutor left the apartment, to bear the sad news of her half brother's death to his own immediate charge, the Princess Elizabeth, thereafter the great woman-king of England; and when she raised her eyes again, the Lady Jane Grey was alone with her sorrow.

Yes, fair and gentle reader, if any of the fair and gentle deign to lend an ear to a too sad and too true tale, she, whom you have seen seeking amusement while her gay comrades were rejoicing in their festive sports of old, not in the pages of the last new novel, but in the grand original of the old Greek philosopher, was not less fair than thou, and not less youthful; of nobler birth than thine, for hers was royal; like thee, the cynosure of all eyes, the beloved of all beholders; and yet she read Plato in the original Greek, rose at six in the morning, and went to rest not long after the birds flew to their roosts; and of a certainty would have blushed deeper than she ever did blush, had she beheld revealed the modern mysteries of the fashionable waltz, or the more fashionable Redowa polka. She was Jane Grey, at that instant, by the letters patent of King Edward, granted on his death-bed, Queen of England. Alas! for her, the beautiful, the innocent, the young, forced by the rude ambition of her husband's kin-men from the sweet privacies, to her so lovely and delicious, into the thorny seat of England's royalty. Yes! though she knew it not, nor surely wished it, even at that hour, while she was weeping the untimely death of her young cousin, Jane Grey was England's queen.

It must be remembered in this place that Henry VIII., shortly before his death, declared his only son his successor, under the title of Edward VI., under the government of a council, one of whom was Dudley, Viscount Lisle, the Admiral of England, agreeably to the destination of Parliament. After Edward and his heirs, the Lady Mary was named first, and the Lady Elizabeth second, in order of succession, with this proviso, that if either should marry without the consent of the council, she should forfeit the crown for herself and her posterity. Failing the heirs of his own body, he passed over the heirs of his eldest sister, the Queen of Scots, in accordance with an act of Parliament, and settled the succession on Frances Brandon, Marchioness of Dorset, eldest daughter of his second sister the French queen, and, after her, on Eleanor, Countess of Cumberland, her second daughter. But he sub-

joined that, after these, the crown should descend to the lawful heirs, thus leaving it open to a question, and thence to a contest, whether he meant thereby entirely to exclude the Scottish line, who were actually the next heirs before, not after, the House of Suffolk.

By a succession of events, intrigues, and acts of violence and iniquity, which do not of right belong to this sketch, Dudley, Viscount Lisle, the son of that Dudley who, with Sir Richard Empson, was executed in the first year of Henry VIII. for extortion during the reign of his father, afterwards created Earl of Warwick, gradually undermined and finally overthrew the protector, Somerset, who ultimately perished on the scaffold, himself succeeding to his dignity and office under the title of Duke of Northumberland. That title he obtained, together with all the great estates of the Percy family in the north, which was still the most warlike part of England, by grant from the young king; as, the late Earl of Northumberland having died without issue, and his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, having been attainted for his share in the Yorkshire insurrection during the reign of Henry, the title was now extinct, and the lands were vested in the crown. This done, he proceeded, being a man of extraordinary capacity and ability, both for peace and war, and of ambition not inferior to his parts, on his course of aggrandizement, by persuading the new Duke and Duchess of Suffolk to give their daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, who was the next of kin, and heiress to the Marchioness of Dorset, in marriage to his fourth son, the Lord Dudley Guilford. Thereafter he negotiated a marriage, whereby to strengthen himself by farther great alliance, between Catherine Grey, Jane's younger sister, and Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke, giving at the same time his own daughter in marriage to Lord Hastings, eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon. These marriages being celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendor, while the young king was languishing and like to die, moved extreme indignation among the people at large, who hated Northumberland in proportion as they had loved the regent, Somerset, whom he had caused to be put to death, as well as for his intolerable haughtiness and overbearing pride.

About this time Edward VI., a prince of most amiable disposition, and by no means without parts, whose only fault was something of intolerance towards the Catholics, and an overleaning to ultra Protestant or puritanic doctrines, fell ill, being seized with a cough which, yielding to neither regimen nor medicines, speedily degenerated into consumption.

So soon as this fact came to the knowledge of Northumberland, he applied himself forthwith to the execution of his plans with renewed vigor. He took care that none but his own creatures should be about the person of the king, and, paying him constant visits, under pretence of great solicitude for his health, he found it easy to work upon his religious feelings, and to create much alarm in his mind concerning the safety of the Protestant Church, should

so bigoted a Catholic as the Lady Mary was known to be succeed to the throne of England.

Mary, he represented, was, moreover, illegitimate, her mother's marriage having been pronounced incestuous and null. This he was easily induced to believe in, and he readily acquiesced in depriving her of her rights in succession: but it was far more difficult to bring him to pass over the Lady Elizabeth, to whom he was tenderly and sincerely attached, and against whom no such cause of exclusion existed, she being, no less than himself, a sincere, though scarcely zealous, Protestant.

Means were at length found, however, by which to convince him that both sisters having been alike pronounced by act of Parliament illegitimate, it was not possible to exclude the one to the preference of the other on that plea, since the act of illegitimacy was a bar against both in the same degree, nor could be valid in the one case and void in the other. On these grounds letters patent were granted by the king, setting aside both his sisters of the half blood as illegitimate, and settling the succession on the Lady Jane and the heirs of her body after his demise.

Although the council, who were all creatures of Northumberland, easily assented to this iniquitous proceeding, it was not without great difficulty, nor until a special commission was passed by the king and council commanding them to do so, and a free pardon granted them in case they should incur offence by their compliance, that the judges would draw a new patent of settlement of the crown. When the patent was brought to the chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, he refused peremptorily to affix the great seal thereunto, unless it should be previously signed by all the judges; and, though the others finally assented, after much violence and menace from Northumberland, Sir James Hales, though a zealous Protestant, could not be brought to do so. In like manner, when the privy councilors were called upon to sign, Cranmer resisted long, and at last yielded only to the earnest and pathetic entreaties of the youthful king.

Thus, in spite of the late king's will; in spite of act of Parliament; in spite of the laws fundamental of the land; against the acknowledged order of hereditary succession; against all rule and precedent, the two daughters of the late king, Mary and Elizabeth, were arbitrarily and illegally set aside, and the crown settled on the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk; for she herself, though living, waived the perilous dignity in favor of her daughters, the ladies Jane and Catherine Grey, and their posterity.

And thus, although neither of them knew it then, when Roger Ascham left her presence, the Lady Jane was *de facto* Queen of England.

What follows is sad history. On the following morning, after a fruitless effort to entrap the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, in which, had he succeeded, to judge of the unscrupulous nature and proceedings of this bold bad man, their tenure even of the barren right of succession would have been

but of short duration, Northumberland waited on the Lady Jane, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of their partisans, and tendered to her their allegiance with all the respect and honor due to a sovereign prince.

It was with equal grief and astonishment that the amiable and lovely girl learned, for the first time, the plots which had been entered into, and that too successfully, in her behalf.

Of the same age with Edward, she had been his friend, his companion, and his fellow student; had acquired with him, and even more than he, a perfect and familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics, reading them fluently in the original, as also with the modern languages, in several of which she conversed as easily as in the vernacular. Her favorite amusement was the pursuit of elegant and graceful letters; her preferred mode of life was retirement, with her lord, to whom she had given not her hand only, but her whole heart, with all its rich store of delicate and feminine attachments, in some sequestered rural residence, where they might live alone with nature and their books.

"The world forgetting, of the world forgot."

To such a mind, rarely endowed with talents and attainments, and possessed wholly by such sentiments and tastes, it needs not to say that the splendid glare of courts, the perilous ways of ambition, and the thorns, which to a proverb lurk within the circle of the diadem, offered no pleasure, no allurements.

Her affection, moreover, to the late king, and her regard for the Princess Elizabeth, led her to consider even a lawful occupation of the throne as an act of ingratitude, if not treason.

She wept, when the crown was offered to her, even more bitterly than she had wept on hearing of the death of Edward; for those were tears of sorrow and sisterly affection—these were in some sort tears of remorse, in some sort of sad and dark foreboding. She argued earnestly, though gently—for all her character was of gentleness—against her own elevation to the perilous height of royalty. She pleaded the superior right of the two princesses to the crown; expressed her conviction of the danger of embarking on an enterprise so criminal and dangerous; and at length, when urged to the point, decidedly refused to accept the proffered honor. In vain Northumberland argued and insisted; nay, he almost threatened, yet could he not prevail; nor was it until the entreaties and caresses of her young husband, whose ambition, it would seem, was dazzled by the prospect of the crown matrimonial, that she, at length, reluctantly and tearfully, and with many hesitations and forebodings, consented to ascend that fatal eminence.

"It was then usual," says Hume, "for the kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days in the Tower; and Northumberland immediately conducted thither the new sovereign. All the councilors were obliged to attend her to that

fortress; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the hands of Northumberland, whose will they were necessitated to obey. Orders were given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom; but these orders were executed only in London, and the neighborhood. No applause followed; the people heard the proclamation with silence and concern; some even expressed their scorn and contempt."

Of such a commencement, it required no prophet's eye to discern the disastrous conclusion. The fact appears to have been that as yet the mass of the people comparatively cared but little about religious matters; that the respect and singular affection for Henry VIII., which had always dwelt in the popular breast, was by no means extinguished; and that the hatred against the Dudleys, on account of the execution of the Seymours, was still paramount. Moreover, although the masses were certainly disposed to regard the marriage between Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon as unlawful, they were by no means prepared to consider the issue of that marriage illegitimate, seeing that it had been entered into under the authority of the church, and without suspicion of wrong by the parties.

On all sides, therefore, the gentry and nobility of Suffolk, with their servants and retainers, flocked to the standard of Mary in Suffolk, whither she had fled for refuge on the first intelligence of the conspiracy. Ere long, the Earl of Huntingdon, who had been sent by the council to make levies for the Lady Jane in Buckinghamshire, carried his forces over to Mary; while the very fleet which Northumberland dispatched to cruise on the coasts of Suffolk, deserting him, sailed into Yarmouth, and declared for the queen *de jure*.

Northumberland himself, when, after in the first instance sending out Suffolk to command the forces, doubting his capacity to lead them, he marched forth in person, observed the supineness, if not the disaffection of the people, and commented on it to the Lord Grey: "Many," he said, "come out to look upon us; but I find not one who cries 'God speed you!'"

His forebodings were right speedily proved true; for, finding himself unequal to cope with Mary in the field, and sending in to the councilors for reinforcements, those gentlemen, with Pembroke at their head, obtaining egress from the Tower, as if to obey their orders, at once shook off and denounced his usurped power, unsheathed their swords for Mary Tudor, and proclaimed her in the midst of great applause from the people.

Suffolk, who commanded in the Tower for the Lady Jane, at once laid down his arms, and gave up the keys; while the messengers who were sent off with orders to command Northumberland to forbear farther resistance, which must perforce be fruitless, found that he had already disbanded his followers, and proclaimed Queen Mary, although too late to save his head. Throughout the country, as Mary approached the metropolis, she was greeted with

general, almost unanimous loyalty; and before entering the gates was joined by her sister Elizabeth, at the head of a thousand horse, which she had raised to act against the usurper; thus giving evidence in her girlhood of what she would do in after years for the protection of her own throne, and her own country's freedom, in a more desperate struggle and against a far mightier foe.

All the conspirators and abettors in this desperate act of treason were of course arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced; and among them, innocent and unhappy children, mere tools and victims of ambitious traitors, Jane Grey and Guilford Dudley. In the commencement of her reign, however, Mary affected, if she were not really inclined to, a clemency, which, it is very certain, nothing in her latter career showed to be natural or congenial to her hard, cold, cruel nature.

None suffered, at that time, save those whom no modern casuistry or apologetic clemency could deny to be justly slain—Northumberland, the arch mover and executor of the plot, and his subordinates, Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir John Gates. No more of slaughter, at this time, was the consequence of this ill-timed and absurd, yet at the same time most iniquitous and desperate, conspiracy.

Dudley and the Lady Jane, being neither of them as yet seventeen, and being evidently and before all eyes guiltless, so far as intent of all complicity in the treason, it would not have been politic in any case to have them brought to the scaffold. Their youth, their innocence, their beauty, alike conciliated the people in their favor, and to have brought them to judgment then would probably have been to jeopard all the vantage-ground won, and perhaps to risk a second outbreak in the name of Jane Grey.

But Mary knew not how to pardon; and, though they were not put to death, they were committed to the Tower, that "den of drunkards with the blood of princes"—that dungeon-keep, wherein so many good, so many wise, so many noble, and so many great of the sons of men had been immured for years, to glut the scaffold with their gore.

How they passed the weary months which ensued is covered with a gloom impalpable, inscrutable, though there is too much reason to believe that they were not allowed even the poor consolation of sharing the sorrows which would have been alleviated by participation.

But, like all other human things, those months came to an end, and brought to an end likewise the sorrows of that bright and fair young couple.

On the publication of the articles of marriage between Mary of England and Philip of Spain, a violent insurrection broke out in several parts of England, and had any foreign prince supported the insurgents with his countenance, it is probable that she would have lost her kingdom. As it was, although for a short time Mary was all but overtaken and surprised by her rebels, it was in the end suppressed with great ease, and avenged by merciless and bloody executions. For Mary now, for the first

time, giving free scope to her natural disposition, reveled in blood and cruelty. Could she have by any means effected it, she would have sent her sister Elizabeth to the scaffold; but, as she was expressly acquitted by the dying declaration of Wyatt, the chief of the insurgents, she concentrated her bloody rage on the heads of Jane and Dudley. No further trial was needed, the old sentence being still on record and in force. Warning was sent to the Lady Jane that she must now prepare for death, a fate which she had long expected tacitly, and which, in the consciousness of innocence and the weariness of life, she perhaps desired as a boon rather than dreaded as a penalty. To the arguments of the Catholic divines with which Mary's zeal assailed her last moments—and I believe this zeal may be regarded as sincere, not simulated—she replied firmly and consistently in defence of her own religion; and after this she wrote a letter to her sister in the Greek tongue, encouraging her to hold fast to her faith in every trial, and to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

When the day of her execution arrived, her husband sent to request a parting interview, which she declined, informing him that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; while their separation would be but for a moment.

She even stood at her window and watched to see him led forth to execution, when she waved to him a parting token, and then awaited calmly the return of the cart with Guilford's headless body;—for, though it had been at first intended that both should suffer together on one scaffold on Tower Hill, it was deemed prudent to avoid the risk of stimulating the compassion of the people for their innocence, and youth, and beauty, into fury for their unmerited judicial murder, and it was resolved that they should suffer singly within the precincts of that bloody building.

When his body was brought back, and her turn had come, she expressed herself but the more strengthened by the reports of the constancy with which he had met his doom, and descended the dark stairway which led, not metaphorically, to the grave, not bravely but cheerfully, as though she longed to join him who had gone before on the dark path which leads to life immortal, whether for weal or woe eternal.

To the constable of the Tower, who asked her for "some small present which he might preserve as an everlasting remembrance," she gave her table book, containing the last words she should ever write, three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, which she had just inscribed therein on seeing the headless corpse of her loved lord.

When she reached the scaffold, she delivered a short speech, taking the whole blame on herself, without one word of reproach or complaint against the needless cruelty of her doom: admitting that she had erred against the laws of her land, and declaring that she was willing to make satisfaction to them, but averring that she had sinned not in grasp-

ing too greedily the crown, but in not refusing it more steadfastly. Filial obedience and reverence to her parents, she said, acting on youth and ignorance, and by no means ambition, had brought her to this pass. And she concluded by stating that she hoped the story of her fate might prove useful to the world, by proving that innocence itself is no excuse for misdeeds, if they be injurious to the commonwealth. Then, causing herself to be dis-

robed by her women, she submitted herself with a serene countenance to the blow of the executioner.

She died, yet lives forever—lives in the memories and affections of her countrymen—lives, doubtless, among the saints of heaven in everlasting glory: for, if there was ever yet a woman who was almost a saint, while on this earth, that woman was Jane Grey.

DEVELOUR.

A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 51.)

CHAPTER III.

FILMOT and Develour followed their guide into a narrow and dimly lit passage, until they arrived at the head of what appeared to be a staircase, when the old man requested them to wait there a moment, and then vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up. Filmot endeavored to look down through the opening at his feet, but could see only a dark abyss, without a vestige of steps or other means by which to descend. After a few minutes, which appeared to him almost as many hours, the tinkling of a silver bell was heard; the passage in which the two friends stood was suddenly illuminated with a bright light, and a voice was heard which bade them advance. Filmot looked down to see by what means he could traverse the opening at his feet; but nothing met his eye now but a smooth floor, and before he had time to express his astonishment, Develour seized his hand and led him to the end of the corridor. There they found themselves before a door, which opened at their approach, and they entered a small room.

M. Delevert stood ready to receive them. He took Filmot by the hand, and advanced with him to a small stand or table, upon which was a velvet cushion supporting a Bible, and resting upon a Koran in the Arabic language and a Hebrew Old Testament, while a large silver crucifix formed a kind of back to the cushion. M. Delevert then said to Filmot—

"Before I can permit you to accompany me, you must take an oath that you will not reveal, within a year and a day, anything you may see or hear within the room to which you will be introduced by me, and that at no time you will make known to any one the true names of the persons you may meet there; in our meeting, every individual is addressed only by his assumed name. If you are willing to take that oath, you may proceed."

Filmot signified his assent, and pronounced the oath after M. Delevert with his hand resting upon

the Bible. M. Delevert then said to Develour, "Now follow me with your friend." He then led the way towards a folding-door, which was thrown open as soon as he had rapped three times.

The room which they now entered was an oblong, one end of which contained a platform, upon which stood a throne-chair, the high back of which was ornamented with hieroglyphics and Arabic inscriptions, and upon a little table that stood before the chair was a curiously-shaped bell, highly carved and incrustated with jewels. Below the platform, and ranged around the walls, were two different sets of chairs; one was large, and something like Louis XIV. chairs, and the other small, and resembled stools with backs to them; more so, because a small chair was always placed before a large one. In the centre of the room, stood a large, low table, covered with maps and writing materials. All the chairs were occupied except one in the lower part of the room. It had evidently been set aside for some one to whom it was intended to pay particular deference. M. Delevert, after casting a glance around the room, ascended the platform, and seated himself in the throne-chair, motioning, at the same time, to his companions to occupy two stools in the rear of his chair. After a moment of profound silence, he touched the little silver bell, and it gave forth a sound which acted like an electric shock upon every one present, but particularly upon Filmot, who heard it then for the first time. Its vibrations seemed to penetrate the very inmost recesses of the soul, and to arrest, while they lasted, the very exercise of thought. As soon as they had ceased, every one drew a deep breath, as if relieved from something oppressive, the nature of which no one could explain. The president then looked over a list which had been placed on his table, and read, in an undertone, the following names—

"Joubart, Grandan, Malin, Sotard, Egal, Latonr, Robert, yrouvier, Longchamp, Bouchon, Labotte, Sovrier, Connier, Locquet, Pille;" and then continued, aloud, addressing Joubart, "Why is Le Sage

not here? You have assured us that he would come without fail at this our last communion for a final ratification."

Joubart rose in his place, and, with an air in which mortification, wounded vanity, and a desire not to offend any one were mingled, replied—

"Worthy master and fellow-laborers, you all know the zeal with which I have ever held myself ready to co-operate in any work which promised amelioration to our suffering race. Suffering humanity has always had my best aspirations. No one more than I has been ready, or is now prepared, to sacrifice his all upon the altar of our country and in the cause of our countrymen. I hail the moment which has brought us now together to deliberate at the beginning of the end; for the king—it is true, a noble and brave monarch, but misguided and ill-counseled—is tottering upon his throne, without being aware of the danger that threatens him. Our emissaries, both high and low, do their duty faithfully, so that while one party is endeavoring to foment the riot in the city, another is successfully occupied within the palace, to impress him and his friends with the idea that it is only a temporary *émeute*."

A voice from the lower part of the room—

"What of Le Sage?"

"Le Sage," continued Joubart, "I regret to say, does not see the matter as we view it, and is rather reluctant to identify himself with us; though I have no doubt that, were I not prohibited from divulging the names of the worthy members that compose this association, he would be proud to join his honorable name to ours."

A cloud passed over the brow of the president; while Joubart took his seat with great self-complacency, evidently satisfied that he had made an excellent impression upon his associates.

Labotte now rose in his place, and, with his square, muscular form drawn up to its fullest height, and with his cunning and treacherous black eyes fastened upon Filmot, inquired of the president—

"Who, worthy master, is the stranger now occupying the stool on the platform? It is well that we should know before whom we speak at such a crisis."

M. Delevert replied—

"Permit me, fellow-laborers, to introduce to you Mr. Filmot, a young American and enthusiastic republican. He shares all our desires to see our beloved France enjoy the privileges of a republic, and is ready, as he has already proved this morning, to aid in the good work as far as in his power. He has taken the first obligation prescribed by our association, and no other is necessary in his case, as he does not intend to become a citizen of this country. You will all readily perceive the advantage to be derived from having a representative of the great trans-atlantic republic with us, to lend his countenance to our work."

Here Mr. Filmot rose, and, though somewhat em-

barrassed by the new position in which he found himself, said, with a firm voice—

"Pardon me, gentlemen, if I interrupt one moment. Born a republican, and taught from infancy the principles of our own free institutions, I am ardently attached to them, and am ever ready to aid in spreading them by all just means, even at the sacrifice of property and life; but, when doing so, I represent only myself, not my country. By no act of mine am I willing to involve even the name of a country, whose just boast has always been that it never intermeddled in the domestic troubles of other nations. What aid I can give as a man and a republican I pledge myself to give; but in no other character can I consent to appear in your ranks."

A general applause followed these words; only Longchamp, Bouchon, and Labotte cast significant glances at one another, but kept their seats in silence.

"And now," resumed the president, "I would like to hear the reports from the different quarters of the city. Locquet, what news do you bring?"

LOCQUET. I come from the centre which has been assigned to me. The workmen from the Faubourgs gathered and rushed into the square of the Madeleine, then down the Rue Royale across the Pont de la Concorde, and drew around the Chamber of the Deputies. I placed the three brothers Dupré among them, with the squad to which they were appointed leaders. But they had some difficulty to bring about anything like a violent collision. There appears to be some unseen power counteracting all irritating influence; they move and talk as if going to a *fête*.

"That is Arbacca's hand," murmured Delevert. "I did not know that he was so near;" and then he asked aloud, "What says Millar?"

MILLAR. "I have been to the *cité*. Everything works well there. I have caused a rumor to be spread that the king has entered into a great corn speculation, which must raise the bread to double its present price. Nothing is heard there now but curses upon the merchant-king. As I passed on to the west, I sent Ruvenal and his gang before me in that direction, and when I arrived before the office of foreign affairs, I heard the stones rattling against the doors, and everywhere the cry, '*A bas Guizot!*'" while others cried out, '*Il n'est pas ici; allez chez la comtesse Leven!*'" The baker's shops were forced, armories broken open, and barricades made. Six thousand soldiers were ordered out by the government, when I had to leave that post to attend our meeting.

A rap at the door in the lower end of the room drew the attention of the conspirators in that direction. When that rap was followed by two more, given in a peculiar way, Delevert directed the door-keeper to open the door.

As soon as the person of the new-comer became visible, all rose, and remained standing in an attitude of respect, until the president's bell caused them

to resume their seats. The person who had caused this unusual attention now stood alone behind the vacant chair at the lower end of the room, and gazed for a moment from one to another, as if seeking some face not yet found. Madame Georgiana, for by that name was she known to the circle, was a masculine beauty; her piercing eye, her fine forehead, and speaking countenance told of a mind well corresponding with her external beauty; but both were those of a fallen angel, probably of the highest cast, but still a fallen one. As she stood now, in her riding-dress and plumed hat, in that room, in the midst of those men, most of whom were men of great intellect, all possessed of energy, and all, except two or three, engaged in planning schemes mainly from selfish motives, she looked as if sent by a subtle power to lead and lure them onward by every passion of our fallen nature. Without waiting to be addressed, she turned to M. Delevert, and said, somewhat haughtily—

"Why, worthy master, if such the title by which you are to be addressed here—why was I summoned in such haste to meet you and this worthy company at this hour here? Why requested to spare not my horses—my poor Cæsar will hardly thank you for it—in order to be here at this hour? Is it in order to witness another of your abortive *émeutes*? You might have spared Cæsar the fatigue."

The president, who had listened to her calmly and patiently, now said—

"No one here doubts the zeal and true republican spirit of Madame Georgiana, notwithstanding the somewhat petulant manner with which she meets her associates to-day. But let me assure madame that we are not in the midst of an *émeute*, but at the beginning of a revolution."

"A revolution!" interrupted Madame Georgiana. "Look at this paper!" here she handed to the president a small slip. "It is a true copy of a list of the troops ordered out by the thoughtful king-merchant. The original is now in the possession of M. Berthois, aid-de-camp to Louis Philippe. You are all caught in a net. I procured this copy through the aid of Louise Develour, who is now an inmate of my house."

Various were the emotions produced by the few words uttered by that extraordinary woman. The president took the paper from the hand of the messenger, and, without the slightest change in his calm countenance, glanced it over, and then apparently compared it with some other papers which he had taken from a secret drawer in the table. Labotte almost bounded from his seat when he heard that Louise Develour had been placed under the charge of the Georgiana, and when he turned to Longchamp and Bouchon, he saw his own rage and dread reflected in the faces of his friends. Develour, who had at first listened calmly to Madame Georgiana's communication, became violently agitated when she mentioned Louise's name, and turned his eyes reproachfully upon M. Delevert; but, seeing that the

latter was too absorbed to heed him, he hid his face in his hands and seemed to breathe as if in danger of suffocation. After a few moments of profound silence, Madame Georgiana continued—

"Neither must you deem, my friends, that all our danger lies in meeting the military preparations of our enemies. In our midst we hide many a Judas, and some are nearer than you may suspect. This very morning have I received a list of no less than forty names, six of which belong to the highest grade of the conspirators, and all of them are in the pay of the government. But it does not suit my purpose now to give them up. They may fight all the better for knowing that an instructed eye is upon them."

This was said with a sneer, and with a glance at two who sat near her. Again Longchamp and Labotte looked at each other, but now with an almost unearthly pallor in their faces. All the rest of the conspirators became uneasy, whisperings took place in various parts of the room, and every one became filled with a feeling of distrust and fear of his neighbor.

All eyes now turned to the president, who rose from his seat, and, with a degree of dignity unusual even in him, who was always remarkable for that characteristic, said—

"Fellow-laborers, not one of us can have entered upon the undertaking now before us without a consciousness of the great perils that must attend it. All of us professed our readiness to risk our lives for the sake of suffering humanity; some may have had minor motives, principles of their own—nay, even selfish aims and ends to accomplish. We will not quarrel with them so long as they serve to bring men to the standard raised for our cause. All I would ask, have these motives ceased to exist? Are there any perils now before us which we did not expect to meet in our path? Never have we had more need of coolness and prudence. Numerous secret societies exist, all laboring to bring about a change, all eager to come to our aid. The Carbonari revived, the Derniers, the Vrais Bleus, &c. We hold the threads of all of them in our hands. Their secrets are known to us. We alone are unknown to them all. Need we fear the spy—even if in our midst? He may sell some of the secrets of these societies; he may procure for himself, thereby, favor and money of the government; but who so bold as to betray our secrets? Do you think there is one living who would dare to do so with the fate of Bornotte before his eyes, with the consciousness of his inevitable doom in his mind? Would you were all united in one sentiment, and that an all-absorbing one!—that of saving the country from the detestable scourge. But the blood of your fathers cries for your aid, and will you falter at chimerical fears? The statement contained in the list which Madame Georgiana brought is correct."

Here the conspirators looked at one another with amazement.

"You need not be astonished. A similar copy was already in my hand long before madame re-

ceived hers, and with all the details necessary to make it available. I have taken measures to neutralize the danger. The great majority of the troops will not fight the people, if we give our agents time to operate. To-day we must as much as possible avoid fighting. To-morrow our enemies, or accident, may justify it. It is necessary, however, to have the twelfth arrondissement well officered. Is there no one with suitable influence to be placed in command of that post?"

Latour rose and said—

"Worthy master, there is, if we can only force him into taking a part. Charles Lemnier lives in Rue Galande, and is the very man, if he will consent. Idolized by the workmen, sober, fierce, cool, and indomitably brave, he is looked up to by all of his class for counsel, and as one whom they can follow. I say of his class: but I am, nevertheless, certain that Charles Le Bon, as he is called by his associates, has once belonged to a higher sphere—nay, I am not even quite sure that he is Parisian. But, though I have endeavored, even with the aid of some of our police, to find out his birthplace and early life, it has baffled all our most strenuous endeavors. He has, of late, been soured by extreme misfortunes, and lives now reduced to a mere pittance obtained by his daily labor, tenderly attached to a wife and child, both in delicate health. If Charles will lead the people of that section, they will follow him to the last drop of their blood."

PRESIDENT. Who is his landlord, and who his employer?

LATOUR. Jean Flocon is his landlord, and Philippe Durand Forgeron his employer.

PRESIDENT. It is well. Send me Dubare at four o'clock this afternoon. Visit the man this evening; you will find him ready to join the revolt. These papers, fellow-laborers, which—

A double rap at the main door interrupted the sentence, and the president ordered the doorkeeper to see what the alarm meant. When the doorkeeper returned, he said there were two letters, one for Develour and another for Labotte. The president directed him to hand them to those gentlemen.

When Labotte saw the contents of his letter, he changed color several times; but, quickly putting the letter in his breast pocket, he endeavored to hide his excitement under a whispered conversation with Latour. Develour glanced, at first, carelessly over his letter; but when he came to a few lines in a postscript, he also turned pale, and handed the letter to M. Filmot, who, as soon as he read the lines, was about to rise in order to leave the room. But Develour prevented him, and whispered—

"Be calm, and appear careless. More hereafter."

The passage which so greatly excited the two friends was, "Among the passengers in the boat from Dover is a Miss Filmot, I believe the sister of a friend of yours from the United States."

When the president perceived the emotion which these letters called forth in their respective recipi-

ents, he waited until they had finished reading them, and then asked—

"Does either of those letters contain anything bearing upon our movements?"

And, after having received a reply in the negative, continued—

"The papers I hold in my hand contain instructions for each of you, my fellow-laborers. Be vigilant, be active, and!"—

Again he was interrupted by a double rap at the door. And this time it was a brother who craved admission. After a few inquiries, he was admitted. He stated that he had been sent to request the president to inform those who were members of the chamber that they must repair quickly to their post; that a proposition to impeach the ministers was to be brought before the chamber, and that it was necessary that the opposition should muster in its greatest strength. After having heard the message, the president gave the messenger permission to retire, and then continued—

"My instructions are full, and I need add nothing to them. To-morrow, at twelve o'clock, we meet to hear and deliberate upon the news from the interior, as well as to receive our reports from Austria and Prussia. You will therefore leave the chamber, the barricade, or any other place where you may happen to be, no matter what your duties there, and take your place in our council. Our watchword for to-morrow is *Georgiana*; for the next day *Louise*. And now what is the last duty of the conspirator when separating?"

All answered—

"To refer significantly to the penalty of a traitor."

"Do so."

Each then drew a dagger from his belt, and pressed it to the breast of his neighbor. Georgiana pressed hers so strongly against Longchamp that it made the latter start back.

All, except Delevert, Develour, and Filmot, then left the hall to repair to their several posts.

CHAPTER IV.

DELEVERT now resumed his seat, and, turning to Filmot and Develour said: "You, Mr. Filmot, must act as aid-de-camp to your friend—the only post that I for the present feel willing to risk you in. But why this apathy—you were just now so eager to aid us in the great work?"

"My sister," replied Filmot, "has just arrived at Calais, and I am anxious for her safety."

Delevert threw a searching glance at Develour, and then continued: "Leave that to us; her arrival will be known to me in a few hours, and I shall take care to place her in security against any danger that may threaten during the coming tumult. Now you must excuse; my time presses. Develour will be your guide, and will no doubt have it shortly in his power to take you to your sister."

Develour did not reply, but taking his friend's arm, he made a mysterious sign across his forehead, and then left the room.

As soon as they reached the street, he gave vent to his suppressed feeling, and, addressing his friend, said vehemently, "Why did you mention your sister's arrival to the Red Man? Did you not see how I buried my thoughts in profound silence, both in the Covenantie and when speaking to that—" Here he stopped, and looked cautiously around, as if afraid to meet the eye of a spy. Seeing no one, he continued, "Come, let us go; for your sister we cannot do anything till evening; but there is another, Louise Develour, who must be saved from a danger which is even greater and more imminent than that which may threaten your sister."

"Who is Louise Develour, and with what danger is she threatened? Have I not heard that name mentioned by her they called Georgiana?"

"I cannot tell you now, not here in the street. But come, I know a place where information may be obtained. But—to go to Arabacca!—No matter; I will be a match for him, and it may be for both of them. Such treachery! Who would have suspected that in him, when he was at my mercy in Algiers."

"Recollect, you are talking in riddles to me, my dear friend."

"I will solve them all for you as soon as we can get into a place somewhat secure from spies and eavesdroppers. You will now accompany me to a place where it will be necessary not to betray any astonishment at anything you may see or hear, whether done or said by me or any one else. And be cautious not to address me by any other name

than that of Louis, if you should have occasion to call me by my name at all."

They had now reached the Rue du Foix, and, hurrying rapidly through the Rue de Noyers and Rue St. Victor, they turned into the narrow Rue de Pontoise. Here Develour stopped before a large though somewhat dilapidated building, and, after having assured himself that he whom he intended to call upon was within, he whispered to Filmot to imitate all his actions, and walk boldly in with him. Then, crossing his forehead, breast, and left hand, with the sign of what is called the St. Andrew's cross, he entered the house and ascended a flight of steps. No one inquired whom he wished to see, though a number of persons passed up and down the stairs in perfect silence. Arrived at the first landing, he scratched with his finger the same sign on every door which he passed. After he had repeated this for the third time, he heard a noise resembling that which he had made, by some one, as if imitating it on the inside. The door was then partially opened, and one of the ugliest hags that Filmot ever beheld protruded her head, and inquired whom they wished to see.

"Arabacca," said Develour.

The hag started when she heard him pronounce a name which she deemed unknown in Paris. Without any reply, she again fastened the door; and then they heard her hobble along some passage, muttering to herself. After a few minutes, she returned, and bade them come in. Develour neglected not to cross himself again as before, when he entered the door, and, by a slight pressure on Filmot's arm, reminded him to do the same.

TO MY WIFE.

(WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.)

BY J. FRED. SIMMONS.

And what, dear one! if friends forsake!
For such as these thou shouldst not pine;
Myriads of such should never break
One single heart so pure as thine.

Let gold abound, each face we meet
Will wear a captivating smile,
And every tongue in language sweet
Will laud our actions all the while.

Few will condemn the ways of wealth,
Or stop to ask how 'twas obtained;
Whether by marriage, trade, or stealth,
'Tis all the same—they know 'twas gained.

But let afflictions come at last;
Let poverty oppress you sore;
How soon will they forget the past—
Condemn what they have praised before!

Then let them go—ay! bid them flee;
In thy sweet prattling babe thou hast
A friend, a solace, who will be
A blessed comfort to the last.

Thou canst not think that I'll forsake!
But yes! 'tis possible I may
When death my earthly toils shall break,
And tear my soul from *thee* away.

Thou canst not think that I'll forget!
But yes! though now I do adore,
I may, ah yes! I may forget
When life's sweet transient dream is o'er.

I may forsake, forget, and die;
But oh! I would not be forgot;
I claim, when here you read, a sigh,
And ask you to "forget me not."

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II.

THE long reign of Edward the Third presents us with many novelties in fashion. Many modes were brought from foreign lands. "The Englishmen," says the Monk of Glastonbury, "haunted so much unto the folly of strangers, that every year they changed them in diverse shapes and disguisings of clothing, now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and every-day clothinges new and destitute and devest from all honesty of old arraye or good usage; and another time to short clothes, and so strait-waisted, with full sleeves, and *tapetes* of surcoats, and hodes, over-long and large, all so nagged and knib on every side, and all so shattered, and also buttoned, that I with truth shall say, they seem more like to tormentors or devils in their clothing, and also in their shoging (shoeing) and other array, than they seem to be like men."

Drawings made about the year 1350 give us representations of men wearing caps made the shape of the head, surrounded by a border, which is either embroidered splendidly, or profusely ornamented with jewels. Some are clad in long gowns, open before, with sleeves reaching to the wrists.

Edward the Third is described as wearing a mantle or cloak of velvet, embroidered in gold, ornamented with precious stones, and lined with ermine; this cloak was fastened with a velvet band, covered with jewels. The robe was a rich gold and colored brocade, or a manufacture much resembling it. It reached from the neck, which was then always uncovered, down to the ankles; the hose were of scarlet silk, and the shoes profusely embroidered with precious stones.

The dress of ladies of "high degree" was no less splendid; velvet shirts, trimmed with rich furs, and jackets fitting tight to the shape, embroidered in gold and silks, with a mantle of gold and silver cloth, sometimes studded with jewels, formed their usual costume.

A surcoat was a garment greatly in fashion at this time. It was worn by men, and fitted close to the body down to the hips, when it became very full, the bottom being usually covered with embroidery; the sleeves were large and hanging, and a flowing mantle, descending from the shoulders, and reaching nearly to the ground, was generally thrown over it.

The sleeves of the ladies' gowns were also long and hanging; sometimes they reached nearly to the ground, but others were always worn under them;

the upper sleeve was only pinned to the dress, and was therefore easily detached from it.



These being the days of chivalry and tournaments, when lances were shivered for the love of the fair ladies whose bright eyes glanced round the lists, when rewards were given to the conqueror, and many a love-token was presented by jeweled fingers to the true and faithful knight, we may readily suppose that even, as Cressida exclaims, "There, Diomed, keep this sleeve," this part of a lady's attire might be given as a pledge "to wear on the helm," as well as a glove or scarf. It is supposed, however, by some old authors, to have meant an ornamental cuff.

In the reign of Richard the Second, fashion assumed a most important place. To begin with the costume of the ladies, they were extremely partial to parti-colored robes, and wore *sous jupes*, or kirtles, of rich satin, or brocade, flowered with gold and silver. Richard the Second's first queen, Anne, introduced Bohemian fashions among her new subjects, and certainly was herself a most celebrated leader of fashion.

From Bohemia came, perhaps, the vest, or *coltardie*, a most curious garment. It somewhat resembled a waistcoat, for it was made quite tight to the shape as far as the hips, and was frequently trimmed with a broad border of fur all round, and with buttons down the front. Across the bosom it was cut quite square, and it had sleeves fitting tight

to the wrist. Sometimes, in imitation, probably, of the French, an *escarcelle*, or modern reticule, was suspended from the border, and hung down in front. There was also a sleeveless or sideless robe worn at this period, which is frequently confounded with the *côte-hardie*, under which was worn a petticoat, or kirtle, of a different material from the robe, with a tight body and sleeves, the latter adorned with buttons. Some fair dames adopted the mode of wearing stomachers of jewels; and the whole dress, robe, kirtle, and mantle, were very often emblazoned with the arms of the family of the lady, and that of her husband. Sometimes, too, curious mottoes, or quaint devices, were worked on the borders.

Towards the end of this reign, the trains of the gowns became so ridiculously long, that a clergyman published a tract against them.

The head-dresses were various, and not remarkable for beauty or elegance. The gentlemen having adopted one that was peculiarly ugly, the ladies probably thought it but seemly that they should do likewise; they therefore wore one called a *caput*, which was stiff, formal, and inelegant. It was fitted quite close to the crown of the head, and had a broad border across the forehead, arched out and escalated. Sometimes, to improve its beauty, two lappets were appended, and hung as low as the waist. Other coiffures resembled basins laid on the top of the head, and formed of gold network; while some, again, had points like a bishop's mitre: but all were low and small. The hair was parted on the forehead, and drawn back in short curls or plaits behind the ears.

In the succeeding reign, the *côte-hardie* was universally worn by all classes. The gowns had long trains, and the sleeves, which were generally tight, had very small *ruffles* at the wrist. The girdle rested negligently on one hip, and fell down loosely on the other side, having a jewel or golden ornament appended to it. From the latter hung a *châtelaine*, or *cordelière*, curiously wrought in gold and precious stones.

Besides this habit, a long mantle was generally worn, and the ornaments then the mode were rich and beautiful. They consisted of a necklace, composed of four rows of precious stones, and a cross on the bosom; the mantle was confined at the neck with brooches or golden trinkets; and the girdle often hung to the feet, and was terminated with tassels. This costume was altogether a very graceful and elegant one, and, if we except the head-dress, few of the succeeding fashions can be compared with it.

The coiffure to which we allude was not very much unlike the pediment of a portico, with two square horns standing out sideways from the forehead. It was composed of a variety of materials, generally of silk or fine linen, interwoven in a curious manner with bands of ribbon and gold and silver cord; from it was suspended behind, a drapery or veil, edged with embroidery. The hair was seldom

seen underneath this mighty fabric. Some ladies, however, preferred a crescent-shaped coiffure, with



long lappets; some a heart-shaped head-dress; and others showed their taste by merely confining the hair in a net-work covering, over which was placed a long veil.

A French writer of this period severely censures the female costume. He declaims with much eloquence against the quantities of fur employed for trimming the hems of the gowns, the hoods, and the sleeves, and laments that the love of useless and extravagant fashions has become so prevalent among the lower classes.

It is stated by authors of the time, that some ladies, not content with the shapes that nature had bestowed upon them, stuffed their petticoats at the hips, till they resembled the far-famed and much-reviled hoop of later years.

The reign of Henry the Fifth is noted in the annals of fashion for the introduction into England of that celebrated monstrosity, the horned head-dress,



so much admired by the ladies, and so much disliked and found fault with by writers and preachers of the fifteenth century. It was compared to a horned snail, to a gibbet, and to many other equally frightful objects. But the abuse leveled at their favorite coiffure only made the fair wearers more determined to persevere in continuing it, and the *élégantes* of England and France nobly resisted every effort to deprive their heads of so admired an ornament.

There were, however, some other coiffures worn by those whose courage sank beneath the determined opposition the horned head-dress met with. As in the former reign, golden network round the head was sometimes seen, and a peaked coiffure, with a veil falling behind.

Towards the close of this reign, the sleeves of gowns became immensely long and wide, so that the ends often fell to the ground, and served as a muff to conceal the delicate hands; for, as yet, gloves were only worn by men.

When the *côte-hardie* disappeared, ladies must

have wondered at the metamorphosis in their shapes occasioned by its banishment; for certainly it was anything but an elegant garment, and probably its departure first suggested the wearing stays, which appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century.

A GOOD-BY SONG.

BY GIFTIE.

THINK of me

When the daylight groweth pale,
When the night-winds round thee wail;
When the pale-browed queen of night
Walks with her calm light on high;
When the first faint stars of even
Look upon thee from the sky;
In the hour when care shall cease,
When thy spirit is at peace,
Think of me.

Think of me

In that hour, love, with a smile,
For falsehoods that no more beguile,
For the follies that are past,
For the cares that vex no more,
For the love that seemed so true,
Whose false reign for aye is o'er:
That my heart at last is old,
Careless, proud, suspicious, cold,
Smile for me.

Think of me

In that hour, dear friend, with tears,
For the hopes of other years—
Hopes that seemed in youth so bright,
Whose false glory now is fled;
For the joys I prized so much—
Joys that slumber with the dead:

By the burning tear-drops shed,
By the heart that long has bled,
Weep for me

Think of me

In that hour, love, with a sigh,
That, though hope has long gone by,
Though my soul is wasted now,
The idol fallen on its shrine,
I still cling with such devotion
To that early dream of mine:
That I cannot quite forget,
E'en 'mid anguish and regret,
Sigh for me.

Think of me

In that hour, love, with a prayer;
And the God who sees thee there,
With pale face and bended knee,
Pleading in low tones for me,
He, perchance, will heal the heart
That so long has bled,
Bind again the bruised reed,
Raise the drooping head;
Teach me, in my hopeless grief,
To raise my thoughts on high—
Fit me, at last, to dwell in heaven,
Where love can never die:
Pray for me.

SABBATH LYRICS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

RESTORATION FROM THE RUIN.—ISAIAH xxiv.

THE conqueror now hath welcome,
His ancients hail his sway,
That stays the tide of evil things,
The old world's disarray;
For now this earth but languisheth,
Beneath the curse of crime,
That breaks the holy covenant
That God had made with Time.

The joy of tabrets ceaseth,
The beauties of the earth
Beneath the terror fade
That stays their idle mirth;

The wine that now is drunken,
With bitterness so springs,
That he who tastes the fearful cup
No longer o'er it sings.

While now the joy is shadowed,
The city overthrown,
The haughty of her palaces,
In shame and trembling gone;
Shout forth the coming brightness,
That all the past repairs,
The march of him who plants anew
The seeds of better years.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "SIGNS OF GENTILITY," "MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS," ETC. ETC.

"Oh, Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face!"

Supposed to have been written by ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

"One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."—*Common Proverb.*

"Is she in society?"
"Oh, by no means!"
"Why I hear of her everywhere."
"But you never *meet* her."

Short as was this dialogue, it had power to render discordant every liquid note that the fair Tedesco was pouring forth; at least to the ears of Mrs. Mark Thompson; thus verifying the truth of the oft-quoted proverb, "listeners never hear any good of themselves." Not even her new opera cloak, with its ermine trimming, had power to console her. What were velvet and fur to a wounded spirit? What the admiration of half the young gentlemen in the parquette, when Mrs. Le Count, in the very next box, was a smiling and unconscious Mordecai in the gate of her self-satisfaction? Mr. John Lenox, who had just returned from Europe, was told that she, Mrs. Mark Thompson, was "not in society." Fatal words! and true as fatal. There was the sting.

And now what is "society?" and how did it chance that Mrs. Mark Thompson, whose husband might purchase the inheritance of the Le Counts twice over, who gave large parties always crowded, who never passed an evening of her life at home unless it was set apart for a reception, was "not in society?"

Be it known, then, most rustic reader, to whom the mystic word means a few pleasant neighbors who meet together from time to time in a tea-drinking, a wedding, or a sewing circle, that, in city life, it has a more arbitrary and far different signification. Here you may live in one of the most luxurious houses of the West End, magnificently furnished, with servants for every wish; you may roll in solitary pomp, in a carriage whose splendor shall out-rival even the Lord Mayor's stately equipage; you may employ the most fashionable dress-maker, and be Levy's best customer; cards to the number of a score daily may be left at your door; you may be seen night after night at the opera, or in the concert room, in the most unexceptionable of toilets; and yet you may not be within the charmed circle denominated "society."

But, if all this be so, do not despair. You hold the golden key that shall win your entrance; but you must be patient, cautious, and, above all, invulnerable to insult! Mrs. Mark Thompson held the key.

Wealth flowed in upon her; and our business as a historian is to relate how she made use of her prize, how the mechanism of butts and bars became her unwearied study, and how "fortune led on to fame."

"Who was Mrs. Mark Thompson?"

Ah, that is not an original question, by any means. We have heard it whispered in the opera house; it has come to us in the echo of the band at West Point; gentlemen have asked it over their wine, and ladies as they subdued wry faces to a glass of Congress Water. But we are truthful, and the oracle invoked by your inquiry must not be dumb, much as the tale may tell against our heroine's ambitious projects. Many years ago—how many you must judge from the fair face of the lady—a little bright-faced child might have been seen hovering around a huckster's stall in the Second Street market. She made herself very useful to the old Quaker lady who was its proprietor, and came and went with her, though she was not the market-woman's child. She had a quick step, a bright smile, and a word in reply to any one who spoke to her. There was a fine color on her unwashed face, and the tangles of her flaxen hair needed only the unusual discipline of comb and brush to reduce them to curls. Gentlemen gave her pennies now and then as they patted her on the head, and the old man at the book stall on the corner taught her to read. So the pennies went for books, and thus her education progressed from "Jack the Giant Killer" to "Alonzo and Melissa," "The Three Spaniards;" and then, better than all, the marbled-covered issues of the Minerva Press were supplied from a neighboring circulating library. She read there of orphan girls like herself, who had been suddenly raised to prosperity; she dwelt upon the magnificent homes to which they were removed, until, in imagination, she became at least a duchess. Very dull to her excited mind was the multiplication table, which her old friend obliged her to say "backwards and forwards" in the evening, or the long sums that were set for her on the bit of broken slate. And yet she should have thanked her formal instructress when rebuked for inattention; for the speediness and exactness of her reckoning attracted the attention of a petty shopkeeper who dealt at their stall, and, with real regret on the part of the old lady, and a throb of satisfaction on her

own, Susan was removed to the counter of a small store in Kensington, where she sold a levy's worth of tea or a yard of muslin, to suit the modest wants of the neighbors.

Behold her, then, on the high road to preferment. And now her dreams took a shape and form, as she curled her very fine hair by the little mirror in the back shop, or clasped a small paste buckle about her slender figure.

To the work-room of a fashionable mantuamaker was her next transition, and there the *accomplishments* of her education were received. Her fingers flew among the shining silks and velvets, and she thought, "Why may I not be the wearer as well as the maker of these elegant dresses?" She was as beautiful as those for whom she labored, and her quick eye had caught the graces which distinguished these high-born beauties. And, finally, when a young clerk, fascinated by her light step and the pretty face revealed through the shower of curls, offered to make her his wife, she accepted him, not because he was the soul of good temper and loved her dearly, but because she saw in his persevering industry the groundwork of the future she coveted, when united to her own tact and ambition.

Nor was she at fault. The two rooms in a little court gave place, in time, to a two story tenement in a street much nearer the city. There was short space between this and the good fortune of Mark Thompson in being taken into the firm; and then Arch Street alone could sustain the newly-acquired dignity. There were two maid-servants now, and, after a while, silver forks appeared at the board; and when in her light carriage, with its stylish-looking coachman, she stared at her Wood Street friends as if she wondered at their impertinence in bowing to her, and cut the last acquaintance possessed of the secret of her sewing days. And it was preserved for a long, long time, at least from her ears, for who would have recognized in the well-dressed Mrs. Mark Thompson the fragile girl of the sewing-room, in her levy chintz and coarse tambooured collar. She purchased a piano, and commenced the cultivation of a really fine voice—another of nature's lavish gifts. She gave parties that were attended by the wives and daughters of some of the best men in Market Street. The Mark Thompsons had become decidedly *gentle*.

But ah, there is a vast difference between gentility and *fashion*! Mrs. Thompson began to find this now, in spite of her fine house and her lavish expenditure. There were "Alps on Alps" yet to be surmounted; but she did not despair. Fortunately, her husband never interfered with her plans. He was immersed in business day and night, rapidly realizing a fortune almost beyond the wildest dreams of her childhood, by an unexpected turn of mercantile affairs. He admired his stylish wife more than ever, and had the fullest confidence in her management of the house and children. He had the disposition, and could now afford to be liberal; so he did not find fault with expenditure. Mrs. Thompson

paid more for the christening-dress of her fourth child than the cost of her whole bridal wardrobe.

The girls were placed at expensive schools as they became old enough to make "good acquaintances." The family were regularly seen on Sundays in a fashionable church, carrying prayer-books as elegant as velvet and gold clasps could make them. Their pew was in the middle aisle, and commanded a view of the devotions of some of our *best* families—the description applied to manners, not morals, however. At dancing school, the same parties were in view, but ever at a distance. At a distance, though Mrs. Thompson's velvet cloak touched the plainer dress of Mrs. Stewart Hamilton; at a distance, though they watched their children dancing in the same set; immeasurably separated, when standing side by side as the class was ended, and the little Hamiltons, with all the *has-tour* of their aristocratic parents, pushed by Ellen Thompson and her sister.

Still, Mrs. Thompson began to talk to her Arch Street friends of Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. John Lenox, as though they were her intimate acquaintances. Mrs. Stewart Hamilton was intending to spend the next winter in Paris! (She had heard her tell Mrs. Le Count so, as they waited in the vestibule of Korponay's saloon for the children to get their bonnets.) Mrs. John Lenox was quite delighted with the new rector of St. Mark's, and approved of all his high church notions. When abroad, she had frequently dined with a nephew of the Bishop of Oxford, who, by the way, intended to make a tour of the United States, a delightful man! and she had Keble's autograph in her "notes of travel." How Mrs. Smith, of Race Street—Mrs. Cadwalader Smith—was delighted to hear it! But she never knew that the information came from a chance conversation at Mrs. Burke's opening, overheard by Mrs. Mark Thompson. So the iron entered more deeply into the soul of our ambitious heroine—the iron of Mrs. Le Count's remark at the opera, of the cool survey which Mrs. Lenox shortly after made through the medium of her lorgnette. She went home to a sleepless pillow; she arose a sadder and a wiser woman.

She had taken a survey, during the night watches, of those who now occupied the proud eminence on which she so coveted a foothold. There was Mrs. Archer Scott. She had once been a folder in the book-bindery of Messrs. Thomas. Mr. Mark Thompson had often met her going to her daily work when he first entered the establishment of which he was now the head. But she was literary, probably from early associations, and had made her way as an authoress and a blue. Then the Hautons, of Fourth Street, how well she remembered their mother's millinery store in Second. But their father was a Hauton, although the family were miserably poor; and he was glad to marry the rich widow to gain a new supply of spending money, even if it had been accumulated by her personal industry. To be sure the family made a stir about it; but, after a while,

they took them up, and were glad enough to have the purse of their sister-in-law to fall back upon.

And that vulgar Mrs. Alphonse De Costa, seen everywhere with her overblown costume and her crimson face. Well, every one knew that story, and it was not much to the credit of her moustached husband or the spendthrift Hamilton, if the club whippers told the truth, and there was honor among billiard-players.

All these private histories, which will doubtless astonish our readers, and many more equally marvelous, had come to Mrs. Mark Thompson's ears in the gossip of the work-room where her younger days had been passed, and where fashionable ladies do not think it amiss to talk over the affairs of their acquaintances, while they are being fitted for a ball or party dress. Commend us to a half hour at a Chestnut Street milliner's, to gather the moss of comment on the rolling stone of slander.

With these recollections, there had also come to Mrs. Mark Thompson's memory a copy which her early instructor had frequently repeated in her writing lessons, "What man *has* done, man *may* do," and, making the application to her own sex, Mrs. Thompson was comforted.

She had a home fitted with everything that could minister to her really refined tastes, and the ease of her comfort-loving husband. She was sure of his simple but honest love and admiration. He would have sacrificed his most profitable investment to gratify her slightest wish. Her children were beautiful, and promising as the proudest mother could have desired. She had acquaintances who looked up to her as a model of elegance and good taste; she might have attached them to her as life friends, well bred and intelligent, and womanly as they were; but what was all this so long as she was *not in society*?

She did not rise that morning with a thankful heart, full of wonder and gratitude at the mysterious Providence that had placed her so far above want, and had given the lonely orphan the love of her devoted husband and beautiful children. There was no thought of the means she now possessed of making hundreds happier, of comforting those who "lacked and suffered hunger." Ah, no! her heart whispered, "all this availeth me nothing," save as a stepping-stone to future advancement. She had come to a new resolve; the summer should give her the clue to the labyrinth she desired to tread, and the next town season behold its results. Cape May should never see her face again. Time had been when to be singled out in its saloons as the wife of Mark Thompson, the beautiful Mrs. Thompson, had been all-sufficient. But now such praises were worse than naught coming from a crowd, where she could never rise above that level, where every one knew her exact position. She would go to Newport and Saratoga; who could tell what fortunate chance of hotel or traveling acquaintances might accomplish for her?

The spring came with its flowers and its crape

hats, its foliage and new costumes. Mrs. Mark Thompson was seen by the hour at Levy's counters; nothing was too costly for her purse. She hurried her mantuamaker for her dresses, and suggested one or two new head-dresses to her milliner, who took advantage of her good taste, and they became the rage. Mrs. Thompson often smiled as she saw them repeated at the dinner-table of the Ocean House. For thither she went, having first made sure that the Hamilton set were starting for the White Sulphur Springs. She did not care to encounter them just now; they might interfere with her arrangements. But it takes something more than a fine wardrobe and presentable figure to make one's way at a watering-place. Mrs. Thompson had found it so during her short sojourn at Saratoga, and the same lesson was repeated with infinite variations at Newport. She had come without a party. She knew no one of her own set with whom she cared to share the secret of her future success; and the Philadelphians already at Newport were entire strangers to her in society, although their faces were "as familiar as household words" upon the street. So, despite her Parisian dresses and her tasteful *coiffeur*, notwithstanding that strangers inquired her out as soon as they arrived, as the most elegant-looking woman at the *table d'hôte*, she dressed, and bathed, and promenaded to little or no purpose, and oftentimes did the scalding tears of mortification burst from the beautiful eyes that had so lately been the admiration of all the gentlemen at the ladies' ordinary. For, though some of them sought an introduction and chatted with her, or tried a waltz or polka, or even handed her in to dinner, their wives and their sisters kept far aloof. Their very attentions were a mortification, for

"The courtesies that raised her
Still suggested clear between them the pale spectram
of the salt."

An ordinary woman would have retired from the field. But Mrs. Mark Thompson bit her curved lips with envy, and she found that it made them still more glowing. She bathed her large brown eyes, and their fire was unquenched. So, instead of bidding her maid pack their numerous trunks for home, she selected her most becoming dress, and appeared in the saloon more radiant than ever.

And where was her husband all this while?

Ah, husbands have a very trifling part to play in the farce of fashion. The men one meets in society are not those who gather upon 'Change to furnish the means for its display and glitter. A husband's place is in the counting-room, the dingy law office; it is *madame* and her daughters who dispend the golden store. Now and then they are spoken of by gay gallants, moustached and daintily gloved, as "good fellows, safe cards;" but that is all. The idlers in the world's harvest reap what they should claim, the smiles, the care, the attentions of those they are toiling to serve.

So Mark Thompson divided his time between

Market Street and his lonely home, sometimes wishing for the old days when "Susan"—as none but he ever called his wife now—came springing to welcome him, or sat beside him while he recounted his losses and his gains. And, to do her justice, she was never untrue even in thought to him; and sometimes when she had spent hours in trying to attract to her side men whose vapid nothings of Europe and the opera after all wearied her, it was with an emotion of secret satisfaction that she contrasted with them the manly, honest-hearted husband she was sorely neglecting. So a season of six weeks dragged through; and as she trod the saloon of the Astor on her return, and thought of all the bright hopes and eager anticipations which had filled her mind when she had last entered that room, and how "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" had been their conclusion, her heart sank heavily within her, and she clasped her jeweled hands almost in despair.

But "despair is never quite despair," the poet tells us, and as Mrs. Mark Thompson stood looking into the crowd that swept through the great thoroughfare, her glance rested vacantly on the letters of a car that was blocked by a crush of omnibuses and carts close beneath the balcony, "ICE FROM ROCKLAND LAKE."

Now it was a little thing, dear reader, and we cannot tell what was the connecting link which suggested the Catskill Mountain House to Mrs. Thompson. But such was the case, and as slight a thing as the blockading of an ice cart had decided the destiny of nations as well as of individuals—

"It was a goose
Whose cackling saved imperial Rome!"

and not more speedily was the warning of "the bird who once saved the capital, and never did anything else," acted upon, than were Mrs. Mark Thompson's plans arranged.

She felt calmer that evening, as she floated up the beautiful Hudson River, pacing the deck with a friend who had opportunely offered his services as an escort. There was something soothing in the ripple of the waters as they broke in long low swells upon the silent shores, in the swift advance of the rushing form which sent them from its path; and, more than all, in the tranquil moonlight which silvered the waves and the solemn mountains, that loomed up gigantic masses of shadow on either side. And better yet when she stood, the next evening, on the balcony of the hotel, and looked over the broad panorama lying in the soft haze sent back by the slowly setting sun; there was a peace stealing over her troubled spirit, which came like an omen of good for the future, when, her wish being accomplished, she too should move calmly in her proud pathway enveloped in softened splendor.

"Come here, Lily," she said to her youngest child, who was at the other end of the balcony, as she turned to re-enter the house. But Lily was too much pleased with her new acquaintances to heed

the first or even the second call of her stately mamma.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady at whose side the child was standing, as Mrs. Thompson approached the group, "I am afraid I have made this little creature disobedient. But she is such an exquisite child, you cannot wonder that we have become good friends."

The lady spoke very frankly, and smiling, discovered teeth of most dazzling whiteness. She was dressed in perfect taste, and Mrs. Mark Thompson's initiated eyes detecting at once her high-bred ease, her rising displeasure was softened.

Mrs. Mark Thompson bowed to her new acquaintance, as she found her seated opposite at the breakfast-table, in a most bewitching cap and morning-dress. Such dainty hands! such a bright smile! Mrs. Thompson gave Lily a muffin buttered with unusual care, as a reward for bringing about the acquaintance. Who could she be? Some one of consequence evidently; for all the gentlemen crowded around her as they returned to the saloon. Unmarried, for they were bantering her about some conquest which she affected ignorance of. At last her name came to the eager ears of Mrs. Thompson, as one of the exquisites ejaculated—

"Now really, Madame Leignette, you are too hard upon a poor fellow!"

The whole story flashed across her recollection. She had heard this same Madame Leignette discussed by the gentlemen at Newport. She was a widow at twenty-two; had married abroad when a mere child, and her father, General Livingston, was attached to the French legation. She was a rich widow, better still; she was a *belle esprit* and the fashion. What a combination of attractions! Lily should have those turquoise bracelets she had been teasing for. Yes, Mrs. Mark Thompson decided that in her mind as Madame Leignette, leaving the gay circle, came over to the window seat in which she was ensconced.

She believed Lily's mamma was from Philadelphia. How was the dear child this morning?

Yes, they came from Philadelphia. "Quite well," Mrs. Thompson added.

Ah, indeed! Did she ever see Mrs. Le Count?

Quite often; daily, she might say. Their pews were scarcely separated at church, and their children went to the same schools.

Lily had mentioned having a playmate, Marian Le Count. Madame Leignette fancied it must be the daughter of her old friend.

Had Madame Leignette ever visited the Quaker city?

No; but she had promised herself that pleasure the coming winter, passing the time with her friends, indeed, distant relatives, the Stewart Hamiltons. Only, so provoking! she had heard the day before they were going to Europe.

"Very unfortunate!" Yes, Mrs. Thompson had heard them say such was their intention. Ah, here was Lily.

"The dear child!" ejaculated madame. Did she sing? She danced, of course.

"Oh, certainly!" and Lily was bidden to show Madame Leignette the pretty step she caught from Alice Hamilton.

By the time the ladies separated for their dinner toilets, an ardent friendship had arisen between them. Indeed, they kissed each other when they met the next morning. What does the kiss of a fashionable woman express? And Mrs. Mark Thompson worked steadily to the accomplishment of her purpose, which had been formed the instant she heard Madame Leignette express a wish to visit Philadelphia. She would secure her as a guest! and then the circle must open *bon gré mal gré*.

It was a bold stroke, and it required all the address of Mrs. Mark Thompson to manage it. To keep Lily and Ellen from the confession that the Hamiltons never spoke to them; to watch her own conversation lest she should be entrapped into a like unfortunate *exposé*. But Madame Leignette did not dream of questioning too closely. Mrs. Thompson was a lady in manners, she wore diamonds, she had her own maid. She knew the Hamiltons. It was enough; they were the most exclusive family in the city, as she was well aware. The invitation was given and accepted; for Madame Leignette was mistress of her own movements, only now she was going to be buried through the autumn in Dutchess county, with an aunt from whom she had expectations.

"These things ought not to be neglected, you know, my dear," she said, as she stood arranging the rich dark braids of her hair under her traveling bonnet.

"Oh, by no means," responded Mrs. Thompson.

"And we will make it all up in gayety this winter; for I have set my heart on your going with me to Washington. What an age it will be until we meet! *Au revoir, ma chère amie*," and, with a profusion of parting embraces, the two separated.

Mrs. Thompson did not linger long. There was much to be done in preparation for the winter's campaign. A new house, new furniture, new carriage! A moderate list of expenditure for one season. But Mr. Thompson was so happy to have her home again, and business was unchanged in its prosperity, so that she was not long in accomplishing all she had projected. The new house was taken in Walnut Street, a perfect palace for size and apartments. Even Mrs. Lenox condescended to say that the dark green Brougham was in extremely good taste, and Mrs. Thompson had too much discretion to put her new servants in livery. Nothing provokes comment like a livery. It is equal to a political nomination for calling out slander and retraction, for provoking inquiries.

"Who was her father?"

Who was her mother?

Had she a sister?

Had she a brother?"

are suggestions that an enviously-disposed world at once puts forth.

Madame Leignette would have been a most ungrateful woman, if there had not been some reality in the exclamations of pleasure at the pleasant little suite of rooms in which she was installed early in December. There was the bed-chamber, as elegant as rosewood and Sienna marble could make it; the dressing-room, with its soft velvet carpet and violet and gold draperies. Then the library communicated, which was quite at her disposal, for Mrs. Thompson had not forgotten this important item of a modern fashionable *ménage*.

You never would have dreamed, could you have seen the two lingering over the fire in the boudoir the next morning, how recently this model household had been organized, or that either of those elegant women had not inherited its luxury and refinement as a birthright. And there were the children—Lily, with her incipient taste for jewelry, uttering exclamations of wonder and delight over the various costly ornaments in the jewel case, which Madame Leignette had opened for her inspection; and Ellen, a delicate, thoughtful child, sitting quietly beside her mother, apparently absorbed in a day-dream as she watched the ruddy glow of the fire through the silver bars of the grate.

"Of course, you are impatient to meet your friends," said Mrs. Thompson. "Suppose, then, we order the carriage at once, and leave cards for them—if you are not too much fatigued?"

"Oh no! not in the least! Traveling is nothing here. If one had been shaken in a horrid diligence, now, it would have been another thing. The Hamiltons sailed in November, you say. But there are the Le Counts. Did you tell them I was expected?"

"No, I did not; I thought it would be an agreeable surprise." Ah! Mrs. Thompson, how near did that come to what is leniently called a white lie! As yet, she had never exchanged a word with Mrs. Le Count.

"So much the better! Well, there is Mrs. Lenox: I have not seen her since we parted in Paris. I shall be delighted to renew the acquaintance. Did you ever meet her husband's brother Albert? He was at Saratoga this season."

"No, he had not been out much as yet; he was rather disinclined for general society."

"Ah!"—and the little widow thereupon fell into a reverie, that seemed agreeable by the quiet smile that hovered about her crimson lips.

So the carriage, the beautiful Brougham, with its plate glass, and silver mountings, was put in requisition, and innumerable slips of pasteboard were left at various elegant houses; Mrs. Thompson having the satisfaction of seeing her footman recognized on the steps at Mrs. Lenox's by Mrs. Le Count, who was just in the vestibule. Great was the astonishment of these ladies at finding the fashionable Madame Leignette's card with Mrs. Mark Thompson.

son's address, and a consultation was held at once on the important matter of returning the visit.

"That Mrs. Thompson."

Ah, dear reader, how much is expressed in this little monosyllable!

Where had *that* Mrs. Thompson made her acquaintance? But there was one thing; *they* need not be drawn into it. They would return Madame Leignette's call, and tell her as a friend what a mistake she had made; then, as she was too brilliant a star to be lost to Philadelphia society, they would invite her to their own protection.

But it is not to be supposed that the far-seeing hostess of the lady allowed any communications of this sort. Nay, was it not her business to prevent Madame Leignette from hearing there was no previous acquaintance? Nor did she suspect it, when, on entering the drawing-room a few mornings after, she found them in conversation upon the ordinary topics of the day, as if they had been in the habit of meeting for years. Perhaps there was a little constraint in the manner of the visitors as they bade them good morning at the end of a fashionably short call; but then Mrs. Lenox always was haughty; and Madame Leignette never knew the agony of fear that Mrs. Thompson had undergone lest by some chance her plans should be foiled just at the moment of their success; how she had passed an hour alone in the drawing-room, watching for the Lenox's carriage, and had purposely delayed the cards on their way to her guest, until she had had time to apologize for Madame Leignette's tardiness, apparently commissioned by that lady; and a forced conversation had been sustained until the first iciness of the aristocratic guests had melted before the fascination of her really polished and agreeable manner.

But the flush of self-gratulation would have deepened with a less agreeable sensation, could she have heard the laconic comments of Madames Lenox and Le Count, as the carriage door was shut upon them.

"Not so vulgar as I expected!" "But, for all that, I'm determined the acquaintance shall be carried no further."

Alas! for Mrs. Le Count's laudable resolves. That day week found her writing an acceptance to an invitation to meet a few friends of Madame Leignette's, at the house of her hostess. She could not send regrets, without apparent neglect of her old friend. But she promised herself to take this opportunity for an explanation. And Albert Lenox offered his escort to his sister-in-law, if she would attend; and it was so rarely she could get him into society, that she was too happy of the opportunity. Mrs. Archer Scott, and the Hautons, accepted because their dress-maker had told them Mrs. Lenox was going; and many others followed their example from mingled motives of curiosity and love of novelty.

"A few friends, indeed! The house was a blaze of light;—every room thrown open, and filled with the very elect of society. There had not been a

more elegant fête in the annals of Walnut Street. The liberality of Mr. Thompson was unbounded. He, by the way, was not at all out of place, with his portly figure, and face beaming with good temper, for there was nothing innately vulgar about him, and he knew his value among men too well to endanger his self-respect amid his wife's fashionable guests. Mrs. Thompson herself was all that a dignified and elegant hostess should be, and Madame Leignette, the star of the evening, won all hearts by the lively, coquetish manner that became her so well, and unconsciously seconded her new friend's cause, by her own affability, and praise of everything around her—"dear Suzette" in particular.

Yes, it was indeed a brilliant affair; and, though Mrs. Le Count satisfied her conscience by exposing the true position of Mrs. Thompson, as she detained Madame Leignette in the perfumed conservatory, that lady resolutely declined her offer of relieving her from such unenviable protection. "How very ungrateful she should be!" said the vivacious little creature, "to one who had shown her so much attention;" and this was said with such apparent generosity and good feeling, that Mrs. Le Count was quite moved. And shall we explain the glance of half contempt, half triumph, with which Madame Leignette looked after her retreating form, and watched, at the same time, a tall *distingué* figure approaching her concealment? It is a pity that bright eyes and sweet voices do not always tell just the truth! that open, honest glances sometimes cover deep laid designs! It was in the mind of the young widow, who was indeed removed only by report from real dependence and penury, at first meeting the grave, misanthropic Albert Lenox, to make a conquest of him, with his broad lands, and accumulated wealth. It was to follow up her Saratoga impressions that she resolved upon a winter at Philadelphia, to be secured at all hazards, and yet without an item of expense she could ill afford. Her fine jewels and Parisian wardrobe, her bright smiles and gay laughter, were her only capital, and she thanked fortune as fervently as did Mrs. Thompson, when chance made them both minister to each other's schemes. She was too far-sighted not to glean suspicions at least of the truth; but she was not ill-natured, and could afford to extend the ægis of her high birth and connections over the plebeian associations of her hostess, while she was surrounded with all the luxuries and elegancies, which habit had made essential to her, in return.

Accept Mrs. Le Count's offer? No, indeed! when in their struggles to keep up appearances abroad, there was scarcely even comfort at home. Place herself under the immediate *espionage* of Mrs. Lenox, who knew that, if her brother-in-law never married, his property would descend to her large family? Ah! she was too wise for that: so she greeted the object of her thoughts with her most bewitching smile, then drooped her heavy eyelids yet lower, as he spoke of their former acquaintance. What meant the single white rosebud that gleamed

in her dark braids, when she issued from the conservatory, leaning upon his arm? We only knew whose hand placed it there.

No wonder Mrs. Thompson could not sleep that night, as she reviewed its events. She had not heard the whispered sneers of "*parvenu*," and "*nouveau riche*," which had circulated with the flashing wine, at her costly supper table! It mattered little to her that her bold stroke for society would be canvassed, and ridiculed, and sneered at, among the very people she had entertained. It had succeeded! that was enough for her to know; nor did it then occur to her to analyze what was the phantom of fashionable popularity she had at length secured.

It came to her thoughts afterwards, when, after a winter of heartless dissipation, in the circle so long aspired to, she stood still gayest of the gay, at the bridal reception of Mrs. Albert Lenox, and witnessed the ill-concealed hollowness of the congratulations which were offered by the friends of the newly-made husband. And were they not a type of many of those by whom she was now surrounded—filled with envyings and heart-burnings; darkened by malice and evil speaking! Where was the happiness of the home circle—where the purity of

the affections to which it is consecrated? What! a sigh in such a scene, fair lady!

Mrs. Mark Thompson had given herself up to an absorbing reverie. There came a picture before her, as vividly as if it had been reflected in the plate-glass mirror by which she stood, of the barefooted child kneeling by the embers of a decaying fire, heeping them together that their glare might illumine the well-thumbed volume in her hand. Next a view of the humble counter over which she had once presided; and again, of the dreams which the young apprentice reveled in while the brilliant silks were shaped by a skillful hand. And there was a rapid transition now, and the canvass was crowded with brighter scenes; but ever burned that one steadfast flame of desire to stand among those who had scorned her, as their equal. Could it be real? That brilliant light, and soft atmosphere—the Arabian enchantments of her girlhood, all, all fulfilled? It was even so, and it is deemed sufficient reward, dear reader, for all her struggles and all her heart-burnings, that Mrs. Mark Thompson was now not only *in society*, but acknowledged, together with the fascinating Mrs. Albert Lenox, to be among its leaders.

THE OLD BELFRY.

BY MARY MAY.

Slowly keeping time,
With long and measured rhyme,
Solemnly came the chime
From the tower's chamber;
As a deep, rising breeze,
Borne from the Northern seas,
Moans through the forest trees,
In sad November.

Uplifting high in air
Its turrets brown and bare,
Stood the old belfry there,
With many a story;
Around it dark pines grew—
And many a solemn yew,
With lengthened shadows, threw
Its branches hoary.

Where grew the dark old wood,
With its deep solitude,
A city once there stood
With many people:
All—all at length were fled,
And many a weary head
Was in the church-yard bed,
Beneath the steeple.

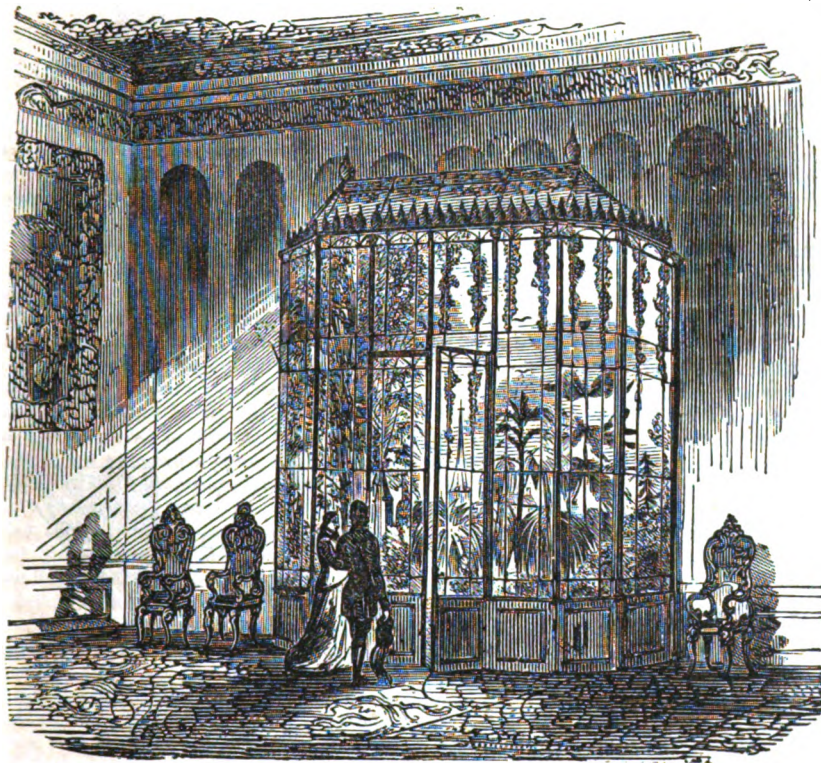
Still on the silent strand
Did the old church-tower stand,
With heavenward-pointing hand
And ivied portals,

While, with a voice of woe
Swinging to and fro,
Did the great church-bell go,
Rung not by mortals.

With the deep, solemn strain,
Oft passed a special train
Through the deserted fane
So desolated;
And, with that phantom throng
A moaning, dirge-like song,
Its corridors along,
Reverberated.

Through the heart's desolate street
The young and merry feet
Are no more heard to beat
To a wild ditty;
While ruins here and there,
The monuments of care,
Serve but to tell us where
Was once a city.

And ever keeping time
With long and measured rhyme,
Solemnly comes a chime
Like the wind's surges;
For where young hopes have died
In all their joy and pride,
Strange phantom spectres glide
With funeral dirges.



WINDOW AND BALCONY GARDENS.

How to keep plants in perfect health in living-rooms has long been known, by everybody who has tried the experiment, to be a problem very difficult to solve. Where there are green-houses and frames, and a regular gardener is kept, or where a florist is paid to supply plants, it is easy to keep up a brilliant show the greater part of the year by changing the plants every week; but this is cutting the Gordian knot instead of untying it, and does not throw any light on the real difficulties of the case. There can be no doubt that the air of a room, warm and dry enough to be comfortable for human beings, is not suitable to plants; while, on the other hand, the air of a conservatory or green-house, when the plants are growing vigorously, would not be particularly agreeable, for any length of time, to human beings. How, then, are people to enjoy the sight of plants in their drawing-rooms? For my own part, nothing gives me more pleasure than to see plants in flower as I sit at my desk; and my taste in this respect is by no means uncommon. In fact, I think that people in general enjoy plants more in their living-rooms than in any other place; and if the same plants continue with them any length of

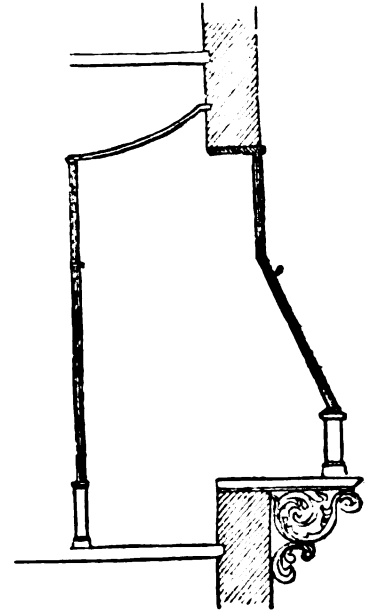
time, they learn to take an interest in the opening of every bud, and the development of every leaf, as Saintine did in his *Picciola*.

A mode has been contrived to permit persons to enjoy the pleasure of having plants in their living-rooms, by placing them in glass cases; but the glass soon becomes green and obscure, and as the case must not be opened, the plants lose half their interest. The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, wishing to enjoy the pleasure of seeing plants thrive in his living-room, had a plant-cabinet constructed, like that shown in the above engraving, which was a glass case, on a large scale, placed in front of a window, and projecting into the room, with a door opening into the cabinet, so that it could be entered from the room. The floor of this green-house, or plant-cabinet, should be made of wood, a little higher than the floor of the room; so that, if it should be wished, it could be removed without injuring the house. The whole of the upper part of the case, projecting into the room, should be glazed, but to the height of about two feet it should be of wainscot, to correspond with the paneling round the room. This paneling is lined within the cabinet.

with leaden troughs, communicating with each other, and having a slight declination towards another trough lower than the rest, and near the balcony outside the window, and so contrived that any water draining from the pots or boxes containing the plants may run off into the lower trough, which should not have any flower-pots in it, unless they contain aquatic or marsh plants. In these troughs should be placed wooden or slate boxes, filled with earth, in which climbing plants are placed, alternately with camellias, orange trees, or other flowering shrubs, so as to be seen from the room. The lower half of the window, behind the glass case, should be taken out of its frame, and the balcony covered with glass, as shown in the following figure; and this glass should open in several places, so that fresh air may be admitted at pleasure; and the glass-door of the cabinet in the room should be made to fit closely, so that the dry air from the living-room may be excluded when necessary.

The mode of arranging the plants in a plant-cabinet of this kind must depend upon the taste of its possessor. A very pretty effect is produced by training the small-leaved ivy up a slight trellis placed just within the glass that projects into the room; and having plants with showy-colored flowers placed at intervals, so as to be seen from the room among the ivy; the light from the window behind

giving the plants placed close to the glass the effect of transparency.



THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

SHE came when darkness o'er the earth was reigning,
And silence spread her gloomy pall around—
Came when my lonely lamp was slowly waning,
And I had dropped my pen in thought profound.

She sat beside me: busy recollection
Strove to recall the semblance of her brow—
It was that friend upon whom fond affection
Had showered her burning tears long years ago.

I did not see her with the natural vision,
But 'twas the soul's deep eye beheld her here;
She seemed all radiant from the clime Elysian,
Where bliss is never followed by a tear.

'Upon that brow was something far more holy
Than it was wont to wear while here on earth,
And she had now exchanged her garb so lowly
For the bright vestments of angelic birth.

How well I recollected the glossy gleaming
Of those soft curls I saw before me wave!
Well I remembered, too, the dark eyes' beaming,
Which lost their lustre in an early grave!

Ah! she had drunk of that pure stream supernal,
Which rises in a land more glorious, fair,

And gazed upon the throne of the Eternal,
Until she seemed no more a "child of care."

She seemed not as the one whose step of gladness
Was poised awhile on this dark earth of ours;
She seemed not as the one who shared my sadness,
And wandered with me through the vernal flowers:

Not as the one who traced with me the winding
Of that bright stream which sparkles o'er the green,
Or watched with me the solemn moon ascending
To reign amid the stars "unrivalled queen:"

Not as the one who, at the hour of vespers,
Knelt at my side with eyelids deeply sealed,
To list with me the low and mystic whispers
Of the *Unseen*, then to our souls revealed.

And yet I knew her by that sacred token
Of love undying in her soul-lit eyes,
Which told me early ties were still unbroken,
And quite cemented only in the skies.

To my shut senses earthly care soon stealing,
Seemed in harsh tones to chide my long delay,
A task forgotten to my thought revealing—
My angel visitant had fled away.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE character of Southey, as revealed in his biography, is essentially that of a man of letters. Perhaps the annals of English literature furnish no more complete example of the kind, in the most absolute sense of the term. His taste for books was of the most general description; he sought every species of knowledge; and appears to have been equally contented to write history, reviews, poems, and letters. Indeed, for over twenty years, his life at Keswick was systematically divided between these four departments of writing, alternating each day respectively. No man having any pretension to genius ever succeeded in reducing literature to so methodical and sustained a process. It went on with the punctuality and productiveness of a cotton mill or a nail factory; exactly so much rhyming, collating, and proof reading, and so much of chronicle and correspondence in the twenty-four hours. We see Robert Southey, as he paints himself, seated at his desk, in an old black coat, long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and a green shade; and we feel the truth of his own declaration that this is his history. Occasionally, he goes down to the river side, behind the house, and throws stones until his arms ache, plays with the cat, or takes a mountain walk with the children. The event of his life is the publication of a book; his most delightful hour that in which he sees the handsomely printed title-page that announces his long meditated work ready, at last, to be ushered in elegant attire before the public; his most pleasing excitement to read congratulatory letters from admiring friends, or an appreciative critique in a fresh number of the *Quarterly*. Minor pastimes he finds in devising literary castles in the air, projecting epics on suggestive and unused themes, giving, here and there, a finishing touch to sentence or couplet; possessing himself of a serviceable but rare tome, transcribing a preface with all the conscious dignity of authorship, or a dedication with the complacent zeal of a gifted friend.

From the triple, yet harmonious and systematic life of the country, the study of the nursery, we see him, at long intervals, depart for a visit to London to confabulate with literary lions, greet old college friends, make new bargains with publishers, and become a temporary diner-out; or he breaks away from domestic and literary employment in his retreat among the hills, for a rapid continental tour, during which not an incident, a natural fact, an historical reminiscence, a political conjecture, or a wayside phenomenon is allowed to escape him. Though wearied to the last degree at nightfall, he

notes his experience with care, as material for future use, and hurries back with presents for the children and a voluminous diary, to resume his pen-craft until the advent of summer visitors obliges him to exchange awhile the toils of authorship for the duties of hospitality. To these regularly succeeding occupations, may be added privileges of distinction, the acquisition of new and interesting friends, of testimonies of respect from institutions and private admirers, and inevitable trials as occasional assaults from the critics, or a birth or bereavement in the household. Sequestered and harmless we cannot but admit such a life to be, and, when chosen from native inclination, as desirable for the individual as can be imagined, in a world where the vicissitude and care of active life are so apt to interfere with comfort and peace.

At the age of thirty-two, when thus settled at Keswick, Southey gratefully estimated its worth in this point of view: "Four pages of history after breakfast, equivalent to five in small quarto printing; then to transcribe copy for the press, or to make my selections for biographies, or what else suits my humor till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspapers, and very often indulge in a siesta. After tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

Southey left a somewhat minute and very graphic sketch of his childhood, parts of which are written in his happiest vein. Some of the anecdotes are significant, but more as illustrations of character than genius. He was bookish, moral, domestic, inquiring, and observant; but seems not to have exhibited any of that delight in the sense of wonder that kept the boy Schiller rocking in a tree to watch the lightning, or the generous ardor that made Byron a schoolboy champion, or the oppressive sensibility that weighed down the spirit of young life in Alfieri's breast. His autobiography, not less than his literary career, evinces the clever man of letters rather than the surpassing man of genius. It is characteristic of this that, between the ages of eight and twelve, he expressed the conviction that "it was the easiest thing in the world to write a play." Such is the natural language of talent; that of genius would be, "it is the greatest thing in the world." The most effective portrait in that part of his memoirs written by himself, is that of his Aunt Tyler. It is evidently drawn from the life, and would answer for a character in the very best class of modern

novels. As a revelation of himself, the most excellent traits are the disposition, spirit, and state of feeling displayed. Southey obviously possessed steady affections, self-respect, and a natural sense of duty. The embryo reformer is indicated by his essay against flogging in school; and no better proof of his reliability can be imagined than the fact that several of his earliest friendships continued unabated throughout life. His sketches of teachers, classmates, and the scenes of boyhood are pleasing, natural, and authentic.

Like most literary men, Southey in youth took an interest in science, dabbled in botany and entomology, but soon abandoned insects and flowers except for purposes of metaphor. His education, too, like that of the majority of professed authors, was irregular, versatile, and unexact, vibrating between the study of text-books in a formal, and the perusal of chosen ones in a relishing manner. His love of the quaint in expression, his taste for natural history, church lore, ballads, historic incident, and curious philosophy are richly exemplified in the specimens of his *Commonplace Book*, recently published, and especially in that fragmentary, but most suggestive work, "*The Doctor*;" and these but carry out the aims and tastes foreshadowed in his youthful studies.

Marked out by natural tastes for a life of books, we recognize the instinct in the delight he experienced when first possessed of a set of Newbery's juvenile publications, the zest with which he wrote school themes, invented little dramas, and fraternized with a village editor, not less than in its mature development, when taking the shape of beautiful quartos with the imprimatur of Murray or Longmans. The sight of a fair finished page of his first elaborate metrical composition, "*Joan of Arc*," he acknowledges infected him with the true author mania, and henceforth he was only happy over pen-craft or typography.

In these memoirs, we find new evidence of the laws of mind and health, and the fatal consequences of their infringement. To Southey's kind activity we are indebted for a knowledge of the most affecting instance in English literature of early genius prematurely lost, that of Kirke White; and two other cases of youthful aspiration for literary honor blighted by death, were confided to his benevolent sympathy; but the great intellectual promise, rapid development, and untimely loss of his son, are one of the most pathetic episodes of his life. His correspondence at the period explains the apparent incongruity between occasional evidences of strong feeling and an habitual calmness of tone. His nature was so balanced as to admit, as a general rule, of perfect self-control. He repeatedly asserts that the coldness attributed to him is not real. In this great bereavement, he seems to have perfectly exercised the power of living in his mind, and finding a refuge from moral suffering in mental activity.

But one of the most impressive physiological, as well as intellectual lessons to be drawn from Southey's life, is in his own personal experience. We

have a striking example of the need of a legitimate hygiene for the assiduous writer, and the fatal consequence of its neglect. To his scholar's temperament and habits may be, in a measure, ascribed Southey's conservatism; and it is equally obvious how the same causes gradually modified his physical constitution, and, through this, his character of mind. We believe it is now admitted that, where the temperament is not indicated with great predominance, it may be almost entirely changed by diversity of circumstances and habits. The influence of the brain and nervous system is so pervading that, where the vocation constantly stimulates them and leaves the muscles and circulation, in a great degree, inactive, remarkable modifications occur in the animal economy; and so intimately are its functions associated with mental and moral phenomena, that it is quite unphilosophical to attempt to estimate or even analyze character without taking its agency into view.

The sedentary life and cerebral activity of Southey seem to have very soon subdued his feelings. We perceive, in the tone of his letters, a slow but certain diminution of animal spirits; and, now and then, a prophetic consciousness of the frail tenure upon which he held, not his intelligent spirit, but his mental machinery—the incessant action of which is adequate to explain its melancholy and premature decay. The time will come when his case will be recorded as illustrative of the laws of body and mind in their mutual relations—a subject to which Combe, Madden, and other popular writers have shown to be fraught with teachings of the wisest charity for what are called "the infirmities of genius." How many pathetic chapters are yet to be written on this prolific theme, before the world is sufficiently enlightened to know how to treat her gifted children! We need not go to Tasso's cell to awaken our sympathies in this regard; from the fierce insanity of Swift and Collins to the morbid irritability or gloom of Johnson, Pope, and Byron, and the imbecile age of Moore and Southey, the history of English authorship is replete with solemn warnings to use even the noblest endowments of humanity with meek and severest circumspection. God is not less worshiped by select intelligences, through fidelity to the natural laws, than by celebrating his glory in the triumphs of art. In a letter to Sharon Turner, in 1817, Southey remarks, "*My spirits rather than my disposition have undergone a great change. They used to be exuberant beyond those of every other person; my heart seemed to possess a perpetual fountain of hilarity; no circumstances of study, or atmosphere, or solitude affected it; and the ordinary vexations and cares of life, even when they showered upon me, fell off like hail from a pent-house. That spring is dried up. I cannot now preserve an appearance of it at all without an effort, and no prospect in this world delights me except that of the next.*" Although he often attributed this change to special causes, and particularly to the bereavement which bore so heavily on his heart, he

was, at the same time, soon aware that the recuperative energies of his nature were essentially impaired. "It is," he writes to another friend, "between ourselves, a matter of surprise that this bodily machine of mine should have continued its operations with so few derangements, knowing, as I do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes." These shadows deepened as time passed on, and found him intent upon mental labor, when nature imperatively demanded freedom, variety, the comedy of life, and the atmosphere of a serene, cheerful, and unhackneyed existence.

There was nothing, however, in the native hue of Southey's mind that betokened any tendency to disease. On the contrary, his tone of feeling was singularly moderate, his estimate of life rather philosophic than visionary, and, for a poet, he scarcely has been equalled for practical wisdom and methodical self-government. Instead of wishing newly-married people happiness, which he considered superfluous, he wished them patience; in traveling, he was remarkable for making the best of everything; he cherished a tranquil religious faith; he systematized his life, and, instead of lamenting the dreams of youth as the only source of real enjoyment in life, he says, "Our happiness, as we grow older, is more in quantity and higher in degree as well as kind." Another wholesome quality he largely possessed was candor. He bore with exemplary patience, as a general rule, the malevolence of criticism, suffered with few murmurs the indignity of Gifford's mutilations of his reviews, and seemed to exhibit acrimony only when assailed by a radical, or when he alluded to Bonaparte, whose most appropriate situation, through his whole career, he declared to have been when sleeping beside a fire made of human bone in the desert. He had the magnanimity at once to confess the genuine success of our navy, at a time when it was common in England to doubt even the testimony of facts on the subject. "It is in vain," he writes, "to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the extent of the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed." Of our literature, at an earlier period, he declared, with more truth than now could be warranted, that "the Americans, since the Revolution, had not produced a single poet, who has been heard of on this side of the Atlantic." Subsequently, he was, however, the first to do justice to the poetical merits of Maria del Occidente, and numbered several congenial literary friends among our countrymen.

A more versatile course might have contributed greatly to Southey's sustained vigor of mind. His early life was, indeed, sufficiently marked by vicissitude; he was successively a law-student, lecturer, private secretary, traveler, and author, and thought of becoming a librarian and a consul; but the result was a firm reversion to his primary tastes for rural life and books.

It is curious, as a psychological study, to trace the lapse of youth into manhood and servility, as

indicated in the writings of men of talent, and observe how differently time and experience affect them, according to the elements of their characters. Some have their individuality of purpose and feeling gradually overlaid by the influences of their age and position, and in others it only asserts itself with more vehemence. There is every degree of independence and mobility, from the isolated hardihood of a Dante to the fertile aptitude of a Brougham. It was the normal condition of Southey to be conservative; taste and habit, affection and temperament combined to reconcile him to things as they are, or, at least, to wean him from the restless life of a reformer. An intellectual friend of mine, noted for his love of ease, and whose creed was far more visionary than practical, surprised a circle, on one occasion, with his earnest advocacy of some political measure, and sighed heavily, as he added, "Vigilance is the eternal price of liberty." "But why," asked a companion, "do you put on the watchman's cap?" The inquiry was apposite; he had no vocation to fight in the vanguard of opinion. And this seems to us a more charitable way of accounting for Southey's change of views than to join his opponents in ascribing it to unalloyed selfishness.

To the secluded *littérateur*, watching over his invalid but gifted boy amid romantic lakes and mountains, the calm and nature-loving Wordsworth was a more desirable companion than Godwin, to whom, at a previous era, he acknowledged himself under essential intellectual obligations. His wife, the gentle and devoted Edith, might have objected to such an inmate as Mary Wollstonecraft, whom her husband preferred to all the literary lions during his early visits to London; and it was far more agreeable to "counteract sedition" in his quiet studio at Keswick, than to roughly experience *Pantisocracy* in America; while a man of sterner mould might be pardoned for preferring a picnic glorification over the battle of Waterloo, on the top of Skiddaw, to a lonely struggle for human rights against the overwhelming tide of popular scorn, which drove the more adventurous and poetic Shelley into exile. All Southey's compassion, however, so oracularly expressed for that sensitive and heroic spirit, derogates not a particle from the superior mobility of soul for which generous thinkers cherish his memory. We can, however, easily follow the natural gradations by which the boy Southey, whose ideal was the Earl of Warwick, and the youth Southey, intent upon human progress and social reformation, became the man Southey, a good citizen, industrious author, exemplary husband and father, and most loyal subject. Indeed, the conservative mood begins to appear even before any avowed change in his opinions. Soon after his return from the first visit to Lisbon, while hesitating what profession to adopt, and while his friends were discouraged at the apparent speculative recklessness and desultory life he indulged, we find him writing to Grosvenor, one of his most intimate friends, "I am conversing with you now in that easy, calm, good-humored state of

mind which is, perhaps, the *summum bonum*; the less we think of the world the better. My feelings were once like an ungovernable horse; now I have tamed Bucephalus; he retains his spirit and his strength, but *they are made useful*, and he shall not break my neck."

This early visit to Lisbon, when his mind was in its freshest activity, attracted him to the literature of Spain and Portugal; and the local associations which gave them so vivid a charm to his taste, imparted kindred life to his subsequent critiques and historical sketches devoted to these scenes and people. They furnish another striking instance of the felicitous manner in which the experience of foreign travel and the results of study coalesce in literary productions. Authorship, indeed, was so exclusively the vocation of Southey, that his life may be said to have been identified with it; yet pursued, as we have seen, in a spirit often mechanical, we are not surprised that, while he felt himself adapted to the pursuit, he was sometimes conscious of that mediocrity which is the inevitable fruit of a wilful tension of the mind. Thus, while to one friend he writes, "One happy choice I made when I betook myself to literature as my business in life." To another, in 1815, he declares, "I have the disheartening conviction that my best is done, and that to add to the bulk of my works will not be to add to their estimation." Yet Southey, like all genuine authors, cherished his dream of glory, and probably anticipated enduring renown from his poetry. The mechanical spirit of his literary toil, however, was carried into verse. He set about designing a poem as he did a history or a volume of memoirs, and proceeded to fill up the outline with the same complacent alacrity. Many of these works exhibit great ingenuity of construction, both as regards form and language. They are striking examples of the inventive faculty, and show an extraordinary command of language; in this latter regard, some of his verses are the most curious in our literature—the "Fall of Lodore" is an instance. But it is obvious that, unless fused by the glow of sentiment, however aptly constructed, elaborate versified tales can scarcely be ranked among the standard poems of any language. The best passages of his long poems are highly imaginative, but the style is diffuse, the interest complicated, and there is a want of human interest that prevents any strong enlistment of the sympathies. They have not the picturesque and living attraction of Scott, nor yet the natural tenderness of Burns; but are melo-dramatic, and make us wonder at the author's fertility of invention, rather than become attached to its fruits.

One of the most striking instances of want of discrimination in the critical tone of the day, was the habit of designating Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey under the same general term. The only common ground for calling them the Lake School was the fact that they each resided among the lakes of Cumberland at one and the same time. The diffuse, reflective, philosophic muse of Wordsworth

is as essentially different from the mystic and often profoundly tender sentiment of Coleridge, as both are from the elaborate chronicles and rhetorical artifice of Southey. His "Pilgrimage to Waterloo" is an apt and clever journal in verse, occasionally, from its personal style and simplicity, quite attractive; his laureate odes have a respectable sound, and frequently a commendable sense, but rarely any bardic fire or exquisite grace. In a word, although there is much to admire in Southey's poetry as the work of a creative fancy and the result of re-search and facility, as well as invention in the use of language, we seldom find, in perusing his works, any of those "Elysian comers of intuition," where Leigh Hunt speaks of comparing notes with the reader. The amplitude, variety, and tact of constructive talent, and not the glow and mystery of genius, win us to his page. It informs, entertains, and seldom offends; but rarely melts, kindles, or nerves the spirit.

His most obstinate admirers cannot but admit that, as poems, "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Roderic" have many tedious passages. They are fluent, authentic chronicles recorded in a strain that so often lapses from the spirit and dignity of the muse as to read like mere prose. Here and there, a graphic descriptive sketch or felicitous epithet redeems the narrative; but no one can wonder that, in an age when Byron individualized human passion in the most kindling rhyme, when Crabbe described so truthfully humble life, and Shelley touched the ideal spirit with his aerial phantasy, a species of poetry comparatively so distant from the associations of the heart should fail to achieve popularity. Indeed, Southey recognized the fact, and seemed not unwilling to share the favor of a limited but select circle with Landor and others, who, instead of universal suffrage, gain the special admiration of the few. No author, however, cherished a greater faith in literature as a means of reputation. "Literary fame," he says, "is the only fame of which a wise man ought to be ambitious, because it is the only lasting and living fame. Bonaparte will be forgotten before his time in purgatory is half over, or but just remembered like Nimrod or other cut-throats of antiquity, who serve us for the commonplaces of declamation. Put out your mind in a great poem, and you will exercise authority over the feelings and opinions of mankind as long as the language lasts."

The two poems upon which Southey evidently most genially labored are "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama." They bear the most distinct traces of his idiosyncrasies as evinced in boyhood, when a translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" seems to have first directly appealed to his poetic instinct. The scenes of enchantment particularly fascinated him; then came "Ariosto" and "Spenser." The narrative form, and the imaginative and romantic character of these works harmonized with Southey's mind, and they continued his poetic vein after the taste of the age had become wedded to the natural, the human, and the direct in poetry. His tone and imagery were somewhat modified by

Bowles and Coleridge; but he remained essentially in the class of romantic and narrative burds, in whose productions, general effects, vague dramatic and supernatural charms and heroic chronicles form the pervading traits. Another characteristic of the modern poetry he lacked was concentration. One concise, vivid, and inspired lyric outlives the most labored epic. Sterling's brief tribute to "Joan of Arc" brings her nearer to us than Southey's quarto.

As works of art, the varied rhyme and rhythm, and prolific fancy, won for Southey's long poems a certain degree of attention and respect; but he is remembered more for certain fine passages than for entire compositions. In these, his claim to the title of poet, in the best sense of the word, asserts itself; and, but for these, he would rank only as a clever improvisatore. Learning, indeed, overlays inspiration in his long poems. He faithfully explored Welsh annals for the materials of "Madoc," Hindoo mythology and Asiatic scenery for the "Curse of Kehama," and Gothic history for "Roderic." All narrative poems are somewhat indebted to external materials; but these must be fused, as we have before hinted, into a consistent and vital whole by the glow of some personal sentiment, ere they will find universal response. True, the intense consciousness of Byron, the chivalric zeal of Campbell, and the amorous fancy of Moore, give a life and significance to their stories that invest them with a sympathetic atmosphere and unity of feeling. There is little of this in Southey's narratives; they are more ingenious than glowing, more imaginative than natural; and they entertain more than they inspire. He seems destitute of that sacred reserve which renders manner so efficient, deepens love's channel, and hallows truth to consciousness; that instinctive suggestiveness, which is a great secret of Dante's power, giving sublime intimations of Ferguson's exquisite sentiment, vaguely hinting the inexpressible, and of Wordsworth's solemn mysticism, as in the "Ode on the Prospect of Immortality." To such lofty and profound elements, the poetry of Southey has no claims; but, in descriptive aptitude, and especially in rhetorical effect, he is sometimes remarkable. Occasionally, in these qualities, in their simplicity, he reminds us of the old dramatists; thus, in *Madoc*—

"The masters of the song,
In azure robes were robed—that one bright hue,
To emblem unity, and peace, and truth,
Like Heaven, which o'er a world of wickedness
Spreads its eternal canopy serene."

And again, in the same poem—

"'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us."

In *Roderic* is a fine and characteristic image—

"Toward the troop he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its affluent inspiration."

The description of moonlight in this poem, so justly admired, we perceive by one of the author's letters, was drawn from an actual scene, which evidences the absolute need of strong personal impressions even for an imaginative poet. The description of the ruins of Babylon, in *Thalaba*—

"The many colored domes yet wore one dusky hue"—

is one of the happiest examples of Southey's powers of language, and musical adaptation of rhythm to sense. To one having a natural feeling of wonder and fine elocutionary powers, it is susceptible of the most solemn recitative effect. The beautiful passage in his "Curse of Kehama," commencing, "They sin who tell us love can die," the ballads of "Mary of the Inn" and "The Battle of Blenheim," the "Verses to a Dead Friend," and "The Holly Tree," are among the fugitive pieces written from actual emotion, which illustrate Southey's affections, and have endeared him as a lyricist.

Southey remarks, in one of his letters, that he most nearly resembles Chiabrera, an Italian bard of the fifteenth century, who enjoyed high honors for his verses, and died at a prosperous old age. His works are comparatively neglected at present; but Maffei, the literary historian, ascribes his success to merits very similar to those we have recognized in Southey. According to this critic, it was a saying of Chiabrera that he wished to follow the example of Columbus and discover a new world or perish, and that poetry should "lift the eyebrow;" thus declaring surprise to be the great effect, and novelty the great means of poetic excellence. Accordingly, his verse was prized chiefly for its style, which innovated greatly upon familiar models, and for its erudition, which was remarkable for that day. Thus his renown was gained by ingenuity and scholarship rather than through intense natural sympathy or genuine inspiration. We therefore find Southey's own estimate of his poetry, in a great degree, confirms our own. But this coincidence is as clearly, though less directly, suggested by his casual observations on the art, in his letters to cotemporary writers, his advice to young poets who sought encouragement from his counsel. It is obvious, from the incidental views thus honestly expressed, that he had not a vivid and permanent consciousness of a poet's birthright; that the art was too much a branch of authorship, and too little a sacred instinct in his estimation; and that the more erratic versifiers of the age, less elaborate, but far more intense and genuine, won their larger popularity on legitimate grounds. He tells one of his correspondents, who had solicited his opinion of a poem, that his friends reckon him "a very capricious and uncertain judge of poetry;" and elsewhere, in speaking of the error which identifies the power of enjoying

natural beauty with that of producing poetry, he says, "One is a gift of heaven, and conduces immeasurably to the happiness of those who enjoy it; the second has much more of a knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit." If Southey's poetic faculty and feeling had been equal to his "knack" of versifying, he would have been quite as reluctant to ascribe to ingenuity what was consciously derived from a power above the will. Perhaps he was chagrined into this commonplace view of the art by the fact that, while Scott was receiving three thousand guineas for the "Lady of the Lake," the "Curse of Kehama" was going through the press at the expense of Leander.

The professional character of Southey's life is almost incompatible with the highest literary results. His great merit as a writer consists in the utility of a portion of his works, and their unexceptionable morality and good sense. The most surprising quality he exhibited as an author was industry. His name is thoroughly respectable in literature as it was in life; but it would be unjust to the chivalric and earnest genius of the age, elsewhere manifested in deeper and more significant, though less voluminous records, to award to Southey either the title of a great poet or a leader of opinion. His career, in regard to the latter, is clearly explained in his biography. We perceive that, even in boyhood, the intellect predominated in his nature. In the heyday of his blood, the companionship of bolder spirits and less chastened enthusiasts, the infectious atmosphere of the French Revolution and the activity of the poetical instinct, not yet formalized into service, made him, for a while, the independent thinker in religion and politics, and induced visions of social equality which he hoped to realize across the sea. But early domestic ties and a natural love of study won him gradually back to conservative quietude. More than either of his brother poets, Southey had the temperament and taste of a scholar. He neither felt as deeply nor dreamed as habitually as Coleridge. The sensuous and the imaginative were not so united in his being with the intellectual. He needed less excitement; his spirit was far less adventurous; and life did not press upon and around him with such prophetic and inciting power. It is needless to ascribe the change in his views altogether to interest; this may have had its influence, but the character of the man yields a far more natural solution of the problem. He was doubtless as sincere when he accepted the laureateship as when he wrote "Wat Tyler;" but, in the latter case, his "blood and judgment were not well commingled." Southey, the Bristol youth, penniless, aspiring, and fed with the daily manna of poetic communion, looked upon society with different eyes than Southey, the recognized English author, resident of Cumberland, and father of a family. This district is famous for its lead-pencils, as well

as its fine scenery, and was thus as well adapted by nature for a scribe as a bard or prophet. In the former vocation, though not in its highest sense, lay the force and aim of Southey. He knew how to use materials aptly, how to weave into connected and intelligible narrative the crude and fragmentary data of history and memoirs. In this manner, he greatly served all readers of English. His "Life of Wesley" is the most authentic and lucid exposition of an extraordinary phase of the religious sentiment on record. Of Brazil and the Peninsular War, he has chronicled memorable things in a perspicuous style. Few pictures of British life are more true to fact and suggestive than "Esperiella's Letters." The "Life of Nelson" is a model of unaffected, direct narrative, allowing the facts to speak for themselves through the clearest possible medium of expression; and yet this most popular of Southey's books, far from being the off-spring of any strong personal sympathy or perception, was so entirely a literary job, that he says it was thrust upon him, and that he moved among the sea terms like a cat among crockery. For a considerable period after the establishment of the Quarterly, he found reviews the most profitable labor. Many of these are judicious and informing, but they seldom quicken or elevate either by rhetorical or reflective energy, and are too often special pleas to excite great interest. Those on purely literary subjects, however, are agreeable.

If we were to name, in a single term, the quality for which Southey is eminent, we should call him a verbal architect. His prose works do not open to our mental gaze new and wondrous vistas of thought; they are not deeply impressive from the greatness, or strangely winsome from the beauty, of their ideas. Their rhetoric does not warm and stir the mind, nor is their scope highly philosophic or gracefully picturesque. But their style is correct, unaffected, and keeps that medium which good taste approves in manners, speech, and costume, but which we seldom see transferred to the art of writing. For pure narrative, where the object is to give the reader unalloyed facts, and leave his own reflection and fancy to shape and color them, no English author has surpassed Southey. He appears to have been quite conscious of the moderate standard to which he aspired: "As to what is called fine writing," he says, "the public will get none of that article out of me: sound sense, sound philosophy, and sound English I will give them." There is no doubt, in so doing, he consulted the Anglo-Saxon love of regulated and useful principles and hatred of extravagance, and was thus an admirable type of the modern English mind; but such an ideal, however praiseworthy and respectable, scarcely coincides with the more noble and inspired mood in which the permanent masterpieces of literary genius are conceived and executed.

RETRIBUTIONS OF HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN FROST.

No city in the world has witnessed more signally the retributions of history than Rome. The vicissitudes of fortune of which she has been the theatre afford many moral lessons, which the mighty ones of the earth may still study with advantage. Let us open Dr. Arnold's "History of the Later Roman Commonwealth," and look at one of the many specimens of national crime for which she was so remarkable. The learned doctor thus describes the last scene and grand catastrophe of the Third Punic War

"In the third year of the war, P. Scipio Æmilianus, the son of Æmilius Paulus, but adopted into the family of Scipio by the son of the famous Africanus, was elected consul, and appointed to the command in Africa by an especial vote of the people. He had greatly distinguished himself under the former consuls, when serving as a military tribune; and there was, besides, a superstitious persuasion among the people in his favor, that the Scipios were destined to be the conquerors of Carthage. On his succeeding to the command, his first care was to restore the discipline of his army, which had suffered greatly from the misconduct of the last consul; and, by his ability in this respect, as well as by his skill in the conduct of the war, he soon destroyed all the hopes of the Carthaginians. The situation of Carthage, from this time, began to resemble the picture left of the miseries of Jerusalem in its last siege by Titus. Numbers died of famine through the strictness of the blockade; numbers deserted to the enemy; while Asdrubal, who commanded the principal military force in the town, was himself rioting in luxury, and exercising the greatest tyranny over his countrymen; his conduct as a general, at the same time, being wholly destitute of courage and wisdom, and marked only by savage cruelty to the prisoners who fell into his power. Yet the city continued to hold out during the year of Scipio's consulship; and the winter was employed by him successfully in reducing the strongholds which still remained in the power of the Carthaginians in the neighboring country. In the following spring, his command being still continued, he resumed the siege with vigor; and, by a combination of assaults, succeeded in forcing his way into one of the quarters of the city, where famine had enfeebled the bodies and the spirits of its defenders. But the Byrsa, or citadel, was still untaken; and six days were consumed in a horrible struggle from street to street, and from house to house, in the course of which fire and the sword, and the ruin of the falling buildings, combined to

carry out the work of destruction to the uttermost. At last, the remnant of the inhabitants sued for mercy, and it was granted them—such mercy as was practiced in ancient times, when hopeless slavery, without distinction of age or sex, was the lot of all whom the sword had spared. Fifty thousand individuals were thus made prisoners, to enrich their conquerors by the price to be paid for them in a slave market at Rome, and the victorious army was then allowed to plunder the city for several days. Shortly after, a commission of ten senators was sent from Rome, as usual, to determine the future condition of the conquered country. By their orders, whatever part of the buildings of Carthage had survived the siege was now leveled to the ground; and curses were imprecated on any man who should hereafter attempt to build upon the spot. The territory was subjected to a tribute, and governed henceforth as a Roman province, with the exception of certain portions, which were given to the people of Utica and Hippo, as a reward for their timely desertion of the Carthaginian cause. Thus was the great rival of Rome totally destroyed, only a few months before the final conquest of Greece, in the year of Rome 608, and about a hundred and forty-six years before the Christian era."

Thus far Dr. Arnold. It has been very justly remarked, by some great writer—Shakspeare, I think—that, when one's brains are fairly knocked out, one may be considered dead; and it is probable that some such consideration was the essence of the Roman policy in their mode of putting an end to the third Punic war. Carthage might now be considered dead; and no Roman, indeed no human, foresight could apprehend any future annoyance from that quarter to the city which proudly styled herself the mistress of the world. But the march of retribution, though slow, is sure, and Rome was destined to hear from Carthage again. For a long and dreary period did the conquered Africans groan in bitter vassalage under the iron rule of Roman despotism; but national, like individual crimes, must at last meet their punishment.

"In the fifth century after the birth of Christ," says another historian, "the Vandals, under Genseric, completely overthrew the Roman dominion in Africa. But the ambition of the barbarians was not satisfied with this success. Genseric resolved to create a naval power, and his resolution was executed with an active perseverance. The woods of Mount Atlas afforded an inexhaustible supply of timber; and the conquered Africans were skilled in the arts of navigation and ship building. After an

interval of six centuries, the fleets that issued from the port of Carthage again claimed the dominion of the sea. The daring Vandals were completely successful. They conquered Sicily, sacked Palermo, and made frequent descents on the coast of Lucania. The revolutions of the palace, which left the western empire of Rome without a defender, and without a lawful prince, stimulated the avarice of Genseric. He equipped a numerous fleet, and cast anchor at the mouth of the Tiber, three months after the death of the Emperor Valentinian.

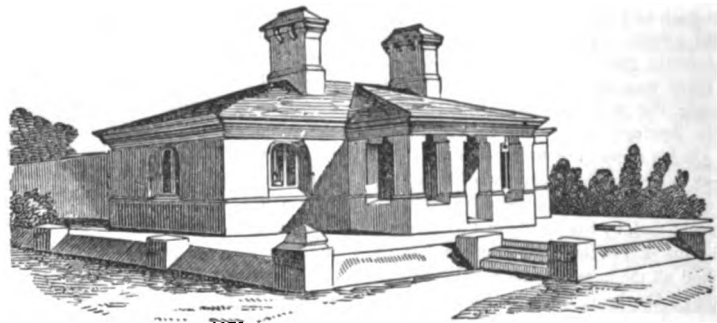
"The Vandals landed without opposition, and pillaged Rome for fourteen days and nights. All that remained in the city of public or private treasure was transported to the vessels of Genseric, and the sack and destruction of Carthage were re-

venged. The empress and her two daughters were compelled to follow the Vandal king to Carthage, for which port he immediately hoisted sail. Many thousand Romans, chosen for some agreeable qualifications reluctantly embarked on board the fleet of Genseric."

Thus Rome was made to feel precisely the same species of wrong and humiliation which she had inflicted on Carthage, and her polished and luxury-loving people were robbed, degraded, and carried off into African slavery by a horde of barbarians led by a Vandal chief, and coming forth in Carthaginian ships from the port of Carthage.

Surely there is a power that judgeth and visiteth the crimes of nations.

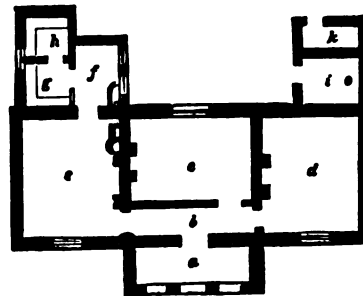
MODEL COTTAGE.



A Cottage in the Italian Style.

Accommodation.—The plan shows a porch, *a*;

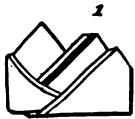
passage, *b*; kitchen, *c*; two bed-rooms, *d*, *e*; back-kitchen, *f*; pantry, *g*; dairy, *h*; and cow-house, &c. *i*, *k*.



N A P K I N S.

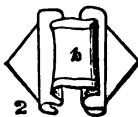
DINNER NAPKINS should be about twenty-eight inches broad, and thirty inches long. They may be folded in a variety of ways, which impart a style to the table, without adding much to the expense, and may be readily accomplished with a little practice, and attention to the following directions and diagrams:—

1.—THE MITRE.



Fold the napkin into three parts longwise; then turn down the right-hand corner, and turn up the left-hand one, as in fig. 2, *a* and *b*. Turn back the point *a* towards the right, so that it shall lie behind *c*; and *b* to the left, so as to be behind *d*. Double the napkin back at the line *e*, then turn up *f* from before and *g* from behind, when they will appear as in fig. 3. Bend the corner *h* towards the right, and tuck it behind *i*, and turn back the corner *k* towards the left, at the dotted line, and tuck it into a corresponding part at the back. The bread is placed under the mitre, or in the centre at the top.

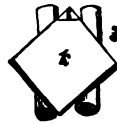
2.—THE EXQUISITE.



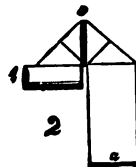
Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then fold down two-fifths of the length from each side, as in fig. 1, at *a*; roll up the part *b* towards the back, repeat on the other side, then turn up the corner towards the corner *a*, and it will appear as *d*. The centre part *e* is now to be turned up

at the bottom, and down at the top, and the two rolls brought under the centre piece, as in fig. 2. The bread is placed under the centre band *k*, fig. 2.

3.—THE COLLEGIAN



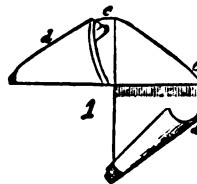
Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then turn down the two sides towards you, so that they shall appear as in fig. 1; then roll up the part *a* underneath until it looks like *b*, fig. 2. Now take the corner *b* and turn it up towards *c*, so that the edge of the rolled part shall be even with the central line; repeat the same on the other side, and turn the whole over, when it will appear as in fig. 3. The bread is placed underneath the part *k*. This is a very neat fold, and one much admired.



4.—THE CINDERELLA.



Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then turn down the two sides as in fig. 1 of the Collegian; turn the napkin over, and roll up the lower part, as in fig. 1, *a* and *b*. Now turn the corner *b* upwards



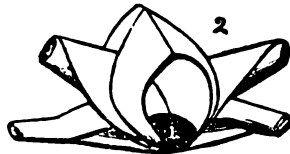
towards *c*, so that it shall appear as in *d*; repeat on the other side, and then bring the two parts *e* together so that they shall bend at the dotted line and the appearance will now be as fig. 2. The bread is placed under the apron part *k*, fig. 2.

5.—THE FLIRT.



Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then fold across the breadth, commencing at one extremity and continuing to fold from and to yourself in folds about two inches broad until the whole is done; then place in a tumbler, and it will appear as in the illustration.

6.—THE NEAPOLITAN.



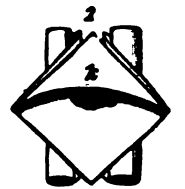
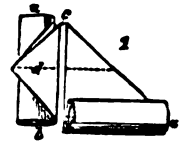
Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then fold one of the upper parts upon itself from you; turn over the cloth with the part having four folds from you, and fold down the two sides so as to appear as in fig. 1 of the Collegian; then roll up the part *a* underneath until it appears as in the dotted lines in fig. 1 of the "Lady's Book," at *b*. Now turn up the corner *b* towards *c*, so that the edge of

the rolled part shall be even with the central line; repeat the same upon the opposite side, and turn the whole over, when it will appear as in fig. 2; the bread being placed underneath the part *k*, as represented in the illustration.

THE "LADY'S BOOK," OR OUR OWN.

Fold the napkin into three parts longwise, then turn down the two sides as in fig. 1 of the Collegian,

and roll up the part *a* on both sides, until as represented on the right-hand side, in fig. 2 of the Neapolitan; then turn it backwards (as *a b*) on both sides; now fold down the point *c* towards you, turn over the napkin, and fold the two other parts from you so that they shall appear as in fig. 1. Turn the napkin over thus folded, and, raising the centre part with the two thumbs, draw the two ends (*a* and *b*) together, and pull out the parts (*c* and *d*) until they appear as in fig. 2. The bread is to be placed as represented in *k*, fig. 2.



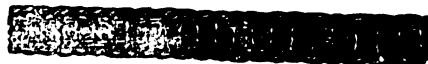
HAIR WORK.

(Continued from the December number.)

RING PATTERN.

Sixteen strands are required for this plait; eight containing from fifteen to twenty hairs, according to the fineness of the hair, and eight containing from

Fig. 1.



twenty-five to thirty hairs. The strands must be arranged in fours, letting the finer strands form the top and bottom fours, while the coarser ones form the side fours. Use a wire of about the size of a No. 17 knitting-needle, and proceed thus:—

Take the two outside strands from the top and lift them over to the bottom, there lay them down to be outside in the place of the two outside bottom strands, which must be lifted over to the positions before occupied by the top ones; then take the two centre strands from the top and lift them over into the centre at the bottom, removing the two strands which were in the centre at the bottom to the now vacant centre at top. Care must be taken in working these changes not to cross the strands, but simply to lift them gently into each other's places. Now

take the two outside strands from the right side and place them in the middle on the left side, and the two outside strands from the left side and place them in the middle on the right side; then recommence. About six or seven inches of hair will be plenty for a ring. This plait should be worked off at once; for, if left half done, it is apt to twist and contract. Cement the ends very neatly, and finish it off with a plate or slide; or it may be put into a case or box of gold, which makes it more durable, but also much more expensive, as then it must be put entirely into the jeweler's hands.

A very pretty and uncommon chain may be worked in this pattern thus: Repeat the plait we have described six times; then turn the table round so that the right side becomes the bottom and the left side the top; while the former top and bottom fours become sides. Work the pattern again six times with this arrangement of the strands; then return the table to its first position, and work with the fours in their original position. So on, alternately making the plait to work from the top and the side. For this, all the strands must be of equal size.

When rings or chains are worked, we add a

Fig. 2.



piece to the centre of the table, fixing it into the hole there, which otherwise would be too large to steady these delicate and minute plaits. The accompanying cut is a delineation of it. We must remind our readers that every part of the surface must be *perfectly* smooth and even.

BRACELET PATTERN.

Take sixteen strands of about twenty hairs each, and arrange them in fours; make a cross on the

Fig. 3.



right of the bottom set, put a tube about the size of a No. 5 knitting-needle in the hole, and commence as follows:—

Take the strand on the right side of the cross, pass it over the first on the left and lay it down there; lift the second on the left, pass it over the third and lay it down; lift the fourth and pass it over the fifth (or first strand of the next left-hand group), and so go on, lifting one over one, until the cross is reached; here the strand which has to be lifted passes not only over the one on the right, but also over the one on the left of the cross. Work round the table thus three times, and, on coming to the cross the third time, lay the strand down in its place on the right of it. Now lift the first strand from the left of the cross, and pass that over the one on the right, working now the same pattern three times round, only from *left* to right. Then recommence, and again work from

right to left, as in the first place. A very pretty waved plait is thus formed; but three lengths should be worked, which may be plaited or twisted together to form the bracelet; and, to make it more durable, fine wire-elastic should be passed through each length, and firmly cemented in with the ends.

EAR-RING PATTERN.

Sixty-four or fifty-six strands of five hairs each, or forty-eight strands of six hairs, are required to work this. They must be arranged in groups of four; lighter weights to each strand, and a lighter balance weight, are now used; weights not exceeding a

Fig. 4.



quarter of an ounce; and, as this number of strands must necessarily crowd the table, we should recommend our readers to adopt the following plan, at any rate until practice has made the work easy and simple to them. Take the lid of a round bonnet-box (a

good sized one), cut a hole in the centre of it, and place it on the top of the table; cover it thoroughly with glazed cambric, to prevent there being any roughness to tear the hairs, and then arrange the strands evenly on it in groups of four.

For working the ear-ring we generally use moulds instead of tubes or wires. These are easily obtained. Any turner will make one if the pattern is cut out in card-board and given to him. The following cuts will afford an idea of the moulds in most common use.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

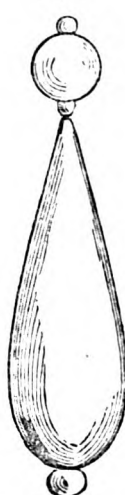


Fig. 4, we must observe, is made on a wire about the size of a No. 14 knitting-needle, and with thirty-six strands of four hairs each.

Having made a cross to mark the commencement of the pattern, proceed thus: Begin with the first group of four immediately on the left of the cross; take the outside strand from the right, and pass it over the one next to it; take the outside from the left and pass it under the one next to it, and over the one next to that; repeat these manipulations; then proceed to the next group of four towards the left, and work that twice over in the same manner (*viz.*, the first, or right hand one, over the second, and the fourth under the third and over the second); work each group thus until the cross is reached: now take two strands from the right and two from the left of the cross, and form a group of four; work them in the manner already described, and, having drawn the plait gently up, put these strands *back into their own places*, and proceed to

Fig. 7.



wards the *right*; take the next four strands—viz., the other two belonging to the group immediately on the right of the cross and two from the next group, and, having worked them together, replace them; do this all round until the cross is reached. Then recommence with the original fours and again work towards the left, and repeat these two movements until the mould is covered. About half a dozen rounds must be worked before the mould is put into the centre: the larger end should be placed in. After it is covered, five or six extra rounds should be worked, and then both ends tightly tied before boiling it. The cementing must be very neatly done, as there is nothing but the small gold caps to cover it. The tops are worked separately,

and in exactly the same way. For our own part, we prefer putting this very delicate work—the finishing off of the ear-rings—into the jeweler's hands.

A very pretty purse may be made with this pattern, by taking sixty-four or seventy-two strands of six hairs each, and working them on a cup or pear-shaped mould. The purse should be lined with a bag of pale silk, and finished off with a cord or snap at the top, and a tassel at the bottom. This forms a very unique and uncommon *gage d'amitié*.

Nets for the hair may also be made in this pattern; then, however, the strands must be thicker—ten or fifteen hairs, instead of six—and the mould considerably larger; from sixty-four to seventy-two strands will be needed.

NECK TIE IN GRECIAN NETTING.

Two meshes, one one-fourth inch and one one-half inch wide. Four shades of green and one shade of lemon or straw-color 4-thread Berlin wool, three skeins of each; and one skein of dark-green Dacca silk.



EXPLANATION OF STITCH.

1st stitch.—Net a plain row with the large mesh.
2d stitch.—Small mesh. Put the wool round the fingers, as in plain knitting; pass the needle through the finger loop into the first stitch; then pass it into the second stitch; draw the second through the first, and again draw the first through the second; finish the stitch by pulling the wool tight and withdrawing the fingers from the loops; next net the small loop that goes across the twisted stitches; repeat this to the end of the row. The next row is plain netting, large mesh. Those who do not understand

the stitch would do well to practice on a small piece first.

1st row.—Commence a plain row with large mesh, on a foundation of 136 stitches, with the straw color.

2d row.—Fancy row, small mesh. Withdraw the mesh, and run a string through the loops. Cut off from the foundation and pick out the cut stitches; on this side net a row with small mesh, same color. This forms the centre of the tie. Take the string and run it through the centre.

3d row.—Join on the darkest green, and commence about the centre of the side with the large mesh; net a row all round, including the ends where net two stitches into one.

Each row must be commenced in a different place. It will be necessary to observe that each twist comes in the space of the preceding row, and must be commenced accordingly.

4th row.—Fancy row, same shade. If an odd stitch is left at the end of the row, net it plain.

5th row.—Next shade of green, large mesh, netting two stitches into one round the ends, and this observe to do in every large mesh row, if required.

6th row.—Fancy row, same color.

7th row.—Next shade green, large mesh.

8th row.—Fancy row, same shade.

9th row.—Next shade green, large mesh.

10th row.—Fancy row, same shade.

11th row.—Plain row, straw color, and small mesh.

12th row.—Plain row, same color, large mesh.

13th row.—Large mesh, same color. Net the second stitch first, and first second, and continue.

14th row.—Small mesh, plain.

15th and 16th rows.—Large mesh; two rows of Dacca silk; plain netting.

Draw a narrow dark-green satin ribbon through the straw-color in the centre, also round the tie in the lightest shade of green; this will prevent it from stretching, and also add much to its appearance. Fasten with a shaded green silk ring.

CHEMISETTES AND CAPS.

No. 1 is a very elegant embroidered chemisette. As it will be noticed, it has a double collar, the

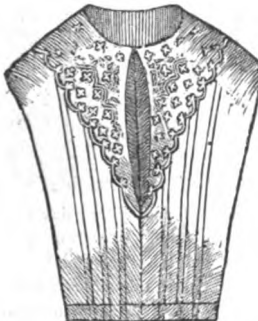
No. 1.



points of both extending round the throat. It can be closed, if advisable, down the front, by very small gold buttons or studs. This adds much to its beauty.

No. 2 is plainer, and of a very peculiar form. It is of fine linen, with double plaits each side. The

No. 2.



collar, as the upper part might be called, is of embroidered muslin, in which an exceedingly fine quilting of satin ribbon is introduced. The ribbon should correspond or contrast in color with the dress generally worn.

We find cap No. 3 to be an opera cap or bonnet, in shape *en casque*, and formed of shirred or drawn ribbon. It has a small cape, and the trimming is of brown and green velvet leaves intermingled,

with ribbon pendants. This is suitable for matronly chaperons.

No. 3.



No. 4, a breakfast cap, is also for a married lady. The trimming is of satin rosettes, a new shape, the bows to represent leaves. The crown is drawn in with ribbon bows of the same color.

No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 5. A breakfast cap of transferred work, with an edging of satin bows, as in those of the rosettes.

We still give patterns for caps and chemisettes, as both continue in favor, particularly the first. Open and cadet waists are quite in vogue, many ladies having only their morning dresses closed to the throat. Caps should not be worn after dinner by any but those whose hair has taken leave of absence; and then they should be as dressy as is consistent with good taste. Satin ribbon is much used for trimming of all sorts—*nands* for the brims of bonnets, strings, etc. etc.

WALKING COSTUMES.



Fig. 1st.—Walking dress of plain Cashmere—any dark, bright color. The cloak is of Thibet cloth, edged with sable or ermine. The loose sleeves are trimmed in the same manner. The undersleeves of the dress are of linen lawn with a double puff, a very pretty style. Bonnet of garnet-colored, uncut velvet, cottage shape.

Fig. 2d.—Dress of rich silk, or damask vine pattern. The coat or mantle is extremely elegant; it is composed of velvet with heavy embroidery. The embroidery is put on with double satin cording, and the sleeves are finished in the same manner. Drawn silk bonnet, and small sable muff.

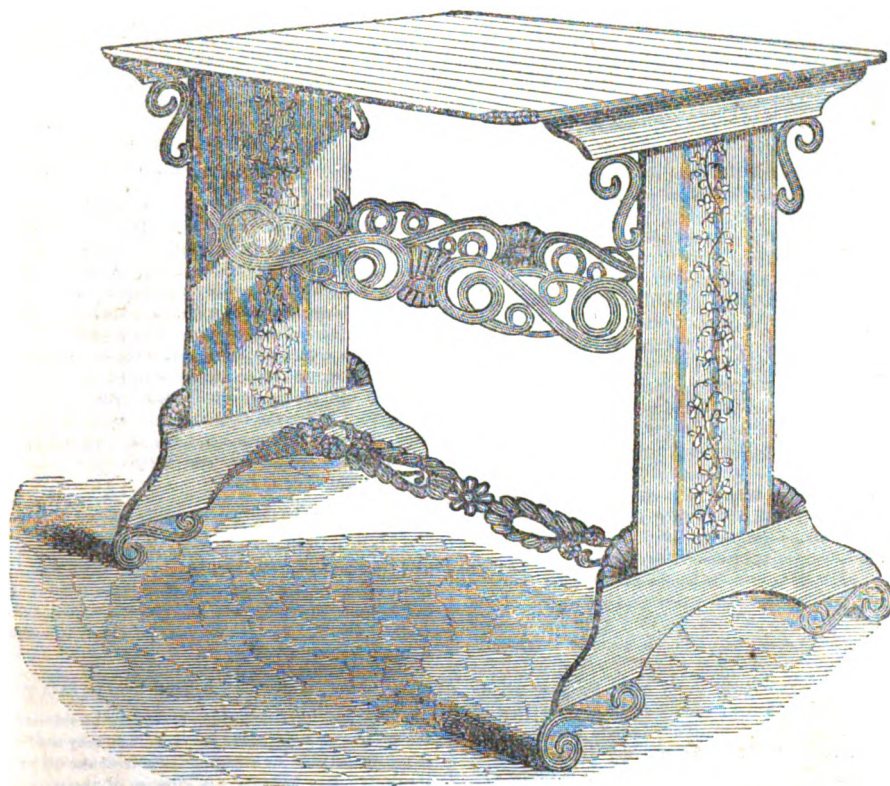
THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

The eye whose liquid lustre peers
The spirit's quenchless fire—
Yet, sun-like, while it dazzles, cheers—
Fond gazing men admire.

The lip that o'er the ruby glows—
The cheek whose blooming tinge
Beams lovelier than the scarlet rose
That decks the streamlet's fringe—

The queenly brow and mild—the hair
In silken auburn tress—
The rounded form—the graceful air—
The lover kneels to bless.

But lives a fairer, sweeter grace
Than e'er, from pole to pole,
In woman's shone, or angel's face—
The beauty of the soul.



A NEW FANCY TABLE.

THE Table represented in the accompanying drawing is of an entirely new pattern, and one that is susceptible of a number of variations suitable for fancy, card, sofa, centre, and pier-tables. It is light, yet very strong. The ends are panels, carved in open-work representing a vine or scroll. A richly-carved cross-piece extends from one side to the other of the base, just below the panels; and two side pieces carved in scrolls, with a wheat-sheaf in the centre of each, extend across on each side about a third of the length of the end from the top. The panels stand on arched bases resting on carved scrolls, with shells in the angles at the top of the

bases. Pendent scrolls are placed in the angles at the upper part of the panels. The top is veneered, with solid corners carved in shell patterns, and a raised border surrounds the whole.

This beautiful table was designed and made by Dr. James C. Fisher, of Philadelphia, as a pleasant recreation during his leisure moments. As a model of elegant form and curious workmanship, it could hardly be exceeded by the most skillful artist in ornamental wood-work. We are happy to give this new specimen of American invention and art a place in our "Book." It is a poetical fancy embodied and made useful for ladies.

TO HENNIE.

May virtue's wreath thy heart entwine
With gems of purest lustre given,
Clustering around that precious shrine,
As brilliants on the brow of even.

Pure and calm as infant's slumbers
May thy life thus sweetly glide,
As yon stars in brilliant numbers,
Or the moon in queenly pride.

VOL. XLII.—12

Day and night my thoughts will hover
Round thy steps, where'er they stray,
As pearly dew-drops round the flower
Where the moonbeams gently play.

Pure as those brilliant gems of even,
Which in silvery masses lie,
Will our thoughts to thee be given,
As memory clings to days gone by.—W. H. F.

133

EDITORS' TABLE.

HAPPINESS is reflected from the pleasure we give to others, not from our efforts to increase our own enjoyments. This we have lately proved in the pleasure we have experienced from the expressed gratification of our friends with our "Book." One of the engravings in the November number is "The Lord's Prayer," and we cannot refrain from giving here the commendation it has called forth from one warm heart; we might fill many pages with similar praises of these Scriptural scenes.

"An engraving of the Lord's Prayer! Where can an artist be found who can, without desecration, give a pictorial view of so sacred a theme? Will it be like the picture of 'Devotion' in one of our annuals?—a young lady kneeling gracefully before an open volume, whose dress is so highly *à la mode*, with such a rich profusion of blonde and jewelry that, but for her posture, one would imagine her studying a book of fashion plates instead of the Bible? My fears were so excited, and imagination arrayed before me so many inappropriate designs, that, when in actual possession of the engraving, I shrank from the view with the nervous sensitiveness of one who assumes some high responsibility.

"One glance quieted every fear. Such simplicity and modesty of attire; such a graceful wreathing of the petitions around their appropriate designs; such purity, strength, and delicacy; the *'tout ensemble'* seemed perfect. Nor are the details less interesting.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

"Who can look unmoved upon the kneeling mother and her little one? With folded hands he listens to the teachings of maternal love, and then, in hushing accents, offers childhood's earliest prayer, 'Our Father.' Holy influences cluster around that hallowed spot. Far onward in the journey of life, when the little child becomes the old man, you will hear him tell the story of his mother's fervent prayer—

'She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.'

Amid the gay sports of childhood, the dangerous fascinations of youth, and the engrossing pursuits of manhood, that gentle influence was still felt—

'And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.'

"Thy kingdom come"

"Our world, with all its brightness and beauty, is still a revolted province of Jehovah's empire. The suppliant earnestly desires its return to allegiance. With raised eyes and clasped hands, the petition bursts forth from a full heart, 'Thy kingdom come.'

"Thy will be done."

"A little bud of celestial beauty had gladdened a mother's heart. She watched its expansion, gloried in its increasing loveliness, and reveled in a luxury of joy too rich, too perfect for earth. The Angel of Death was sent to fold the opening leaves of the little bud; and, though commissioned to perform his work gently, the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. She refused to be comforted, until gentle whisperings were heard, telling her that her treasure was transplanted to a richer soil and purer atmosphere. And when she knew that, under the fostering care of the Saviour's hand, it would bloom and flourish in immortal vigor, she bowed submissively, and uttered the heartfelt prayer, 'Thy will be done.'

"Give us this day our daily bread."

"The halo of light around that majestic brow points us to the author of the Lord's Prayer. With thoughts elevated to 'Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us,' we would humbly ask for 'the bread of God which cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world.'

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"Why does that little infant, nestling closely under the protecting wing of the angel, look so very sad? He is too young to know nought of the sorrows of life or of its trials. Has he caught a glimpse of the serpent's forked tongue? Does he already, with instinctive dread, shrink from the 'cold, elastic folds' with which he crushes his victims? Nestle still closer, little one; you do not yet know half the dangers that encircle the heir of immortality. In all your future wanderings keep near the angel of the covenant. Trust him with affectionate confidence; and then, in every hour of peril, 'he shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.'"

JENNY LIND.

This celebrated artist has delighted Philadelphia by her unequalled gifts as a vocalist. In awakening such enthusiasm in our critical city, we think she has achieved a triumph quite superior to that obtained at her *début* in New York, it being much more difficult to satisfy thirsty expectation than to strike by undreamed-of skill. From the hour of Jenny's arrival in Broadway, until we had the gratification of receiving her here, a continual flourish of trumpets was every day sounding her praises; not only every song, but every passage was commented on and extolled. It was sagely argued by many that no human being could realize the extraordinary eulogies that were brought to us on the wings of the press, and that her merits as a singer would, by the force of the reaction, be perhaps undervalued in Philadelphia; but, far from this being the case, we do not hesitate to assert that no singer—nay, no body of singers, no operatic corps, Italian, French,

nor English, has ever drawn the audiences that have been assembled at every concert given by Mademoiselle Lind. The qualities of her voice have so very often been discussed, that there is nothing left to say on that point. The extreme delicacy of her upper notes, combined with a volume of tone perfectly surprising; the unrivaled brilliancy of her shake; and the bird-like ease with which she pours forth a flood of melody, perfectly justify her name, "the nightingale." We cannot forbear to note "the mind, the music breathing from her face."

Her simplicity of demeanor, and her ingenuous countenance, give double effect to the sweet sounds breathed from her lips. The earnest reverence with which she gives the solemn strains of Handel is what we have always desired, and never before found in any public cantatrice. It has frequently been our lot to hear those verses, which it is no waste of words to call awful, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c., sang in a flippant way, as if the accuracy of the crotchets and quavers were the chief thought of the performers. Jenny Lind sings them with a propriety and gravity that leave nothing to be desired.

Her very munificent charities are too well known to be mentioned here; but we may state that, from private authority, we have heard of many of a minor nature, such as do not come within the scope of the press, but which manifest the same generous spirit which indulges itself quietly as well as upon great occasions.

Signor Belletti is an excellent singer; his voice, method, and execution are good. Of M. Benedict we have but to say that he fully sustains the reputation that preceded him. He is one of the very best pianists we have ever had in America. His works have long been familiar to our musical world.

We are happy to encourage our young townsman, Miss Pintard. Nature has given her a very pure and melodious contralto voice, which has been cultivated by judicious instructors. She bids fair to become a singer of high order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Dream of Memory," "Spring," "The Call," "Burial of the Missionary," "Charity," "Paragaphs from a Portfolio" (in part), "Flowers," "Elsibardo," and "A White Violet in Autumn."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

From T. B. PETERSON, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE DIVORCED WIFE. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Love in a Cottage," "The Two Brides," etc. etc. This volume was originally published in chapters in "Arthur's Home Gazette." It is replete with the usual spirit and vivacity of the author's style, whose rapid powers of sketching characters and incidents, and impressing them with all the characteristics and vividness of reality, is perhaps not excelled by any author in our country. Of course, the moral tendency of the work is unexceptionable.

THE MENTOR. *A Magazine for Youth.* Rev. H. Hastings Weld, editor. We have received from the amiable editor the December number of his excellent work. Its contents, which are generally illustrated by appropriate wood-cuts, are such as we might very well anticipate from the pen of the editor, which has always been industriously employed in labors of benevolence.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Boston edition. No. 28.—Timon of Athens. Embellished with a very fine engraving representing "Cassandra." The publishers, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., deserve credit for the uniform excellence of this edition of the great dramatist.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

TREASURED THOUGHTS, from Favorite Authors. Collected and arranged by Caroline May. As the reader will understand, this is a selection from various authors, and embraces numerous moral, religious, and literary subjects, all calculated so as to leave a salutary impression on the mind.

From BAKER & SCRIBNER, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

SKETCHES OF REFORMS AND REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Henry B. Stanton. A second and revised edition. From the

many important characters introduced in these sketches, and from the exciting measures of reform in which they severally took a leading part, this work will continue to be read with interest by politicians and statesmen, as well as by philanthropists, who may have the leisure and the desire to inform themselves in regard to the events, the failures, and triumphs that have preceded them in the order of "progress and reform."

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

ALTON LOCKE, TAILOR AND POET. *An Autobiography.* The reader who takes pleasure in tracing the struggles of genius from poverty and obscurity to the accomplishment of its ends, will find this an agreeable work, although we do not feel at liberty to depend on all the author's views.

POPULAR EDUCATION, for the Use of Parents and Teachers, and for Young Persons of both sexes. Prepared and published in accordance with a resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan, by Ira Mayhew, A. M., late Superintendent of Public Instruction. There is a great amount of matter in this work, which will prove serviceable in the efforts now in progress to perfect a system of national education.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. This beautiful book has reached its seventh number, and is as attractive in its embellishments and letter-press as at first.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliott & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE PRACTICAL COOK BOOK: containing One Thousand Receipts, consisting of Directions for Selecting, Preparing, and Cooking all kinds of Meats, Poultry, and Game, Soups, Broths, Vegetables, and Salads. Also, making all kinds of Plain and Fancy Breads.

Pastries, Puddings, Cakes, Creams, Ices, Jellies, Preserves, Marmalades, etc. etc., together with Various Miscellaneous Receipts and numerous Preparations for Invalids. By Mrs. Bliss, of Boston. A very valuable collection of receipts for careful and tasteful housekeepers.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE TO THE WINTER COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN THE PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE. Delivered on the 14th of October, 1850, by James M'Clintock, M. D. The principal object of the lecturer was to correct a misrepresentation which prevails in many quarters in regard to the scope of surgery, and the relations which exist between the medical practice of the surgeon and of the physician.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS, AND OTHER RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH, according to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America; together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David. Independent of several beautifully illuminated pages, among which are the "Last Supper" and the "Ascension," this edition of the "Book of Common Prayer" has that to recommend it which will at once arrest the attention of the purchaser. We allude to its substantial and elegant binding, a consideration which is not to be overlooked in a work intended for daily use; and especially to its bright, clearly printed, and delicately decorated pages, which we might almost imagine to be irradiated by the purity and holiness of their contents. This edition, take it altogether, is unquestionably the most beautiful ever published in the United States. So at least we shall continue to esteem it, until we shall be convinced that it really has a superior. But what will be quite gratifying for the Christian public to know, is the fact that the publishers have printed twenty-five different editions of the "Book," which are offered at various prices, to suit the taste or convenience of the purchasers. All these editions are, also, embellished with impressive and appropriate Scriptural subjects.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, New York, through LIPSCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

RURAL HOURS. By Miss Fenimore Cooper. We duly noticed the first edition of this work, a copy of which reached us in a plain garb, simple and unpretending as the subjects seemed then to be. But the volume now before us is in very different trim. It will now take rank with the most beautifully embellished, and most beautifully printed and bound volumes that have made their appearance this season. As for the contents, we believe they remain the same, inculcating a delicate taste for rural scenes, for trees, birds, fruits, and flowers, which seem lately to have been too much neglected by those who should themselves form a part of the ornaments and decorations of country life. The engravings are superbly colored.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. By Henry James Slack, F. G. S. of the Middle Temple. This is a charming volume, full of beautiful and refined sentiments, sound philosophic truths, and devout contemplations.

THE TWO BROTHERS; or, the Family that Lived in the First Society. A novel this, in which the reader will find much that will amuse, and some instruction, perhaps, in relation to the feelings, forms, and mysteries of aristocratic life.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE HISTORY OF MADAME ROLAND. By John S. A. Abbott. With engravings. This is a very instructive, but melancholy history of a noble woman, possessing superior mental attainments, who perished in the bloody revolution of France, and whose last words on the platform of the guillotine were, "Oh, liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

From BAKER & SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS. A Dictionary of Dates. With Tabular Views of General History and a Historical Chart. Edited by G. P. Putnam. This will prove a very valuable work for reference in the hands of readers, compilers, and literary men generally, and more especially for those who have not the faculty of retaining the dates of events.

THE LEATHER STOCKING TALES By J. Fenimore Cooper. Author's revised edition. This is the fourth volume of the uniform edition of the works of Mr. Cooper, and contains the "Pioneers."

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; or, a Book of the Heart. By Ike Marvel, author of "Fresh Gleamings." If the minds of all bachelors were as capable of forming such reveries as we have here from Ike Marvel, there would be very little difficulty in reaching their hearts. It must not be suspected that Ike is a sour, morose, and incorrigible railer. Ike is a mild gentleman, a prosopoeist, possessed of all the finest feelings of humanity, which he tracks out in his admirable reveries in sentences of the most delicate and touching brevity. We venture to say that no sensitive or sensible woman will read this book without feeling at least a very sensible change in regard to the unawakened sensibilities of the fraternity to which Mr. Marvel belongs, and can learn also something of the charms by which their characters may be improved.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York, through W. B. ZEIBER, Philadelphia:—

THE TWELVE QUALITIES OF MIND; or, Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy. By J. W. Redfield, M. D. This work, as far as we have examined it, appears to be an attempt to establish an intimate connection between phrenology and physiognomy.

From J. B. SMITH & Co., Philadelphia:—

STRYKER'S AMERICAN REGISTER AND MAGAZINE. We have received the fourth volume of this valuable historical, statistical, and chronological work. It contains a vast amount of information, which should be in the hands of every American who desires to be acquainted with the past and progressive history of his country. It is edited by "Judge Stryker, Trenton, N. J.," to whom all communications must be addressed.

From CAMPBELL & POWER, Philadelphia:—

RELATIVE AND INDEPENDENT DUTIES OF PROGRESSIVE MAN. By John Thompson. The object of the author is to prove that the failure of obedience to duty is the cause of all evil.

From GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Boston:—

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER. Edited by J. G. Hyland. With notices of

Mr. Foster as a preacher and companion. by John Sheppard. Two volumes in one. The memoir of a good man is, like his life, a positive blessing to the world. And few better deserve the glorious title of *good* than John Foster. With the clear understanding which belongs to the disciplined mind of man, he displays, unconsciously, in his familiar letters, the warm and disinterested sympathy of an enthusiastic woman. His letters to his mother and his female friends are beautiful specimens of the purity of heart which a Christian man may attain. The work commends itself to our sex, and should be read in every family.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE; or, *Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature*. By Robert Hunt, author of "Panthea," etc. This is a second edition of a work which has undergone some trifling corrections, and into which, to keep pace with the progress of science, various new discoveries have been introduced. The style of the author is poetical and beautiful, and eminently calculated to instruct, and to please and elevate the imagination of the reader.

THE FOOT-PRINTS OF THE CREATOR; or, *the Asterolepis of Stromneys*. By Hugh Miller, author of the "Old Red Sandstone," etc. From the third London edition, with a memoir of the author, by Louis Agassiz. There seems to be at present quite a controversy raging among the geologists, metaphysicians, and philosophers of every grade, in which it becomes us not to interfere. The very terms in which these controversies are carried on can scarcely ever be rendered familiar to the popular ear, and therefore those who are obliged to coin and use them can hardly ever become very popular teachers. This work, however, has been highly spoken of by those who profess to understand it, and who have had time to give it a thorough examination.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—**TRUE STORIES FROM HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.** By Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author of this volume, whose literary reputation has long since been established, has here presented a valuable book of history and biography to his young countrymen, which will not fail greatly to amuse and instruct them.

POEMS. By Grace Greenwood. This is a very neatly printed volume of poems of one of the most popular female writers of America, selected with great care by the author herself. Of the merits and the beauties of Grace Greenwood's poetry it is not for us to speak to our readers, who have had the best opportunities to judge for themselves.

From A. S. BARNES & Co., New York, through DANIELS & SMITH, 51 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

LADY WILLOUGHBY; or, *Passages from the Diary of a Wife and Mother in the Seventeenth Century*. This is a reprint from a second London edition of a work which excited some curiosity as to its authorship, when it first made its appearance. It is simply a picture of the domestic life of a young married woman in the first fourteen years of her marriage, and, although professedly written two hundred years ago, contains much that might be rendered of great service to the reforming and revolutionary ladies of the present generation.

AMERICAN EDUCATION; or, *Principles and Elements*. Dedicated to the teachers of the United States.

By Edward D. Mansfield, author of the "Political Grammar," etc. We have not had time to examine this work, which the author says is suggestive of principles, and not intended to point out a course of studies, and the great aim of which is to excite attention to what should be the elements of an American education. The subject is an important one, and is ably urged by the author.

From the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York:—**THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC FOR THE UNITED STATES, for the Year of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ 1851.** This almanac is calculated for Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Charleston, and four parallels of latitude, is beautifully printed and illustrated, and contains much valuable statistical information, chiefly from original sources.

From MUSSEY & Co., Boston, and J. S. REDFIELD, New York, through W. B. ZEIBER, Philadelphia:—

CHANTICLEER. A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. A very amusing and moral story, excellently adapted to the festive period for which it was written.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston:—**SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FENELON. With a Memoir of his Life.** By Mrs. Follen. Fenelon was born in 1651, two hundred years ago; yet his virtues and piety shine now around his name as pure, and holy, and real as though he were living and acting among us. This volume of his works is beautifully printed; a fair copy of the moral lessons it contains; and the memoir is a model of simplicity in style and earnestness in search of truth, which characterize all the productions of Mrs. Follen. For sale by Willis & Hazard, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.

Christian Melodies: a Selection of Hymns and Tunes designed for Social and Private Worship in the Lecture Room and the Family. Edited by George B. Cheever, D. D., and J. E. Sweetser, published by A. S. Barnes, New York, and for sale by Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia.

PROFESSOR CHARLES GROBE has furnished us with copies of the following compositions for the piano, which can be obtained at the principal music stores in this city: "Had I Never Known Thee," a favorite chant; "Sounds from Home," in four parts; "New England! New England!" a favorite chant with variations; "Louisiana Belle," "Bachelor's Polka," with brilliant variations; "She Stood Beside the Window," by W. C. Peters, with variations by Professor Grobe; "Lindiana," a choice collection of "Jenny Lind Songs," with variations; "Cheer up, My own Jeanette;" "Grobe's Omnibus," a collection of favorite pieces, arranged as duets for two performers on the piano.

MESSES. CLARK, AUSTEN & SMITH, New York, have sent us a copy of "Church Chorals and Choir Studies," by R. Storrs Willis. Besides a vast number of hymns and tunes, this work contains many practical suggestions on church music generally, and of American music in particular, which will prove interesting to the amateur, and which may not prove unprofitable to the professor.

EMPLOYMENT OF FEMALES.—The establishment of Godey's Lady's Book gives employment to one hundred and fifty females in the coloring and binding departments alone. This at least should gain us some credit among our female patrons.

THE publisher of the Lady's Book is half inclined to give up advertising. His contemporaries can do that portion of catering for the public much better than he can. However, the people of this country have got into a habit of judging for themselves. This being the case, he has no fear of the result.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.—The press and the public have quietly given us the palm for this number. They say that four such plates have never been seen in any magazine in this or any other country. They are right. Home manufacture has again taken the premium over foreign.

IN this number we give another of our beautiful Scriptural plates, "Christ entering Jerusalem," copied from the original picture. It will be seen that ours are elaborate engravings on steel, and of the finest kind. In March, we shall give the companion to the "Constant," published in the January number, the "Coquette," and another beautiful Scriptural plate.

WE do all we can to be correct in mailing the numbers to subscribers, and are under the impression that all are sent; but when notified that a number is missing, it is rather too bad to make us pay the postage. In future we shall not send a duplicate unless postage is paid on the letter containing the request.

WE have now ready all the back numbers from January, 1850. We make this announcement for the benefit of those who could not be supplied. We have, for the fifteenth time, reprinted them all.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING, which has received attention in this number, will be continued, with many very pretty engravings and most useful directions. We always have something new.

TRUMANSBURG, N. Y., is the premium town. The subscribers at that place are entitled to the "Book" for 1851.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.—We are glad to find that the fame and the good name of our friend Morris have received a just estimate in the appreciation of English reviewers. In his own country, General Morris has, for many years, been considered one of the original pillars, and one of the most industrious laborers in the establishment, of her literary reputation. His songs, which have always been popular with American readers and singers, have been received wherever the English language is spoken with the greatest favor. A writer in a late number of a popular magazine in London, "*Howitt's and the People's Journal*," says, very truly, that "Mr. Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song writers in England." This is nothing more than we consider a fair tribute to the talents and inimitable spirit of our friend, and we hope its truth will not be lost upon his countrymen because it comes to them from abroad.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE, now a paper of large circulation, continues to receive the patronage of the public. The double number is the most splendid specimen of a paper we have ever seen, and reflects great credit upon the printer, Mr. A. Scott. We understand that no extra charge is made to subscribers for the double issue. Mr. Arthur is publishing a series of articles by Mr. Arthur G. Stansbury, of Washington, which must commend themselves to the lovers of their country—the private history of all the Presidents of the United States. Mr. Arthur himself has a story in each number, and an engraving designed and engraved expressly for him. This is a new feature in newspaper publishing. "The Divorced Wife," lately published in the "*Gazette*," is at once the most beautiful and affecting story we have ever read. If you are going to subscribe, commence with "The Divorced Wife."

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EXPRESS, FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.—This is the title of a new paper which recently made its appearance in our city, under the editorial charge of the publisher, Mr. S. McHenry. We sincerely hope our young friend will meet that support which his industry, perseverance, and application justly merit. He was for many years employed in the office of the Lady's Book as our principal book-keeper, and in all our intercourse we found him worthy of the highest confidence. The paper, a copy of which we have just seen, is well printed, and evinces a very creditable spirit in its editorial, and in its original and selected articles.

NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—We have many contemporaries engaged in catering for the public taste and amusement, none of whom, however, please us better than the Times. There is a characteristic hilarity about it, with an open and honest front, that wears neither hypocrisy nor guile, which commends it especially to our consideration whenever we feel the necessity of a little mirth and cheerfulness, after the more serious labors of the day. It puts us in a better plight with humanity, and softens down those out-door asperities which are unfit for the fireside circle, and which should never be mingled with the amenities and pleasures of home. The Times is worthy of the patronage it receives.

BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.—This old established journal enters its thirty-eighth volume this month, and we are gratified to hear of its continued prosperity. The Gazette is published at a late hour every Saturday evening, and contains not only a large amount of miscellaneous reading, but late news by the mails and telegraph.

THE YANKEE BLADE.—We are happy to hear that our old friends and able editors are on the high-road to fortune. Their success the last year has been unprecedented. The Blade is an admirably managed paper.

RECIPROCAL.—We thank our business friends, Charles & Leonori, 35 Wall Street, New York, as well for their kind notice of the Lady's Book and its editors, as for the prayers they offer up that we may have speedily a large accession of prompt-paying, religious subscribers. We thank them also for a copy of their "*New York Bank Note List, Counterfeit Detector, Wholesale Prices Current, and Commercial Journal*," for a copy of their "*Gold and Silver Coin Examiner*,"

and for a copy of their "*Signature Examiner*," all of which we pronounce to be not only worthy of the attention of business men, but absolutely necessary for the correct discharge of their duties.

KNIT FLOWERS.—Among the many curious and elegant specimens of art at the late Franklin Institute Exhibition, was a vase of knitted flowers, invented and executed by Mrs. M. Shugart Cope, of this city. They attracted much attention, particularly among the ladies, and were regarded by all as being exceedingly unique, and as evincing great patience and industry on the part of the lady inventor. In their configuration, it appeared to us the resemblance to nature was perfect; and, in point of coloring, the imitation was more complete than it was thought possible to produce simply by means of the needle.

These flowers, we understand, are destined for the World's great fair at London, in May next, where they will no doubt create a sensation among the curious in such matters, especially as their execution is a feat never before accomplished, if attempted, as far as known, by any one in this or any other country.

THE OPERA.—It gives us great pleasure to state that, through the commendable exertions of Mr. Edward L. Walker, the citizens of Philadelphia will this winter be furnished with a series of brilliant operatic performances, such as, probably, have never before occurred on the American Continent. Such, at least, are the anticipations which are everywhere indulged by those who have the best opportunities to judge of the abilities and the general character of the performers. Mr. Walker is himself celebrated as a composer and pianist, and has therefore unquestionable advantages for the consummation of his arduous undertaking. Max Maretzek, with whom Mr. W. has made his arrangements for the production of a series of grand Italian operas at the Chestnut Street Theatre, has been engaged for some time past with his opera troupe at the Astor House, New York, the papers of which city have, we believe, without an exception, been enthusiastic in its praise.

It is claimed for this troupe that it presents the largest amount of talent of any that has heretofore visited the American shores. Among them is Mdle. Parodi, said to be the greatest and most brilliant dramatic vocalist that has been heard since the days of Madame Pasta, and our old acquaintances Signor Benedetti, Signorina Truffi, Mde. Bertrucca Maretzek, Signors Avignonni, Rosi, Forti, and Benevantino. But we have not time to enumerate the names of those composing the company, all of whom, however, have received from our musical critics the highest measure of praise. We sincerely hope that the citizens of Philadelphia will second the zealous exertions of Mr. Walker, and abundantly recompense him for his efforts to sustain and improve the musical reputation of our city.

We understand that there is attached to the troupe a very celebrated danseuse, Mdle. Nathalie Fitzjames. She is very highly spoken of, and will add a new feature to the opera. We anticipate giving, in our next, a flattering account of the success of this enterprise.

The house has been done up in beautiful style—backs put to all the seats, new private boxes, etc.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the inimitable Maretzek will wield the baton.

MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Dempster has recently been in this city, and, during his stay, gave several of those delightful concerts which have rendered him a welcome visitor in most, if not in all, the principal cities of the Union. The peculiar softness and flexibility of his voice, so full of melancholy, and so soothing to the ear, render him always engaging in the rehearsal of those time-honored ballads which contain so much of the pathos and sentiment of the past, and which contrast somewhat singularly with the poetry and the music of the popular airs of the present time. We hope he will long continue to receive the approbation he so richly merits.

BLITZ, the conjuror, the mighty man of magic, who, in former times, would have been a candidate for a trial by fire, still holds his levees at the Lecture Room in the Museum, corner of Ninth and George Street. It is refreshing to stop in there of an evening to see the crowds of children, the merry, pleasant, laughing faces that are gathered there nightly, their attention charmed by Blitz. His wonderful birds are not the least pleasurable part of the entertainment. What patience it must have required to bring them into such excellent training!

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO TAKE OUT STAINS.—If on woolen from grease, scrape a little French chalk on the spot. If of paint, rub in spirits of turpentine with a flannel. If of discoloration from any acid, the color may perhaps be restored by rubbing a solution of carbonate of soda or magnesia on the part. In this case, avoid the use of soap with the water, as the former will restore the red appearance.

TO CLEAN WHITE FURS.—Wash them in a cold lather of soap and water, with a little soda and blue in it; then draw them with the hand, the same as a flannel, through several lathers, until they are clean; rinse in clean water, shake well, and hang up to dry, frequently shaking them while damp.

TO COLOR POMATUM.—Yellow, by palm oil or anota; red, by alkanet root; and green, by guaiacum or the green leaves of spinach or parsley.

FURNITURE POLISH.—An equal mixture of sweet oil and vinegar. This must be used constantly, and the furniture afterwards well rubbed with a chamois leather. This is an excellent polish for mahogany. Furniture cream for polishing wood is made with two ounces of pearlsh, one gallon of soft water, one pound of beeswax, a quarter of a pound of soap; boil until dissolved; spread it with a painter's brush, and polish off with a leather.

TO FIX CRAYON OR CHARCOAL DRAWINGS.—First wash the paper with a thin solution of size; when quite dry, the paper is in a good state for making the drawings. After which, it should be inverted and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size, which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing.

TO MAKE ORANGE-FLOWER WATER.—Take oil of neroli, eight drops; rectified spirits, two drachms; magnesia, half a drachm. Rub the whole together in a mortar, gradually adding one pint of distilled or rain water. Finally, filter the liquid through white blotting paper, and it is ready for use.

THE fragrant essence of the rind of lemons and Seville oranges may be easily obtained by the following simple process: Take a large piece of loaf sugar and rub the fruit on it until the yellow rind is quite absorbed; cut away with a knife the parts of the sugar containing the essence into an earthen dish. If this sugar is closely pressed into pots, and tightly covered with a bladder over the paper, it will keep for many years.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—An opera-dress of rich brown velvet, made quite plain, with short sleeves. The cloak is white satin, lined with rose-colored Mantua silk, and trimmed with ermine. The hood may be drawn, as in the plate, over the head. Hair dressed as fancy may direct, with a fine wreath of rose-buds and geranium leaves. Gloves, as a general thing, should be white; but very delicate shades of primrose or blue are allowable. Unless at the Italian Opera, short sleeves should not be worn.

Fig. 2.—Dinner-dress of Mazarine blue ture satin. The pattern is very novel and elegant, being a kind of slip, if we may call it so, over a fine skirt of cambric. It is confined at the waist by a narrow velvet girdle, with gold clasps. It is fastened across the front and bust by bands of silk lace ending in rosettes; the sleeves are fastened in the same manner. The undersleeves and chemisette are of fine cambric linen, elegantly plaited. Graceful Neapolitan cap, with face rosettes of primrose-colored satin; the hair arranged in plain bands beneath it, or with tie of the same. Gloves to correspond.

CHIT-CHAT OF PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

There is nothing particularly novel in the dress of our ladies this month, it being the last of their winter costumes, and too early to think of spring improvements. If anything, the tendency has been to a quieter style of dress as far as color goes, and the broad ribbons of early winter have given place to plainer bows of Mantua or satin. As to extremes, however, we leave that to our neighbors of New York, who take Parisian fashions with little or no change. Of course, a mode, once becoming universal, soon dies out, while here every *modiste* alters or arranges a costume to twenty different tastes, and no two ladies are seen upon the street dressed precisely alike. The last suggests a fault we have before spoken of in the dresses of those in the country. The milliner imports from the nearest metropolis one or two bonnets, and all in the village must have exactly that pattern. So with the dress-maker, who makes the same long waists for stout or slender figures, and sleeves of intense tightness for round or long arms. We have seen one fashion of trimming straw bonnets pervade a whole community. When "bows on top" were the rage, we have seen twenty bonnets pass through the "meeting-house" porch with that peculiar cockade of ribbon at the junction of the crown and brim.

There is also another difference between town and country, in this very matter of church costumes. There is little opportunity for display of dress in visiting and shopping, where a congregation of one or two hundred people are scattered miles apart, and the shops are limited to three "where-you-can-get-almost-any-little-thing-stores." Consequently, Sunday is the grand gala day for which new bonnets, new dresses, and even new coats are kept, and Sunday noon is too often given up to the discussion of these by the ladies of the congregation, while the young farmers talk over the wheat or hay crop.

"Did you see Mary Ann Jones's new bonnet?"

"Yes; ain't it sweet? I mean to tell Miss Lane to trim mine just like it."

"Well, I've found out how those ruffles are put on Anne Maria's mantilla, and I guess I can carry the pattern in my eye. She was so mean she wouldn't lend it! What sort of a white dress are you going to have?"

And so the comments go on. As for appearing on two successive Sundays in the same dress, the thing was not to be mentioned in *gentle* village life, and the collars and cuffs serve in regular rotation. We do not mean to say there is no display of dress or novelty in a city congregation. It could not be said with truth; but still, among the butterfly crowd, there are many serious worshippers, people of wealth and station, who dress far more plainly than through the week, that their own thoughts and those of their neighbors shall not be distracted from the solemn service. We know ladies who make it a rule never to wear a new dress or bonnet for the first time on Sunday, lest the uncomfortable or at least novel feeling should interfere with serious meditation. Nor do we think the habit of putting children into nice or new clothes only on Sunday at all advisable.

A well-known literary man was asked, not long ago, the reason of the peculiar dislike he had for church chimes.

"Bah!" said he, making a wry face, "they are so connected in my mind with new clothes; and I always hated new clothes. When I was a little fellow, new jackets and new trousers were reserved for Sundays. They were always sure to *pinch*; and then we were perpetually told to keep quiet, for fear that we should spoil them. Church bells! Why Alexander Selkirk was an ungrateful man for complaining that their sound was never heard in his 'solitude.'"

And, though this was said in a jesting spirit, he was more than half right. How many of the poor "wriggling" little creatures, who hang their chins over the top of the pew during the psalm, "like young colts in a pasture," as Longfellow has it, would be quiet and comfortable but for these same "new clothes?"

Jewelry in church seems to us quite out of place. You sit, during the reading of the epistle, contemplating an elegant bracelet on the arm of your neighbor, and hear that woman should not be decked "in gold and pearls and costly array." Far better is the fashion prevalent in some European countries, of wearing a plain black dress and mantle only when going up to church service; and it certainly seems more suitable to the calm and reverential spirit which all should cultivate on such an occasion.

But, instead of chatting of the fashions, we have been betrayed into a homily upon "vain apparel," for which we beg your indulgence, dear ladies, and promise next month to be as entertaining as possible to atone for it.

FASHION.

PROUD TRIUMPH OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Since publishing the Lady's Book for January, we have, up to the moment of penning this, received an increase to our list that has been unprecedented. This shows that our efforts in the good cause of

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMERICAN ARTS

is appreciated. No foreign aid is needed by the proprietor of Godey's Lady's Book. Our January number, which has, we believe without a dissenting voice, been pronounced the gem of the month, is all of *AMERICAN MANUFACTURE*. We have in store numerous novelties. An opportunity has now been given to make a comparison between our engravings of

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS

and those of others—steel against wood.

COQUETRY,

The match plate to "Constancy," published in the January number, will be given in the March number.

GOOD COUNSEL AND EVIL COUNSEL,

Match plates, engraved by Welsh, will also be published this year, with appropriate letter-press matter.

DRESS THE MAKER AND DRESS THE WEARER,

Emblematic Pictures of "The North," "The South," "The East," "The West,"

Are also in preparation Also, the following

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS:

Search the Scriptures.
The Creation, in seven tableaux,
The Miracles of Christ, in four tableaux,
The Parables of Christ, in five tableaux,
"We Beseech Thee to Hear us, O Lord!" containing four figures,
Christ and the Woman of Samaria,
Christ Healing the Sick,
Christ on the Mount,
"How Beautiful are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord!"
The Acts of the Apostles, in tableaux, from the cartoons of Raphael,

John Proclaiming the Messiah,
The Separation of the Apostles,
Hallowed be Thy Name,
The Church Porch, Sunday Morning,
The Cottagers, Sunday morning,
"Lord, have Mercy upon us,"
The First Lesson in Charity,
Backwoods' Worship,
"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me,"
The Guardian Angel,
The Infant Saviour and St. John,
The Return of the Dove to the Ark,

And many, very many, of a more gay and lively character. One of each kind will be given in a number—combining the *grave and the gay*.

The illustration of the Scriptural Plates will be furnished by the

REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

COLORED ENGRAVING.

The "Sylphs of the Season," in the January number, was printed and colored in our own office; also the Vase and Flowers, in this number. Can there be—has there been—anything more beautiful published, foreign or domestic, in any number of a magazine published in Philadelphia? We may ask the same question in reference to

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES.

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady, will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

They are also the terms of all the Philadelphia \$3 magazines.

One copy, 1 year, - - -	\$3	Five copies, 1 year, - - -	\$10
Two copies, 1 year, - - -	5	One copy, 5 years, - - -	10
One copy, 2 years, - - -	5	Ten copies, 1 year, - - -	20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

Postmasters and others sending clubs will oblige us very much by having them all addressed to one name. It is no inconvenience to them, and will be a great favor to us.

No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.

Address

**L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.**

Fifth Street, a few doors South of Walnut.

The SPRING Course of Lectures for 1851 will be commenced on Monday, March 17, 1851. Degrees will be conferred about the 17th of July, 1851.

PRESIDENT.

HON. J. R. BURDEN, M. D.

FACULTY.

*AMES MCCLINTOCK, M. D., Principles and Practice of Surgery.
RUSH VAN DYKE, M. D., Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
THOMAS D. MITCHELL, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine.
JAMES BRYAN, M. D., Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.
EZRA S. CARR, M. D., Medical Chemistry
FREDERICK A. FICKARDT, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
JAMES MCCLINTOCK, M. D., General, Special, and Surgical Anatomy.
GEORGE HEWSTON, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Fee for the Full Course, - - - -	\$81 00	Fee for those who have attended two full	
Matriculation, paid once only, - - - -	5 00	courses in other Colleges, - - - -	\$45 00
Graduation, - - - -	50 00	Dissecting Ticket, - - - -	16 00
		Perpetual Ticket, - - - -	150 00

Full course Candidates for Graduation will be furnished with the ticket to the Pennsylvania Hospital without charge.

The fee for the respective tickets may be paid to each Member of the Faculty, or the whole amount may be paid to the Dean, who will issue a certificate which will entitle the Student to the ticket of each Professor.

The Winter Course for 1851-52 will commence on the second Monday of October, 1851.

For further information, inquire of

JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Dean,

No. 1 North Eleventh Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 24, 1850.

"THE BEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN AMERICA."—*Marion, S. C. Star.*

THE YANKEE BLADE.

A LARGE AND HANDSOME WEEKLY JOURNAL:

Devoted to Literature, Art, Education, Morals, Criticism, Fun, News, etc.

AND ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT \$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

WHAT THE PRESS THINK OF THE BLADE.

By far the richest specimen of a newspaper we have ever known—equalled by none in brilliancy, spirit, and originality, and in neatness of typographical arrangement.—*Columbus (Ga.) Sentinel*.

To those of our readers who take Eastern Literary News-papers we commend the "Blade," and assure them that they do not, and cannot, take any that is superior, while many of those blanket sheets, filled with trash, that they do take, are as far inferior to the "Blade" as anything perfectly worthless can be to a valuable article.—*Shelby (Ky.) News.*

It is one of the most useful and interesting papers received at this office, and is read with more avidity than any other exchange — *Delphi (Indiana) Times*.

The *Yankee Blade* has a reputation throughout the length and breadth of this great country unsurpassed by any family paper printed.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal*.

¶ In order to meet the wishes of our friends at a distance, with whom the item of postage is quite a consideration, we offer the following inducements to

FORM CLUBS FOR THE YANKEE BLADE.

THREE copies, one year,	-	-	-	\$5 00	TEN copies, one year,	-	-	-	\$15 00
FIVE " "	-	-	-	8 00	FOURTEEN " "	-	-	-	20 00

Where a club of *Ten* or *Fourteen* copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the person who gets it to the club.

 Subscribers and Postmasters are requested to act as Agents on the above terms.

17 We hope that those Postmasters who have hitherto aided us will redouble their exertions for the coming year, and that other Postmasters may be induced to take the same interest: also, that all agents and friends of the paper will endeavor to send it into every "hook and hamlet" in the country.

3 Southern and Western money taken at par for subscriptions. Or Post-Office stamps taken at their value. 4 All letters (post paid) should be addressed to

MATHEWS, STEVENS & CO., No. 12 School Street, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the *Yankee Blade* as a specimen can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING AND LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE UNION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now, beyond all denial, the leading as well as the largest Weekly Paper in the United States. Its circulation is undeniably greater than that of any other paper, of the same kind, in the Union; while its literary contents are allowed, by the best judges, to be unsurpassed. Such tales as "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Child Stealer," and "The Two Brides," have placed "The Post," by almost universal admission, a "head and shoulders" above its cotemporaries.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to the American public that we have made arrangements with one of the

FIRST NOVELISTS IN AMERICA,

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "RETRIBUTION," "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," etc., by which the productions of her gifted pen will be secured hereafter (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper)

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mrs. Southworth, as an American novelist of great power—a rising Star in the West—has been hailed with acclamation by all those who can recognize genius as well in a native as in a foreign author. We design to commence a NEW STORY BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH about the beginning of the year. It will be entitled

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

How many stories she will be able to furnish during 1851 will depend upon the state of her health, etc. We trust, however, that we shall be able to lay before our readers at least THREE of those SPLENDID PRODUCTIONS which have made her name already so distinguished.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Nouvellettes, we design publishing other and shorter Nouvellettes from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:—

"THE IRON HAND," by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq. "THE TEXAN HUNTRESS," by C. W. WEBBER, author of "Old Hicks, the Guide," "The Shot in the Eye," etc.

And mark this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public *one* year, but it will not answer a *second* time. If the public are humbugged *once*, it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice*, it is their own.

In addition to such choice ORIGINAL articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading, such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous Articles. Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc. etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.—During the past year, we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakspeare, by Mr. Dana; and the instructive and interesting ones of Dr. Baird, upon Europe—Letters from Abroad—General News—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and Stock List, etc. etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES, are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works than any half a dozen other papers in the land. A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance. In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing—whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of subscribers of any paper of the same class in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival.

TERMS.—The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:—

4 COPIES,		\$5 00 PER ANNUM.
8	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$10 00 "
13	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$15 00 "
20	" (and one to agent, or the getter-up of the Club)	\$20 00 "

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and One of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Among the numerous and valuable family newspapers issuing from the American press, we do not hesitate to place the Post in the very front rank. We intend no disparagement to other enterprises of a similar character—and there are many of great merit—but this one seems to have risen, by the spirited enterprise of its conductors, to a degree of eminence which places it a full *head and shoulders* above all its cotemporaries.

By the way, we take occasion just here, to venture the opinion that there is no branch of American literature that is contributing, at this time, so largely to the diffusion of useful knowledge, as this class of *Family Newspapers*. They are sowing, broadcast, a seed whose fruit cannot fail to tell upon American character in future ages. They are finding their way to every nook of human society—always exciting a fondness for reading, and with this a great point is gained, especially with the youth. Even the *children* enjoying these advantages know more that is useful and important in the formation of character than the *men* of former generations.

We could wish to see a good family newspaper—giving our preference to the Post—in every family in this Republic. No parent can appropriate the sum charged for it so profitably for his children, in any other way. On the score of instruction and pleasurable amusement, nothing of quadruple the cost has ministered so much to our family as the weekly visit of the Post, for years past.—*Minden Banner, La.*

Numerous other equally flattering notices are omitted for want of room.

Great Offers for 1851!

.4 Leviathan Paper, 36 columns of reading and a costly engraving for

THE PREMIUM YEAR.

**Costly Parlour Engravings, Popular and Fashionable Music, Historical and Useful
Books, as Premiums to Subscribers to**

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

WITH ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS IN THE LITERARY, NEWS AND ARTISTICAL CHARACTER OF ITS CONTENTS, FOR THE YEAR 1
THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE NEW SERIES.

THE PUBLISHER, having completed the most extensive arrangements with Literary Writers, Correspondents, Designers, and Engravers, prepared to offer to the American public a family journal, will be gratified as has been its popularity heretofore, will, be firmly believed, excel all its contemporaries as to place "SOUTHERN WEEKLY PAPER" at once so far beyond all competition as to insure for it

A CIRCULATION OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES

to be the first of March, 1851. Being a practical printer, possessed of large pecuniary means, and all the appliances for publication, as a literary paper, as well as the latest news, reports of markets, &c., from all parts of the world, and furnishing them to subscribers of the other papers,—and having correspondents at all points to forward correct intelligence—he expects, by the aid of a large amount of capital, to make his favorite family journal a requisite article in every family in the United States. To accomplish this, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but in their possession also a beautiful *house ornament*, he proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS:

UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING!

One copy, one year, (with an elegant premium engraving.)	\$2 00
Four copies, (and a premium engraving to the getter-up of the club)	5 00
Ten " " " " "	10 00
Twenty " (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber.)	20 00

* * Those who prefer it, can have the Premium Books or Music of the past year, on the same terms as heretofore.

THE PREMIUM PLATES!

Any person sending \$2 in advance will receive "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" for one year, and any ONE of the following as beautiful Parlor Pictures:—

Christ Blessing Little Children.—*Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*—MAT. XIX. 14.

[This is one of the very best large size mozzotto engravings ever published. It contains seventeen full-length figures, each in a very best style of art, and covers a space of 28 square inches. It is an elegant and suitable ornament for the richest drawing room in the world. It is from Benjamin West's celebrated picture—*East of Omer*, 1766. The retail price of this print is 50 p. coloured. For 25 we will furnish the Paper one year, and the *coloured* print.]

The First Prayer.—“*Our Father, who art in heaven, be heard to thy name.*”

[This is a new design, in true color, mounted on a card 12 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in style from a portrait by the celebrated German artist, Holbein, at a cost of \$100. It represents a mother teaching her Lord's Prayer, and is charmingly attractive. The store price of this print is also \$50.]

The Reverie.—(Coloured.)

The silver orb of heaven, with waning light,

And the fair maiden, musing 'neath its ray,

[The Reverie is one of the sweetest pictures, when coloured, the eye ever beheld. It is soft, natural, effective, and so perfect in its expression, as to fairly enchant. Its size is 16.5 square inches; a fine mezzotint, drawn and engraved by G. K. Hall—as life-size, and coloured. We furnish the coloured picture to suit your taste.]

* * * Persons getting up clubs, either of FOUR or TEN, will receive any picture in the whole list, above or below.

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

♣ Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the club will receive any ONE of the following beautiful engravings:—

The Rev. John Wesley Preaching in the Gwenap Amphitheatre.—

Mr. Wesley, in his "Journal," says:—"The natural amphitheatre at Gwennap, (Cornwall,) is far the finest I know in the kind. It is a round, green hollow, gently shelving down about fifty feet deep, but I suppose it is two hundred acres across one way, and a hundred the other. The people both fill it and covered the ground round about—above 32,000—the largest assembly I ever saw. I think it the most magnificent spectacle which is to be seen on this side of heaven."

[The engraving is a fine mezzotint, (new), and is the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving, \$1500. It is from a painting taken from the above extract, which is printed on the engraving. The engraving is filled with figures of Wesley and his hearers. The picture is 23 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$2.]

America Guided by Wisdom.—An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity. [This is a fine steel engraving, (now,) and has been most admirably executed, at a cost of \$1800. The design shows the Goddess of Liberty, a statue of Washington, the winged Mercury, the evidences of husbandry, commerce, industry, and the horn of plenty, captive of our prolific country. The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price, \$2.]

President Taylor and his War Horse.—

[This print shows the hero of Buena Vista standing by his favourite steed, "Old Whitey," and attended by his faithful aid General is resting on the wheel of a cannon-carriage, and is represented in full military costume. It is a fine mezzotint, costs a cost of \$1000, and is sold at retail for \$2.]

The Reverie.—(Plain.)—

[This beautiful mezzotint engraving, described above, will be furnished, *uncoloured*, to club subscribers. The store price of this plain, is \$2.]

Remarks.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive *any one* of the last four described plates he may select. By paying \$1 he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it.

♣- The publisher assures the public that every picture is exactly as here represented—indeed, he believes that the descriptions beneath the reality. Those plates which are of old but popular subjects, have been re-engraved expressly for Mr. Scott, and are, of the previous copies. ♣- The list of Book Premiums is published at length in "Scott's Weekly Paper," and a catalogue of some two hundred pieces of music, from which subscribers may select, will be sent, on the receipt of an order, post-paid. The terms will also be found in "Paper" for these premiums.

THE PUBLIC WILL OBSERVE

That SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER is a first-class Two Dollar Journal, and yet the publisher is enabled, by the most liberal enterprise, to almost for nothing. He is determined to have the largest subscription list in the world. His "Paper" is a mammoth sheet, of thirty-six columns of reading. Since it has been enlarged to its present colossian size, it contains about eight columns more real news than it did previously; and, consequently, publishes nearly one-half more literary and news matter than any other paper of any size. *IT IS PRINTED ON THE FINEST WHITE PAPER*, a better article than has ever been used for a newspaper, and with new and best clear-faced type, of a good size for reading without injury to the eyes.

It will number among its contributors for 1861 the leading writers of Europe and America, (for a list of whom see the paper) its contents will be nearly all original. The engravings will be of the most magnificent description. An Original Tale is published every week without exception; so also original Poetry, Stories, Romances, Biographies, Statistics, Moral Essays, &c. It is just such a paper as every parent may place in the hands of his child with safety.

Early in December will be commenced an original *SEA TALE*, or nouvelle, of the highest order of literary excellence, occupy several numbers, and is well worth the price of a year's subscription. It is copyrighted, and cannot be obtained in any other form. In addition, the ample dimensions of the sheet affords space for a great variety of reading, besides the news of the week—a feature to "Scott's Weekly Paper." The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH ANNUALS* will be published as soon as received from our London

and the best of the foreign monthlies selected as fast as received. ~~It is~~ All the publisher asks in return, is a response on the part of the public. For the five years that his "Paper" has been published he has maintained an unswerving reputation for purity and excellence. He pledges himself to continue improving it commensurate with patronage. Of one thing the public may rest assured, that this popular journal shall not be excelled if equaled by any other.

* All letters must be addressed, *post-paid*—or they are not taken from the Post-office,—to

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut St., Philad.,

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

Six months have not elapsed since the Publishers issued the first number of

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE,

And already the paper has attained a circulation of over

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES!

And the increase goes on at the rate of several hundred weekly. This is unprecedented in the history of newspaper literature. It seems to be just what the right thinking, right feeling, and virtuous portion of the community desire as a weekly visitor to their families; and the aim of the editor will be to make it still more welcome to this class of readers. Every number of the paper contains articles from his pen, and, during the year, several of his *nouvellettes* will be given. Indeed, nearly everything that he writes will come to the public in the columns of the "Home Gazette." Already two of his *Nouvellettes* have been given, viz.: "THE DIVORCED WIFE," and "THE WAY TO PROSPER; OR, IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH."

In order to give to the "Home Gazette" the most substantial and varied interest, the *BEST WRITERS IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE ENGAGED* as contributors to its columns. Among the "good things" now appearing, and in preparation, are the following:—

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES:

By ARTHUR J. STANSBURY, who has been for twenty-four years Reporter of Debates in the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

A series of papers possessing a greater interest for American readers can hardly be imagined. Mr. Stansbury, a man of fine tastes and acquirements, has been familiar with life in Washington for nearly half a century, and, during that time, has come into direct contact with nearly all of our prominent political men. With most of our Presidents, he has been personally acquainted. During this long period, he has gathered a fund of incidents and anecdotes, touching leading personages, which he is now preparing for the press, and which will first come to the public through the columns of the "Home Gazette."

All that portion of *RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS*, which appeared previous to the 1st of January, 1851, will be republished in the "Gazette," so that all subscribers who begin with January, 1851, will receive the whole of this

DEEPLY INTERESTING SERIES OF PAPERS

Of the *Nouvellettes* and series of original articles appearing and in preparation, we may mention the following:—

THE REGICIDE'S DAUGHTER; a Tale of Two Worlds,

By W. H. CARPENTER, ESQ., author of "Clairborne, the Rebel," "Ruth Emsley," &c. And

A TEMPERANCE NOVEL: By T. S. ARTHUR.

Sketches of the Early History of Kentucky, and Legends of the "Dark and Bloody Ground:"

By C. W. WEBBER, author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks," "The Gold Mines of the Gila," &c. &c.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY: BY WM. H. CARPENTER, ESQ.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE OLDEN DAY: By H. W. Herbert, Esq.

A NEW NOVEL BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

Author of "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "Guy Rivers," "Katharine Walton," &c. &c.

ANECDOTES OF BIRD, BEAST, FISH, AND REPTILE,

With the poetry and philosophy of their respective lives and habits, as drawn from life. By C. W. WEBBER, Author of "Shot in the Eye," &c.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION,

In a series of highly attractive papers. By D. W. BELISLE.

Besides these, there will be a large number of *ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES FROM THE BEST OF OUR WRITERS*. The public will see by this that we mean to give them a good paper, and no mistake.

Having mentioned some of the "good things" that will appear in the "HOME GAZETTE," the publishers will state some of the "bad things" that will *not* appear therein.

No article, either original or selected, will be admitted into the "Gazette" that can, in the least, tend to deprave the tastes of the young, or offend the purest feelings. The supervision of the editor will extend to the advertising as well as to the reading columns, and he will exclude therefrom all advertisements of bad books or other articles, the use of which tends to injure either the body or mind. This exclusion will extend to all quack medicines and patent nostrums. Upon this pledge the public may fully rely.

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on *FINE WHITE PAPER, WITH LARGE CLEAR-FACED TYPE*, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	- - - \$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	- - - \$15 00
Three copies "	- - - 5 00	Fourteen " "	- - - 20 00
Six " "	- - - 10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person who makes up the club.

ONE COPY of the "HOME GAZETTE," and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for FOUR DOLLARS. Or, one copy and the Ladies' National Magazine, for THREE DOLLARS. All letters must be POST-PAID.

What is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper. Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State where it is to be sent

Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—FEBRUARY, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

TWO ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN THIS NUMBER.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. "MY OWN FIRESIDE." A splendid and seasonable line engraving. Engraved by W. E. TUCKER.
2. CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM. Copied from the original picture by SMOLETON. Engraved by W. E. TUCKER.
3. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. One of Godey's reliable colored fashion plates. Engraved by J. I. PRASE.
4. COLORED VASE AND FLOWERS. Designed and engraved for Godey's Lady's Book by W. E. TUCKER.
5. MUSIC—"TO MARY." By PROFESSOR CH. H. KERR.
6. VALENTINE ENGRAVING. Engraved by J. FROST.
- 7, 8, 9. CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Three engravings. Engraved by J. FROST.
10. TAKING BOARDERS. An original design. Engraved by W. CROOME.
- 11, 12, 13. COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS—Second Series—The Toilette of England. Three engravings. Engraved by J. FROST.
- 14, 15. WINDOW AND BALCONY GARDENS. Two engravings. Engraved by W. CROOME.
- 16, 17. MODEL COTTAGE. Two engravings. Engraved by J. FROST.
- 18-31. NAPKINS. Fourteen engravings. Engraved by C. T. HINCKLEY.
- 32-38. HAIR WORK. Seven engravings. Engraved by C. T. HINCKLEY.
- 39-43. CHEMISETTES AND CAPS. Five engravings. Engraved by P. JONES.
- 44, 45. WALKING COSTUMES. Two figures. Engraved by J. FROST.
46. A NEW FANCY TABLE. Engraved by J. FROST.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

The Valentines,	73	Visit to Cooper's Landing," "Signs of Gentility,"	119
Corners for Pocket Handkerchiefs,	74	"Mysterious Knockings," etc. etc.	119
My Own Fireside, by Alice B. Neal,	28	The Old Belfry, by Mary May,	117
Bonnet, by Wm. Alexander,	75	Window and Balcony Gardens,	117
Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, by Rev. H. Hastings	76	The Angel Visitant, by Mrs. M. A. Bigelow,	119
Weld,	76	Robert Southey, by H. T. Tuckerman,	119
Stanzas, by a Stray Waif,	76	Retributions of History, by Professor John Frost,	125
Kissing with a Moustache, by Charles J. Peterson,	77	Model Cottage,	125
Lines inscribed to One in Heaven, by Eschylus,	80	Napkins,	127
Taking Boarders, by T. S. Arthur,	81	Hair Work,	127
The Judge; a Drama of American Life, by Mrs. Sarah	88	Neck Tie in Grecian Netting,	131
J. Hale,	88	Chemisettes and Caps,	131
Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by Profes-	93	Walking Costumes,	131
or Alden,	93	The Beauty of the Soul,	132
Persons and Pictures from the History of England, by	97	A New Fancy Table,	132
Henry William Herbert,	97	To Hennis,	132
Develour, by Professor Charles E. Blumenthal,	103	Editors' Table,	134
To My Wife, by J. Fred. Simmons,	106	Editors' Book Table,	135
Costumes of All Nations—Second Series,	107	New Music,	135
A Good-By Song, by Giffie,	109	Various Useful Receipts,	139
Sabbath Lyrics, by W. Gilmore Simms,	109	Description of the Colored Fashion Plate,	140
Getting into Society, by the author of "Miss Bremer's"		Chit-Chat upon Philadelphia Fashions for February,	140

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Traveling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Ferrin Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, Alexander E. Laws, and A. J. Smiley.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Traveling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by B. B. Brett.

ISAAC E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our General Traveling Agent for the Southern and Southwestern States, assisted by Wm. H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, James Clark, P. Locke, and Jos. Button.

WM. A. PIERCE, for Pennsylvania.

TRAVELING AGENTS will please send and have their certificates renewed, and learn the new terms. No subscription will be received from them unless a remittance in accordance with our new terms is sent.

TO PERSONS ABOUT FORMING CLUBS.

All money received for subscriptions will be credited for the number of copies it entitles the subscriber to, and the Books promptly forwarded on receipt of the money: Single subscribers, ten copies for \$20, and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten. These terms will not be departed by any of the Philadelphia three dollar magazines.

TO CLUBS.

We prefer sending to only one address where it is practicable. It expedites our sending off to subscribers. It is a great convenience to us, and but little trouble to the getter-up of the club.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

MARCH 1861.

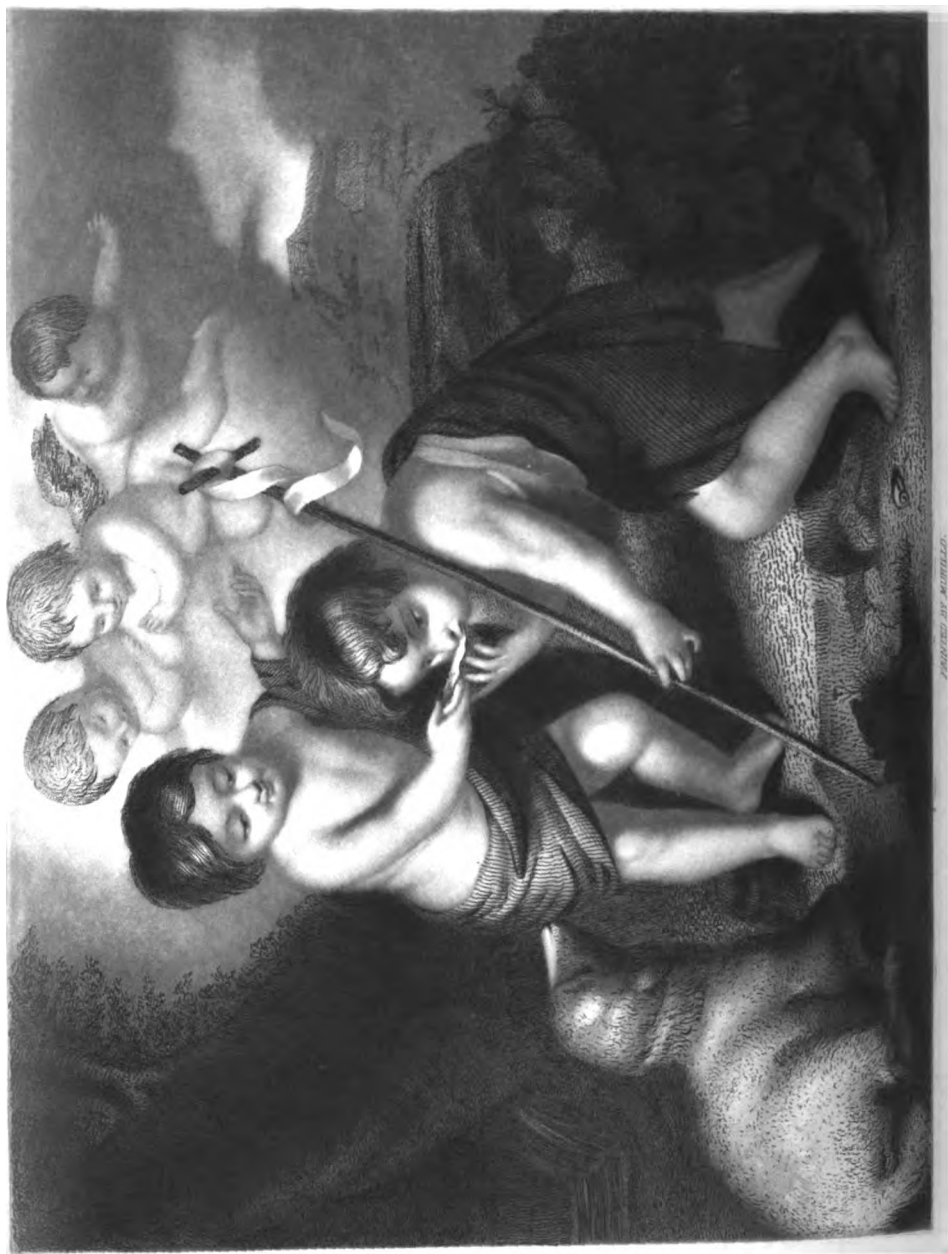


L. A. GODEY—PUBLISHER

PHILADELPHIA.

THE
COQUETTE.

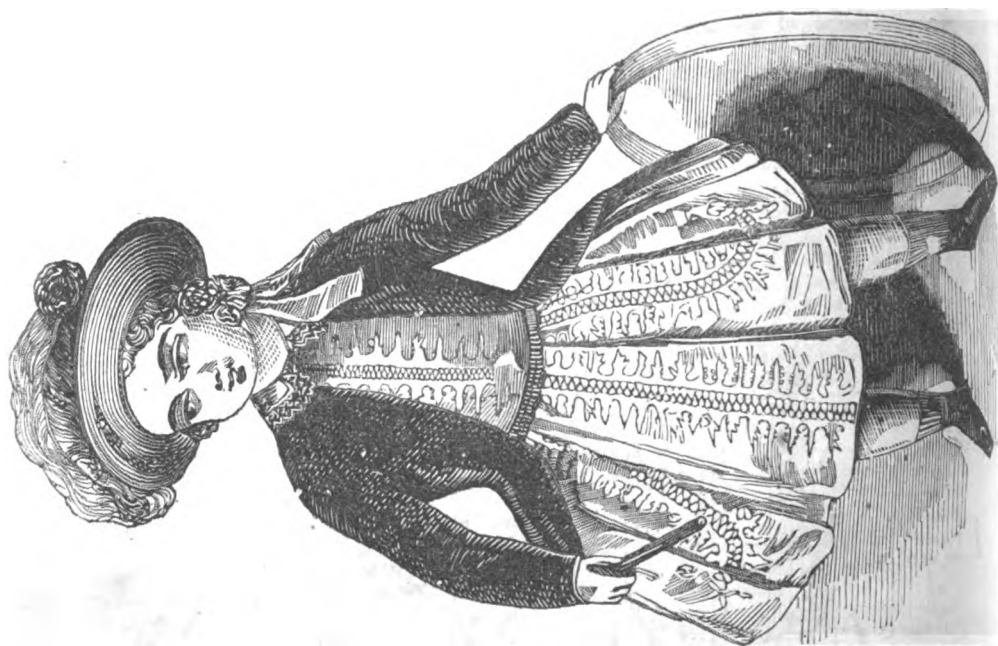
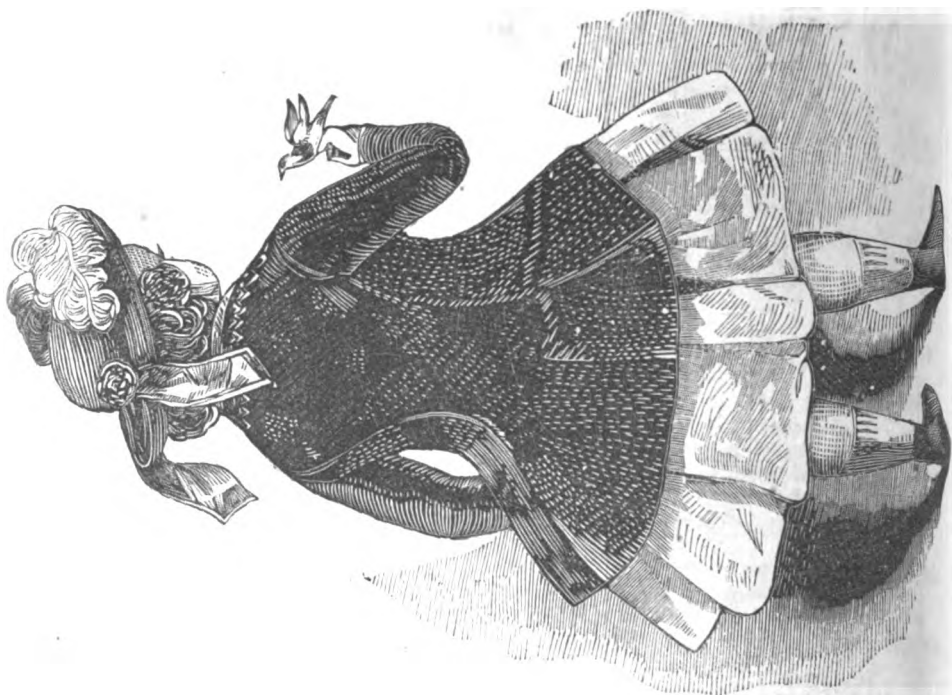




THE PICTURE OF THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE



LUTHER AND THE BALLAD SINGER



DRESS FOR A CHILD.—*See Description.*

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA MARCH, 1851.

THE COQUETTE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

"So Miss Myrtle is going to marry!
What a number of hearts she will break!"—*Old Song.*

We hope our readers have not forgotten, in the lapse of two short months, the recital of Catherine Grant's trials, and the triumph of her still, true, woman's nature over them. We hope not; because they will then be happy to recognize her among the assembled guests at the bridal reception of her friend, Nelly Lyons.

Now Mrs. Morgan. The ceremony which gave her a right to claim that title has been passed through half an hour ago, and she smiles and blushes to hear herself addressed by it, as one and another press through the gay crowd to offer their congratulations. "What a beautiful bride!" said more than one, as they caught the first glimpse of the crescent of bridesmaids and groomsmen who occupied the front dining-room; and the homage was involuntary; for, from the light gossamer veil, with its fragrant orange wreath, to the tiny satin slipper peeping from the hem of her robe, face, figure, and costume were faultless.

Merrily sounded the laughter and the jesting words that floated out from the saloon; and if there were sad hearts, they were well masked, and envy and bitterness were veiled in kindest courtesy. How many lovely faces were reflected in the tall mirrors that rose from floor to ceiling! how soft the perfumed air from the exquisite bouquets borne in the softly-gloved hands of those beautiful women! how the light streamed from the glittering chandeliers upon the brilliant scene, out through the crimson curtains into the deep dark night, to tell the passers-by of the bridal revelry and feasting within!

"After all," half whispered Willis Grant, and he bent to offer his congratulations. His wife did not hear it, for she was saying, "I hope you will be very happy," to the proud husband, who looked as

if he verily believed no man had ever before won such a treasure. What could these mysterious little words have conveyed?—so deep was the flush that rose to the cheek of the stately bride. But she answered gayly, with a smile and a saucy curl of the lip, that became her well.

Later in the evening, a group of young girls, shrouded in hoods and scarfs, stood in the vestibule awaiting the appearance of their attendant cavaliers.

"What can be the matter with Horace Thorn tonight? He was barely civil," said one.

"Yes; I saw him turn on you as you asked him if he did not envy Morgan."

"It was cruel to jest on facts, Alice."

"And Captain Lee. Did you notice him standing in the shade of the curtain, pulling the tassel as if he intended to bring the whole drapery about his ears? He absolutely scowled when I remarked that I thought Mrs. Morgan the most elegant bride of the season."

"A little bird whispers that the captain was refused, Rosalie."

"Well, Nell has had her day, I must confess. There will be some chance for us now, girls."

And thus they all laughed merrily as their carriages were announced, and the gentlemen appeared upon the stairs.

"Will they take a house?" asked Willis Grant, as he basked his slippered feet before the dressing-room fire that evening.

"Not this winter, I believe. What made you think of that just now, dear?"

"Because Morgan had better do so if he expects any domestic peace. I have seen enough of boarding-houses, particularly for ladies of Nell's disposi-

tion. She will never feel as if she was really bound by the duty of a wife until she is settled in her own house."

"But you would not have so brilliant a woman as Nell sink at once to a domestic drudge?"

"Why, Kate, I am ashamed of you! Do you call yourself by such an inelegant title?—and are you not the most devoted and truest of wives?" returned Willis, somewhat warmly. "Is it drudgery for you to make our home so bright and cheerful, keeping me in its charmed limits—its peace, its happiness? Oh, my darling!"

"There, there, don't look so reproachfully—don't kiss me so grievously," said Kate, with a bright smile, pushing away the face that bent very near her own, and yet holding it at very little distance from her. "I was 'cut out for a housekeeper,' as my old nurse used to tell me, and never cared for general society, you know. But there is Nell, a very different sort of a person. She was always a belle. A belle when we used to go to dancing-school together, in white frocks and silk aprons, with our broad pantalettes and sashes. *She* never lacked for partners, and many a heartache did she give to our youthful cavaliers by her pretty and saucy"—

"*Coquettish* ways, my dear," interrupted Willis.

"Well, coquettish, then, if it pleases you, Sir Absolute. And what a sensation she made when she first entered society! And what a sensation she has sustained to this very minute, when half the city are talking about her! You must confess it is very hard for such a woman to become blind and deaf to general admiration, and be content with the devotion of one."

"Then she ought not to have tried it," said Willis, bluntly. "If the admiration of the multitude was necessary and all-sufficient, why did she not continue to be their idol? No, no; when a woman marries, she must be done with flirting and coquetry. It won't do, in the lightest degree, and you know it, Kate; and I'm only surprised to hear you talk as you do."

Kate laughed, good-naturedly, as she went into the adjoining room to attend to the wants of Miss Gertrude, now advanced from the cradle to a crib at her mother's bedside, leaving Willis to suspect that she had wickedly betrayed him into this warm defence of her own principles. Whether he advised his friend Morgan, for there had been a great intimacy between them of late, upon domestic arrangements, we cannot tell; but the same opinion with regard to taking a house was expressed by that gentleman to his wife about a month after their marriage. She was standing before the dressing-table taking the flowers from her hair, and recalling, with a flush of gratified vanity, the many compliments that had been lavished upon her at the party given in her honor by a bridesmaid. If ever woman could be pardoned for the indulgence of so great a weakness as vanity, there was an excuse for it in the beautiful face that was reflected in the mirror.

The eyes so soft, yet so dazzling, the clear, glowing complexion, and the rounded arm, raised above her head in the graceful occupation, almost outvied the purity of the pearl bracelet which clasped it.

"Well, Nelly, are you not tired of all this fuss and nonsense?" said the lover-husband, who stood watching her, and thinking all we have said, dear reader (*barring* the vanity), between his yawns.

Yes, we must confess it, absolute yawns; for it was very nearly morning by the watch he had just laid aside, and night after night the same round of gayety had been trodden.

"Fuss and nonsense, indeed! Why no, it's the most delightful thing in the world. I don't know how you enjoyed it, but I passed a most delightful evening. I never knew Captain Lee to polka better, and my dress was so becoming. Let me see, how many times did I dance?"

"But once with me. It was not much trouble to keep that count."

"Oh, it would have been preposterous for married people to be dancing together. Now, you're not jealous already?" and the beautiful eyes turned full upon him with a most lovable, upbraiding, bewitching look.

"No, not jealous exactly," answered a softer tone than the last which the speaker had used. "But I don't think we gentlemen like being made 'an attraction' of for our friends' parties as well as you ladies do. 'There's the bride!' 'Where is she?' 'How lovely that white satin is!' may sound very well to you; but to be pointed out as the *gentleman who married the bride* is something I don't altogether fancy. However, if it makes Nell any happier, I'm resigned; only we can't make any movement towards housekeeping so long as this lasts."

"Towards housekeeping! What a fancy! Why, does not papa make you very welcome, Ned?"

"Yes, certainly; but you cannot suppose I intend being indebted to your father for a home all my life."

"Well, then, we can go to boarding, if you won't stop here; and that papa won't like."

"Your father is a reasonable man, my love, and must see that I am not selfish in wishing to be in my own house."

"But I can't have a house to think about! I should never get time for anything. I should be bothered with servants, bothered with marketing, and moped to death in the evenings with nobody but ourselves!"

"Thank you for the compliment. How many evenings have we passed alone together in that very parlor?"

"Oh, but we were lovers then!"

"And are married now! Whereas we once tired other people, we now only weary each other."

"Ah, don't be cross, Ned! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean it! But think of my poor little white hands arranging dinner, and my head in a maze of cooks, house-linen, and beef! Why, I should have

no time to practice, no time to read, or be agreeable."

"Mrs. Grant finds time for all these."

"Now don't bring Kate up as an example. You know she's perfect. I concede she's perfect; I always did, and I love her dearly. But she does not go into general society, and I can't live without excitement, you know. Ah, please take rooms at a hotel, or the Markoe, and I'll break it to father. I'll go to-morrow, if you only won't say anything more about housekeeping."

It is not in the heart of a young husband to resist anything so gracefully, poutingly urged; and the lady won her point, as most ladies do when the honeymoon has not waned.

Willis Grant shook his head when he heard they were established in a pleasant suite of rooms at the Markoe House, and that "Mrs. Morgan was just as brilliant as before her marriage, and the life of society." "I don't like married belles," he said; and Kate declared his croaking was only because his wife never had held the least pretension to that dignity before or after her marriage. Croakings do not always bring misfortune; and, for a time, young Morgan and his wife were quoted as the happiest of the happy. Alice and Rosalie, and a dozen more of her young lady friends, grew almost envious of her continued popularity, and many an exquisite twirled his moustache and declared, "'Pon honor, Morgan was a lucky fellow!" Mrs. Morgan was seen everywhere; on Chestnut Street in the most elegant promenade dresses, at the opera in the most becoming fashionable cloak. It was she who introduced the Schottish, dancing it for the first time at the Assembly with Captain Lee, while an admiring group gathered round them. Something like the shadow of a cloud darkened the frank face of her husband at this exhibition; but, as he heard only compliment from the bystanders, it passed off again. Nelly Morgan lived for society as much as Nelly Lyons had done, and, after a time, the husband and wife saw less of each other than during their engagement. Then they walked together in the morning, and sat together in the evening; but now Morgan, like a reasonable man, attended to his office during business hours, and at night there were always visitors or visiting. If they sat down for a quiet chat in their own little parlor, Nelly would soon declare it was dull, and she must go to the drawing-room and see what Madame Lorne was doing. When once there, she was called on for so many things by so many persons, that eleven and even twelve o'clock came before the party thought of separation.

Madame Lorne, a new and very fashionable friend, must be shown a stitch in crochet; Clarice, her daughter, must have one lesson in the Schottish; while Captain Lee, who had now taken up his quarters in the same house, played the piano for them. Then she was prayed to sing "*Robert! toi que j'aime*;" while the young officer, whose name chanced, by a singular coincidence, to be Ro-

bert, hung delightedly over the piano, listening to his favorite cavatina. After a little time, Horace Thorn joined the evening circle, and paid assiduous court to "Beauty," the King Charles' spaniel, who was usually in the arms, or reposing on the knee, of his gay mistress. It is not to be supposed that all this popularity was without its edge of slander and detraction. Rival belles soon began to point out the marked devotion of Captain Lee; there was a slight shrug of drooping shoulders whenever Horace Thorn appeared with the Morgans in the concert room. The spontaneous burst of admiration from strangers was met with, "Yes, beautiful, but a sad flirt!" and, last of all, Morgan's old friends of the club-house welcomed him evening after evening among them. He was naturally domestic in disposition; his tastes and temper were such as to enliven any home: but he grew tired of the rapid nothings of the circle in the boarding-house parlor, and did not care to devote himself to any one when his wife was "smiling on all" at a brilliant party. So, night after night, the whist-table of the club-room held out attractions that were offered in no other quarter, and the generous soul became narrowed over the formal but exciting game.

Do not blame his pretty wife as unprincipled. It was but careless vanity at first, a light realization of what she owed to the one of all others whom she had promised to "love, honor, and obey." And then the habit grew so strong that the excitement became necessary to her. She gloried in her triumphs, and wondered that her husband did not enjoy the pursuits he had once shone in. Little by little, a bickering, scarcely to be called quarrelsome, spirit arose between them, followed invariably by coldness; and the silver cord of love grew dim, the golden bowl of confidence was broken between them. It was, then, scarce a year from the time of their holy bridal vows that, night after night, they were content to separate, he to the keen excitement of the incipient gamester, and she to chaperon a party as young and thoughtless as herself to the concert room, a *soirée*, or an opera. We said content; but there was unrest in the heart of each: the one was embittered at the destruction of his cherished anticipations of domestic happiness; and the other stilled, but could not destroy, that self-reproach which sooner or later ends in remorse.

Nelly Morgan was not so beautiful as she had been. Her delicate features were sharpened, the beautiful eyes were shadowed, the crimson line of the mouth more distinctly defined. Still no one dreamed from her manner that she was not as light-hearted as ever, or knew of the many tears shed in secret. The Grants alone suspected the change that the year had wrought with their friends. Kate knew from experience the delicate touch it requires to probe a wounded spirit, and dared not venture a remonstrance; but Willis did not hesitate to warn Morgan when he heard, through a common friend, of his growing love for high play.

But there is a day of account, even in this life, for

its follies and wrong doing. The beautiful coquette did not dream, for a long time, what path she was treading. She deemed her husband's expostulations jealous fancies, and could not realize the change that a year had wrought in him. She awoke on the brink of a precipice. She could no longer be blind to the unsteady hand, the nervous, hurried manner, the dull, lethargic slumber; and her heart softened as she asked herself what had wrought the change. She sat alone in their own room one morning, after he had gone out, with the cold gray light of reality breaking round her. She had gone to a jewel box for some trinket, her favorite in girlhood, and had found, beneath half-forgotten ornaments, the miniature of her husband, his gift at their betrothal. She had drawn a lounging-chair to the table, in an indolent, careless mood, thinking to check reproachful thought in the preparation of a dress for the evening. Her pet spaniel was watching curiously, from her knee, an intrusive visitor from a neighboring apartment. The seductive languor of early spring filled the whole atmosphere, and sad, regretful memories came stealing over her with its softness. On such a morning as this, when the whole earth wore a smile of rejoicing, and there was not a cloud in the blue heavens, she had promised to be a wife; and now she first began to ask herself how she had fulfilled that promise. There was a record of idle thoughts, unkind words, careless neglect of his known wishes, trifling at first in themselves, but startling when thus summed together; their estrangement, which she had not sought to soften or conciliate; and now, from such a past, what future could be augured?

She was in no mood to appreciate the compliments of her escort, on an equestrian excursion that had been planned for this morning, nor did she notice the manœuvres of Captain Lee, which separated her from the rest at the entrance of a quiet wood, through which the road wound to the sparkling Schuylkill. But when she saw that they were alone, in the soft shade cast by the flickering leaves, she spurred her horse onward; and it was then, in his expostulation, she felt what his glance, and not his lips, declared—that he had dared to cherish still a love he had once professed for her, the wife of another! Nay, he even caught at the hand which held the bridle rein, perchance only to detain her; but, with the indignation burning in her heart, she could have struck the offender with the hunting-whip she carried. It was her first impulse; but she controlled herself by a strong effort, and dashed away before him along the narrow road. In vain were all his efforts to overtake her; the good steed seemed to understand the wild excited spirit urging him onward, and flew like the very wind, that brought a rising shower over the treacherous sky. She came upon the rest very soon, her horse panting with the swift chase; and her brilliant color and flashing eyes were attributed solely to the same cause, the result, as the party supposed, of some gay wager with the captain.

It was not until she reached her own room, and found herself surrounded by the evidences of her husband's love on every hand, that she gave way to uncontrolled emotion. She did not heed the hours that flew past, bringing the uncertain spring twilight, for Morgan did not return, and she had denied all visitors. They were hours of self-examination, of humiliation, and reproach. They brought low wailing sobs and bitter tears of repentance.

It was quite dark, when the door opened, and her husband entered the room. He did not see her lying, in all the abandonment of her grief, upon a lounge, her hands veiling her eyes, and the tears still trickling through them. His step was heavy, and he flung himself into an easy chair with something very like an execration trembling on his lips; not of her, but at some disappointment which seemed to weigh heavily upon him. He thought she had gone out as usual, for he rarely met a welcome now, and he sat there brooding over his real and fancied wrongs. Then he recalled the early days of their love, how soft the music of her voice, the light tread of her feet upon the stairs, when she flew to welcome him.

But, while he thus indulged in bitter fancies, that same light step came gliding near, and, sinking beside him, his wife, while her arm was twined about his neck as in days of old, and her head lay upon his breast, murmured—

"Forgive! oh, forgive!"

"Nelly, darling! there, there," and he stroked back the hair from her tear-stained face, and pressed his lips to her forehead with all the fervor, and far more than the tenderness, of their first kiss of betrothal, for he was melted to the old love and the old faith by that imploring tone, and he felt rather than knew all that was in her heart. It was thus their bridal vows were renewed, and holy confidence was restored when each had confessed the hidden sin and the hidden temptation; and the wife shuddered, though circled by her husband's arm, when she found how far her giddy willfulness had led him astray.

"Let us have our own home," she said.

"But I cannot offer you such a one as you deserve now, Nelly. My losses are far more than you imagine, and they are what the world calls 'debts of honor.' I have to retrieve my fortune only by patient industry."

"It will be far *better* than I deserve, since my folly has been the cause."

"Nay, it was my weakness that yielded to an old temptation."

"But I placed it before you."

"'Love works wonders,' doesn't it, Kate?" was Willis Grant's remark as they left the cheerful parlor over which Mrs. Morgan now presided. "They keep their own secret; but I am just curious enough to like to know what sobered Nelly down so suddenly, and why Morgan chooses to commence

housekeeping on such a very economical scale. For them I mean. His business is better than it ever was. He is rising very fast."

Yes, as all husbands and wives should do, they had kept the secret of their mutual folly and repent-

ance; and day after day, as Nelly Morgan went to her light household tasks, she entered upon them more cheerfully, for the thought of the little self-denial they involved was an acknowledgment, if not an expiation, of her grievous fault.

THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

In all things tempted was the Son of God
As we are tempted, yet no sin He knew.
Earth, as a Child, obediently He trod,
Ere, as a Man, all men to Him he drew.
Thus, to young children's hearts is He endeared,
Who can by their infirmities be moved;
When God, in Christ, to win a world appeared,
As Man He suffered, and as Child He loved:
Thus young and old to him are reconciled,
These by the SAVIOUR MAN—those by the SAVIOUR
CHILD.

In life abstemious, pupilage severe,
The last of Israel's prophetic line
Dwelt in the desert, where, of old, the Seer
Caught the still whisper of the Voice Divine.
The Infant Prophet waited there the hour
When the true Israel should again rejoice,
The spirit of Elias, and his power
To welcome, in the desert's lifted Voice.
Last prophet—happiest—greatest—for the Lord,
Whose coming he proclaimed, he witnessed and adored.

"I must decrease." Not for himself alone,
Not only for the Seers, was this avowed:
Prophet and Priest in Zacharias' son
Before the Priest of the New Covenant bowed.
God, in these latter days, by Jesus speaks—
His sacrifice hath quenched the Temple fire:
Not for austerity Our Father seeks,
Not blood of goats or lambs doth he require:
Not that, like John, we from the world remove,
But that we, like our Lord, live in the world and
love.

Have we no warrant, save what poets dreamed,
To think that angels watched, with aspect mild,
The light of Heaven, on earth that sweetly beamed,
O'er Infant Saviour, and o'er Prophet Child?
Rest we our thoughts: what is to angels sealed,
To the Lord's Ransomed will one day be shown:
All to the Just in Heaven shall be revealed—
All that He did on earth shall then be known:
The veil uplifted from Eternity,
Shall show Him as He was, and is, and aye SHALL BE

THE SISTERS.

BY MRS. HELEN C. LEWIS.

'Tis beautiful to see two sisters joined
In cords of such deep tenderness and love,
That each is to the other as the soft
Cool rain of Summer to the drooping flower.
I never gaze upon them but the thought
Steals gently o'er me, Wherefore do they love
With such a deep intensity as this?
They were not formed alike; nor were their minds
Cast in the same rich mould of radiant thought,
Which makes the contrast more delightful still—
The living picture far more perfect seem.

And like a shadow all their movements are.
If Julia's light quick footstep e'er is heard,
You may be sure that Angeline is near;
Or if her merry laugh rings through the hall,
The music tones of Any's voice reply.
The light that flashes on the brow of one
The other's cheek reflects with warmer glow;
Or if a shade on either face appear,
The other soon is wrapped in deeper gloom.

Once, when the breath of eve was on the wing,

And wearied Nature sought repose in sleep,
Ere I retired to rest I softly stole
Into their chamber: On one couch they lay.
Hushed was their breathing, and the peaceful smile
That wreathed the lips of each was calm and pure,
As if the same bright vision floated round
Them both, making their very dreams alike.

The golden curls of one blent sweetly with
The rich dark tresses of the other's hair.
Lovely they looked: their soft white arms were twined
Around each other in such fond embrace,
That, as I paused, this prayer burst from my lips:—

"Father, while yet the bloom of youth has cast,
O'er all they see, a veil of rosy hue,
Lead their young souls to thee—ere yet the world
Has lured their warm affections from the path,
The holy path, of piety and truth!
And, when their mission is accomplished here,
Transplant them gently to thy Paradise,
To praise thee through a long eternity!"

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

(Continued from page 93.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The library in JUDGE BOLTON'S house.*
The JUDGE reading a letter.

JUDGE.

Ay, this account accords with Lucy's hint.
So Henry is in love. It is no friend
Gives me the information. (*Examining the letter.*)
'Tis some rival.

The writer says the girl is very lovely,
But poor—the daughter of a pedagogue.
The term has different meanings: here 'tis meant
As a reproach; and that betrays the rival.
He seeks to rouse my pride against the father
Of this fair girl, yet not disparage her.
If he 's a teacher worthy of his trust,
The high, important trust of training youth,
He should be held in honor—take his place
Beside the noblest in this land, where men
Should be esteemed for deeds of usefulness.
I say it should be so, and I have given
Expression often to these sentiments.
And shall I now, on the first turn that shows
The tide is bearing me where I have placed
The chart for others' guidance—shall I raise
The sail that pride would fill, and fly the port
As 'twere the place of shipwreck? No, not thus.
I will advise my son; he 's very young,
And needs the counsel of an older friend.
Such I will be to him. Ah! here he is.

(*Enter YOUNG BOLTON.*)

You come as opportune as actors come
To take their parts. And you would play the lover;
So says the writer of this kind epistle.
Here, read it, Henry; it concerns you chiefly.
I wish not to compel your confidence;
But, if you want a friend's advice, ask mine.

HENRY BOLTON (*aside, looking over the letter*).
Ah! this is Frederick's work, but not his hand.
I wish I knew who aids his vile design.
(*To the JUDGE*) Father, accept my warmest thanks;
I meant

To ask your counsel and consent. I am,
In truth, a lover—shall be proud to show you
The object of my love

JUDGE.

Who is her father?

HENRY BOLTON.
Professor Olney.

JUDGE.

I've seen him often,
But never chanced to form acquaintance with him.

154

I know he 's well esteemed, and bears the patent
Of his profession on his features stamped—
A patient, pale, and persevering scholar.
Looks his fair daughter thus?

HENRY BOLTON.

Oh no, indeed!

She seems another race, as though the rose
Were grafted on the serious sycamore.
I wish you could behold her now: she is
A being of the purest loveliness.
Her mind is like the stars that calmly shine
With lustre gathered from the light of heaven.
She ne'er would need instruction to be learned;
Her innate sense reveals to her the good,
And true, and beautiful, like angels' wisdom.
Yet she has had a careful education.
Her father has no son, and, besides her,
Only one daughter, a deformed, weak child;
And so, on Isabelle—

JUDGE.

Is that her name?

HENRY BOLTON.

It is. To me there 's music in the sound!
Sweet Isabelle!

JUDGE (*musically*).

A strange coincidence.

Do you remember, Henry, long ago—
You were a little boy, scarce seven years old—
Do you remember that we had with us
A charming little girl—an Isabelle?
And how you loved her then?

HENRY BOLTON.

I do! I do!

And how she died when you were far away;
And how I wept and plead with Madame Belcour
To have the little coffin left unclosed.
I thought she would awaken when you came,
She loved you so.

JUDGE.

That Isabelle De Vere,
If she had lived, was destined for your wife.
Her father, in his dying moments, urged
From me the solemn promise, I would strive
T' incline your heart to love his orphan daughter.
But she was taken from us soon and sudden;
Like the night-blooming Cereus passed away,
Even while we gazed in wonder on her beauty.
The fortune we enjoy would have been hers,
Had she survived. You are aware of this?

HENRY BOLTON.

I am; and I remember well that I,
In playful mood, called her my little wife.
But my sweet Isabelle, my living love,
Surpasses what that Isabelle could e'er,
With all her brilliant dawn of charins, have reached,
As the perfumed and heaven-fed lily draws
The heart to worship, while the gaudier flower
But moves the admiration of the eye.

JUDGE.

Ah, you have reached the poetry of love;
The heaven on earth, where all is beautiful,
And bears the promise of perpetual bliss.
But, Henry, I have trod life's path before you;
And though each man must answer for himself,
And should be free to choose his path and friends,
Yet I would caution you to probe your soul,
Even to its secret hopes and aspirations,
Before you bind an irrevocable chain
Around your earnest spirit. You are young,
And have been reared to bask in Fortune's sun,
And cultivate your tastes fastidiously;
And in your second self will be required
The mind to appreciate these your fond pursuits.
Nay, more, the delicate tact, the sentiment
That purifies, exalts man's grosser sense,
Turning his passion's flame to holy love,
As though from carbon diamonds were evolved.
Pray do not interrupt me; you would say
That you have found this peerless, perfect one.
Then prove that you are worthy such a prize.
Be constant to her image in your soul
For one full year; nor see her, nor convey,
By any means, a token, letter, look.
If, when the year expires, your heart remains
As now, devoted to this humble love,
I will consent, and you may marry her.

HENRY BOLTON.

One year! a long twelvemonth, through all the seasons,
And never see her! Why the year would be
A gloomy winter. There could be no spring
For me without her smile; and summer surely
Would never have the warmth to ripen fruits.
A year! And she'll have suitors many a one.
For every man who sees will worship her.
A year!

JUDGE.

Jacob served seven years for her he loved.

HENRY BOLTON.

But Jacob saw his loved one every day.

JUDGE.

And so may you, if you'll wait seven years
You will not, so that passionate look declares.
Then yield to my request. I do not urge
This sacrifice of your impatient mood
Because the girl is poor, and there's a hope
This trial year may make you worldly wise.
I would not have you sell your name for gold.

But 'tis a pleasant chance and fortunate,
When station, education, habits, friends,
All serve to keep the newly-wedded pair
In harmony, like sweet accords in music.
Say, will you study this philosophy,
To please your father's whim, a single year?
'Tis the last sacrifice he'll ask of you.

HENRY BOLTON.

I will, if I may see her once again
Before the year of sacrifice begins.
To-day—

JUDGE.

No; wait until to-morrow—wait,
And take calm counsel of your better reason—
Then see her for one hour; 'tis all I grant

Enter MADAME BELCOUR.

HENRY BOLTON.

I yield to your conditions.

[Exit HENRY BOLTON]

JUDGE.

You do well.

(To MADAME BELCOUR). Our children little know
what constant cares
And anxious hours their parents' hearts endure

MADAME BELCOUR.

And, after all, these cares may prove in vain.
I said, when last we parted, I'd a boon
To ask you after dinner; but such fears
Have filled my boding heart, I could not wait.
I come before the time to plead for Frederick.
He is in sore distress.

JUDGE *(coldly)*.

Ask for yourself

Or daughter, I will listen; but your son
Has worn my sufferance out. Ask not for him

MADAME BELCOUR.

Oh, say not so! This once accord him favor.

JUDGE.

How often has this very plea been urged!
At school, when grave complaints were made
against him,
'Twas said, he will reform when, entering college,
He has a wider scope and nobler aim.
And when from college he was sent, expelled
For his unmanly and outrageous pranks,
You plead he had a spirit could not brook
The staid restraints that bookish minds endure;
His temperament required an active life,
And to the mercantile his wishes turned.
I yielded to your pleadings, and obtained
An excellent place for him; and, had he bent
His talents—he has good abilities,
And 'tis more shame he thus perverts his powers—
To the pursuit, he might have made a fortune;
But scarce two years elapsed when he withdrew,
Complaining of his health, and urged to have
A situation where the salary
Secured the means of independent life,

And free from mercantile vicissitudes.
I had a place to give, and you besought it,
And promised this should be your last request.
And Frederick has the clerkship he desired :
The salary is ample for his wants ;
You have an income for yourself and daughter ;
The house in Linden Place I have assigned you.
Ask me no more for Frederick—'tis in vain.

MADAME BELCOUR.

I must ; and you will hear and grant it, too.
He 's lost if you refuse.

JUDGE.

I do refuse.

'Tis better he should suffer for his folly ;
And tell him so from me. I will not aid him.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Folly ! 'Tis worse than folly. Oh, for me,
For the poor mother's sake, oh, spare the son !
Grant me this boon ! I beg it on my knees !

JUDGE.

What means this lamentation ? this despair ?
What has he done ? Speak out the worst at once.
What does he want ?

MADAME BELCOUR.

Twenty thousand dollars !

(*Aside*) I'll tell the worst. The magnitude of crime
Of pleads its own excuse. The murdering bandit
Moves hero-like before the petty thief.

JUDGE (*coldly*).

I 'm sorry for your grief, but cannot aid you.
Good morning, madame.

MADAME BELCOUR (*rising*).

Stay ! oh, stay and hear me !

The sum is frightful, but it must be paid,
Or Frederick is disgraced and lost for ever !

JUDGE (*severely*).

I cannot—will not aid him ! He has gambled.
As well attempt to stay the headlong course
Of vessel plunging down Niagara's torrent,
As stay the ruin of a head-strong youth
By paying gambling debts. So say from me.

MADAME BELCOUR.

'Tis worse than gambling.

JUDGE.

What then ?

MADAME BELCOUR.

Forgery !

He has put notes, with others' names endorsed,
In circulation. These are due to-morrow.
Oh, have pity !

JUDGE.

This is dreadful ! Poor Belinda !

Nothing can save your son. Do as you list.
Your daughter's happiness shall be my care ;
She may remain with Lucy ; but your son,
Never name him to me. I will not listen.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Then listen to your doom, hard-hearted man .
I have a tale to tell will blast your fame,
And lay you low as you would crush my son.

JUDGE.

I grieve to see you yield to these wild bursts
Of maniac passion. Pray compose yourself.
The mother's burdened heart excuses all.
I would that I could spare you ; but 'tis vain.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Judge Bolton, listen to me. I am calm.
For thirteen years I've been to you a sister,
Watched for your happiness—ay, borne a weight
Of conscience-branding crime, while you enjoyed
And reveled in the pleasures it has purchased.

JUDGE.

What mean you, madame ?

MADAME BELCOUR.

That the wealth you boast

And spend so freely in your princely pride,
Refusing me a tithe to save my son—
This wealth belongs to another, and that I
Periled my soul to place it in your power !

JUDGE.

Your reason must be failing. Let me lead you
To your apartment. You are very pale.

MADAME BELCOUR.

'Tis terrible to look the past in the face,
And see the ghastly spectres of our crimes !
I am not mad. I wish it were but madness.
That little Isabelle De Vere, whose death
Gave you the inheritance her father left—
That child, she did not die, as you supposed !

JUDGE (*vehemently*).

What ! Did you murder her ? That little dove
I trusted to your care when called away.
Are you a fiend ?

MADAME BELCOUR.

Too much a woman, Henry.

I loved you then—I do not love you now :
The child—I knew it—stood 'tween you and fortune
The nurse's child, about the age of Isabelle,
Was struck with sudden death. A whisper came,
Whether by fiend or angel breathed I know not,
But 'twas love's prompting, and it whispered me—
Now is the time ! Take the dead child as yours,
And give the living Isabelle to her,
The mourning mother. It was done at once !
You look like man to marble statue turned ;
'Twas not so dreadful this. It was not murder.
It was not murder !

JUDGE.

No :—it was not murder.

Where, where 's the child ? Where 's Isabelle ?
Speak out,
And tell me instantly.

MADAME BELCOUR.

I cannot tell you.

The woman had a sister at the West ;
Thither she was to go and rear the girl
As her own daughter. I gave her money ;
She promised to be kind.

JUDGE.

Heaven grant me patience !

If this be true, you've done most wickedly.
But now we must repair this cruel wrong ;
The child must be discovered, if she live.
What was the nurse's name ?

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL (to MADAME BELCOUR).

A gentleman

Requests to see you, madame, in the parlor.

[Exit MICHAEL.]

MADAME BELCOUR (starting).

See me ! What can he want (to the JUDGE) ?

Stay here, I pray you ;

I will return and answer all your questions,
And satisfy you all I've told is true.

[Exit MADAME BELCOUR.]

JUDGE (alone).

True ! true ! I feel 'tis true ! A sudden light
Breaks on my mind and solves a mystery.
I knew this woman loved me—yet my soul
Has felt a strange aversion, e'en to pain.
She was my cousin, to my interests true,
And seemed a mother to my helpless Lucy.
I could not send her from my home—there was
A spell that kept her here against my will.
I loathed her sight, and often asked my heart
Why it was thus ? and thought myself unjust.
It was this deed—this skeleton of doom—
That stood between us. She has ruined me !
Her love and jealousy, like whirlwind's storm,
Raised by contending winds, have swept away
The fabric of my fame—my life. I'm lost.

Re-enter MADAME BELCOUR.

MADAME BELCOUR.

Cousin, I would that I could bear the woe
Of this sad deed as I have ever done,
And let you still live on in tranquil peace.
I did do this till my o'erburdened heart,
Like fountain swelled by tempests, overflowing
With guilt and grief, has burst from my control.
Forgive and pity me, and let us join
In mutual oath to guard this fatal secret.
Give me of all the wealth enough to save
My son. I'll never trouble you again,
Even though you wed Miss Walsingham.

JUDGE (sternly).

Forbear !

Take not her name on your unholy lips—
And never tempt me more. Begone at once !
To-morrow you will be interrogated ;
And hold yourself prepared to tell the truth.
For wealth, I've nothing now to call my own ;

VOL. XLVII.—14

All I have claimed, and more, belongs to her,
That poor, defrauded, outcast, orphan girl—
The hapless, helpless Isabelle—the victim
Of your accursed deed ! Name not your son :
Had I the wealth of Cræsus twice told o'er,
I'd not lay down a doit to save your son.

[Exit JUDGE BOLTON]

MADAME BELCOUR (alone).

Go ! go ! your way, proud, iron-hearted man !
But you shall bend or break. I will not bear
The shame alone. None ever are required
To criminate themselves. He's had the wealth,
And I'll bear witness he has known the deed.
O conscience ! dare I take this heavy sin
On my poor soul ? And there's a judgment day !
Love makes us fiends or angels as 'tis treated.
He spurns my love, and would destroy my son.
I will not listen to the voice of conscience ;
No ; Bolton shall be humbled in the dust,
And so I'll tell him to his face—I will !

[Exit as the scene closes.]

SCENE II.—The drawing-room at JUDGE BOLTON'S.

LUCY sitting by the piano. BELINDA at a table,
drawing.

LUCY (turning towards BELINDA).

Belinda, listen !

BELINDA (looking up).

Well !

LUCY.

You say you've seen

Miss Walsingham : What is she like ?

BELINDA.

What like ?

LUCY.

I mean what flower. 'Tis thus I know my friends.
I have a fancy ladies are like flowers,
And so I class and keep them in my mind.
The delicate and gentle are the jasmines ;
The mirthful and warm-hearted—these are pinks ;
The loving are the rose, for love is sweet,
And beautiful in mother as in bride ;
The stately and precise are dahlias, set
As they were carved and colored for a show ;
The tulips, such as talk of love and beaux ;
The spiritual, whose pure, sweet thoughts seem
given.

As are the starbeams from the vault of heaven—
These are the lilies ; and the violets
Are gentle-hearted ones who love the lilies,
And would be like them could they choose their fate.
Which is Miss Walsingham ?

BELINDA.

A lily, surely.

She's tall, and fair, and graceful, and as calm
As summer moonlight on a sleeping lake.
You'll love her, Lucy—you are formed to love her—

The lily she, and you the violet:
The simile is beautiful and true.

Enter MADAME BELCOUR.

MADAME BELCOUR (*in agitation*).
Belinda, I have sought you everywhere:
Come to my chamber instantly—come, come!
You waste your time forever with this child.
Lucy will have another teacher soon,
A mother-in-law! We know they're always angels,
And she'll teach Lucy to forget us. Come!
[*Exit MADAME BELCOUR.*]

BELINDA.

Oh! my poor mother!—she is sorely changed.
Dear Lucy, do not fear; we will be friends,
Whatever may occur. There is some evil
Hangs o'er my brother—what, I do not know;
But 'tis a storm will blight us all, I fear;
All that belong to him—which you do not (*to Lucy*).
You have a brother worthy of your love;
And what a blessing to a sister's heart
To have such noble friend to call her own.
But God ordains our lot, and I will bear,
Without a murmuring word, the cross assigned me.
You'll love me Lucy, ever?

LUCY (*throwing her arms around her*).

While I live,
You never shall be severed from my heart.
Belinda, you have been my guiding angel
Since first my little hand was placed in thine,
And the poor sightless child went groping forth
To feel the darkness deepening o'er her path;
The only rays she knew were lights of love;
And you, as sister dear, were one of these.
And we have grown together; I a bud,
Sheltered and brightened by an opening flower.
We will not separate—I'll ask my father;
He will persuade your mother to consent
That you remain with me.

BELINDA.

It may not be:
My duty is with mine own family.
Each sacrifice to duty God sustains;
And this dark cloud will pass away—in Heaven.
I'll see you soon.

[*Kisses LUCY, and goes in.*]

LUCY.

I wish I was asleep:
I'm weary of the world; there is no rest:
All things around seem heaving like the sea
When storms have swelled its tide. I've listened oft,
As on its sands I stood, and heard, with awe,
Surge after surge break on the sounding shore—
And mused how like it seemed to olden tales
They read to me and called them "History!"
The world might change, but in my own dear home
I never dreamed of changes. These are come,
And sorrows too. Belinda has some grief
She hides from me; and she will go away:
It makes me sad and weary. I will sleep.

[*LUCY leans on the piano*]

Enter JUDGE BOLTON.

JUDGE (*going up to LUCY*).

Sweet child! there's tears upon her cheek; and y
She smiles, as though an angel watched her sleep
Oh! can I hope my trials thus will end,
And from earth's darkness gather light of heaven?
The gloom is heavy now.

LUCY (*awaking*).

Father, is 't you?

I thought it was an angel stood beside me—
And so you are to me; but this I saw—
It breathed upon my eyes. I saw it, father,
And you were standing near. I thought you look
So very sad, it made me weep to see you.
And then another angel led towards you
A female figure veiled; and, as they came,
The angel by my side was whispering me—
"Have faith," he said, "have patience, and the lo
Shall be restored!" I looked, and you had fold
A bright young being in your clasping arms;
The veil was gone, but yet I did not see
Her face. The flood of light and joy awoke me.

JUDGE:

My angel child! my comforter! I would
That I might find your dream reality.

Re-enter BELINDA.

BELINDA.

Come, Lucy love, I am at leisure now;
We'll take our walk.

JUDGE.

Go, darling, and rememb
I shall rely on you for pleasant dreams;
So keep a cheerful heart.

[*Exit LUCY and BELINDA*]

Whatever happens,

I have an angel near me in my child.
And I will turn me to the holy faith
Of childhood, and believe that God will grant
An answer to my earnest prayer. I ask
A clue to the lost one. She may be dead!
This dream of Lucy's may forebode that I
Shall only meet with Isabelle in heaven.
And must I bear through life the imputation
That will be whispered when the tale is known?
The wealth, too, is not mine. I'll write to Ma
grave,

And urge him hither—he and Godfrey, too.

[*Sits down and writes; then rings the bell*]

[*Enter MICHAEL.*]

Here, Michael, bear this note to Dr. Margrave,
And show him to the library with his friend.

[*Exit MICHAEL*]

And now I must prepare me for the task,
And school my heart to ask advice and pity.
'Tis humbling to the Judge; but man must be
Dependent on his fellow-man, and none
Can claim exemption from this general law.

[*Exit, and scene close*]

SCENE III.—*Ross Hill.* PROFESSOR OLNEY's house and garden. PROFESSOR OLNEY reclining on a couch near the door of the house. ISABELLE sitting on a low stool beside him reading *Epictetus*.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Wisdom is with the heart. As falls the dew
On every plant beneath the opening sky,
So wisdom may be found on every page
That bears the impress of an earnest spirit,
Seeking the good, or true, or beautiful.
And Epictetus had this earnest heart,
This eager wish to find the fount of light,
Though oft he stumbled, groping in the dark
Over the rubbish of his heathen age.
The old philosophy could give the mind
A stoic courage to despise the world,
And meet, unmoved, the world's dark foeman,
Death.

But 'tis the Gospel lifts man's hope to heaven,
And moulds his heart to love and brotherhood.

Enter Mrs. Olney.

MRS. OLNEY (*fretfully to Isabelle*).

What, here again! and Alice left alone!
The poor child pining for her daily walk.
I wish you would remember, Isabelle.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

The fault is mine, if 'tis a fault that she
Gives up her walks to soothe my lonely hours.
But go, my child; your mother will remain.

[*Isabelle goes into the house.*]

Now, Marian, why forget your promise, love,
And speak so fretfully to Isabelle?

MRS. OLNEY.

Because you show to her such partial favor,
Neglecting your own child for this fair stranger.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

You judge me wrong. I love our darling Alice;
The suffering angel to our care consigned,
Who is in the world, not of it; like a flower
Growing in air—she only lives in love.
But Isabelle must also share our hearts.
We promised this to God and to each other
When we adopted her. Then call her not
A stranger. She is our child.

MRS. OLNEY.

Yours, you mean.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Oh, do not darken thus my failing sight!

The world is gliding by as objects pass
Athwart a rushing car. A few short days,
And I shall be at peace. But I must leave
A heavy burden on poor Isabelle.
Then do not add to this by your reproaches.

MRS. OLNEY (*in alarm*).

You are no worse?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Not much. This slow disease
Is like a fevered dream that leads me on,
Restless, yet showing some new phase of hope
To keep the spirit fettered to the world.
It must be broken soon.

MRS. OLNEY (*clapping her hands*).

What shall we do?

What will become of us? Oh, my poor Alice

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Rely on God. He comforts all who trust him.
And Isabelle will be your stay on earth.
Her graceful, girlish form enshrines a soul
Like hero's, firm in duty, and a mind
So quick and clear, I marvel as I follow
The flash of her pure thought, when she essays
To probe a sophistry or prove a truth.
She seems to hold the source of the true light
In her own soul, a heavenly intuition:
As much outstripping reason's slow career
As lightning's speed outstrips earth's creeping fires.
I've trained her carefully, and she is fitted
To take my place, and rule and teach the school.
But she must know the secret of her birth.

MRS. OLNEY.

Never! She must not know it. Would she yield
To me obedience if she should discover
That she was not our child?

PROFESSOR OLNEY (*rising up*).

She shall be told.

I am resolved. Say not a word; 'tis vain.
I could not hope, this secret unrevealed,
To enter heaven. But I have scarce the strength
(*Sinks down.*)

To tell her she is not my child. I'll send
And ask the clergyman to come to me.
Bid Isabelle come hither. Stay; I'll go
And rest me in my room before I send.

[*Rises slowly, and, aided by his wife, goes into the house. Scene closes.*]

END OF ACT III.

TAKING BOARDERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded from page 57.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Two weeks more went by, and the pressure upon Mrs. Darlington was heavier and heavier. Her income was below her table expenses and servant-hire, and all her reserve fund being exhausted, she felt the extremity of her circumstances more than at any time before. To bear longer the extra weight of poor, deserted Mrs. Marion and her two children was felt to be impossible. With painful reluctance did Mrs. Darlington slowly make up her mind to say to Mrs. Marion that she must seek another home; and for this purpose she one day waited upon her in her room. As tenderly and as delicately as possible did she approach the subject. A word or two only had she said, when Mrs. Marion, with tears upon her face, replied—

"Pardon me that I have so long remained a burden upon you. Had I known where to go, or what to do, I would not have added my weight to the heavy ones you have had to bear. Daily have I lived in hope that my husband would return. But my heart is sick with hope deferred. It is time now that I began the work of self-dependence."

"Where can you go?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"I know not," sadly returned Mrs. Marion. "My only relative is a poor aunt, with scarcely the ability to support herself. But I will see her to-day. Perhaps she can advise me what to do."

When Mrs. Marion returned from this visit to her aunt, she looked very sad. Mrs. Darlington was in the passage as she came in; but she passed her without speaking, and hurried up to her chamber. Neither at tea-time on that evening nor at breakfast-time on the next morning did she appear, though food for herself and children was sent to her room. Deeply did Mrs. Darlington and her daughters suffer on account of the step they were compelled to take, but stern necessity left them no alternative. During the day, Mrs. Marion went out again for an hour or two, and when she came back she announced that she would leave on the next day. She looked even sadder than before. Some inquiries as to where she was going were made, but she evaded them. On the day following, a carriage came for her, and she parted with her kind friends, uttering the warmest expressions of gratitude.

"I have turned her from the house!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a tone of deep regret, as she closed the door upon the poor creature. "How would I like my own child treated thus?"

For the rest of the day she was so unhappy, owing to this circumstance, that she could scarcely attend to anything.

"Do you know where Mrs. Marion went when she left our house?" said Edith to her mother, about two weeks afterwards. There was a troubled look in Edith's face as she asked this question.

"No. Where is she?"

"At Blockley."

"What!"

"In the Alms-house!"

"Edith!"

"It is too true. I have just learned that, when she left here, it was to take up her abode among paupers. She had no other home."

Mrs. Darlington clasped her hands together, and was about giving expression to her feelings, when a domestic came in and said that Mr. Ellis was in the parlor, and wished to see her immediately.

"Where is Miriam?" asked the brother, in a quick voice, the moment Mrs. Darlington entered the parlor, where he awaited her.

"She's in her room, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"Are you certain? Go up, Edith, quickly, and see."

The manner of Mr. Ellis was so excited that Edith did not pause to hear more, but flew up stairs. In a few moments she returned, saying that her sister was not there, and that, moreover, on looking into her drawers, she found them nearly empty.

"Then it *was* her!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis.

"Where is she? Where did you see her?" eagerly asked both mother and sister, their faces becoming as pale as ashes.

"I saw her in a carriage with a notorious gambler and scoundrel named Burton. There was a trunk on behind, and they were driving towards the wharf. It is ten minutes before the boat starts for New York, and I may save her yet!"

And, with these words, Mr. Ellis turned abruptly away, and hurried from the house. So paralyzed were both Mrs. Darlington and Edith by this dreadful announcement, that neither of them had for a time the power of utterance. Then both, as by a common impulse, arose and went up to the chamber where Miriam slept. Almost the first thing that met the eyes of Mrs. Darlington was a letter, partly concealed by a book on the mantel-piece. It was addressed to her. On breaking the seal, she read—

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: I shall be away from you only a little while; and, when I return, I will come with relief for all your present troubles. Do not blame me, dear mother! What I have done is for your sake. It almost broke my heart to see you so pressed down and miserable. And, then, there was no light ahead. Mr. Burton, who has great wealth, offered me his hand. Only on condition of a handsome settlement upon you would I accept of it. Forgive me, that I have acted without consultation. I deemed it best. In a little while, I will be back to throw myself into your arms, and then to lift you out of your many troubles. How pure'y and tenderly I love you, mother, dear mother! I need not say. It is from this love that I am now acting. Take courage, mother. Be comforted. We shall yet be happy. Farewell, for a little while. In a few days I will be with you again.

"MIRIAM."

As Mrs. Darlington read the last sentence of this letter, Henry, her son, who had not been home since he went out at breakfast-time, came hurriedly into the room, and, in an excited manner, said—

"Mother, I want ten dollars!"

The face of the young man was flushed, and his eyes unsteady. It was plain, at a glance, that he had been drinking.

Mrs. Darlington looked at him for a moment, and then, before Edith had seen the contents of Miriam's letter, placed it in his hands.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, after running his eyes over it hurriedly. "Miriam gone off with that Burton!"

The letter dropped upon the floor, and Henry clasped his hands together with a gesture of pain.

"Who is Mr. Burton? What do you know of him?" asked Edith.

"I know him to be a man of the vilest character, and a gambler into the bargain! Rich! Gracious heaven!"

And the young man struck his hands against his forehead, and glanced wildly from his pale-faced mother to his paler sister.

"And you knew the character of this man, Henry!" said Mrs. Darlington. There was a smiting rebuke in her tone. "You knew him, and did not make the first effort to protect your young, confid-



ing, devoted sister! Henry Darlington, the blood of her murdered happiness will never be washed from the skirts of your garments!"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed the young man, putting up his hands to enforce the deprecation in his voice, "do not speak so, or I will go beside myself! But where is she? When did she go? I will fly in pursuit. It may not yet be too late."

"Your Uncle Hiram saw her in a carriage with Mr. Burton, on their way, as he supposed, to the steamboat landing. He has gone to intercept them, if possible."

Henry drew his watch from his pocket, and, as he glanced at the time, sank into a chair, murmuring, in a low voice of anguish—

"It is too late!"

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Mr. Ellis left the house of his sister, he called a carriage that happened to be going by, and reached the wharf at Walnut Street in time to spring on board of the steamboat just as the plank was drawn in at the gangway. He then passed along the boat until he came to the ladies' cabin, which he entered. Almost the first persons he saw were Burton and his niece. The eyes of Miriam rested upon him at the same moment, and she drew her veil quickly, hoping that she was not recognized. Hiram Ellis did not hesitate a moment, but walking up to where Miriam sat, stooped to her ear and said, in a low, anxious voice—

"Miriam, are you married yet?"

Miriam did not reply.

"Speak, child. Are you married?"

"No," came in a half audible murmur.

"Thank God! thank God!" fell in low accents from the lips of Mr. Ellis.

"Who are you, sir?" now spoke up Burton, whom surprise had till now kept silent. There was a fiery gleam in his eyes.

"The uncle of this dear girl, and one who knows you well," was answered, in a stern voice. "Knows you to be unworthy to touch even the hem of her garment."

A dark scowl lowered upon the face of Burton; but Mr. Ellis returned his looks of anger glance for glance. Miriam was in terror at this unexpected scene, and trembled like an aspen. Instinctively she shrunk towards her uncle.

Two or three persons, who sat near, were attracted by the excitement visible in the manner of all three, although they heard nothing that was said. Burton saw that they were observed, and, bending towards Mr. Ellis, said—

"This, sir, is no place for a scene. A hundred eyes will soon be upon us."

"More than one pair of which," replied Mr. Ellis, promptly, "will recognize in you a noted gambler, who has at least one wife living, if no more."

As if stung by a serpent, Burton started to his feet and retired from the cabin.

"Oh, uncle! can what you say of this man be true?" asked Miriam, with a blanching face.

"Too true, my dear child! too true! He is one of the worst of men. Thank God that you have escaped the snare of the fowler!"

"Yes, thank God! thank God!" came trembling from the lips of the maiden.

Mr. Ellis then drew his niece to a part of the cabin where they could converse without being overheard by other passengers on board of the boat. To his inquiry into the reasons for so rash an act, Miriam gave her uncle an undisguised account of her mother's distressed condition, and touchingly portrayed the anguish of mind which had accompanied her reluctant assent to the offer of Burton.

"And all this great sacrifice was on your mother's account?" said Mr. Ellis.

"All! all! He agreed to settle upon her the sum of two thousand dollars a year, if I would become his wife. This would have made the family comfortable."

"And you most wretched. Better, a thousand times better, have gone down to your grave, Miriam, than become the wife of that man. But for the providential circumstance of my seeing you in the carriage with him, all would have been lost. Surely, you could not have felt for him the least affection."

"Oh, uncle! you can never know what a fearful trial I have passed through. Affection! It was, instead, an intense repugnance. But, for my mother's sake, I was prepared to make any sacrifice consistent with honor."

"Of all others, my dear child," said Mr. Ellis, with much feeling, "a sacrifice of this kind is the worst. It is full of evil consequences that cannot be enumerated, and scarcely imagined. You had no affection for this man, and yet, in the sight of Heaven, you were going solemnly to vow that you would love and cherish him through life!"

A shudder ran through the frame of Miriam, which being perceived by Mr. Ellis, he said—

"Well may you shudder, as you stand looking down the awful abyss into which you were about plunging. You can see no bottom, and you would have found none. There is no condition in this life, Miriam, so intensely wretched as that of a pure-minded, true-hearted woman united to a man whom she not only cannot love, but from whom every instinct of her better nature turns with disgust. And this would have been your condition. Ah me! in what a fearful evil was this error of your mother, in opening a boarding-house, about involving her child. I begged her not to do so. I tried to show her the folly of such a step. But she would not hear me. And now she is in great trouble?"

"Oh yes, uncle. All the money she had when she began is spent; and what she now receives from boarders but little more than half pays expenses."

"I knew it would be so. But my word was not

regarded. Your mother is no more fitted to keep a boarding-house than a child ten years old. It takes a woman who has been raised in a different school, who has different habits, and a different character."

"But what can we do, uncle?" said Miriam.

"What are you willing to do?"

"I am willing to do anything that it is right for me to do."

"All employments, Miriam, are honorable so far as they are useful," said Mr. Ellis, seriously, "though false pride tries to make us think differently. And, strangely enough, this false pride drives too many, in the choice of employments, to the hardest, least honorable, and least profitable. Hundreds of women resort to keeping boarders as a means of supporting their families, when they might do it more easily, with less exposure, and greater certainty, in teaching, if qualified, fine needle-work, or even in the keeping of a store for the sale of fancy and useful articles. But pursuits of the latter kind they reject as too far below them, and, in vainly attempting to keep up a certain appearance, exhaust what little means they have. A breaking up of the family, and a separation of its members, follow the error in too many cases."

Miriam listened to this in silence. Her uncle paused.

"What can I do to aid my mother?" the young girl asked.

"Could you not give music lessons?"

"I am too young, I fear, for that. Too little skilled in the principles of music," replied Miriam.

"If competent, would you object to teach?"

"Oh no. Most gladly would I enter upon the task, did it promise even a small return. How happy would it make me if I could lighten, by my own labor, the burdens that press so heavily upon our mother!"

"And Edith. How does she feel on this subject?"

"As I do. Willing for anything; ready for any change from our present condition."

"Take courage, then, my dear child, take courage," said the uncle, in a cheerful voice. "There is light ahead."

"Oh, how distressed my mother will be when she finds I am gone!" sighed Miriam, after a brief silence, in which her thoughts reverted to the fact of her absence from home. "When can we get back again?"

"Not before ten o'clock to-night. We must go on as far as Bristol, and then return by the evening line from New York."

Another deep sigh heaved the troubled bosom of Miriam, as she uttered, in a low voice, speaking to herself—

"My poor mother! Her heart will be broken!"

CHAPTER X.

MEANWHILE the hours passed with the mother, sister, and brother in the most agonizing suspense.

Henry, who had been drawn away into evil company by two young men who boarded in the house, was neglecting his studies and pressing on towards speedy ruin. To drinking and association with the vicious, he now added gaming. Little did his mother dream of the perilous ways his feet were treading. On this occasion he had come in, as has been seen, with a demand for ten dollars. When he left home in the morning, it was in company with the young man named Barling. Instead of his going to the office where he was studying, or his companion to his place of business, they went to a certain public house in Chestnut Street, where they first drank at the bar.

"Shall we go up into the billiard-room?" said Barling, as they turned from the white marble counter at which they had been drinking.

"I don't care. Have you time to play a game?" replied Henry.

"Oh yes. We're not very busy at the store to-day."

So the two young men ascended to the billiard-room, and spent a couple of hours there. Both played very well, and were pretty equally matched. From the billiard-room they proceeded to another part of the house, more retired, and there, at the suggestion of Barling, tried a game at cards for a small stake. Young Darlington was loser at first, but, after a time, regained his losses and made some advance on his fellow-player. Hours passed in playing and drinking; and finally, Darlington, whose good fortune did not continue, parted with every sixpence.

"Lend me a dollar," said he, as the last game went against him.

The dollar was lent and the playing renewed.

Thus it went on, hour after hour, neither of the young men stopping to eat anything, though both drank too frequently. At last, Darlington was ten dollars in debt to Barling, who, on being asked for another loan, declined any farther advances. Stung by the refusal, Henry said to him, rising as he spoke—

"Do you mean by this that you are afraid I will never return the money?"

"Oh no," replied Barling. "But I don't want to play against you any longer. Your luck is bad."

"I can beat you," said Darlington.

"You hav'n't done it to-day certainly," answered Barling.

"Will you wait here a quarter of an hour?" asked Henry.

"For what?"

"I want to pay you off and begin again. I am going for some money."

"Yes, I'll wait," replied the young man.

"Very well. I'll be back in a few minutes."

It was for this work and for this purpose that Henry Darlington came to his mother just at the moment the absence of Miriam, and her purpose in leaving had been discovered. The effect of the painful news on the young man has already been

described. From the time he became aware of the fact that Miriam had gone away with Burton for the purpose of becoming his wife, until ten o'clock at night, he was in an agony of suspense. As the uncle could not be found at the office where he wrote, nor at the house where he boarded, it was concluded that he had reached the boat before its departure, and gone on with the fugitives in the train to New York. Nothing was therefore left for the distressed family but to await his return.

How anxiously passed the hours! At tea-time, Edith only made her appearance. Henry and his mother remained in the chamber of the latter. As for the young man, he was cast down and distressed beyond measure, vexing his spirit with self-accusations that were but too well founded.

"Oh, mother!" said he, while they were alone, starting up from where he had been sitting with his face buried in his hands—"oh, mother! what evils have come through this opening of our house for strangers to enter! Miriam, our sweet, gentle, pure-hearted Miriam, has been lured away by one of the worst of men; and I!—the young man checked himself a moment or two, and then continued—"and I have been drawn away from right paths into those that lead to sure destruction. Mother, I have been in great danger. Until Barling and Mason came into our family, I was guiltless of any act that could awaken a blush of shame upon my cheek. Oh, that I had never met them!"

"Henry! Henry! what do you mean by this?" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, in a voice full of anguish.

"I have been standing on the brink of a precipice," replied the young man, with more calmness. "But a hand has suddenly drawn me away, and I am trembling at the danger I have escaped. Oh, mother, will you not give up this mode of life? We have none of us been happy. I have never felt as if I had a home since it began. And you—what a slave you have been! and how unhappy! Can nothing be done except keeping boarders? Oh, what would I not give for the dear seclusion of a home where no stranger's foot could enter!"

"Some other mode of living must be sought, my son," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Added to all the evils attendant on the present mode, is that of a positive loss instead of a profit. Several hundred dollars have been wasted already, and daily am I going in debt."

"Then, mother, let us change at once," replied the young man. "It would be better to shrink together in a single room than to continue as we are. I will seek a clerkship in a store, and earn what I can to help support the family."

"I can think of nothing now but Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington. "Oh, if she were back again, safe from the toils that have been thrown around her, I think I would be the most thankful of mortals! Oh, my child! my child!"

What could Henry say to comfort his mother? nothing. And he remained silent

Long after this, Mrs. Darlington, with Henry and Edith, were sitting together in painful suspense. No word had been spoken by either for the space of nearly an hour. The clock struck ten.

"I would give worlds to see my dear, dear child!" murmured Mrs. Darlington.

Just then a carriage drove up to the door and stopped. Henry sprang down stairs; but neither Edith nor her mother could move from where they sat. As the former opened the street door, Miriam stood with her uncle on the threshold. Henry looked at her earnestly and tenderly for an instant, and then staggering back, leaned against the wall for support.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"In her own room," said Henry, in a voice scarcely audible.

Miriam sprang up the stairs with the fleetness of an antelope, and, in a few moments, was sobbing on her mother's bosom.

"Miriam! Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a thrilling voice, "do you return the same as when you left?"

"Yes, thank God!" came from the maiden's lips.

"Thank God! thank God!" responded the mother, wildly. "Oh, my child, what a fearful misery you have escaped!"

In a few minutes, the mother and sisters were joined by Henry.

"Where is your uncle?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"He has gone away; but says that he will see you to-morrow."

Over the remainder of that evening we will here draw a veil.

CHAPTER XI.

On the next morning, only Mrs. Darlington met her boarders at the breakfast-table, when she announced to them that she had concluded to close her present business, and seek some new mode of sustaining her family; at the same time, desiring each one to find another home as early as possible.

At the close of the third day after this, Mrs. Darlington sat down to her evening meal with only her children gathered at the table. A subdued and tranquil spirit pervaded each bosom, even though a dark veil was drawn against the future. To a long and troubled excitement there had succeeded a calm. It was good to be once more alone, and they felt this.

"Through what a scene of trial, disorder, and suffering have we passed!" said Edith. "It seems as if I had just awakened from a dream."

"And such a dream!" sighed Miriam.

"Would that it were but a dream!" said Mrs. Darlington. "But, alas! the wrecks that are around us too surely testify the presence of a devastating storm."

"The storm has passed away, mother," said

Edith; "and we will look for calmer and brighter skies."

"No bright skies for us, I fear, my children," returned the mother, with a deeper tinge of sadness in her voice.

"They are bright this hour to what they were a few days since," said Edith, "and I am sure they will grow brighter. I feel much encouraged. Where the heart is willing, the way is sure to open. Both Miriam and I are willing to do all in our power, and I am sure we can do much. We have ability to teach others; and the exercise of that ability will bring a sure reward. I like Uncle Miram's suggestion very much."

"But the humiliation of soliciting scholars," said the mother.

"To do right is not humiliating," quickly replied Edith.

"It is easy to say this, my child; but can you go to Mrs. Lionel, for instance, with whose family we were so intimate, and solicit her to send Emma and Cordelia to the school you propose to open, without a smarting sense of humiliation? I am sure you cannot."

Edith communed with her own thoughts for some moments, and then answered—

"If I gave way to false pride, mother, this might be so; but I must overcome what is false and evil. This is as necessary for my happiness as the external good we seek—nay, far more so. Too many who have moved in the circle where we have been moving for years, strangely enough connect an idea of degradation with the office of teaching children. But is there on the earth a higher or more important use than instructing the mind and training the heart of young immortals? It has been beautifully and truly said that 'Earth is the nursery of Heaven.' The teacher, then, is a worker in God's own garden. Is it not so, mother?"

"You think wisely, my child. God grant that your true thoughts may sustain you in the trials to come!" replied Mrs. Darlington.

The door bell rang as the family were rising from the tea-table. The visitor was Mr. Ellis. He had come to advise with and assist the distressed mother and her children; and his words were listened to with far more deference than was the case a year before. Nine or ten months' experience in keeping a boarding-house had corrected many of the false views of Mrs. Darlington, and she was now prepared to make an effort for her family in a different spirit from that exhibited in the beginning. The plan proposed by her brother—a matter-of-fact kind of person—was the taking of a house at a more moderate rent, and opening a school for young children. Many objections and doubts were urged; but he overruled them all, and obtained, in the end, the cordial consent of every member of the family. During the argument which preceded the final decision of the matter, Mrs. Darlington said—

"Suppose the girls should not be able to get scholars?"

"Let them see to this beforehand."

"Many may promise to send, and afterwards change their minds."

"Let them," replied the brother. "If, at the end of the first, second, and third years, you have not made your expenses, I will supply the deficiency."

"You!"

"Yes. The fact is, sister, if you will be guided in some respects by my judgment, I will stand by you and see you safely over every difficulty. Your boarding-house experiment I did not approve. I saw from the beginning how it would end, and I wished to see the end as quickly as possible. It has come, and I am glad of it; and, still further, thankful that the disaster has not been greater. If you only had now the five or six hundred dollars wasted in a vain experiment during the past year, how much the sum might do for you! But we will not sigh over this. As just said, I will stand by you in the new experiment, and see that you do not fall again into embarrassment."

Henry was present at this interview, but remained silent during the whole time. Since the day of Miriam's departure with Burton, and safe return, a great change had taken place in the young man. He was like one starting up from sleep on the brink of a fearful precipice, and standing appalled at the danger he had escaped almost by a miracle. The way in which he had begun to walk he saw to be the way to sure destruction, and his heart shrank with shame, and trembled in dismay.

"Henry," said the uncle, after an hour's conversation with his sister and Edith, "I would like to talk with you alone."

Mrs. Darlington and her daughters left the room.

"Henry," said Mr. Ellis, as soon as the rest had withdrawn, "you are old enough to do something to help on. All the burden ought not to come on Edith and Miriam."

"Only show me what I can do, uncle, and I am ready to put my hands to the work," was Henry's prompt reply.

"It will be years before you can expect an income from your profession."

"I know, I know. That is what discourages me."

"I can get you the place of clerk in an insurance office, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. Will you accept it?"

"Gladly!" The face of the young man brightened as if the sun had shone upon it suddenly.

"You will have several hours each day, in which to continue your law reading, and will get admitted to the bar early enough. Keep your mother and sisters for two or three years, and then they will be in a condition to sustain you until you make a practice in your profession."

But to this the mother and sisters, when it was mentioned to them, objected. They were not willing to have Henry's professional studies interrupted. That would be a great wrong to him.

"Not a great wrong, but a great good," answered

Mr. Ellis. "And I will make this plain to you. Henry, as I learn from yourself, has made some dangerous associations; and some important change is needed to help him break away from them. No sphere of life is so safe for a young man as that which surrounds profitable industry pursued for an end. Temptation rarely finds its way within this sphere. Two or three years devoted to the duties of a clerk, with the end of aiding in the support of his mother and sisters, will do more to give a right direction to Henry's character—more to make success in after life certain—than anything else possible now to be done. The office in which I can get him the situation I speak of adjoins the one to which I am attached, and I will, therefore, have him mostly under my own eye. In this new school, the ardency of his young feelings will be duly chastened, and his thoughts turned more into elements of usefulness. In a word, sister, it will give him self-dependence, and, in the end, make a man of him."

The force of all this, and more by this suggested, was not only seen, but felt, by Mrs. Darlington; and when she found her son ready to accept the offer made to him, she withdrew all opposition.

Steps preliminary to the contemplated change were immediately taken. First of all, Edith waited upon a number of their old friends, who had young children, and informed them that she was, in connection with her sister, about opening a school. Some were surprised, some pleased, and some indifferent at the announcement; but a goodly number expressed pleasure at the opportunity it afforded them of placing their younger children under the care of teachers in whose ability and character they had so much confidence. Thus was the way made plain before them.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW weeks later, and the contemplated change was made. The family removed into a moderate-sized house, at a lower rent, and prepared to test the new mode of obtaining a livelihood. A good portion of their furniture had been sold, besides three gold watches and some valuable jewelry belonging to Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, in order to make up a sum sufficient to pay off the debt contracted during the last few months of the boarding-house experiment. The real loss sustained by the widow in this experiment fell little short of a thousand dollars.

"How many scholars have you now?" asked Mrs. Darlington of Edith, two months after the school was opened, as they sat at tea one evening, each member of the family wearing a cheerful face.

"Twenty," replied Edith. "We received two new ones to-day. Mrs. Wilmot came and entered two of her children; and she said that Mrs. Armond was going to send her Florence so soon as her quarter expired in the school she is now attending."

"How much will you receive from your present number of scholars?" inquired Henry.

"I made the estimate to-day," returned Edith, "and find that the bills will come to something like a hundred and twenty-five dollars a quarter."

"Five hundred dollars a year," said Henry; "and my five hundred added to that will make a thousand. Can't we live on a thousand dollars, mother?"

"We may, by the closest economy."

"Our school will increase," remarked Edith; "and every increase will add to our income. Oh! it looks so much brighter ahead! and we have so much real comfort in the present! What a scene of trial have we passed through!"

"How I ever bore up under it is more than I can now tell," said Mrs. Darlington, with an involuntary shudder. "And the toil, and suffering, and danger through which we have come! I cannot be sufficiently thankful that we are safe from the dreadful ordeal, and with so few marks of the fire upon us."

A silence followed this, in which two hearts, at least, were humbled, yet thankful, in their self-communion—the hearts of Henry and Miriam. Through what perilous ways had they come! How near had they been to shipwreck!

"Poor Mrs. Marion!" said Edith, breaking the silence, at length. "How often I think of her! And the thought brings a feeling of condemnation. Was it right for us to thrust her forth as we did?"

"Can she still be in —?"

"O no, no!" spoke up Henry, interrupting his mother. "I forgot to tell you that I met her and her husband on the street to-day."

"Are you certain?"

"O yes."

"Did you speak to them?"

"No. They saw me, but instantly averted their faces. Mrs. Marion looked very pale, as if she had been sick."

"Poor woman! She has had heart-sickness enough," said Mrs. Darlington. "I shall never forgive myself for turning her out of the house. If I had known where she was going!"

"But we did not know that, mother," said Edith.

"We knew that she had neither friends nor a home," replied the mother. "Ah me! when our own troubles press heavily upon us, we lose our sympathy for others!"

"It was not so in this case," remarked Edith. "Deeply did we sympathize with Mrs. Marion. But we could not bear the weight without going under ourselves."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mrs. Darlington, half to herself. "We might have kept up with her a little longer. But I am glad from my heart that her husband has come back. If he will be kind to his wife, I will forgive all his indebtedness to me."

A few weeks subsequent to this time, as Miriam sat reading the morning paper, she came upon a brief account of the arrest, in New Orleans, of a "noted gambler," as it said, named Burton, on the

charge of bigamy. The paper dropped to the floor, and Miriam, with clasped hands, and eyes instantly overflowing with tears, looked upward and murmured her thanks to Heaven.

"What an escape!" fell tremblingly from her lips, as she arose and went to her room to hold communion with her own thoughts.

Three years have passed, and what has been the result of the widow's new experiment? The school prospered from the beginning. The spirit with which Edith and Miriam went to work made success certain. Parents who sent their children were so much pleased with the progress they made, that they spoke of the new school to their friends, and thus gave it a reputation that, ere a year had elapsed, crowded the rooms of the sisters. Mrs. Darlington was a woman who had herself received a superior education. Seeing that the number of scholars increased rapidly, and made the pressure on her daughters too great, she gave a portion of her time each day to the instruction of certain classes, and soon became much interested in the work. From that time she associated herself in the school with Edith and Miriam.

Three years, as we said, have passed, and now the profits on the school are more than sufficient to meet all expenses. Henry has left his clerkship, and is a member of the bar. Of course, he has little or no practice—only a few months having elapsed since his admission; but his mother and

sisters are fully able to sustain him until he can sustain himself.

"How much better this is than keeping boarders!" said Edith, as she sat conversing with her mother and uncle about the prospects of the school.

"And how much more useful and honorable!" remarked Mr. Ellis. "In the one case, you fed only the body, but now you are dispensing food to the immortal mind. You are, moreover, independent in your own house. When the day's work is done, you come together as one family, and shut out the intruding world."

"Yes, it is better, far better," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Ah! that first mistake of mine was a sad one."

"Yet out of it has come good," said Mr. Ellis. "That painful experience corrected many false views, and gave to all your characters a new and higher impulse. It is through disappointment, trial, and suffering, that we grow wise here; and true wisdom is worth the highest price we are ever called upon to pay for it."

Yes, it is so. Through fiery trials are we purified. At times, in our suffering, we feel as if every good thing in us was about being consumed. But this never happens. No good in our characters is ever lost in affliction or trouble; and we come out of these states of pain wiser and better than when we entered them, and more fitted and more willing to act usefully our part in the world.

THE TWO HOURS

BY CARL LINLEY.

THERE is an hour of wild delight,
When every sense is wrapped in dreams,
And rosiest waters dew the breast
From Joy's celestial streams.

No gloomy guests the heart receives
Within its cheerful halls to tarry;
No visitants a welcome find,
Save what are glad and merry.

Then Earth's united wealth appears
Too mean to buy us from our pleasure;
Its laurels, gold, and honors seem
But baubles to our treasure.

'TIS when the dulcet word of Love
Within the captured ear is stealing—
And the long outcast, exiled lip
Its first wild kiss is feeling

There is an hour of heaviest care,
When all those drowsy senses wake,
As on the breast pale memories gleam
Like moonbeams on a lake.

The heart, like Noah, sends its dove
To seek the olive-branch of Peace;
But no green leaf that bird can find
To shadow its release.

As Rachel wept her early dead—
The children of her love and pain—
So mourns the widowed spirit for
The stricken and the slain.

That hour is when the hand of Fate
Has rent the chords that Love had bound,
And left upon the dotting heart
Its deep and aching wound.

The contrast in those adverse hours
Exceedeth pain and sacrifice;
For he who knows a living death
Is worse than him who dies!

And there are eyes which, when they rest
Upon these sudden lines, shall dim;
And there are hearts which then shall learn
The import of my hymn.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER III.

It would require the pen of a Paradin or a Stubbs to enumerate the numberless grotesque, fantastic garments invented, imported, and worn during the troublous times of King Henry the Sixth; and ("not to speak it profanely") the lords of the creation must have looked, at that period, wondrously like that illustrious and amusing personage, Punch.

The horned coiffure still engrossed the admiration of the ladies, but several alterations were gradually made in it. Instead of standing out sideways to an immense width, it was raised upwards in the shape of a fork, with long lappets hanging down on either side. Other head-dresses were not unlike *tocques*. But in every coiffure the hair was carefully concealed; and though queens on the day of their coronation usually allowed their luxuriant tresses to hang down in all their native richness, their fair subjects appeared to think such a mode by no means an ornamental one.

One coiffure at this period was shaped like a heart, with a semicircular opening at the lower part, for the admission of the head, round which was a border, generally ornamented with jewels. An-



other of these curious structures was very high and pointed, and the veil, or fall of linen, spread itself over the two forks, and fell down behind. But in no picture do we find the veil drawn over the face, or apparently used for anything but an ornament.

The queen of Charles the Sixth of France is accused of having introduced these curious coiffures into that country from her native land, Bavaria, and, like all other foreign modes, they quickly crossed the Channel and appeared in England.

The waists of the gowns throughout this reign were remarkable for their excessive shortness, so

different from the hourglass form given by the now-despised *côte-hardie*. Some robes, with capes or collars of fur, also appeared; and stomachers of various color, terminating in a point, varied the sameness of the costume.

A picture of the poet Chaucer, mentioned in Granger's "Biographical History of England," has the following lines written under it, and the date 1400. They are characteristic of the dress of that day, though not complimentary to the bard, who, however, is said to have been the handsomest man of his time:—

"His stature was not very tall,
Lean he was, his legs were small,
Hosed within a stock of red,
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

The caps, or, as they were then called, bonnets, were made of fine cloth, silk, and velvet, and were perfectly dazzled with jewelry. Another picture represents a lady in the costume of the year 1454. Around her head she wears a broad embroidered bandeau, from which, on the right side, is suspended, in a festoon, a large string of pearls. The graceful folds of a flowing veil cover the rest of the head, and form a coiffure infinitely preferable to the horned towers we before described. The garment is a long loose vest, plaited in front; it has a richly embroidered collar, and the sleeves are tight down to the wrist, and trimmed with buttons.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth, the ladies' coiffures again occupy much attention. They were often tall and pointed, like steeples; or, to use the words of Paradin, "they resembled asses' ears." Here are drawings of two of the most curious:—



Gowns with bodices laced in front now became

the fashion. Strutt imagines they were stays, from their being called *corse*. Trains were banished, and the ladies' gowns were trimmed with rich fur. They had also sumptuous girdles, with clasps, and long gold chains encircled their necks.

In a print of Richard the Third, contained in Walpole's Life of that monarch, we find him represented with long curling hair, but neither beard, whiskers, nor mustaches. His *pourpoint* appears to be embroidered with the royal arms across the breast; his pantaloons, or *chausses*, are quite tight, reach to the feet, and are without ornament; his large shoes

are barred across; his sleeves tight, with rosettes at the elbows; and a sort of puffed handkerchief, not unlike a ruff, encircles his neck; his cloak has a train that sweeps along the ground, and is lined with ermine. On his head he wears a crown. His queen has long hair, hanging to her waist, and parted over the forehead; her robe is splendid; her furred mantle (embroidered with the arms of England, and of her own family) is closed at the throat with a magnificent brooch, so that but little of the under garment is visible.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

A DREAM of the *past*—when shadows were lying,
Enveloping everything fair in their fold,
And snowy-white clouds o'er the blue skies were flying,
Their edges just touched with a light fringe of gold—
When azure-leaved flow'rets the cool dews were drink-
ing,
Then closing their soft eyes in slumber most deep,
While pure lily-buds in their beauty were sinking,
Amid the green moss, to their music-lulled sleep:

When tones of the night wind, so soft and beguiling,
Came trembling o'er roses and stealing perfume—
And stars from the far azure heavens seemed smiling,
And breathing of peace in a glorious home—
A dream of the *past* to my lone heart came creeping;
I saw the fair forms that long since passed away,
And forgot that the bravest and fairest are sleeping
Beneath the tall grass where the soft breezes play.

They leaned o'er my forehead and parted the tresses
That waved damply over my feverish cheek;
Their white arms were thrown, with the fondest ca-
resses,
About my bowed neck; and their eyes, blue and meek,
Looked into my own with their radiant splendor,
Their glance of deep joy, till my heart, like a lute,
Seemed trembling with music most thrilling and tender,
My heart that stern sorrow had taught to be mute.

One, *one* in his proud beauty nearer and dearer
Than all the loved forms that bent over my brow,
Spoke words as of old, only softer and clearer,
More like a sweet angel-tone—musical, low;
His thin fingers over my pale cheek were twining,
And parting the damp hair whose shadowy fold

Half hid the deep anguish his heart was divining,
And shrouded the brow that seemed rigid and cold

And one—a fair *bride*, in her shadowless glory,
With a cheek rosy-tinged, and a brow white as
snow—

Clasped gently her pale hands, and told me the story
Of all her deep bliss, in her tones soft and low:
She had come from her home where the sweet lulling
Murmur

Of love-voices mingles in musical notes,
And through the long hours of the balm-laden Summer,
Through bright starry bowers the golden light floats.

And one—with deep rapture her dark eyes were flashing,
And wavy brown hair floated over her cheek—
With low tones of gladness her light feet were dashing
The up-springing blossom that bloomed pure and
meek,

And were they but visions the weary heart mocking—
But wild fancies come like a bright gleam from
heaven,

To leave the soul coldly and fearfully rocking
Upon the dark waves in the shadows of even!

Bright dreams of the *past*, were your whispers but
bringing
Such gold-shrouded memories, only to dash
From out the lone bosom, where sweet Hope was
flinging

A ray of pure sunlight, and rapture's deep flash—
Each trace of the joy that my heart had been cheering,
Each soft glance of love from those angelic eyes!
Each tone of affection so fond and endearing,
Remembered long after its low music dies!

SONNET.—"LOVE NOT THE WORLD."

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

"Love not the world," nor godless through it rove;
Sad seat is it of selfishness and sin.
Of toil, and turmoil, and unceasing din,
Where gold is worshiped, not the God above.
"Love not the world!"—'tis but a troublous sea,
With wrathful billows seeking to o'erwhelm.
"Save, Lord, we perish," cry: He nigh the helm
VOL. XLII.—15

Will make us walk life's waves from danger free.
"Love not the world," where hurricane and storm
And tempest sweep so hurriedly by;
Love Him, the Crucified on Calvary—
Who left the seat of bliss—took human form—
That unto us, by faith, it might be given
To gaze through "golden vistas" into Heaven.

SUSAN CLIFTON; OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

(Continued from page 97.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evening before the day appointed for Richard Clifton's return to the city, the brothers were sitting on a rock which projected over the waters of a small stream which ran through a pleasant grove in the vicinity of the house. They had often sat together upon that rock in their early days, and watched the sports of the tiny fishes in the crystal waters, and talked of what they would do when they came to be men. Now they were men. They were sitting on the same spot where they were wont to sit when young hearts were within their bosoms. Did they wish for young hearts again?

"You have named to-morrow as the day for your return to the city?" said Henry.

"Yes."

No word was spoken about the possibility of prolonging his visit.

"When shall we meet again?" said Henry.

"I hope you will come to the city the coming winter. Next summer, it is my purpose to come here again," replied Richard.

"If your life be spared," added Henry, grieved that no reference was made to that Providence which had so kindly protected them for so many years.

Richard bowed in assent, but made no remark.

"When at home, does your business occupy all your time?" said Henry.

"Not of necessity. The division of labor in our establishment is so systematic and complete, that it is not necessary that I should remain in the counting-room but a few hours of the day. From long habit, however, my mind runs constantly on my business, so that I may as well be in my counting-room as anywhere else. When matters were arranged after my return from abroad, I attempted to spend more time at home—that is, at my house—but I found it lonesome there. I wish it were possible that your daughter would return with me; she would make my home cheerful and happy. I suppose, however, that question is decided?"

Henry replied by an inclination of the head.

"Your wife will write to Mrs. Clifton?"

"She will, or rather she has already done so."

"Then we need speak no more on that subject."

As he said this he breathed a sigh, the first which Henry had observed to escape from him. "The truth is," continued Richard, "I have accomplished all that I set out to accomplish, and I have nothing

more before me. If I had children, I could live for them."

"Live for duty and for a future world," said Henry, solemnly.

Richard made no reply, nor did his countenance give any indication of the thought and feeling which may have been occasioned by the remark. After some moments passed in silence, Henry remarked—

"I am afraid, my brother, that your prosperity will prove your ruin."

"I have been prospered abundantly."

"Far more than you have been thankful for."

"Yes."

"You have accomplished all you aimed at in regard to this world; you still have life, health, and leisure. Why not now bend your energies to accomplishing life's great end? What difficulty lies in the way? It would seem that if there were a man on earth who is under peculiar obligations to do that work, you are that man."

"The great difficulty lies in a want of disposition to enter upon the work. I seldom feel any desire leading me in that direction. And, besides, if I had the desire, it would be next to impossible for me to do anything in relation to that subject. Every influence to which I am subject is unfavorable."

"Will not that continue to be the case?"

"I fear so."

Again there was a long interval of silence. Henry's heart was sorely pained. The cool deliberation with which his brother rejected all care for the future seemed to him more hopeless than open impiety and crime.

"I have sometimes thought of engaging in political life," said Richard; "but I fear I should lower my present standing."

"How the soul will put forth her claims for something higher than earth! You once thought if you could gain what you have gained you would be perfectly satisfied. Now your soul reaches forth for something more."

At that moment, Horace Larned passed along the footpath which lay near them. He had been to receive some instruction in Latin from the pastor of the village church, and was taking the nearest way home. Richard Clifton watched him closely as he passed, then fixed his eyes upon the ground and seemed buried in thought.

"That youth, you say, is the son of Margaret Hyde?"

"Yes."

"Is he a worthy young man?"

"He is."

Several other questions were asked respecting him; but Henry's brief replies showed his desire to say as little about him as possible.

"Well," said Richard, rising from his seat and skipping a stone along the surface of the water, as he was wont to do when a boy, "I have some little preparation to make for my journey."

"We shall soon have to make preparation for our last journey. Would that my dear brother could be induced to act as wisely in regard to spiritual as to temporal things!"

To this remark Richard made no reply. They walked homewards in silence.

"Susan, dear," said the merchant, as he approached the house and found her standing in the door, "must I go home alone?"

There was a pathos in his tones which went to her heart. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, while her eyes overflowed with tears. His own eyes were not unmoistened as he returned her embrace.

"I have no one to love me," said he.

"I love you, and ever shall. Do come and live with us," said she.

"You must not fail to visit us next winter. Your father and mother will come with you." This was spoken in his usual calm, polished manner.

"Most gladly," was Susan's reply from her full heart.

The evening passed heavily. Henry was distressed for his brother, and that brother felt an uneasiness, a sense of want, far stronger than he was wont to feel. It produced a feeling nearly allied to the headache. At an early hour he retired to his chamber.

He had no inclination for sleep. He lay on his bed and thought of his early days. His thoughts soon clustered around one object.

Before he left the quiet country for the dusty walks of mammon, there was one who occupied a large place in his thoughts. There was a pure, gentle, warm-hearted girl, whose image was blended with all his dreams of the future, whose eye sparkled when his praise was spoken, and who wept when told of his departure for the city. No word of promise was spoken to her ear; but in his soul he had promised that he would return and share with her the wealth which was to reward his enterprise and toil. But when the world opened before him, and mammon claimed all his energies, the image of the gentle girl gradually faded from his heart. Marriage must be deferred till he had obtained a standing upon 'Change. Then he connected himself with the daughter of one of the merchant princes of the city. Years rolled on, and almost the very name of the object of his early love was forgotten.

But now his memory seemed to receive a singular refreshing. The form of that gentle girl seemed to be by his side. His walks with her were vividly remembered. The music of her voice seemed to be falling on his ear. For hours did memory fasten

his attention to this object. At a late hour of the night he fell asleep. In his dreams he was young again, an inhabitant of his native village, and the accepted lover of Margaret Hyde.

The next morning he returned to the city, and his thoughts resumed their usual channels.

CHAPTER IX.

"My dear child, I am afraid you will ruin your eyes," said an anxious mother to her son, who lay on the kitchen floor with his book held so as to receive the light of a blazing pine knot. Beside him was a basket partly filled with the material for light, and the only pause that took place in his studies was that occasioned by the necessity of replenishing the fire. "Would it not be better to wait for daylight?" continued the anxious mother.

"Please, mother, do not disturb me," said the young man, in a most respectful tone, "I wish to get out this passage. To-morrow I must work for Mr. Hays."

The widow plied her knitting in silence, while, unobserved by him, she watched the expressive countenance of her son as it revealed the workings of his mind. Now the knit brow and motionless muscles showed that he was grappling with some difficulty, and now the smile that just moved his lips spoke of the difficulty overcome. The mother breathed with ease or difficulty, according to the expression which rested on the features of her son. Ten and eleven were told by the rude clock, and as the hands were moving steadily towards twelve and no sign of weariness was given by the student—

"My son, remember you have a hard day's work to do to-morrow."

The son started and said, as he looked up—

"I thought you were in bed." Throwing the last pine-knot on the fire, he added, "I shall soon be through."

"My son, you must stop. You cannot endure everything. If I were to lose you, what would there be left for me to live for?"

The sad tone in which these words were spoken caused the youth to close his book, and to extinguish the knot which he had just kindled. Amid the darkness faintly relieved by the glimmer of a few coals, the widow and her son bowed in prayer before Him to whom the darkness is as the light, and then groped their way to their respective apartments.

Before the sun had risen, they were seated at their frugal breakfast. The son looked pale and careworn.

"My dear," said the mother, in a tone of tenderness, which can be used only by a widowed mother towards her only son, "I am distressed about you."

"I am very sorry, mother."

"I know it would be very painful for you to

cease from your studies; but is it not best that you should do so for the present?"

"I think not, so long as my health is firm. I cannot work if I do not study. I cannot live without studying as much, at least, as I do now."

"Can you not live in hope? Next winter you may be able to give all your time to study."

"Winter is some months distant, and I am not certain that I shall have my time at my command then. My mind will prey upon itself if I do not give it food. I *must* study. I cannot live without it."

"I am afraid there is some want of submission in this almost desperate determination to study at all hazards."

"Do not say so, mother. Remember the effect of what Mr. Maxwell said."

It may, perhaps, be well to interrupt the conversation here to explain the allusion made by the son. Mr. Maxwell was a former minister of the parish. He was a man of moderate intellect, calm, not to say cold, in his temperament. He had been carried smoothly through every stage in his education, and hence was not qualified to sympathize with the ardent, unquenchable desire for knowledge which filled the bosom of the young man who went to him for counsel. He thought him possessed by a vaulting ambition, which needed to be discouraged and repressed. He accordingly enumerated, and perhaps magnified the difficulties which lay in the way of his progress. "I came," said the young man, "in the hope that you could point out some way by which the difficulties I have already met with could be surmounted or removed. There is no need that they be increased."

After some further conversation, the pastor remarked that, if the manifest indications of Providence were against his getting an education, he had nothing to do but to submit. The young man left him in disgust and anger. He had not received the treatment he expected from one whose calling required him to look after the interests of the young, and especially to foster their desire for improvement. The effect upon his mind was exceedingly unhappy. A feeling approximating to hatred sprang up in his heart towards the pastor. He was half tempted to burn his books and plunge into dissipation and crime. But the mild, holy influence of his mother restrained him. Happily, a new pastor soon took the place of Mr. Maxwell. He heard of the young man's desire for knowledge, and sought him out, and offered him such encouragement and assistance as were within his power.

We will now resume the conversation broken off above.

"Mother, did Mr. Clifton go yesterday?"

"He was in the stage when it passed."

"Was he alone?"

"He was."

The countenances both of the mother and son were discomposed, either by these questions and answers or the thoughts that filled their minds dur-

ing the silence which followed. Mrs. Larned's thoughts reverted to the time when, as Margaret Hyde, she walked by the side of the handsome Richard Clifton, and Horace dwelt with more complacency than calmness on the fact that Susan Clifton had not accompanied her uncle to the city.

CHAPTER X.

"THERE'S a letter in the post-office for your mother," said Susan Clifton to Horace Larned, as he called at the door for some object necessary in itself, or made to appear so. Without some such object, he never approached Mr. Clifton's dwelling.

"It is a new thing for her to receive a letter," said Horace, blushing as the fact came to mind that he had not wherewith to pay the postage. Susan, suspecting the cause of his evident embarrassment, added—

"Father says it is from New York, postage paid."

"I am not aware that she has any acquaintances in New York," said Horace, still standing at the door, though Susan had twice invited him to enter, and was meditating upon the propriety of doing so again.

"Come in and sit down," said Mr. Clifton, "and tell me how you are getting along in your studies."

"I am not getting along at all," said Horace, complying with the invitation. "The Hebrews found it difficult to make brick without straw, and I find it difficult to study without time."

His answer was not altogether a correct one; for, by means of an occasional hour of daylight, and time stolen from sleep, he had made nearly as much progress as the majority of students having the command of all their time.

"I am afraid," continued Mr. Clifton, "that you will destroy your health by too intense application. If"—Susan, having an instinctive perception that her father was about to say something to Horace which it would give him pain to hear in her presence, hastily withdrew—"if you will lay aside your books till fall, I will lend you money to enable you to pursue your studies at some good academy."

"You are very kind, and I will consider your offer."

He rose and took his leave, without waiting for Susan's return, a fact that she did not allow to escape unnoticed.

"It was very kind in him to make the offer," said Horace to himself, as he walked with hasty steps towards the post-office; "but it must not be. It must never be said that I was educated by her father's bounty."

He received the letter and hastened to his mother.

"Mother, do you know any one in New York?"

"I know Mr. Clifton."

"But he don't know you. Is there any one there who knows you?"

"Yes."

Horace could not account for the embarrassment which his inquiries had evidently occasioned.

"Here is a letter for you, mother."

"A letter for me!"

"Yes, ma'am."

She took it and examined the exterior, but did proceed to open it.

"If you please, mother," said he, with his sweetest smile, "I should like to know whom it is from."

Mrs. Larned arose and went to her private room, and, ere long, she returned with a calm expression of countenance, though it was plain she had been weeping.

"The letter, my son, is from Mr. Richard Clifton."

"From Mr. Richard Clifton! When and where did he ever know you?"

"You forget that we were born in the same village, and are not far from the same age."

"I never heard you speak of him."

Horace paused that his mother might communicate the contents of the letter. She intended to do so, after having given him some account of her early acquaintance with Richard Clifton; but she found herself unable to do so.

"You may take the letter," said she, "and read it yourself."

He was about to read it in her presence.

"I prefer that you should go to your room and read it there, and reflect on the proposition it contains."

He went to his room and read as follows:—

"MRS. LARNED: When on a recent visit to my brother, I saw a young man who, I was told, was the son of my old friend, Margaret Hyde. I am informed that he is a promising young man, and desires an education. As an old friend of his mother, I should like to aid him. Inclosed is my check for one hundred dollars. He may draw upon me quarterly for that amount till his education is completed.

"Respectfully yours,

"RICHARD CLIFTON."

Horace soon returned to his mother.

"The offer is a generous one, and I am obliged to him; but I cannot surrender my sense of independence, let what will come. You will return the money, with my thanks for his kind intentions."

"I heartily approve your decision," said his mother; "and yet I do not see how you can get an education by your own exertions. Perhaps it may not be right to refuse the means thus proffered."

"At any rate, it is decided. But what is there in this letter to disturb you so much? There is something about it which I do not understand."

"Mr. Clifton and myself were intimate friends when we were young."

"Did he violate an engagement with you?" said Horace, with a flashing eye.

"No formal engagement existed between us;

though it was generally thought there did. We were intimate till the world got possession of his heart. I have not spoken with him for many a long year."

"And he would atone for the wrong done to the mother by pecuniary bounty to the son! It is well he did not offer it when he was here. You will let me answer the letter?"

"Calmly, my son. The letter requires a civil reply. I will, in your name, simply decline his offer. If, as I believe, his better feelings prompted the letter, let them not meet with a rebuff."

Horace was accustomed to defer to the better judgment of his mother. He resumed his labor, cherishing a stronger determination to force his way through every obstacle to intellectual distinction. What was it which gave a daily increasing vigor to that determination? He had, it is true, an innate thirst for knowledge whose intensity was equal to that attained by passion in other minds; but to this was added another impulse. He was confident that he was not indifferent to Susan Clifton; he must have a reputation that would enable him to stand on a level with the proudest of her name, before he would ask her to exchange that name for his.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is a long time since you have been to see us," said Susan Clifton to Horace Larned, as they accidentally met in the outskirts of the village, about two weeks after the occurrence of the incidents above recorded.

Horace was about to say that he had been very busy; but that, he was conscious, would not be stating the true reason of the absence noticed. To her he would utter words of the utmost verity. He therefore made no verbal reply to her remark, though his working countenance told of thoughts and feelings which she could not read.

"You have not been ill?" said she, in a tone of interest, which, despite his utmost efforts, brought the tear to his eye.

"No," he replied, "I have not been ill; but—I have been low spirited."

"And you would not let your friends see you, lest they should cheer you up, or, at least, sympathize with you?"

"I did not know that there were any who would sympathize with me."

"Horace Larned! do you say what you feel?"

"No, Miss Clifton, I do not; but—I am poor."

"What does possess you, Horace?"

"An intense ambition, and—an intense love for you."

Horace felt her lean more heavily upon his arm, which she had taken when they met, as his voice changed from the fierce tone in which the first part of the above sentence was uttered to the whisper with which it was closed. Indeed, he found it ne

cessary to afford her efficient support while they turned from the highway into a grove which bordered it. A rock underneath a wide-spreading beech formed a convenient seat. Susan leaned her head upon his shoulder, but spoke not.

"Have I offended you by speaking thus?" said he, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion.

A whispered "no" was her reply, while she dropped her head still lower on his bosom. Intense as were the feelings of his heart, and assured as he thus was of her sympathy with those feelings, he dared not touch the cheek so near his own. He had been surprised into a declaration of his love. He felt as if he had taken an undue advantage of one who had long been dearer to him than life. He leaned his head upon his hand and wept.

"I am sorry I spoke as I did," said he, in the manner of one thinking aloud.

"If you wish to take back your words," said she, raising herself from his bosom and removing his arm from her, "do so." She had no sooner uttered these words than she burst into tears.

"No! no!" said he, passionately, drawing her somewhat resisting to his bosom. "Never did I utter truer words, except that they do not half express what I have long felt for you."

Again she rested upon his bosom.

"I did not mean to speak those words while poor and unknown. I did hope that the day might come when the distance between us might be not so great."

"And how did you know," said she, raising herself and looking him in the face, while a smile sweeter than he had ever seen before rested upon her lips, "that I, like a good and patient girl, would wait for you to perform your exploits?"

"I thought nothing about it. I was absorbed by the one idea of making myself worthy of you."

"Well, now that you have spoken, and we understand each other, you may lay aside somewhat of that distance and reserve which has been grow-

ing upon you of late, and allow me to sympathize with you in all things."

"What will your father say to what I have done?"

"I believe he has suspected you for some time of harboring designs against the peace of his daughter." Seeing that her sportive manner did not chord with the deep earnestness of his feeling, she added, in a graver tone, "My father will object to nothing which he believes will be for the happiness of his child."

"And what will your rich uncle say?"

"Nothing but what is kind. Your mother had a letter from him?"

"He offers to assist me in my education."

"Just like him. I am very glad."

"I declined his assistance."

"Declined it! Wherefore, I pray?"

"Because I was not born to eat the bread of dependence."

"You are too proud to live."

"I am too proud to beg," smiling for the first time since their interview began.

"Would you let me assist you, if I had the means?"

To that voice, so tender and earnest, he could not abruptly utter the negative which rose to his lips. It was uttered, however; and an expression of pain passed over her countenance.

"You have no right," said she, with solemn energy, "to destroy yourself. My life is bound up in yours."

A passionate pressure of her to his breast was the only reply he could make.

"Let us return home," said she; "they may think I am lost. We will consider this and other matters when we are more calm."

Their walk home was, for the most part, a silent one. Not a few who observed them on the way, however, drew correct inferences as to the relation they now sustained to each other.

(To be continued.)

SABBATH LYRICS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THE CHURCH IN ASHES.—A PARAPHRASE.—ISAIAH LXIV.

ALAS! our beautiful and Holy House,
Wherein our fathers met of old for praise,
Is with consuming fire burnt up, and all
Our pleasant things are perished in the blaze:
Our Holy City is a wilderness,
And desolation darkens still our eyes;
Father, we know that we have sinned, but bless,
With mercy, where thy justice might despise.

Suffer that we this ruin may repair,
Rebuild the home our fathers raised for thee;
Renew the covenant that bids thee spare,
Nor scatter wide the flock that would not flee:

True, we have wandered from thy Shepherd's fold,
Have hearkened not his call; but, still astray,
Have turned deaf ear, with hearts too quickly cold,
And merit not the mercies that we pray.

Yet spare us, Father, and the Holy House,
That still we loved to seek on sacred days,
Restore and hallow, that we may not fear
Again the terrors of the midnight blaze;
Make peaceful still the walks we trod of yore,
Make green once more the trees that felt thy scald
That, seeing how gracious art thou to restore,
Our gratitude may help our feeble faith.

KINNEHO: A LEGEND OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

VISIT TO MOOSEHEAD—LINES TO THE LAKE—OUR CAIRN BUILT.

In the interior of the State of Maine is a large lake, which, from its supposed resemblance in shape to the head of a moose, has received that appellation. Moosehead Lake, at the time we made a pilgrimage thereto, some few years since, was in the midst of an entire wilderness, the merge covered with a dense forest, and the broad, beautiful waters alive with innumerable wild fowl. We remember the moon was large, and the atmosphere at midnight had that clear deepening blue, away into the lessening stars, that always fills the soul with a sense of the Infinite.

How lovely seemed this bowl of crystal beauty amid the hills! how solemn the shadow of those ancient trees, tall, motionless, and stretching away into the unknown desert! We listened to the lonely cry of the loon and the solitary call of the moose, the voices of huge unsocial denizens of this remote and soul-stirring region, till the heart throbbed wildly at its oppressive grandeur.

In front was the bald head of Kinneho, a high bluff rising from the centre of the lake; far to the left appeared what is quaintly called Squaw Mountains; fifty miles to the right, Katahdin stands beneath his canopy of clouds alone and regal. Islands of rare beauty, inlets bordered with white sand, "like fringe upon a petticoat," rested in the moonlight, and beckoned the fancy away to delicious dreams of wild devoted love and a lodge in the wilderness. At our feet lay a Newfoundland dog, whose eyes wandered over the lake with such a look of superhuman intelligence and content, that we were sure he shared not our enthusiasm, but had an enthusiasm of his own: not dog enthusiasm for wild goose or duck; but the scene suggested the fairest dreams of poetry and romance to his heart—the doctrines of Pythagoras assumed a new truth—we were sure some faithful and devoted soul was struggling up to its best form in the shape of that dog; hereafter he would emerge as a lover worthy of a Sappho or a Heloise. Alas! that we shall have passed on to another sphere before that day shall arrive!

We visited the top of Kinneho, the first white woman (Heaven save the mark) that ever touched the summit. Reader, your pardon; we have a mind to tell a fact in connection with this journey. The chances for fame are precarious, you know. Women who write now are not a few slatternly, odd, withered-looking bugbears; they make a little array

of nice, dashing, elegant feminines, who are capable of anything that arrests their attention; from the darning of a pair of hose to the writing of an ode, the tending of the baby, compounding of a pudding, writing an epic, or breaking a heart, each and all they do with perfect facility, address, and comfort, both to themselves and others. Each lady writer understands the power of her sister author, and so far from disparaging her or it, and being eaten up with envy, as the uninitiated suppose, she is joyous and appreciating, and foresees great good to her kind from the accumulating power of womanmind; but she does see that the chances for her own selfish individual distinction are lessened by the numbers in the field, and she begins to repeat—

"Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown
The same—if Tully's, or your own."

Well, we confess our exordium is something long; but we shall come to our story, our little trumpet-peal of our own corner of fame, in the process of time. What was a wilderness five years ago is now a thrifty hamlet. A steamer plies upon Moosehead; an hotel, radiant in white and green, exults over Kinneho. Poets, artists, millwrights and schoolmasters have made the desert to blossom "like the rose"—oh no! like a vigorous and expanding cabbage—its lonely romance is over. Thrift and enterprise rejoice the spirit of the worldling, and even we rejoice; although the coverts of Pan are desecrated, genial hearthstones and household voices bring gladness wherever they appear; but not the less do we roll the sweet morsel of content under our tongue, inasmuch as Moosehead was ours in her primal loveliness, wild, heroic, and most beautiful; queen-like did she sit amid the hills, unsung and unvisited, and then we ventured a stop in her praise—

TO MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Lake of the beautiful! solemn and still,
How art thou sleeping by mountain and rill!
Welcome to thee,
Primal and free!
Rarely a footstep thy silence hath broken,
Poet-lip never thy beauty hath spoken;
Screened in the wilderness lonely and far,
As we see in the north sky one only star.

Lake of the cold clime, buried in wild-wood,
Ages of solitude over thee brood;
The plunge of the bird
In the distance is heard;
Softly away and away dies the sound,
Lost in the glens that encircle thee round:

Thou art a creature delighting to reign
Where the light-footed snow wakes no echo again.

Lake of the dark pine! imp of the north land!
Calmly in winter thou foldest thy white hand:
The Frost-spirit here,
With glittering spear,
Sits at thy feet with his pale bannered host;
Lover of thine long he clings to his post.
Sound the loud blast of his bugle by night,
The breast of the "Thaw King" to fill with affright.

Lake of the mountain home! baring his brow,
Up from his flinty bed springs Kinneho;
Lo! antlered and tall,
'Gainst the heaven's blue wall,
Capping the bold cliff, the stately moose stands,
Snuffing the wind that from ice-covered lands
Tells where the moss and the fir-tree are growing—
Tells where the stream from the iceberg is flowing.

Lake of the eyrie! befitting thy pride,
Springs the bald eagle the tempest to ride:
White-headed storm bird,
Wild is thy scream heard,
Waking the desolate rocks at thy call,
Pelts the gray rain and the snow javelins fall,
Nor turns thy strong wing aside from its flight,
The tumult is gladness to thee and delight.

Lake of the wilderness, joy of the heart,
Chainless and curbless, how graceful thou art!
Cup of the hills,
Millions of rills
Bring unto thee, from forest and mountain,
Tributes of crystal from cavern-hid fountain;
Rejoiced at thy beauty, as all things delight,
When a gleam of the beautiful gladdens the sight.

We say nothing of the poetry—Heaven forefend that we should sit in judgment upon our own offspring. We are no Brutus: we have ever considered the virtue of the old Roman as questionable. We record the lines only as an existing fact, preparatory to another fact which we desire to set forth with becoming modesty. It became known that we had worshiped at Kinneho, had sung the praises of Moosehead, and a monument was raised by our guide to commemorate the event. The *monument was raised in honor of ourself*. Gentle reader, do not smile; do not look in scorn upon our notation. In the hereafter, there may be none to raise a monument to our ashes; be it so, our cairn is built. In that wild, solitary region our pillar of stones is set up, and men who know little of us, except that we once stood upon that spot, keep the incident alive. Others have followed us, other heaps of stones are piled upon the mountain; but the stout lumbermen are tenacious of our glory, and they gather together and keep our column the tallest, and point it out as something in which they feel an interest. We are content. This simple proof of remembrance amid the hills of our own State has touched our heart most nearly, and we are willing to leave to others the marble monument and noisy plaudit, while our cairn is built upon Kinneho.

And now we will to our story.

KINNEHO.

MAQUASO DEVOTED TO HER CHILD—FLIES FROM HER CRUELTY—ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN PIPE—DISAPPEARANCE OF KINNEHO.

Squaw Mountain, of which we have before spoken, rises at the distance of perhaps five miles from Kinneho. The Indian appellation is lost, and the name it now bears, uncouth as it sounds, was given it by the whites in the first settlement of the country. When the story is known which gave rise to the name, we trust Squaw Mountain will sound neither uncouth nor unlovely.

At the time that Raleigh Gilbert, half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, made a settlement at the mouth of Kennebec River, in 1606, that region was inhabited by a powerful tribe of Indians called the Norridgewocks, a tribe second perhaps only to the Mohawks of New York. They were enterprising, hardy, and courageous in a remarkable degree, and had long held all the other clans, from the St. Croix to the Narragansets (the last only being able to defy them), in complete subjection. Their villages were scattered along the whole course of the river, from its mouth even to the upper sources, and along its many tributaries. In the hunting seasons, the shores of Moosehead, and the many lakes contiguous, afforded abundance of game, and gratified that love for the wild and mysterious which always forms an ingredient in the savage mind. Indeed, to this day, when the encroachments of the whites have done so much to change the character of the Indian, he still seeks his game in these ancient hunting-grounds, and may often be encountered in some lonely glen intent upon a luckless moose, or spearing salmon in the midst of rapids. Travelers delight in their escort; and at night, when the camp fires are lighted and the hemlock boughs spread for the night, when the pipe goes round and the wildwood feast is over, the Indian loses his taciturnity and repeats with pride, not unmingled with sadness, the stories of his people. He never pronounces the name *Katabdu*, which has a mysterious and forbidden import; the mountain itself being supposed the habitation of the great Spirit of Evil, who there dwells amid its lonely caverns enveloped in an eternal canopy of clouds; for the top of Katabdu is rarely disincumbered of these. It was on an occasion such as we have described that we gathered the legend we are about to relate.

Though the season was August, a sharp northerly wind was biting cold, and made the camp fire not only cheery, but absolutely essential to comfort. This fire was built of an immense pile of logs placed transversely across two, which had been so laid down as to supply the place of andirons. Our oiled tent was pretty and picturesque, and when the pale was ornamented with our pistols, caps, gloves, and the numerous paraphernalia of a gipsy-party, who went from pure woodland enthusiasm into the desert, it will at once be perceived that not

a touch of cockneyism existed amongst us, but all was true, earnest, and picturesque, not only in the members, but the appendages of each.

The light glowed warmly upon the faces of our group: Morman examined the lock of his rifle, and then placed it within the shelter of the tent; Nannie reclined upon one elbow with an attitude worthy of a gipsy queen; the rest were cosily dispersed in various positions, while we, dreading repose, lest thought should become too painful for endurance, had lingered without watching the sparks as they ascended amid the trees, the blaze of the fire casting a white light upon the huge trunks. The stars were clear and tranquil, the scene so lovely, so remote and solitary; we, a handful of human beings, away from our fellows, and impelled hither neither by the hope of fame nor desire of gain, but simply because our hearts yearned for the primal in nature. An intense loneliness, such as we sometimes feel in a crowd, caused me to sigh heavily. Our Indian guide took the pipe from his mouth, and, for the first time, I saw he was near me, his bright eye, with its half-closed lid, fixed upon my face.

"The white woman has an Indian soul," he murmured; "she can close her face over her heart."

So, then, the best touch of refinement to the civilized and the savage are the same—concealment. Not the callous hardihood of the vulgar or depraved, but the Spartan, gathering his robe over his pangs and looking tranquilly abroad.

I pointed to Katahdu, behind which the slender thread of the moon was just sinking—

"Tell me of that mysterious pile," I said.

The Indian shook his head. He had now resumed his pipe, and the voice of Nannie from the tent admonished me that the air was chill, and our walk had been long and painful. Gathering my feet beneath me, I now sat watching the faces of those about me. Our Indian had settled himself near, and I could catch an occasional glance of his eye drawn to my face, as if impelled by an unwonted sympathy.

"We are in the pathway of Kinneho, when he used to visit yonder," he at length said, pointing in the direction of Katahdu.

He saw we were all eager for the story, and he went on; but I must give it in my own words.

The whole way from Moosehead Lake to the base of Katahdu is threaded by a chain of lakes, through which the Indian paddles his canoe, and at the several portages shoulders his light burden till a tramp of a mile, it may be less or more, enables him to launch it once more upon one of these lovely sheets of water. It will be seen that the great promontory which rises out of the centre of Moosehead takes its name from the principal personage of our story.

More than two hundred years ago, an old chief, who had taken a young wife late in life, became the father of a very beautiful girl, of rare wisdom, likewise, whom he called Maquaso, or the robin, because her cheek showed the red through the olive

hue, like the feathers upon the breast of this bird. Now this chief, besides being old, was nearly blind. It was believed his young wife had rubbed his eyes while he slept with the leaves of the poisonous hemlock, in revenge for some wrong she had suffered. Be that as it may, Maquaso, as she came to womanhood, was known to esteem her mother but lightly, while her whole soul seemed devoted to the comfort of her infirm parent.

It could not be otherwise but the graces of Maquaso would win the admiration of her people, and we find skins and venison, trophies of the chase and river, were often laid at the door of the wigwam as testimonies of love; but the presents of Muckaë (black heart) far outshone all others. Moreover, whenever the morning showed a heap at the lodge of the old chief, bearing the totem or mark of the young donor, Muckaë spurned it aside with his foot and placed his own offering within the entrance, in a manner that showed it must not be rejected. Maquaso shuddered as she saw this; for Muckaë was a bad man, whom the tribe feared; but he was at the head, and no one dared resist him.

When, at length, Muckaë asked her of her father, she made no resistance, but became his wife. Shortly after this event, her father died, and Maquaso, out of dread of her husband, dissembled her grief for him just as she did her aversion to Muckaë. But, as moons wore on, she grew more stately in manner, and more firm and violent in speech, till the bad chief in time grew half fearful in his turn. She was diligent, patient, and thrifty; his wigwam the best provided amongst the tribe; but Muckaë was morose and cruel of heart, and never a smile beamed from his face. Maquaso spread the skins and cooked his venison, but she was silent; and when the women of the tribe assembled at their feasts of the hunt and ripening corn, she was not among them.

At length, she became the mother of a boy, whom she called Kinneho. Now her whole nature was roused into action. She bathed his limbs, she trained him to courage, to hardihood, and virtue. She taught him to bend the bow, for she had often brought down game for her infirm father. With her own hand she prepared him for the chase or the battle-field, and was never happy away from his side. Kinneho was, in truth, so beautiful, that he seemed worthy of her care. Stately in height and swift of foot, with his mother's clear and vigorous intellect, he soon became first in the war party, as he had always been first in the chase. At the council fire, too, Maquaso, seated with the women, saw with delight that old men listened to his voice with deference, and often followed his suggestions.

She was still beautiful; for, rejecting the servile life that uncultured woman submits to, she had dwelt in the midst of her own great thoughts while her hands labored in the wigwam, therefore care and age had found no place upon which to leave their traces. Her husband had long since given himself up to a morose and solitary life, under pre-

tence of having become a great medicine-man, leaving the whole care of providing for the boy to his mother.

Now whether there is that in human nature that makes it ungrateful to tenderness, regardless of what is lavishly bestowed, and covetous of that which is denied it, or whether there is a depth beyond human requital, we will not take upon ourselves to determine; it may be that moral qualities are transmissible to a greater degree than we comprehend. Whatever might be the cause, Maquaso was stung to the soul to find, as years grew upon the boy, he was morose, cruel, and sullen of heart as his father had been, rewarding her tenderness with scorn or indifference. She was far too wise and too proud to complain at this; but the women, who are always observant of each other, became aware of the fact, and it was much talked about amongst the people. At length, one morning beside the stones of the council fire was found a pair of worn moccasins, a decayed robe, and a braid of hair, which were known to have belonged to Maquaso.

These tokens were designed to indicate that the owner was dead to the tribe; and when it was found that Maquaso had disappeared, terrible thoughts grew upon the minds of the people. It was in vain that Kinneho joined in the search, and declared he was ignorant of her fate; his former bad repute fixed suspicion upon him, and a council was held, before which he was cited to appear. Prior to this, the young men had refused to join him in the hunt, and he was forbidden to sit amongst the chiefs who deliberated upon a war path about to be taken against a party of their enemies who had encamped upon the river Androscoggin.

When Kinneho appeared before the council, the chiefs, one and all, arose and turned their backs upon him. The oldest man amongst them approached him, and taking the war-club from his hand tossed it into the midst of the flames, then seizing his bow, he broke it asunder. Kinneho uttered a cry of rage and defiance, and plunged into the forest.

The chiefs now started on their war-path; but they missed the courage and zeal of Kinneho. The way was long and toilsome, their enemies fierce. As they approached the vicinity, the scouts came in, declaring the numbers of their foe to be many as leaves of the trees, for they counted as many as a dozen smokes. Cautiously did the party come on, watching each the planting of his foot, lest the crackling of a twig or the stirring of a branch should betray their proximity. As they neared, a single voice arose, clear and strong, singing the chant that betokens victory. They uttered the yell of the savage and sprang forward upon the foe. There was a dead silence, and every man stood in the glare of the flame arrested and silent.

The ground was strewn with the dead, and the reeking blood bubbled amid the ashes. Standing above the field of carnage was Kinneho, stringing

the scalps to his girdle. He had kindled fires around the foe, which deceived and bewildered them, and then rushing upon them while they slept, had made them his prey. The young warriors set up a shout of approval, but Kinneho stalked forth in silence, leaving them to the feast of the dead.

At length, he fixed his lodge upon the top of the mountain in the centre of Moosehead Lake, which still bears his name. Here the tribe, in their hunts, saw all night the light against the sky, and a long streak of red across the water; but no one dared to approach him. If by chance a party met him in the forest, they fled before him; for he was known to be implacable in his rage, and the wildest stories were told of his single-handed valor.

Soon after Kinneho had established himself upon Moosehead, he observed a faint gleam of fire upon what is now called Squaw Mountain. At first, he thought this might be a tree blasted by lightning slowly consuming itself; but as night after night presented the same appearance, he resolved to learn the mystery. Perhaps he hoped to surprise a party of his people. He crossed the lake in his canoe, and drawing it up under the bank, followed the direction in which he had seen the light. He ascended the mountain with covert step; as he neared the top, he saw beside a small spring that bubbled from the rocks a rude lodge. As he stood gazing upon the scene, a woman came from the door bearing a birchen bowl, which she filled at the fountain. It was the once beautiful Maquaso, bent, emaciated, and her hair bleached to the color of the hoar frost. Kinneho rushed forward and clasped her in his arms. She looked in his face; but her eyes were wild and streaming with tears. Kinneho smoothed the white hair from her brow and strove to comfort her; but she seemed not to know him, only weeping and wringing her hands. He brought down a partridge with his bow and spread it upon the coals, in the hope it might restore her; but she only wept the more, with her eyes fixed piteously upon his face. At length they closed slowly—Maquaso was dead.

Kinneho made her grave beside the fountain, and came piously day by day with fruits and venison to comfort her in the long journey to the spirit-land. It was to the tears of Maquaso that we owe one of the most beautiful of our August plants. Wherever these fell, the Indian pipe appeared, white and pure, like congealed sorrow. The Great Spirit caused this to spring up as a memorial of her grief.

Kinneho lived more than a hundred suns in this desolate spot. His people tried to conciliate him; but he would never return to their favor. Once a year, when the Gat-gwah-da-ah, or Watchers, as the Indians beautifully term the Pleiades, hung at evening in the west, he went across the chain of lakes to the Great Mountain, or Katahdin. Why he did so, how he dared to do so, no one knew; but old men believed he had made a compact with the evil powers there; but for what purpose is now lost.

At length, his fire appeared no more upon the top of the mountain. Hunters, as they peered through

the trees at the marge of the lake, could no more see him, as they often had done, moving to and fro upon the bold cliff. They told how Kinneho never bent with age, how his white hair and eagle eye looked venerable yet terrible as he stood taller than other chiefs, and striking terror into their hearts. When they had watched night after night, and were sure he was not there, they ventured to cross the lake, thinking to find him dead in his lodge.

But neither chief, nor lodge, nor vestige of any kind rewarded their search. There is a fountain welling from the side of the rock (out of which you yourselves drank, Sophia and Nannie, and where the party crowned ourself Queen of Kinneho); here they thought at least to find a pipe, a bowl, or some-

thing to show that human life had been passed in so wild a spot; but the redberries clustered then as now above the clear water, and all was solitary and tokenless.

Men remembered the visits of Kinneho to the Great Mountain, and shook their heads bodingly; and when it was found that the top of the cliff was covered with flinty rocks, as if they had been melted in the fire, that neither grass nor moss grew where the footsteps of the man passed, they were confirmed in their worst suspicions. They believed the stones were burned and melted under the feet of the necromancer, Kinneho, who is now confined in the bowels of the mountain.

TO MY ABSENT LITTLE BOY.—MIDNIGHT.

BY ION.

My child, my bright, my darling boy,
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy,
Mine eye may not thy face behold,
My arms may not thy form enfold,
Mine ear must miss that soft sweet voice
That bids my inmost heart rejoice,
For land and wave, a weary space,
Divide me from thy dwelling-place.

And thou, my beauteous boy, art sleeping—
Bland rest thy healthful senses steeping;
No ugly dream thy spirit scares—
No haunting ghost of unlaid cares:
But visions of thy primal home
To glad thee, sweet one, smiling come;
And cherub forms, a tiny band,
Throng eager round to clasp thy hand;
And thou art loud in baby mirth
With these young visitants of earth,
And lisping tales of sight and sound,
That in thy mortal home are found,
Of fathers' dandlings, mothers' kisses,
And all thy thousand little blisses,
And urging *them* to come and prove
How gladsome earth and parents' love!

And I in lonely musing sit,
And Fancy's shapes around me flit;
And thou, my darling boy, art here—
Thy frolic shout rings in mine ear;
Thy tiny form, in untaught grace,
Sweeps to and fro before my face:
I see the big blue eyes that speak,
The rosy mouth, the smooth plump cheek,
The face so spiritually bright—
Ail, all are present to my sight!

Another form is at thy side,
The archetype of thee, my pride!
The same bright face and eye of blue,
The same the rosy "wee bit mou,"

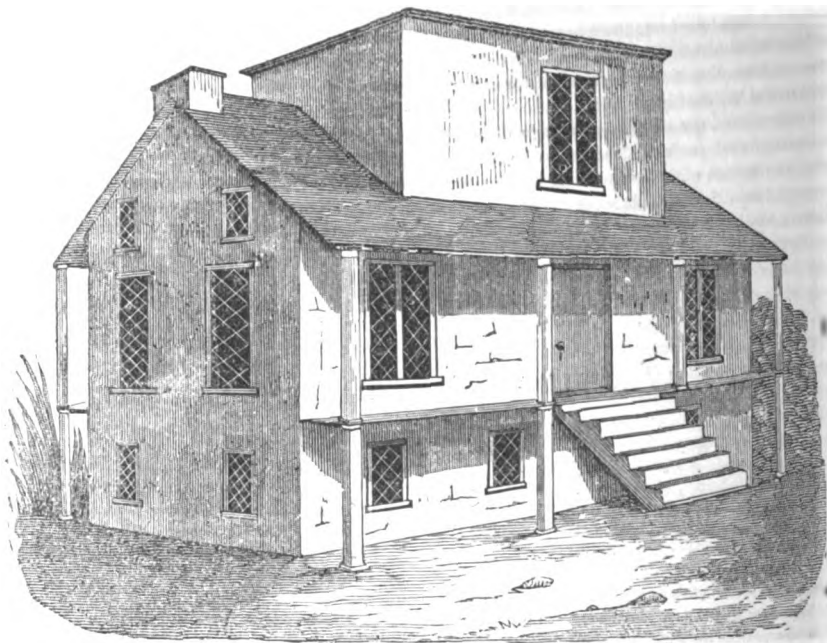
The same light shape in beauty moving,
The same quick soul attuned to loving,
The frolic laugh outringing clear—
Behold thy mother, baby dear!

I look abroad, but all is dumb,
Save that the distant city's hum
Steals softened up; and the low roar
Of waters dashing on the shore;
And the faint rustle 'mid the leaves
Of a vine trailing from the eaves,
And whispering coy a glad reply
To the "sweet South's" enamored sigh,
Blend in a strain of soothing power,
Fit concert for a musing hour.

The clear meek moon is forth above,
And troops of clouds around him move,
That, from her chaste eye catching light,
Show bright e'en as herself is bright!
So guilt, from its own nature won,
Grows pure when purely shone upon!

Beautiful boy! be 't mine to see
In yon fair moon a type of thee!
Thy spirit's light be caught alone
From the Creator's central Sun;
And fall from thee a guiding ray
On earth's night-wanderers' dubious way;
And though life's ills, cloud piled on cloud,
Come thronging round thy soul to shroud,
The faithful heart hath still the power,
Its own inalienable dower,
To bid these forms of gloom and wrath
Be heaven-bright shapes along thy path.

And when, dear boy, thy course is o'er,
And mortal sights thou greet'st no more,
Blended be then thy spirit's flame
With the pure orb, whence first it came,
E'en as yon moon, ner circuit run,
Wanes, fades, and dies in the bright sun!



PLAN OF A SOUTHERN COTTAGE.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LADY'S BOOK :—

I HAVE taken the liberty of sending you a sketch of a plan for a southern cottage, as I have often noticed that your plans of cottages were more expressly intended for the North, and in many respects would not answer at all for a southern climate.

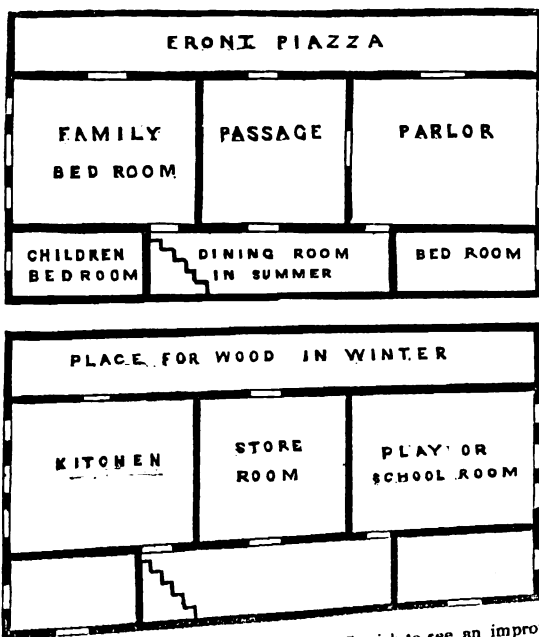
The publication of plans for cottages suited to our warm climate, combining, at the same time, beauty of structure with convenience and cheapness, would be received with pleasure by many who wish to improve and render more convenient their homes.

The kitchen is separate from the house, as are also the storeroom, dairy, &c. Even the smallest cottages have separate shelters for everything; and, indeed, in the country, farms have sometimes the appearance of small villages. In the South, cellars or basements are rarely seen. I can only give you a rough sketch of a plan, which perhaps will give you some idea of what I mean. It is a one-story house, the first floor of which is raised seven or eight feet from the ground, with a piazza attached, the same roof covering both house and piazzas—thus raising the garret, which may be finished and rendered a comfortable second story. The first I ever saw with such roofs was in Texas.

180

The space under the front piazza can be inclosed for firewood—wood-houses being rarely seen in the South. There are also two small rooms under the piazza for servants, and an entry with steps leading up to the first floor. The parlor is over the school room, and the bed-room over the kitchen. The back piazza can be with or without blinds or lattice-work. Steps go up in the passage to the second story, where are two good rooms with fireplaces, and the raised room in the middle with a flat roof. The basement may be of brick or wood, and handsome and cheap pillars may be made by four planks joined together.

In the South, it is almost indispensable to have piazzas and passage, and the rooms cool and airy. The meals are often taken in the piazza in summer. The separation of the kitchen, storehouse, &c., from the house is attended with inconvenience in winter and bad weather, and as much time is consumed in going back and forth as in performing the work of the family. Agreeably to my plan, the piazzas render the house cool and shaded in summer; while in winter exposure to the weather is unnecessary, as everything can be conveniently kept in the basement. Fewer servants will be required, and these will do their work better. In going to and returning from



Texas, I noticed, in the Southern States through which I passed, the little attention that was paid to the beauty and comfort of dwellings.

I have troubled you with this communication be-

cause I wish to see an improvement in this respect in the South. There are many Southern people who will not read books specifically on this subject, but who would be influenced by the Lady's Book.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

TO THE BLUEBIRD.

BY ANNA.

When the peerless Maud was prisoned in a lonely
castle tower,
A Bluebird cheered her with his song at early matin
hour;
And ever, as the morning brake, she sang, that sad
ladye.
"Thou Bluebird! color of the time, oh! quickly come
to me!"

And years went by, but still he came with each return
of spring,
To rest upon her bosom and to plume his azure wing,
Till on a lovely summer's day he vanished from her
sight,
And left the maiden in his stead her own true, valiant
knight.

'Twas but a simple ballad that my mother used to sing,
But I ever loved it for thy sake, thou brightest child
of spring;
Thou wakes with vernal scenes within my me-
mor of the time, oh! quickly come
to their eyes before the
time that thou

The March-wind rocks thy cradle in the lofty poplar
tree;
Then, Bluebird! color of the time, oh! quickly come
to me!

Now pulling at the haystack, now tapping on the pane,
Now glancing through the hedgerow in the sunny
April rain,
Or warbling on my window-sill thy form I long to see;
Then, Bluebird! color of the time, oh! quickly come
to me!

Thou comest to the city with sweet tales of opening
leaves,
To the cottage by the roadside, on the ledge beneath
the eaves;
Thou comest with thy sky-born hues, which dust can
never soil,
As thoughts of Heaven gleam athwart our common
homely toil.

Thou wast earlier in childhood's days, but springs were
milder then;
Oh! would that all my early friends, like thee, could
come again!
But their memory glows the brighter as my vision fol-
lows thee;
Then, Bluebird! color of the time, oh! quickly come
to me!

DEVELOUR.

A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 106.)

CHAPTER V.

THE old woman now led them through a large but meanly-furnished antechamber to a door provided with a small and closely-curtained window, and then clapped her hands three times. After a few seconds, the little window in the door was opened, and some one from within inquired—

"Who demands admittance?"

Filmot thought the speaker possessed of the most melodious voice he had ever heard. He was so startled by its silvery accents that he turned to his companion, with an inquiry upon his lips. But Develour, who had watched him, implored him, by pressing his finger to his lips, to be prudent.

"Who shall I say?" asked the old woman.

"I will answer for myself," replied Develour, in a whisper. Then turning towards the window, he continued, aloud, "Ben Adom, the Child of the Cave."

"By what claim does he press for admittance on such a day?"

"By the salt, holy to all." But, receiving no answer, he continued, after a short pause, "By the blood that flowed on the Ganges; by the Name which cannot be spoken without help."

A strain of music within the chamber was heard to accompany the last words; and again the reply came in those silvery accents—

"Enter, in the name thou hast invoked."

The old woman, who had been kneeling before the door with her hands crossed upon her bosom, now rose and stood aside to let her companions pass, and then slowly retired into the outer chamber; but not without casting longing looks towards the curtain, that became now visible inside of the door, as the latter slowly and noiselessly turned upon its hinges.

The room into which the two friends now passed combined features of the strongest contrast, and yet so blended that it was difficult to say which exerted the greatest influence upon Filmot, who now beheld them for the first time. The front part was furnished with a taste and elegance which would have done honor to the most refined lady. A highly polished floor, richly inlaid with flowers, animals, and hieroglyphics, stretched as far as the middle, and became there a plain mosaic pavement of polished lava, here and there covered with large pieces of oil-cloth. But richly-flowered Persian

carpets were tastefully distributed on the front floor, while the spot which might be considered as the centre of that portion of the room was occupied by a massive table richly carved and curiously wrought into many departments. Large and quaint volumes, and strange instruments, of which even the chemist and the alchemist could not have divined the use, were scattered over it. In the centre was a small tree made of gold, silver, and precious stones, and so skillfully wrought, that it looked a living specimen of one of the rarest plants of the East. Upon one of its branches was perched a bird made of the same material, who, by some mechanism concealed in its body, imitated the motions of its living type. Along one side of the wall were costly cases, containing crystal vases filled with fluids of divers colors, and plants gathered from all parts of the globe. The other side contained a book-case, which reached from the high ceiling to the floor, and held books of all forms, sizes, and bindings, besides numerous manuscripts, from the plain paper and parchment of our days to the papyrus of past ages. Costly chairs of various styles were scattered about the room, and seemed to invite its occupants to literary ease and contemplation.

But different were the accommodations and utensils in the lower part of that spacious hall; for it seemed to be entitled to that name by its size. A different atmosphere seemed to press forward from it into that of its more aristocratic neighbor, fetid and close, and impregnated with the exhalations of the laboratory mingled with those of the dissecting-room. The shelves that ran along the walls were burthened with glass jars filled with anatomical preparations from all sections of the animal world; hideous reptiles stood by the side of monster aberrations of the human family. All the various internal parts of the human frame were there displayed to such perfection, that it made the unprofessional visitor shudder. Other shelves were filled with glass bottles, either hermetically sealed or supplied with quaint glass stoppers that appeared to belong to another age and another country; but all were supplied with labels of parchment, which contained the names and the properties of the contents written in Arabic. Along the whole of the lower wall was a table, upon which were displayed a number of objects, which the obscurity that reigned in that portion of the room prevented from being distinguished by the visitors, but which Filmot imagined

to be the head of a human being surrounded by the quivering limbs of animals of a lower order.

As soon as the two friends had passed the door, Develour again whispered to Filmot—

"Imitate my motions, and be cautious"—but before he had time to finish the sentence, the curtain was drawn aside and they stood in that strange hall.

An old man, of majestic mien and lofty stature, rose from a chair close by the table and saluted the two by a graceful motion of the head, making, at the same time, the sign of the St. Andrew's cross. Develour and Filmot returned the salute and repeated the sign three times. Arabacca, for it was he, now motioned his guests to take a seat, and then turning to Develour, said—

"Has the Child of the Cave at last sought his best friend to be guided, or only to seek aid?"

"And why for either?" replied Develour. "Is it strange that I should come to see thee again when I know thee to be in the city? Is not the Ben Adom ever glad to behold the Av Araa?"

"But Ben Adom is not now here, or else thy heart would not beat and throb for the fair form of Louise Develour, nor would it flutter as if with the wings of a ringdove for the safety of thy friend's sister. Why hide thy true errand from me? I would have admitted thee at once if thou hadst announced thyself as Louis, but was compelled to the ceremonies, as thou well knowest, by the name under which thou soughtest me. Unburthen thyself, then, and I will tell thee what I can, and then speak a few words as the *Av Araa* to the *Ben Adom*."

Develour seemed confused for a few moments, but became soon collected, and replied—

"Dost thou know aught of what has befallen Louise, and of the dangers to which she is exposed? and hast thou learned anything concerning the sister of my friend, whom thou hast mentioned? Though how thou hast become aware of my interest in that family I cannot guess!"

"I know that Louise has been a tool in the hands of that perverted woman whom you call Georgiana, who is herself unconsciously a tool in the hands of more designing knaves. Louise, after having become the means by which the plotters became possessed of state papers, has been enticed into abandoning her protectress by those who made her believe that she would thus serve her interest best, and is now on the point of passing under the protection of Labotte."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Develour.

Arabacca proceeded without heeding the interruption—

"Marianne Filmot has arrived in France, and is now, with her friend, an inmate of the Hotel Espagnol. Already has Bouchon, who saw her in Dover, sent his emissaries to separate her from her friends, and this night will she be brought to Paris as a hostage for her brother who is known to have in

his possession papers entrusted to him by one who is now no more."

Filmot was surprised, and started from his seat when he heard these words, and was about to speak, when Arabacca continued, without the slightest change in the tone of his voice to indicate that he perceived the effect his words had produced.

"These papers are of too great an importance to several individuals to suffer them to remain where they are now. Moreover, the miniature likeness of Marianne has fallen into Bouchon's hands, and has only increased his desire to see in his custody the fair American, whom he believes to be wealthy."

"Can Louise be saved? Can Marianne Filmot be spared the trial of falling into the hands of that wicked man?"

"Louise can be saved, and I will point out the way. Marianne has already fallen into the hands of Bouchon, and it will require more to release her than the other; for the imprudent introduction of your friend this morning into the house in the Rue Boucheries has led *Av Araa* to become a party to the abduction, and you know his power."

"Oh, save my sister if you can,"—exclaimed Filmot, but a glance from Develour prevented him from finishing the sentence.

A quiet smile played around Arabacca's lips as he replied—

"And you will tell me all about these papers, you were going to say. There is no need of that; I know it all, and have true copies. I shall be able to find the originals when I have need of them. But I will save your sister; though that will not prevent you from doing a silly act which will only increase her danger. But the will of Providence must be fulfilled, and we are but the instruments in his hands. Louis, thou knowest the little house in the Faubourg St. Antoine Rue Montgallet?"

"The one which formerly belonged to the Count Plessy?"

"The same. Go there to-night after ten o'clock. Thou wilt find two willing, ay, and able, hands to help thee, with all instructions necessary to carry off the fair daughter of one of my best friends. But whither wilt thou take her?"

"To the house of a couple of old people upon whom I can rely."

Again was there that quiet smile, as the old man replied—

"So be it. The watchword is *Jelachich*. Marianne cannot be relieved to-day. Your friend Delevert has, thanks to your imprudence, taken precautions sufficient to prevent it. But you both may rest assured that she is, and will remain, for the present, in honorable custody; how long, it is impossible for me to tell. But I will spare you a half hour to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, when I will advise you further. And now let me beseech thee, and you, my young American friend, to forsake the dangerous connection which you have formed. For you well know that, though the will of the higher power will be done, still man is a

free agent as much as the steed that rushes to his destruction towards an abyss, from which he might turn, even though we, while seeing his course, may predict its end."

"What!" exclaimed Develour, "turn my back upon the noble work, now that Europe bids fair to break its chains? Now, when it will be but a few days before the castles of the proud will crumble, and a free people will walk untrammelled over its own inheritance, a free soil, and with the prospect of unlimited happiness before it? Now, when France is to have the privilege of placing the noblest at her head? When Germany, when Italy, when Hungary, and Bohemia will set to the down-trodden Russian the example how to break his fetters? Shall I now refuse to aid with the means in my power, the fearful means learned and obtained at our common fount, to strike down her oppressors, and be able to exclaim, 'I too have contributed my mite to bring about this glorious result?'"

"There again spoke Louis the novice, but not Ben Adom. France free! Germany, Hungary, Italy free! Were Av Araa not blinded by the decrees which prevents any one from discerning the course of things in which he is interested, he might have known and shown you, for he, too, possesses one of the nine mirrors"—here Develour gave a start of surprise—"that all these commotions must, for the present, only lead to the cutting off of some thousands of human lives, and to a worse state of misery than that under which the world now groans. It is true, the present monarch of this fair land will have to leave his throne, not because you have the power to drive him from it, but only because his age and constitution prevent him from using the means which might quell this rising like a handful of water an incipient fire. It is true, Italy will chase its pontiff from the ancient city, and reward his deeds of kindness with exile; but only to see him reinstated by the very successor whom your mad allies will raise to rule over them in the place of the present monarch of this kingdom. Already are our measures taken to annihilate all the success which Kossuth will obtain by victories, for the fire-brand of jealousy is already prepared, which, in the shape of a Polish general, will cause the idol of the Magyars to sell his country to the enemy, who will be unable to overcome it. And Germany, in its many divisions, will pass through the bloody struggle, through which it will go in a few days only to bend its neck anew, at least for a time, under the yoke which it is not as yet prepared to do without. Metternich is forewarned; but the decree has gone forth. Alas! he is too old to learn new lessons. He must fall. Though treachery is now even in the very cabinet of the emperor, he cannot be overthrown; his time has not yet come. But it will come, however, not by the means of your confederates. Monarch will cause monarch to fall, and they will verify the saying, '*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*' We have our associations as well as you, and though we cannot turn aside

the decrees, we may soften the blows you endeavor to strike, and have the satisfaction to know that we work with Providence. But did I not hear the Ben Adom speak of employing the powers he has learnt to wield on the banks of the Ganges? And has he forgot the fearful pledge given as to the use of them? What if the masters, what if I and the Av Araa were to use them? Would not this fair city be soon in ruins? No, they dare not use them in such a strife; neither dare he who is called Ben Adom. The threat was an idle one."

Develour looked abashed, like a schoolboy before his master.

"And now," continued Arabacca, "go and follow your destiny. To-morrow I will see you both on your private affairs. In public matters our roads must lie apart."

"Before I go I would ask thee of those mirrors, and if thou wilt permit us to see the one thou hast obtained? I am anxious to know whether my friend will not be able to read in it the fate of one in whom he is interested."

Without a reply, Arabacca turned to the table and touched the head of the bird by making the sign of the St. Andrew's cross upon it, and then that of the Brahmin. The bird immediately stretched its wings as if about to fly away, then folding them again it opened its beak and warbled forth the following words—

"From the distant shore
The stranger has come,
To seek here for lore
He has not at home.

"No lore will he find,
But a heart that is true;
That heart it will bind
Him for ever to you.

"The mirror is veiled
For two moons and three suns,
Till he will have failed
In the course he now runs."

These words were accompanied with a music which appeared to come from various parts of the room; but Filmot looked in vain from one place to another for the performer. And what appeared still more strange to him was that he thought he recognized the same voice whose tones made so deep an impression upon him when waiting for admission. When the bird had ceased, Arabacca turned to Develour and said—

"Thou hast heard the sacred bird of Memphis, and art therefore aware what I am compelled to reply. Go and be wise, and, were it another, I would add beware of—Delevort. And you, my young friend, take this viol and this sealed note; when you are in the utmost need of counsel, and no one near to advise, then open it and it will be your best friend."

Then, after looking at a clock, he turned, and, without another word, walked to the table in the

lower end of the room, and lifted one of the strange-looking things out of a marble basin that stood on the table. A heart-rending shriek which followed this action, caused Filmot to shudder as if he had heard a human being in the last agony. Develour hastily seized his friend's hand, and hurried him from the room.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the two friends had reached the street, they walked on for a few moments in perfect silence; each too busy with his own thoughts to enter in a conversation which would disturb his meditations. They had thus proceeded a few hundred yards, when they became aware that they had got into the midst of an agitated crowd; vociferations met them on every side, and all seemed busy to aid in making a barricade across the street. Distant shots were heard from time to time, and they judged from the sound of the firing that troops were approaching the place where they found themselves. All hastened to finish the barricade. The pavement was torn up, and stones piled upon one another; chairs, tables, and other furniture were dragged from the houses and pitched upon the rising fabric. The sound of a carriage was heard coming up the street; the driver, evidently unconscious of the obstacle before him, whipped his horses into a gallop to charge through the crowd; but, before he had time to offer any resistance, he was torn from his seat, and the occupant of the carriage, who was recognized to be a deputy obnoxious to the people, was dragged from the carriage, and, amidst groans, hisses, and kicks, compelled to seek refuge in one of the neighboring houses. The traces were then cut and the carriage added to the already enormous pile. Every bystander was compelled to aid in the work; and Filmot and Develour found themselves, the one on the top of the pile making the various articles fast, and the other carrying materials to different parts of the structure. There was but one man in that crowd who stood a silent spectator of the whole proceeding; but no one seemed to be disposed either to urge him to aid in the work or to entertain any suspicion of his intentions. The men in blouses, whenever they passed him, even in the greatest excitement, addressed him with a kind of deference, and in a tone of mingled compassion and respect. With his arms folded upon his breast, he stood leaning against a wall like a being whose spirit lived in another world, while compelled by the physical man and necessity to walk amidst his excited countrymen. Filmot noticed him several times, but was prevented, by the hurry of the scene, from speaking to him.

In the mean time, the firing drew nearer; and, after a few minutes, there came a rush of the people, who appeared like a flock of sheep driven before the dogs. A space which had been left for that purpose was immediately opened, and as quickly

closed as soon as the people had passed; for immediately behind them came the magnificent, well-mounted, and well-equipped corps of the municipal guards.

But the barricade proved a more powerful check than they had anticipated. They made two charges to ride it down, but were so well received that their officer deemed it necessary to resort to firearms in order to effect his object. But the body of the insurgents was evidently of a different stamp from the one they had just driven in; there seemed to be a greater number of veterans among the laborers, and the whole appeared to be commanded by men accustomed to military tactics. As soon as the intentions of the officer became manifest, a voice was heard to give the command—

"Firearms to the front! Reserve, with stones and other arms, form a square in the rear!"

And these commands were executed with almost military precision.

"Down with your arms and the barricades!" shouted the officer.

"Down with Guizot, and long live the Reform!" shouted the people.

"Fire!" was the next order given by the officer, and a number of balls fell across the barricade and wounded and killed many. But the people were undaunted and returned the fire, and then drove the guards back to the other end of the street. One of the balls from the municipal guard grazed Filmot's cheek; but before he had time to examine the extent of his wound, he heard close behind him the cry, "O ma pauvre femme!" and, turning, he saw the man who had remained inactive during the whole engagement reel and about to fall. He sprang quickly to his aid, and, seizing him around the waist, inquired if he were hurt. The man pointed to his left shoulder and said—

"Here."

"Can you walk?"

"Yes."

"Then lean upon my arm. Whither shall I take you?"

"To the Rue Galande."

Happily the street was not very far off, and they reached it in a few moments. The man stopped before a poor-looking house, and then said to Filmot—

"I would not ask you to come into my miserable abode; but I fear I shall not be able to reach my room without your aid."

"Make no apologies. I will not leave you before I see your wound attended to."

They then ascended a half-decayed stairs, which led to a passage upon which were several doors; they entered the second. No one in this country of plenty can form the most distant idea of the destitution that met the eye of Filmot in that wretched apartment. A table, a chair, and a few rough boards nailed together to constitute a bedstead, were all the furniture it contained. An old military cloak was all the bed and covering for that misera-

ble bedstead. And the occupant of that bed can only be justly delineated by the hand of a physician. She was a girl of about eight or nine years of age; but sickness and want had so altered her features that, with her body covered up, her face might have passed for that of a woman of sixty, and that body, for which even a mother's love could only supply the clothing necessary to modesty, presented the appearance of a living skeleton. Beside that bed stood a woman who, traces of her former beauty and had not lost all the traces of her former beauty and that elegance of bearing which is only acquired in good society. As soon as she heard the door open, she turned; and when she beheld her husband pale and bleeding, she uttered a scream which only a wife and a mother, at the culminating point of wretchedness, can utter, and then flew to him and caught him in her arms, when she cried, in an agony unrelieved by tears—

"Charles! my Charles! Oh, they have killed you! Why did you join these tempters sent by the Evil One?"

As soon as they had placed him on the bed beside the emaciated girl, he said to his wife—

"Grieve not, my Annette, I am not dangerously wounded. Loss of blood and some pain have only enfeebled my already weak frame. I shall soon be better. Neither have I taken part in this day's work. I was wounded, as a spectator, by a chance ball."

"Thank God for the words with which you have consoled me! But what shall we do now to relieve you? Oh, if we had only a little money to pay a physician!"

"Trouble yourself not about that, madame," interrupted Filmot. "Send for a surgeon, if there is any person here that will go; your husband needs immediate attention. I will endeavor to stanch the bleeding and bandage the wound until he comes."

She went out, after thanking him for his kind offer, and dispatched one of her neighbors for the nearest surgeon. In the mean time, Filmot examined the wound and found that the ball had entered the fleshy part under the arm and had passed out behind the shoulder-blade. He stanchd the blood as soon as possible, for the man evidently suffered most from the profuse bleeding. When the surgeon arrived and examined the wound, he declared it to be trifling, and said that with proper care the patient need not be at all confined to his bed. The wife, as well as Filmot, was rejoiced to hear this favorable opinion, and the latter placed some money and his address in the hands of the surgeon, and requested him to attend his patient as long as he deemed it necessary. When the surgeon had left, Filmot became anxious to offer pecuniary aid to his protégées, but felt somewhat embarrassed by the evidently refined feelings of both the husband and wife. After one or two awkward attempts, he asked the lady whether she would permit him to offer her a temporary loan, which she might return whenever convenient.

Tears, the genuine tears of a grateful but humble heart, was all the reply she at first could make. But, when she became a little composed, she replied—

"Would to God you had come here a day or two sooner, then my poor Sophie need not have died of hunger!"

"Of hunger!" exclaimed Filmot. "Yes, of hunger. For more than two weeks have we been compelled to live upon four sous a day, and for the last three days I have not had anything to offer to the poor child. I have begged. O God! begged of my rich neighbors over the way, and they would not give me a morsel to save my child's life. Men have come here and tried to induce my poor Charles —"

Here she was interrupted by some one knocking at the door, and two men entered and inquired whether Charles Lemnier lived there? Upon being answered in the affirmative, one of them said that he was sent by M. Durand to inform M. Lemnier that M. Durand had no further use for his services, and that he would pay him the fifteen francs due to him as soon as the disturbances in the city would permit any attention to business. When he had finished, the other came forward and said that he could wait no longer for his rent, but must request M. Charles to move, in order to give place to a better tenant, and that he expected him to vacate the premises on the following morning.

"*Mon Dieu!*" groaned the sick man, "will thou forsake me altogether?"

"The man whom you are going to throw into the street has just been wounded, and is unable to look for another home," said Filmot.

"Has he, then, fought with the reformers?"

"No; he was wounded merely as an innocent spectator."

"That is none of my business. He must move; I cannot have my rooms occupied without receiving rent for them."

With these remarks, M. Flocon, the landlord, left the room, accompanied by his companion.

When they were gone, Madame Lemnier threw herself upon her knees beside the bed of her husband, and wept as if now wholly abandoned by Heaven and earth.

Filmot felt that a stranger ought not to be a witness to the manifestations of such grief; so, dropping his purse quietly on the bed, he only whispered the words "use it," and then left the room. As soon as he reached the street, he hastened to the Rue de Burgoigne. There he found on every door a chalk writing, "Arms have been given." Not knowing what this meant, he hurried along in order to reach his lodgings. When he entered the house he was told that a black and a white man waited up stairs for him, and that had it not been for the two, some of the insurgents, who had applied for arms, would have entered his rooms with some sinister purpose, but that the black man had finally by a few words, compelled them to abandon their pur-

pose. Upon hearing this he hurried to his apartment, and there found Sabi and his own servant, Dave Schtromacher, seated in the anteroom.

"What! you here, Sabi!" he exclaimed; "and you, Dave! What brought you to this place? and how did you know where to find me?" And, in perfect amazement, he stopped short in his questions, and looked from one to the other.

Sabi replied first. After making an eastern salutation, he said—

"My master sent me here to bring this man to you, and bade me await your arrival, and to let no man enter your apartments, to prevent which he furnished me with the means. And it seems I arrived just in time, for hardly had I taken possession of this room before armed men entered it, determined to search for some dangerous papers, which they insisted were in your possession. I prevented it, and you will find everything undisturbed."

"And where is your master now?"

"I do not know. He has directed me to meet him at ten o'clock in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and to give you this note." And then he presented to Filmot a little billet, written with a pencil.

When Filmot had read it, he said—

"It is well, Sabi; tell him I shall not fail. You may go now, for I presume you have many things to attend to before the hour of ten."

Sabi bowed, and left the room. As soon as he had gone, Dave seemed to find his tongue, the faculty of which, until then, appeared to have been transferred to his big rolling eyes, which wandered constantly from his master to the black and back again.

"Oh, Mishter Filmot!" he commenced, "rat pad times I have cot. Ven Mish Marianne and Mishter Zanker and his wife and Mish Keelway vants to come here, I doesn't vant to shay to home, and so I tells tem I pe going to te French, too, for I knows Mish Marianne couldn't do mitout me; she vould pe losht here, te poor child. And I goes over te pig sea mit tem. Oh! I vash so shick! My shakes, how shick I vas! But py-em-py ve all pe come to England, and ve vait to hear from you; and tey all says, I says so anyway, that you may pe losht, and ve must go to find you. And tea ve goes over te pig canal, and shtops in de town Calish, and Mish Marianne vants to go

out in te evening, and I goes mit her to detect her. All to once she hears a baby cry in a py shstreet, vat pe in dishtress, and she runs to see vat she can help it. Ten two men throws a shawl over her face and carries her off; and ven I goes to fight, two more shtops a hangkercher in my mous, and tey puts one about my eyes, and ten tey carries me off too. And tey puts me in a vagon all alone py myself, and te driver mit me, and den tey carries me all night, and when te morning comes tey puts me in te shstreet here. And ten I does not know vere to go; so I puts down on some door shteps, and ever so many peoples pass and holler worse from vat tey does in New York. Tey vere all strangers to me, and looked so pad; and py-em-py I sees Mishter Devilyoor, and I hollos after him and axes him for you; and ten he takes me mit him and tells his niggerman to show me your place. Oh! I am so pleased to pe agin mit somebody vat I knows!"

Filmot suffered the man to tell his tale in his own way, and then asked him—

"Will Mr. Sanker and the ladies come to Paris to-day, or will they wait for a letter from me?"

"Mishter Zanker comes to-day to look after you, Mishter Filmot."

"I suppose you have not heard anything of my sister since you saw her carried off in Calais?"

"No, Mishter Filmot; put a little poy gives me tis morning tis little piece of paper, mit her name on it, and ten runs away, after talking a lot of gibberish to me."

Mr. Filmot eagerly seized the paper, and, after hastily perusing its contents, rose and said to Dave—

"You must now stay here, and take care that nobody enters my rooms. Here are pistols and a gun—defend it at the risk of your life. I may be absent till eleven, and probably even till after midnight. Keep awake; you will find ample provisions in the cupboard to supply all your physical wants. If any one asks for me, tell him to leave his name, and that I have gone to an evening party."

He then put a brace of pistols in his pocket, and armed himself with a genuine American howie knife; and, after wrapping himself in an overcoat, went out to meet Develour at the appointed place of rendezvous.

(To be continued.)

TO THE GENIUS OF ART.

(A LITTLE STATUE ON THE MANTEL IN MY STUDY.)

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

Thou art a beam from God—the brightest ray
That Heaven hath earthward sent to cheer the soul,
And animate it in its house of clay
With dreams of light, and life, and glory's goal.
And here, with pulses hushed, I gaze on thee,
Till nascent halos circle round thy brow,
And from the portals of eternity

The laureled dead, returning, round thee bow.
There, bent o'er Farnarina's sainted face,
Feeding his soul, eternal Raphael kneels,
As if in its pale hues he still can trace
Beauty, surpassing all that Heaven reveals
Angelo, Titian—all the immortal great
Glide in, and at thy feet for inspiration wait.



A WINTER GARDEN.

A WINTER garden, on a small scale, is simply a conservatory, like that of the Royal Botanic Society in the Regent's Park, in London, in which there are numerous exotic trees, some in large tubs or boxes, so arranged that people may walk or sit among them, and thus enjoy the beauties of good scenery when the ground beyond the glass is covered with snow. In some cases, these winter gardens are complete gardens, of an acre or more in extent, laid out in walks, with beds and borders planted with various kinds of exotic plants; but in others they are simply appendages to a drawing-room or library. The engraving is a winter garden of this kind; and it may be either ornamented with statues, with a statue at the extreme end, or the place of that statue may be filled with a door, lined with a large mirror.

The plants most suitable for a conservatory of the kind we have shown, are camellias and orange trees, with creeping plants, such as *cobæa scandens*, *tacsonia*, and some of the hardier kinds of passion-flower, which are trained up the spaces between

the windows, and are then suffered to hang down from the roof. No artificial heat will be required for the plants mentioned, if the glass roof and warmth from the house are sufficient to keep out the frost: but if plants from warm countries are introduced, pipes for hot water may be carried along the front wall under the glass. A conservatory of this kind may be erected without any very great expense, and such a situation would be very suitable for one of the kind erected, about two years since, in the Garden of the Horticultural Society, at Chiswick. This house consists of an iron frame-work, which is furnished entire and glazed; so that all that is required is to have four or five courses of brick-work laid to support the frame. These houses are very light and pretty.

All the plants in a house of this kind should have their names affixed to them; and it is astonishing how soon even children become familiarized with botanic names, when they see them written and hear them frequently pronounced.

SONNET.

BY SAMUEL LAURENCE JAMES.

We gaze on beauty, and our thoughts ascend,
And from top heights the vaporous excess
Returns, like dew-drops on the flower, to bless;
The vistas of the beautiful extend
More than the mind can grasp or comprehend;
And shall we love the beautiful the less,
Because we find in nothing we possess

A thousand excellencies that do blend,
And make another's lot complete and blest?
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"
Without it life is dull—without a zest!
To win and wear it, it is worth endeavor:
We grasp its shadow when the substance flies,
And in our memory it never dies!

THE BROKEN WAND

In the heart of a mighty forest, whose stillness no human sigh hath broken, to the mystic murmurings of whose myriad leaves no throbbing human breast hath responded, in the wild choruses of whose storm-anthem no wilder wail of human passion hath mingled, in the holy calm of whose star-sentined repose no hushed heart hath poured out its prayer-melody upon the veiled altar of the solemn mystic night—here, where Nature is alone with its Father, dwells a band of fairies, known to the air and water spirits as the flower people. Their home is on an island, which lies like a sleeping water-lily on the bosom of the stillest, fairest lake which ever mirrored and mingled the blue and green of earth and heaven on its bosom. Here grows every flower-plant which hath ever graced the wide garden of the earth. From the modest moss, which hides beneath the polar snows, through all the fragrant children of milder climes, to the brilliant sun-loving blossoms of the tropics, not one is wanting, and each is watched by its own peculiar fay, whose mission it is to guard its life and instruct it in the lessons which it must unfold to mortals.

The flower people live not only for the sake of the flowers, but for themselves also, in sweetest intercommunion. The sun hath never shone on aught fairer than their temple, builded of crystalized flowers. In its structure every flower hath found a place. So in their life: no one is esteemed greater by his office than the rest; the rose fay and the violet fay have no feud between them; no magic line of rank is drawn around them, but each hath joy in itself and in the other. Lovingly are the duties and labors of each day performed. Joyfully, when the sun goes down, do the fairies flit away to the lake, and returning shake the water from their wings to revive the drooping flowers. No one seeks to cast his burden upon another, but in love and joy to make all burdens light. Beautiful it is at the dawning of the day to hear the tinkling of their busy feet while they rouse the flowers, and then prepare their morning meal. More beautiful, when the day is done, to see their glancing wings through the dark foliage, and hear the glad song which make the forest leaflets tremble with delight. And when a plant puts forth its first flower-bud, always a child fairy is sent to be its guardian. Beautiful is the welcome which the new-born receives. Silently they gather round it, folding their wings and dropping their wands in token of reverence. Thoughtfully they bow down, as if in memory of the spirit-land which the new-comer hath but now left. Then slowly they chant some words like to these—

Borne by the breath of Jove
On the wings of light,
Down came the holy dove,
In the starry night.

Thou art now on earth,
In the flower-bud sleeping,
And we hail thy birth
With gladness, yet with weeping.

Lest an earth-stain touch thee,
Dim thy starry crown;
We, to keep all pure and free,
Take thee as our own.

Sleep, till labor call thee,
Till the flower-bud burst;
Then, whate'er befall thee,
Faithful keep thy trust.

So they sang over the most beautiful fairy, which lay folded in a moss-covered rose-bud; and their voices trembled when they remembered how difficult was the task allotted to the guardian of this flower.

Soon the new being sprang into life, and so lovely she was that she drew the love of all things to her. Then the fairies bestowed on her a wand, which was sacredly kept for the most beautiful of their band. And while she remained all pure and faithful, this wand gave her power to fulfil each wish of her heart. And oh, how full of blessing was her life! She touched with the magic wand the flower seeds which were wafted from the island to the dwellings of human mortals, that when the faint and weary should look on them new joy and life should spring up in their bosoms. Rested a shadow on the brow of a brother or sister, lightly her wand brushed it away, and quickly a halo of light appeared in its stead. And all hearts blessed the *Sunbeam*, for this was her name.

Close by the Sunbeam, dwelt a fay who was guardian of the polar moss. And because so little beauty and so much toil belonged to her appointed task, it drew forth the sympathy of a noble fay, whose easy task it was to watch the luxuriant lilies of the tropics, which needed scarce a care. And when Zoe saw how patiently Ora fulfilled her mission, it filled his breast with peace; and he would sing beautiful songs to her, and move his wings so as to waft the fragrance of his lilies across her path.

The Sunbeam saw all this, and, at first, it filled her with exceeding delight. But one evening, as she stood in the moonlight listening while Zoe sang to Ora as she bathed the lilies with the pearly dew,

until they seemed like angel infants waving their wings of light, a thought came to her to touch him with her wand, that he might sing to her also. Then, as he threw a full-ripe flower seed into the arms of Zephyr, to be carried to the bower of a mortal maiden, chanting the while—

The white lilies bloom spotless and fair,
Though the world be full of sorrow and care;
Then hail their birth,
Oh, child of earth!
And keep thy faith all high and sure,
That souls these are as virgin and pure;
For if these were not, the lilies would die,
Since Nature but *echoes* the prophecy.

Sunbeam raised her wand; but, ere she had moved a pace, Zoe caught sight of her beautiful form in the magic light, and suddenly stopped singing and drew near to her, as if to speak, folding his wings upon his breast. But lo! the wand snapped beneath her weight, and her diamond crown was lustreless as the pebble at her feet; and, though the words of Zoe fell softly upon her ear, the well-spring of joy was for ever dry in the heart of the Sunbeam. Seldom will be seen, since that hour, a moss rose which her watchful care has kept from blight. But from Ora's heart goes up daily the prayer that the smile may return to the heart of the Sunbeam, and that the songs of Zoe may sound less like the wail of the winter wind.

NIGHT.

BY J. R. ORTON.

Adown the fading east, in close pursuit
Of Day's bright chariot, comes the car of Night,
Studded with stars, and hung with waving pails
Of clouds and darkness. Twilight, in advance,
The herald courier, shakes his sleepy mists
Among the valleys. High upon the hills
Day still holds empire with a dying light,
Fainter and fainter glowing, till the whole,
Valley and hill, earth and the ocean space,
Yield gradual to the slumberous arms of Night.

Ever sometimes comes a gentle flood of mists,
Softly embrowning all. The winter snows,
With phosphorescent power, detain the day;
And dreamy twilight preys upon the night.
The lengthened summer-day clings to the hours.
The lazy breezes from the balmy south
Breathe languor o'er the land, and perfumes sweet
Caught from a thousand flowers. The evening birds
Most indolently sing of gentle love,
And find an echo in the blood untamed
Of fervid youth. The herds move, lolling, home,
Or stretch luxurious on the scented grass;
And all the landscape whispers of repose.

The line of orient hills, the distant town,
The lowlands, the calm lake and silvery streams,
Fade first, and turn to shadows. The broad sea,
Blazing with gold and sapphire, flushed with smiles,
Receives the setting sun upon her breast,
And smiles until he sinks. She smiles no more:
A mellow dusk bedims the crystal vale:
Widowed until the morn, she seems to mourn,
The sombre ocean with her depths unknown.

Above, the mountain top and then the sky
Grow dim. Adown the warm and bright southwest,
A fleecy cloud, perhaps the only one
In the horizon, blushes and receives
The last soft glances of the god of day.
Fringed with each gorgeous color, it reposes,
A bank of floating pearl; while, towards the north,
Stretches afar a penciled line of light—
Orange, or regal purple. But, meanwhile,

The stars are peeping. Softly, one by one,
They timidly look out and brighten. More
And more appear: the constellations form:
The milky way illumines its distant lights,
And in the east springs up the round chaste moon,
Bound for the zenith. All the concave vast
Glitters with gems—planets and radiant suns,
Far blazing on their thrones of living blue.
And far away beyond the reach of sight,
Almost beyond the giddy stretch of thought,
Omniscient fancy grasps, and, fearful, shapes
The Throne of God, the centre of the whole.

Night reigns supreme. Within these silent walls
Burns no dull lamp in mockery of day:
And from the window all the landscape sleeps,
Save that the firefly, emulous of suns,
Flashes his fires upon his narrow path,
To light him as he flies: How quiet all!
Lamps will be lit, and revelry begin;
Bright eyes will languish at the sight of love;
Tumultuous passions rage as Night wears on.
To God and thine own soul yield up the hour!

What mind can picture all the joy and woe
Of one short night? The habitation rude.
The cot, the palace, teem with breathing life,
Hearts strung to pain or gladness. From one roof
Rises the vocal song of prayer and praise.
Another sends up curses, and the fumes
And taint of hell. Each picture has its shade
Of joy or sorrow, pleasure or despair.
Night rests upon the earth: its thousand isles,
Its continents, lie sleeping on the sea.
Etherean fires light up some little spots;
The northern lights perchance illumine the pole;
Lightnings and bonfires, meteors, and flames
Of burning houses, dot the broad expanse.
But, for the most part, stretching far and wide,
The country rests in peace. The lamps are out,
For toil and health go hand in hand together.
The farm-house stands upon a gentle slope;
Without, are teeming fields and fragrant flowers;
Within, the little cherubs dream of bliss,

And love lies sleeping on a manly breast,
Which struggles not to 'scape the curse of toil,
Nor shames to say, "God made me, I am His."

Condemned to find no peace, no night of rest,
The unquiet city whirls away the hours:
Her mass of troubled life heaves as the surge,
And, miles away, the subtle senses catch
Her laboring moan and hot polluted breath :
Her hundred streets are brilliant as the day :
The lines of lamp-lights, dotted on her map,
Cross and recross each other, and illumine
Her granite walls and marble corridors.
In doors and out are equal blaze and glitter,
And bright she sparkles as a jeweled queen.

'Tis midnight—still the city does not sleep :
Her rare saloons, decked with luxurious art ;
Her scenic rooms and gardens, breathing all
Of fairy-land, are full of giddy life.
Soft music floats upon the air perfumed ;
The promenade, the dance, the fete, go on ;
But woman's cheek is pale, and dimmed the light
Which beams around her in her pride of health.
Ah ! who would look upon the wretchedness
Which forms a counterpart to this bright scene ?
We fly the task. Let Fancy, if she will,
With chastened wings and pity-dropping eye,
Explore the dens, the filthy cells and garrets,
Which every city hides within herself,
Crowded with hunger, crime, disease, and death.

In yon dark street a single lamp is left,
And that but dimly burns. Two figures cross
Its rays. The one, returning from a call
Of mercy on some sick and starving wretch ;
The other, cat-like, steals upon his steps,
And stabs and robs him at his very door.
In yon fair chamber, where a royal bride

Might well repose, there sleep a guilty pair :
Seek not to know them nearer. While for him
Wait keen remorse and retribution dire,
Mark ye her course of infamy and woe.
One little year, Night finds her in the street,
Loathsome, an outcast from the hearth of man.
She prays for death ; and, coming to the dock,
Shrinks, urges on, with one wild look above,
And shuddering shriek, and outstretched arms, she ends
Her sad career beneath the closing wave.

Ah, such the picture of the bloated town !
And all its grades of life are often found
Beneath one roof. The beautiful, the good,
Wealth, fashion, elegance, and intellect,
Gorgeous array, and all the art of show,
Pale haggard want, and crimes without a name,
Shame and despair, murder and suicide—
All whirl together in the dance of life.

O Night ! without a moon, without a star !
Mysterious darkness ! when the raging storms
Howl, and the thunders bellow through the earth !
A thousand eyes in vain look on thy face,
Or scan thy form. Most solemnly thou tread'st
In thine own dark pavilion of the clouds
Without an echo. On the crowded deck
Of some good President, how many hearts
Pray for the light, as the o'ermastered ship
Groans, cracks, and plunges on the rayless deep !
O Night profound ! fit type of moral death
Resting upon the world. Morning shall come ;
The glorious Sun will burst the tomb of Night,
And all the splendors of the earth relume.
Oh ! thus Messiah to the darkened soul
Rises, the day-star of immortal hope !
Pouring a flood of never-dying light
Upon the night within, and holding out
Life, joy, and immortality to man.

BURIAL OF THE MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

"Died at sea, on the 12th of April, 1850, Rev. Dr. ADONIRAM JUDSON, the devoted Missionary. His remains were committed to the deep on the evening of his death."

They buried thee there in the deep blue sea,
And its foaming waves roll over thee ;
Its measureless shores a befitting grave,
And thy monument, every towering wave !

Its voice a requiem oft shall pour,
In a plaintive moan, as the surges roar ;
And the clouds in black, like a pall, shall lie
In heavy folds, as that moan goes by.

Thy funeral pageant will ne'er be o'er—
Dark clouds shall image it evermore ;
In long procession they come and go,
Like mourners who never forget their woe.

Thy life was long, was great, "sublime,"
And will stand on Earth's Records till latest time.
The Christian World is thy mourner now—
Thy name is a cypress wreath on her brow.

Poor Burmah shall mourn in weeds of woe,
For her Lamp of Truth is burning low ;
And the lone one afar, in her "Indian nest,"
No more shall welcome her mate to his rest !

Oh ! what a life for the spirit above,
When passed upon earth in labors of love ;
"Well done" has been spoken—the Saviour's own word
Has welcomed thee in "to the joy of thy Lord !"

THE TREASURY.

THE WITCHES.—A SCENE FROM MAIN STREET.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THEN, here comes the worshipful Captain Curwen, Sheriff of Essex, on horseback, at the head of an armed guard, escorting a company of condemned prisoners from the jail to their place of execution on Gallows Hill. The witches! There is no mistaking them! The witches! As they approach up Prison Lane, and turn into the Main street, let us watch their faces, as if we made a part of the pale crowd that presses so eagerly about them, yet shrinks back with such shuddering dread, leaving an open passage betwixt a dense throng on either side. Listen to what the people say.

There is old George Jacobs, known hereabouts, these sixty years, as a man whom we thought upright in all his way of life, quiet, blameless, a good husband before his pious wife was summoned from the evil to come, and a good father to the children whom she left him. Ah! but when that blessed woman went to heaven, George Jacobs' heart was empty, his hearth lonely, his life broken up; his children were married, and betook themselves to habitations of their own; and Satan, in his wanderings up and down, beheld this forlorn old man, to whom life was a sameness and a weariness, and found the way to tempt him. So the miserable sinner was prevailed with to mount into the air, and career among the clouds; and he is proved to have been present at a witch-meeting as far off as Falmouth, on the very same night that his next neighbors saw him, with his rheumatic stoop, going in at his own door. There is John Willard too; an honest man we thought him, and so shrewd and active in his business, so practical, so intent on every-day affairs, so constant at his little place of trade, where he bartered English goods for Indian corn and all kinds of country produce! How could such a man find time, or what could put it into his mind, to leave his proper calling, and become a wizard? It is a mystery, unless the Black Man tempted him with great heaps of gold. See that aged couple—a sad sight truly—John Proctor, and his wife Elizabeth. If there were two old people in all the county of Essex who seemed to have led a true Christian life, and to be treading hopefully the little remnant of their earthly path, it was this very pair. Yet have we heard it sworn, to the satisfaction of the worshipful Chief Justice Sewell, and all the court and jury, that Proctor and his wife have shown their withered faces at children's bedsides, mocking, making mouths, and affrighting the poor little innocents in the night-time. They, or their spectral

appearances, have stuck pins into the afflicted ones, and thrown them into deadly fainting-fits with a touch, or but a look. And, while we supposed the old man to be reading the Bible to his old wife—she meanwhile knitting in the chimney-corner—the pair of hoary reprobates have whisked up the chimney, both on one broomstick, and flown away to a witch-communion, far into the depths of the chill, dark forest. How foolish! Were it only for fear of rheumatic pains in their old bones, they had better have stayed at home. But away they went; and the laughter of their decayed, cackling voices has been heard at midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gallows, it is the devil's turn to laugh.

Behind these two—who help one another along, and seem to be comforting and encouraging each other, in a manner truly pitiful, if it were not a sin to pity the old witch and wizard—behind them comes a woman, with a dark, proud face that has been beautiful, and a figure that is still majestic. Do you know her? It is Martha Carrier, whom the devil found in an humble cottage, and looked into her discontented heart, and saw pride there, and tempted her with his promise that she should be Queen of Hell. And now, with that lofty demeanor, she is passing to her kingdom, and, by her unquenchable pride, transforms this escort of shame into a triumphal procession, that shall attend her to the gates of her infernal palace, and seat her upon the fiery throne. Within this hour, she shall assume her royal dignity.

Last of the miserable train comes a man clad in black, of small stature and a dark complexion, with a clerical band about his neck. Many a time, in the years gone by, that face has been uplifted heavenward from the pulpit of the East Meeting-house, when the Rev. Mr. Burroughs seemed to worship God. What!—he? The holy man!—the learned!—the wise! How has the devil tempted him? His fellow-criminals, for the most part, are obtuse, uncultivated creatures, some of them scarcely half-witted by nature, and others greatly decayed in their intellects through age. They were an easy prey for the destroyer. Not so with this George Burroughs, as we judge by the inward light which glows through his dark countenance, and, we might almost say, glorifies his figure, in spite of the soil and haggardness of long imprisonment—in spite of the heavy shadow that must fall on him, while Death is walking by his side. What bribe could Satan offer, rich enough to tempt and overcome this man? Alas! it may have been in the very strength of his high and searching intellect, that the Tempter found the weakness which betrayed him. He yearned for know-

ledge; he went groping onward into a world of mystery; at first, as the witnesses have sworn, he summoned up the ghosts of his two dead wives, and talked with them of matters beyond the grave; and, when their responses failed to satisfy the intense and sinful craving of his spirit, he called on Satan, and was heard. Yet—to look at him—who, that had not known the proof, could believe him guilty? Who would not say, while we see him offering comfort to the weak and aged partners of his horrible crime—while we hear his ejaculations of prayer, that seem to bubble up out of the depths of his heart, and fly heavenward, unawares—while we behold a radiance brightening on his features as from the other world, which is but a few steps off—who would not say that, over the dusty track of the Main street, a Christian saint is now going to a martyr's death? May not the Arch Fiend have been too subtle for the court and jury, and betrayed them—laughing in his sleeve the while—into the awful error of pouring out sanctified blood as an acceptable sacrifice upon God's altar? Ah! no; for listen to wise Cotton Mather, who, as he sits there on his horse, speaks comfortably to the perplexed multitude, and tells them that all has been religiously and justly done, and that Satan's power shall this day receive its death-blow in New England.

Heaven grant it be so!—the great scholar must be right!—so, lead the poor creatures to their death! Do you see that group of children and half-grown girls, and, among them, an old, hag-like Indian woman, Tituba by name? Those are the Afflicted Ones. Behold, at this very instant, a proof of Satan's power and malice! Mercy Parrie, the minister's daughter, has been smitten by a flash of Martha Carrier's eye, and falls down in the street, writhing with horrible spasms and foaming at the mouth, like the possessed ones spoken of in Scripture. Hurry on the accurs'd witches to the gallows, ere they do more mischief!—ere they ding out their withered arms, and scatter pestilence by handfuls among the crowd!—ere, as their parting legacy, they cast a blight over the land, so that henceforth it may bear no fruit nor blade of grass, and be fit for nothing but a sepulchre for their unhallowed carcasses! So, on they go; and old George Jacobs has stumbled by reason of his infirmity: but Goodman Proctor and his wife lean on one another, and walk at a reasonably steady pace, considering their age. Mr. Burroughs seems to administer counsel to Martha Carrier, whose face and mien, methinks, are milder and humbler than they were. Among the multitude, meanwhile, there is horror, fear, and distrust; and friend looks askance at friend, and the husband at his wife, and the wife at him, and even the mother at her little child; as if, in every creature that God has made, they suspected a witch, or dreaded an accuser. Never, never again, whether in this or any other shape, may Universal Madness riot in the Main street!

WOMAN'S LOT.—A FRAGMENT.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF JANE EYRE."

A LOVER masculine disappointed can speak and urge explanation, a lover feminine can say nothing: if she did the result would be shame and anguish, inward remorse for self-treachery. Nature would brand such demonstration as a rebellion against her instincts, and would vindictively repay it afterward by the thunderbolt of self-contempt smiting suddenly in secret. Take the matter as you find it: ask no questions; utter no remonstrances: it is your best wisdom. You expected bread, and you have got a stone; break your teeth on it, and don't shriek because the nerves are martyred: do not doubt that your mental stomach—if you have such a thing—is strong as an ostrich's—the stone will digest. You held out your hand for an egg, and fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation: close your fingers firmly upon the gift; let it sting through your palm. Never mind: in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learned the great lesson how to endure without a sob. For the whole remnant of your life, if you survive the test—some, it is said, die under it—you will be stronger, wiser, less sensitive. This you are not aware of, perhaps, at the time, and so cannot borrow courage of that hope. Nature, however, as has been intimated, is an excellent friend in such cases; sealing the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation: a dissimulation often wearing an easy and gay mien at first, settling down to sorrow and paleness in time, then passing away and leaving a convenient stoicism, not the less fortifying because it is half bitter.

Half bitter! Is that wrong? No—it should be bitter: bitterness is strength—it is a tonic. Sweet mild force following acute suffering, you find nowhere: to talk of it is delusion. There may be apathetic exhaustion after the rack; if energy remains, it will be rather a dangerous energy—deadly when confronted with injustice.

Who has read the ballad of "Puir Mary Lee?"—that old Scotch ballad, written I know not in what generation, nor by what hand. Mary had been ill used—probably in being made to believe that truth which was falsehood: she is not complaining, but she is sitting alone in the snow storm, and you hear her thoughts. They are not the thoughts of a model heroine under her circumstances but they are those of a deep-feeling, strongly-resentful peasant girl. Anguish has driven her from the ingle-nook of home to the white-shrouded and icy hills: crouched under the "cauld drift," she recalls every image of horror—"the yellow-wymed asp," "the hairy adder," "the auld moon-bowing tyke," "the ghaist at e'en," "the sour bullister," "the milk on the taed's back:" she hates these, but "waur she hates Robin-a-Ree!"

"Oh, once I lived happily by yon bonny burn—
The world was in love w' me;
But now I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift and mourn,
And curse black Robin-a-Ree!

"Then whudder awa', thou bitter biting blast,"

(Reader, do you hear the wild sound of this line,
sweeping over the waste, piercing the winter-
tempest?)

"And sough through the scrubby tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
And ne'er let the sun me see!

"Oh, never melt awa', thou wreath o' snaw,
That's sic kind in graving me;
But hide me frae the scorn and guffaw
O' villains like Robin-a-Ree!"

* * * * *

Where is my place in the world? is the question which most old maids are puzzled to solve: other people solve it for them by saying, "Your place is to do good to others, to be helpful whenever help is wanted." That is right in some measure, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but I perceive, that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise: they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this enough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hollowiness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others, for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is. Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humanity makes tyranny; weak concession creates selfishness. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all, if each knew his allotment, and held to it as tenaciously as the martyr to his creed. Queer thoughts these, that surge in my mind: are they right thoughts? I am not certain.

Well, life is short at the best: seventy years, they say, pass like a vapor, like a dream when one awaketh; and every path trod by human feet terminates in one bourne—the grave: the little chink in the surface of this great globe—the furrow where the mighty husbandman with the scythe deposits the seed he has shaken from the ripe stem; and there it falls, decays, and thence it springs again, when the world has rolled round a few times more. So much for the body: the soul meantime wings its long flight upward, folds its wings on the brink of the sea of fire and glass, and gazing down through the burning clearness, finds there mirrored the vision of the Christian's triple Godhead: the Sovereign Father; the Mediating Son; the Creator Spirit. Such words, at least, have been chosen to express what is inexpressible: to describe what baffles description. The soul's real hereafter, who shall guess?

DEATH.

BY FRANCIS D. H. JANVIER.

HAIL, mighty monarch! king of terrors! Death!
Dreadful destroyer, governor of all!
At thy approach, before thy withering breath,
All that is bright and beautiful must fall.
Subject to thee are all created things,
Ruler of rulers, sovereign, king of kings!

Scarcely had this fair world from chaos sprung,
The spangled firmament been spread abroad,
The joyful morning stars in concert sung
A song of praise to their creating God—
Ere Sin had entered, and the stern decree
Of "*dust to dust*" gave thy dread power to thee!

O'er all the earth, since that tremendous hour,
Thy dreadful desolations have been known;
Millions of millions, yielding to thy power,
From *time* into *eternity* have gone:
And we, who now exist, dare not delay
When thy low voice shall summon us away.

Before thy dismal throne in silence stands
A host of spectres, waiting thy employ,
All eager in fulfilling thy commands,
Swift to obey, impatient to destroy.
Fearful diseases, frenzies, heavy woes,
Plagues, wars, and famines, the dire group compose!

Nature, with all her store, thy call attends,
Thy hand can grasp what'er thy soul desire;
For thee the thundering avalanche descends,
For thee the roaring mountain vomits fire;
At thy command the earthquake rends the ground,
And scatters sudden desolation round.

Thou ridest forth amid the howling storm,
Red lightnings blaze about thy rattling car,
Black clouds and gloomy shades conceal thy form,
While the wild elements together jar:
From the dark canopy thine arrows fly,
Slaying thy victims as thou passest by.

The roaring deep, the gentle murmuring stream,
The wintry blast, the noiseless summer breeze,
The sun's bright ray, the pensive moon's soft beam,
Mountains and rocks, caves, valleys, deserts, seas—
All things, around, above us, or beneath,
Become the easy vehicles of Death!

Vast is thy cruel sway—all bow to thee!
Yet know, oh, death, thy kingdom hath a bound!
The Archangel's trump, which sets thy captives free,
With deaf'ning note thy funeral dirge shall sound;
While through the universe the tidings fly,
That death, the conqueror, *himself* must die!

Then shalt thou rise in awful majesty,
Thy hand shall wrap in flames the trembling world;
Suns, moons, and planets from their spheres shall be,
At thy loud call, in dreadful ruin hurled!
The elements shall melt, the heavens retire,
And thou, *self-sacrificed*, with time expire!



DRESS AND FASHION.

THE figure with the hair *à la Marie Stuart* has a white silk dress made with a low body, trimmed with a berthe so deep as to hide the sleeves. The berthe consists of only one fall of rich lace or Honiton point, and it is fastened in front by a small bouquet. The sleeves are short, wide, and quite plain, except a trimming of lace at the bottom of each. The skirt of the dress is trimmed with three deep flounces, open at the side and finished with large bows of ribbon; the top of each flounce being finished with a chain formed of a rouleau of satin Duchess bracelets of a new and very elegant form. The hair is dressed in what the French call *relevés à la Marie Stuart*. The front hair is divided into two parts on each side, forming two masses quite distinct; the one which covers the ears forming what is called *les bandeaux coques*, and the other combed over a rouleau forms the Marie Stuart. The back hair is plaited into three tresses, so as to form a crown. This mode of coiffure is very *distingué*, but it is difficult to execute well.

The other figure has an Indian muslin dress with a low body, much trimmed, the back being made exactly like the front. The sleeves are short, and

are formed of two little festoons. The skirt is ornamented with six flounces, the lowest being the deepest, and the others becoming a little narrower as they ascend. The flounces are intersected in front by three perpendicular rouleaux of cord, silk, or passementerie. The head-dress consists of a small cap very tastefully arranged, and trimmed with flowers and small feathers; the flowers being the catkins of the walnut. Caps are very much worn, and they are always trimmed with flowers hanging down to the neck. Small feathers are very much worn in head-dresses, even by quite young people. Both these dresses are very elegant. The two flounces of lace for sleeves in the figure with the hair *à la Marie Stuart*, have a remarkably graceful appearance, and harmonize well with the deep berthe and the lace flounces of the dress. The other dress is more peculiar, and may not be so much admired generally. The circumstance of the back of the body being made with a kind of stomacher fulled in, with rolls of satin, or pieces of cord across, does not please all tastes; and the long perpendicular rolls of satin across the flounces have rather an unpleasant effect.

HAIR WORK

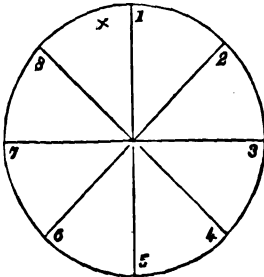
(Continued from the February number.)

BRACELET PATTERN.

Sixteen straps, of about twenty or twenty-five hairs each, and arranged in groups of four evenly on the table, are required for this pattern. Having made a cross on the right of the bottom group, proceed as follows: Take the strand from the *right* hand side of the cross, and pass it over the first and second on the left side; lay it down between the second and third, miss the third strand, lift the fourth, and carry that on over the first and second strands of the next group, missing the third, and lifting the fourth on again; work each group all round in this way, taking care to keep them evenly arranged. Having come to the cross, lift the strand from the *left* side of it, and, passing it over the first and second on the right side of it, work the same pattern round now from *left* to right. Then recommence, and go on working rounds alternately towards the right and the left, until the work is completed. This bracelet should be worked in lengths of three, four, or six, and plaited or twisted. A plait of six makes a very handsome bracelet. The tube for this should be about the size of a No. 4 or 6 knitting-needle; for a cable, a size larger. This bracelet will also require the wire elastic in each length.

CHAIN PATTERN.

Eight strands of about a dozen hairs each, arranged singly, and numbered as in the diagram, and



a small wire, the size of a No. 18 needle, are required for this chain. Lift strand eight into the place of two, lift two to the place of four, and four to the place of six, while six goes on to fill the vacant place of eight. Now lift strand one to the place of seven, seven to the place of five, five to the place of three, and three to the place left vacant by

one. Recommence, and work these two movements alternately, until the length is complete. Eighteen inch hair will work this chain in four lengths.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The wire elastic can be obtained at all gold wire workers. The clasps, snaps, slides, and other things requisite for finishing off the various articles must be ordered from working jewellers. The mode of fastening them on is very simple; it merely consists in covering the ends of the work with a sufficient quantity of cement to fill the hollow in the fastening or gold work prepared to receive it, inserting it while quite hot and melting, and holding the work firmly until cool; then carefully removing any external portions of cement, if such there be, with a pen-knife, taking care not to injure the work, or fry the hairs. The tubes and wires may be procured at a brass founder's or large furnishing ironmonger's; their ends must be ground down quite smooth, and they should themselves be well polished with fine scouring paper before being used.

The table may be obtained of any turner or upholstering carpenter; and, lest our former description may not have been sufficiently minute, we may add that it is composed of four round legs, with a circular top, from the centre of which a round piece is cut of the size of the top of a tumbler. Around this hole is a raised circle, about an inch high next the opening, and tapering down gradually to the flat of the table. In one side of the hole in the centre a small hook must be inserted to hold the strands while the weights are being affixed, and while they are being arranged previously to the putting on of the centre or balance weight; and then this hook supports the tube or wire until about half a dozen rounds have been worked, when the hair will itself support the tube. The legs of the table are inserted at the bottom into another circular piece of wood. These tables are generally made so that each part may screw into the other. This is convenient, as it admits of their being easily taken to pieces and put away, or packed for traveling. Some ladies put a curtain of colored silk, fringed at the bottom, round the upper part of the legs, which gives a very pretty appearance to the table. It may be made of mahogany, or of common stained wood; but it should be polished, and *must* always be perfectly smooth. Lead bullets, with an incision made in them to hold the thread, form a very good substitute for the weights. They should always be heavy enough to keep the strands of hair firmly and straightly extended, but not so heavy as to fracture

the hairs. The balance weight must be in the proportion of one to four of the outer or single weights for open plaits, and one to six for fine and close plaits.

DEVICES FOR LOCKETS, BROOCHES, ETC. ETC.

We now come to a branch of the hair work which depends more on the artistic skill and delicacy of touch of the worker, and on practice, than on any instructions we can give. For working these, ivory, such as miniature painters use, short lengths of hair,



viz: from two to four inches, and gum dragon, are all the materials required, with the exception of a piece of thread. For tools, a fine-edged penknife, a very delicate pair of scissors, with fine sharp points, a couple of fine camel's-hair pencils, a fine stiletto or



long pin, and a palette, are all that are needful. The hair for the feathers is prepared by curling it in flat curls, and pressing these with warm flat irons; that for the trees and willows, by plaiting it in minute plaits, which must be also pressed with an iron,

17*

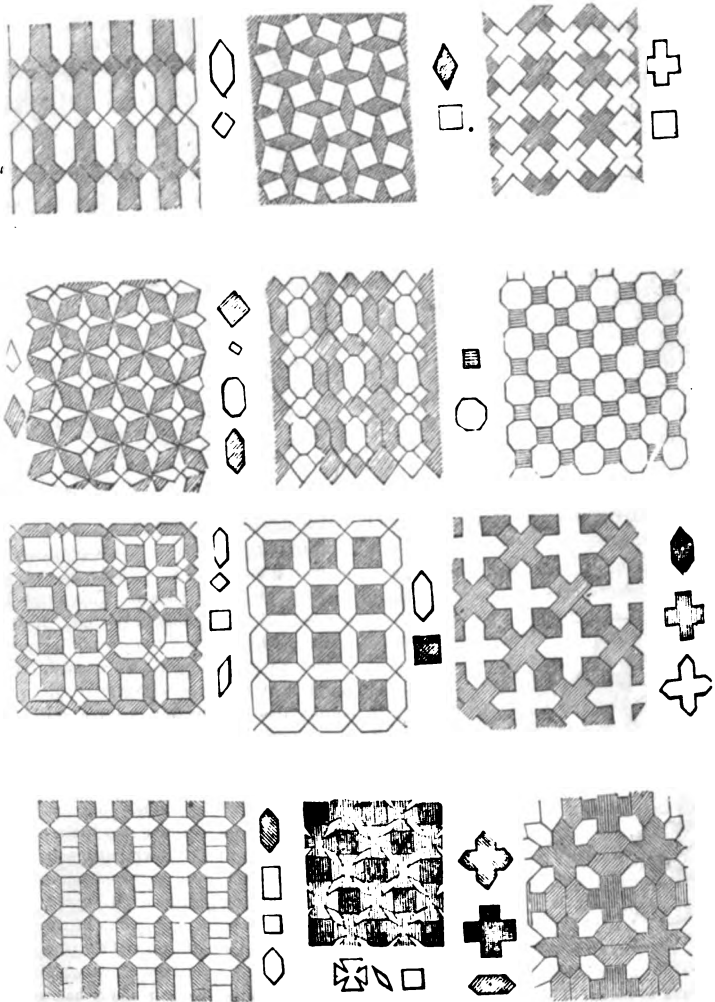
and then combed out. Hair for flowers and leaves, &c., must be smoothed out on the palette, and held



tightly down with the left hand, while with the right a coating of gum dragon is laid over it, and smoothed on until it amalgamates with the hair, so as to form a semi-transparent ribbon. This must be left to dry, and then carefully taken off. If it does not break in this moving, it is ready for use, and the leaves, petals of flowers, wheat-ears, &c., may be cut from it, either by laying it on the palette and cutting the patterns out with a penknife, or the scissors may be used; this hair should always be cut on the bias. The pattern having been penciled on the ivory, the gum must be laid on the bit about to be worked, with a camel's-hair brush, and then the cut leaves, &c., lifted into their places with a pin. The stems and lighter portions are formed of straight hair laid on the gummed pattern, and pared with the knife to remove all jagged ends. The flowers are raised on tiny circles of thread.

Devices of this description form the only sort of work which can be made with very short hair. No method of joining the hair neatly has yet been discovered. Hair which is three or four inches long may be made into chains with slides at close intervals.

PATCHWORK.



In a former number, we gave numerous patterns for combination Patchwork, suggesting, at the same time, some useful hints upon the materials and colors to be employed. These patterns have afforded much satisfaction, and a general desire for their continuance being evidenced, we now introduce twelve new patterns, which, in connection with those already given, will admit of a variety of beautiful designs. As a change from the accustomed routine of knitting, netting, or crochet, the production of ornamental patchwork will be found an agreeable variation. The articles produced thereby have, generally speaking, the advantage of being inexpensive, yet useful. The shape should be cut out of cardboard,

if for temporary use; but if cut in tin, they may be preserved, and used in combinations, which we shall hereafter suggest.

The colors must vary, of course, with the taste of the persons and the materials at hand; but the second and fourth figures may be made to imitate the magic mats, by using yellow, red, and green, or black.

We recommend those of our readers who may be inclined to follow up this economical, and, at the same time, novel and elegant amusement, to preserve those shapes we have already given, as we purpose using the same from time to time, adopting, of course, a different arrangement.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

SWEET PEA.

Four petals are required for each flower.

For the large petal, or pavilion, cast on one stitch in violet split wool, of a pale red shade. Knit alternate plain and purled rows, increasing both before and after the middle stitch of the knitted rows, until you have nine stitches on the needle. In the next plain row increase one stitch at the beginning of the row, knit three stitches, turn back and purl the same stitches, turn back again and knit plain up to the middle stitch; increase one stitch both before and after it, and knit the remainder of the row plain. In the next purled row increase one stitch at the beginning; purl three stitches, turn back and knit plain the same stitches; turn back again and purl the row. In the beginning of the next knitted row fasten on a deeper shade of violet, and continue to work in alternate plain and purled rows, increasing in the knitted rows, till you have twenty-three stitches; then fasten on a still darker shade of violet, increase one stitch at the beginning of the plain row, knit six stitches, turn back and purl them; turn back again, and knit plain up to the middle stitch, increase one stitch before and after it, and knit the remainder of the row plain. In the beginning of the next purled row increase one stitch, purl six stitches, turn back and knit them plain; turn back again and purl the remainder of the row. Knit and purl alternately four rows, still increasing in the middle of the plain rows, but decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every row. In commencing the next plain row, decrease one stitch, and knit plain half the row, including the middle stitch; turn back, decrease one stitch, and purl the same half of the row; turn back, decrease one, and knit plain the same stitches; turn back and purl them after decreasing one stitch; turn back once more, and cast off all the stitches of this first section, taking the last two stitches as one; but before turning the last stitch over, you must pick up two loops on the left side of this part of the petal, and one loop between the two sections; cast these off as stitches. This will bring the wool to the first of the stitches remaining on the left-hand needle; decrease one stitch, and knit plain the remainder of the row. Work the second section exactly like the first, and you will have a large, shaded, heart-shaped petal, turning naturally backwards, with very full edges.

FOR THE SIDE PETALS.—Cast on one stitch with white split wool, increase one stitch at the beginning of every plain row till you have four stitches at the beginning of the next knitted row, fasten on a light shade of lavender wool, increase one stitch, knit the rest of the row, and after the last stitch

cast on ten stitches more, purl back nine of them, and purl the tenth and the next white stitch together as one; turn back, slip one stitch, and knit the remaining nine; turn back, purl nine stitches plain, and purl the tenth and the next white stitch as one. Continue to work thus, in alternate plain and purled rows, until all the white stitches have been purled in with the last lavender ones; then knit one plain row, purl one row, and continue alternate plain and purled rows till six stitches only remain on the needle; cast these off.

The second petal is done exactly as the first, with this exception: that all the stitches that are increased must be done in the purled rows instead of in the knitted ones, as the last petal, and the ten stitches that are cast on must be purled instead of knitted on, as in the usual way.

For the next petal, cast on one stitch with white, or very pale lavender wool, knit and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch before and one after the middle stitch in the knitted rows, till you have thirteen stitches; knit and purl six plain rows, and then begin to decrease in the plain rows one stitch before and one after the middle stitch, until seven stitches only remain. In the next plain row knit five stitches, fold the petal in two, placing the *wrong* side of the *second* half of the petal on the *wrong* side of the *first*; knit the middle stitch plain, with a third needle, and cast off all the stitches, taking each time one stitch of the upper and one stitch of the under needle together, and knit them as one. When all the stitches are thus cast off, this petal will present the appearance of a little boat; edge this with wire; then fold a bit of wire in two, twist it tightly, and fasten it on the last stitch of the petal, and cast off. Lay a bit of wool at the bottom of the little boat, to preserve its shape, and make it slightly rounded; draw tightly the two ends of the wire that edge the boat; sew a wire round the two side petals, fasten them together, and place them over the little boat, as a kind of roof; fasten all the wires together with a thread of split wool; sew also a wire round the edge of the large petal, and place it over the three others, making it fall back a little.

A calyx must be made on each petal, by working a few stitches in herring-bone stitch with a rug needle and unsplit Berlin wool.

To mount this flower nicely, it would be well to imitate a natural one, if possible; or, at least, an artificial flower would show the proper arrangement.

LEAVES.—Cast on one stitch. Make one stitch, purl one.

Next row.—Make one, knit two, knit and purl alternately two rows, without increase or decrease;

increase one stitch at the beginning of the next knitted, and of the next purled rows; then knit and purl two rows, without increase, and thus continue two plain rows and two increased ones till you have seven stitches on the needle. Knit and purl six rows, without increase. You must now begin to decrease in every third and fourth row, knitting and purling the intermediate rows plain till you have but two or three stitches left, which knit or purl as one. In mounting the branch, two leaves

must be placed together, with tendrils between them.

TENDRILS.—In order to make the tendrils, you must cover a bit of fine wire with one thread of split wool, by twisting it round like wire; then take a knitting needle, of rather large size, and twist the wire round it. When you pull it off the needle, it will have the shape of a corkscrew. Two of these tendrils, joined together, should be placed between the leaves.

LUTHER AND THE BALLAD SINGER.

(See Plate.)

LUTHER, the great Reformer, was born on the 10th of November, 1483. His parents were in moderate circumstances. As he grew towards manhood, he was placed in an institution of learning at Eisenach: but he was unprovided with funds, and had no money to secure even food. In company with several other students, as poor as himself, he endeavored to procure bread by singing at the doors of wealthy houses. On these occasions, he sometimes sang his own compositions; at others, the favorite ditties of the day; and sometimes he chanted forth the sufferings of the martyrs. All this he called *bread music*. It does not seem to have had the power "to soothe the savage breast;" for he was often taunted and reproached, accused of idleness and evil design, and driven away by menials; though the only reward he asked for his musical exertion was a piece of bread.

"On one of those days when his very soul was filled with shame and indignation for the hard language he received, he wandered to the humble dwelling of Conrad Cotta; and, throwing himself

on a seat before it, overshadowed by ancient trees, he relieved his overburdened heart by low, plaintive music. Whether moved by the melody of song, or the tenderness of woman's soul, Luisa Cotta, the wife of Conrad, hastened to the door and invited him to enter. She then placed before him the simple fare her humble habitation afforded, bread and honey, with milk from the mountain goat. The honest, ardent gratitude of the youth, with his simple story, won not only her confidence, but her affection. She invited him to come every day and get his meals. He soon equally interested the husband, and they both continued their friendship to him. Many years after, when all Europe rang with the name of the reformer, they remembered that the poor hungry boy they fed was Martin Luther!"

Our artist, in the engraving given in this number of the Lady's Book, has imagined Luther in the act of listening to a wandering ballad-singer at the moment when the suggestion came to his own mind to adopt temporarily a similar vocation as a means of procuring his *bread money*.

AN INVOCATION.

BY J. K. H.

Horns of my youth! O why, thus unreturning,
Linger ye still with hours long fled?
Dim is the flame upon your altars burning—
Dim as a taper 'mong the charnel'd dead.

Return, once more, and satisfy my longing,
Ye glowing visions of departed years!
Oh, come again, once more in light come thronging,
And gaze in wonder on my blinding tears.

Aid me, great God! remove the bitter anguish
With which my brain is seared and riven!
Lift up my thoughts—let me not live to languish
For light, 'neath thy o'erbending heaven!

Thou know'st the hopes, the earnest aspirations
Brooding, mid fears, in ev'ry human breast;

Thou know'st the griefs, the agonized pulsations
Of hearts that pray—that ever pray for rest:

Rest from life's battles, rest from fierce contending
'Gainst the wild stream of human life,
On whose dark waves Despair and Hope are blending
Shadows and sunlight, in eternal strife.

Thou, who didst weep when thy omniscient vision
Showed thee God's City desolate and lone—
His temple burned—Rome hooting in derision
Of woman's wail and man's expiring groan:

By thy own prayer of strength, when pride and malice
Scoffed at thy meek and lowly lot,
Let me not drain life's dark and woe-brimm'd chalice,
Useless, alone, by thee forgot!

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE bells that rung in this last New Year and the beginning of a new half century have awakened many reminiscences of olden times and comparisons with bygone usages, serving to convince the most melancholy musser over the decay of ancient glories that the world is gaining in common sense and comfort more than sufficient to balance the loss of court ceremonials and splendid shows. Perhaps the contrast between the present and past, as regards the refinements of domestic and social life, can be best illustrated by a sketch of the customs prevailing in England three centuries ago. Mary, the first queen regnant, ascended the throne in 1553, and this is the state in which her subjects lived, as described by Miss Strickland:—

"Domestic cleanliness, in the reign of Queen Mary, was by no means an English characteristic. When a room was out of order, the floor was neither swept nor washed, but received a fresh strewing of green rushes; just like the littering of a farm-yard, when it is newly spread with straw, for the accommodation of the cows or pigs, and the old surface remains a fermenting mass beneath. Thus, layer of rushes accumulated over layer, covering up bones, fragments from the wasteful dining-table, and other abominations. On occasions of dancing, all this litter was disturbed by a circle being swept in the midst of the hall; the stone floor was thus made clear of incumbrance, while the extra littering was heaped up all around. This custom explains an expression used by Shakespeare and the early dramatists and chroniclers, of 'A hall! a hall!' when persons wished to dance. Such was the call by which the domestics understood they were to sweep the dancing-ring in the hall. How noxious the vapors of the newly-disturbed compost must have been to persons warm with dancing may be supposed. The great philosopher of the sixteenth century, who evidently was not used to such dirty ways in his native Holland, attributed the various plagues which then desolated England to these horrid habits. His description is as follows: 'As to the floors,' says Erasmus, in his letter to De Francis, 'they are usually made of clay, covered with rushes that grow in fens; these are so little disturbed, that the lower mass sometimes remains for twenty years together, and in it a collection of every kind of filth. Hence, upon a change of weather, a vapor is exhaled most pernicious to the human body.' He declares this to be the reason England was so frequently afflicted with pestilence. The nobles were not a whit cleaner than the country gentry; but, as they usually were possessed of several seats, they indulged in the luxury of removing from one to another, when the insects, cherished by their dirty customs, became inconvenient. These progresses they elegantly termed 'going to sweeten.' The most pitiful complaints were made by Lord Paget to Henry VI.'s privy councils, because, being in disgrace, he was confined to Beaudesert, which, he assured them, 'though very pretty, was too small; and had withal become, by some months' residence, horribly unsavory, and could not be sweetened without the removal of his family.'"

THE TRUE REFINEMENT OF FASHION, as defined by that elegant writer, Charles F. Hoffman, is in its true patriotism, which is true taste. He says—

"The elegancies of all the world may be laid under contribution to enrich and adorn the Temple of Fashion; but it proclaims itself a provincial chapel, instead of a cathedral church, from the moment it recognizes any liturgy or discipline as paramount to its own. Let our beautiful countrywomen lay this to heart, and remember that on this score the most insolent coolness of prejudiced patriotism is the highest aristocracy. Disclaim your country's history as stupid, her politics as vulgar, her literature as a nonentity, but uphold her standard of refinement always, as being beyond that of all other nations; for thou, Daphne-Aurora, thou thyself, while speaking to the stranger, art thy country's representative on this ground solely; and thou canst admit no rawness of breeding in the atmosphere from which thou wert evolved, without impeaching thine own relative position towards *his* countrywomen. Let him never make an exception of you while finding something to displease him with the rest; and let 'it is our way' be your amiable supercilious answer, when he would criticise any usages of the society to which you belong, and which he has the presumption to think is inferior to that which he claims to represent for the time being."

We are sure the readers of the "Lady's Book" will be thus true to their own country's standard of taste, which in morals is far purer than that of the Old World standard. The influence of our periodical on the youthful heart is thus alluded to in a letter from one of our subscribers:—

"I well remember how much more devoutly my dear little ones said their prayers after seeing the beautiful plate of 'The Lord's Prayer,' that the good angels might take them to their Father in Heaven if they died before they woke." Now, to children whose minds are thus prepared by their love of the Beautiful to lift up their hearts to worship the Good, the true refinements of Fashion, when youth brings its gay scenes before them, will never be separated from these early ideas; hence they will be able to discover the beauty of goodness, and comprehend how the standard of true taste should harmonize with purity of thought, conduct, and conversation in real life. From the lips of such the following beautiful strain might flow—

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY A. M. F.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry to dwell
In cities amid the lovely and gay;
'Tis pretty, 'tis pretty to be a belle
Where fashion and beauty hold sway;
But sweeter to me is my own dear cot,
And happier far my humble lot.

'Tis lovely, 'tis lovely to wear
Jewels, and satins, and silk so bright;

'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to hear
The flatteries of many a gallant knight:
But give to me my simple dress,
And of one true heart a fond caress

They are gay, they are gay that live
In the throng of city or town,
Not a thought to the morrow they give,
Not a thought to fortune's frown;
But I rather would muse in field and wood,
And learn to be wise and learn to be good

They are white, they are white the crowns
That shine in the stately burying-ground;
But ah! how rarely he that mourns
Is in that marble wilderness found!
Then give me a grave near my mountain home,
Where all who love me will often come.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Remembrance," "I'm lonely here," &c., "My Little Niece," and "Tell her to meet me there."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

From HOOKER, Philadelphia:—

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY, by Martin F. Tupper, illustrated by several fine engravings, and very tastefully bound, has lately been issued. We are glad to see that the gentle and kindly wisdom that the poet has embodied in his beautifully-quiet lines has continued to be so well appreciated. It would be a suitable gift-book for any season.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR: by the Poets and Painters. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. We have before noticed this work, an elegant compilation from the best poets on various impressive subjects in the life of the Redeemer.

FOREST FLOWERS OF THE WEST. By Anna S. Hickey. This is the title of a collection of poems on various subjects, in which the authoress displays an unusual degree of taste and genius.

MEMOIR OF WM. R. FALES, the Portsmouth Cripple. In this neat little volume, the reader is presented with the Christian experience of an afflicted but patient spirit.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

OLIVE. A Novel. By the author of "The Ogilvies." No. 150 of the "Library of Select Novels."

SINGLETON FONTENOY, R.N. By James Hannay, late of Her Majesty's Navy. An amazing land-and-water story, the hero of which is an English midshipman, who, after various adventures by flood and field, and after various changes in his religious sentiments, adopts the transcendentalism and the philosophy of Carlyle's "Latter-Day Pamphlets" for the basis of his creed.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. This patriotic and interesting work has reached its tenth number, maintaining the spirit and beauty with which it was first issued.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE MANHATTENER IN NEW ORLEANS; or, Phases of Crescent City Life. By A. Oakley Hall. A volume of sketches written in New Orleans in the years 1846 and 1847. They were originally published in the New York "Literary World," and present an amusing, but not very flattering picture of the state of society in the metropolis of the southwest.

From T. B. PETERSON, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

PRIDE AND PRUDENCE; or, the Married Sisters. By T. S. Arthur, author of "The Two Brides," "Love in a Cottage," etc. We have another of those delightful domestic tales, which Mr. Arthur knows so well how to render applicable to the bosoms, the business, and the prospects of his readers.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CONTROLLERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA, for the Year ending June 30, 1850. We have been favored with a copy of this gratifying report of the prosperous condition of our public schools by R. J. Hemphill, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Controllers.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. No. 29 "Coriolanus," with a very beautiful engraving of "Virgilia."

From W. F. BURGESS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE LADDER OF GOLD. An English Story. By Robert Bell, author of "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland."

From J. W. BRADLEY, 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

GOLDEN GRAINS FROM LIFE'S HARVEST FIELD. By T. S. Arthur. "What," asks our author, "are golden grains from life's harvest field but good and true principles, pure affections, and human sympathies, gathered by the mind as it passes through its fields of labor?" And well do the contents of this little volume prove the intellectual industry of Mr. Arthur in the fields of morality and virtue.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. By Elizabeth Wetherell. In two volumes. These volumes appear to have been carefully and naturally written, manifesting in every page the anxiety of the author rather to inculcate profitable lessons in real life than to arrest the attention of the reader by the use of high-sounding language in the portraiture of overdrawn sentiments.

THE PATHFINDER; or, the Inland Seas. By the author of "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mo-

hicans," etc. This is the third volume of Mr. Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," revised and corrected by himself.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, New York, through J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia:—

VALA. A Mythological Tale. By Parke Godwin. This is a very beautifully printed edition of a tale originally written for the "New York Evening Post," but which has since been considerably modified and enlarged. The successful manner in which the author has blended in his work "the principal incidents in the career of a reigning musical celebrity," together with its many singular illustrations, will render it a great favorite with American readers.

From M. W. DODD, New York through J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia:—

A NEW MEMOIR OF HANNAH MORE; or, Life in the Hall and Cottage. By Mrs. Helen C. Knight. But few women of any country have attained the literary reputation, and have established for themselves the pure religious character which shines so conspicuously in the writings, of Hannah More. In the memoir before us, the author has set forth the character of Mrs. More in a new and even more amiable light than it has heretofore appeared in, amiable, affectionate, and commanding as it has always been represented.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF MY PETS. By Grace Greenwood. With engravings from designs by Billings. This little volume contains ten entertaining and instructive stories, which will at once commend themselves to the hearts and the understandings of the class of readers for whose benefit they have been prepared.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE DREAM CHINTZ. By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." A very excellent story for young readers.

HONE BALLADS: a Book for New Englanders.

In three parts. By Abby Allen. This volume is full of New England poetry, feeling, and sentiment, some of the latter of which is rather severely expressed; but, for the most part, the poems and ballads are of a high order of morals, and of unquestionable literary merit.

From RICHARD & GEORGE WOOD, New York, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL REVIEW; or, Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery. No. 12.

From WELD & Co., New Orleans:—

THE NEW ORLEANS MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, Devoted to Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by A. Hester, M. D. This valuable work is published every second month. The number before us contains much that appears interesting to the northern practitioner.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO PAY: a Handbook to All the World's Fair, to be held in the Palace of Glass, May, 1851. A correct guide for the stranger, showing the actual amount of expense for persons in every rank of life during their visit to London; also,

an accurate description of all the curiosities and striking objects to be visited during a month's residence. By Harvey G. Tuckett, R. P. S. E., author of "Practical Remarks on the Present State of Life Insurance in the United States," etc.

We have been presented by the author and publisher (No. 60 Walnut Street) with a neat and conveniently-arranged pamphlet under the above title, which of itself includes all that can be said in the way of recommendation. Those who contemplate visiting the British metropolis during the Great Fair, or at any other time, will readily perceive how valuable the information contained in this book will be to them. Besides, it embraces a great deal of caution and salutary advice on various subjects of temptation and allurements set to entrap the unwary stranger, by gamblers and impostors of every description, who infest all the public avenues of the great city, and too frequently are met with in the more retired circles. Our advice to such of our friends as intend visiting England is, by no means to leave home without receiving a copy of Mr. Tuckett, and thus assuring themselves that they know "where to go and what to pay."

Publisher's Department.

A WORD TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—We are sure our patrons are all patriots; therefore we solicit your aid in sustaining a true American work—even your own "Lady's Book." We give you American literature; sentiments and principles based on true Christian charity; we thus foster American genius and disseminate those patriotic influences which strengthen and uplift the hearts of the people. That foreigners appreciate our work, is shown by their appropriation of its contents. The November number of one London magazine contained three stories selected from our "Lady's Book." We allude to this not by way of complaint. How can we blame English publishers for their theft from American literature, whilst American publishers are selecting wholesale from English publications? But as we do not thus furnish forth our "Book," as we sustain the honor of our country, and pay liberally to foster American genius, art, and industry, we feel at liberty to ask from our own American people a large and liberal patronage. Will you give it? If each lady or gentleman who now takes our periodical would procure one additional name,* we should be able not only to carry out our present designs, but to increase even the beauty and excellence of the "Lady's Book!"

We give, from a host of such documents, the following pleasant letter from a subscriber in Columbus, O.:—

"COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 3, 1850.

"L. A. GODDEY, Esq.: Inclosed, you will find three dollars for the Lady's Book for 1851. I could obtain the 'Book' here, of the booksellers, for the same price, and therefore save the postage; but I prefer receiving it direct from the mint, it seems so much fresher; and bachelors, you know (for I am one), are always on the qui vive (is that the phrase?) for something bright and pure as the unsullied snow! But do they all succeed?

* The "Yankee Girl in Virginia," who lately sent us two names (with "cash to pay"), is a beautiful example of northern talent and southern taste, and of the true American spirit which, united, these cannot fail of producing. Our thanks to her.

If not, let them immediately subscribe for your 'Book,' and they must inevitably fall in love with some of the beautiful productions of the artist, if with nothing else; and even *they* are better to love than nothing at all. Wishing you that success which you so justly merit, I subscribe myself

"Your humble servant, R. R. A."

A LADY, the only subscriber at the place where she resides, not wishing to receive her copy folded (single copies are always folded), procured another subscriber to obviate this difficulty. A very good movement, and one which we recommend to all ladies similarly situated.

THE plate of "Birds and Flowers" in this number is one of the finest specimens of this peculiar kind of work we have ever presented. It is a most gorgeous plate, and will bear the strictest scrutiny. The most delicate portion of the flowers is elaborately given by the artist.

We may remark here, that we have had this plate on hand for some time, and could have published it in the January number; but we prefer, instead of crowding all the good things in one number, to spread them over the year. We doubt very much if any cotemporary could have resisted so strong a temptation, and held back so exquisite a plate. We consider this a finer plate than any one published in any January number of this year.

"THE COQUETTE" in this number is the match-plate to "The Constant," published in the January number, and is said, by those we admit to a private view of our illustrations, to be even superior to that beautiful engraving. It is from an original design made expressly for us.

"THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN" is another of our Scriptural plates engraved on steel. The cover of this number forms a fourth plate for March.

In the April number, we shall give the Spring Fashions in all their beautiful variety.

SINCE publishing "The Secret" in our December number, 1849, we have seen the same plate reproduced in every style. We have seen it on lamp shades, on colored glass, on copper, tops of fancy tables, etc. The painter little dreamed of the immortality we have given to his picture.

WHILE others are worrying and fretting about their contributors, and offering prizes for contributions, the Lady's Book is steadily prospering, always maintaining its rank as a superior magazine, both in engravings and contributions. Its constant excellence is its distinctive feature. It therefore need not be wondered at that we have no time to attend to anything now but entering the names of subscribers and sending them their Books. The public appreciates our worth, and we are grateful to it.

WE wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not employ authors merely because they have a name, having found, by our long experience, that some of the best articles we have published have been from writers "unknown to fame."

SEVERAL persons have availed themselves of our offer of clubbing, ten dollars for five years. It is just as agreeable to us.

WE attend to all orders on the day they are received.

A SINGULAR feature in the history of the Lady's Book is the circumstance that, when we publish a number little superior to our usual excellence, so many numbers should be missing. "Your December number has not come to hand." Now the December number was packed as carefully as any other number by the same clerical packers, and yet we have supplied some three hundred duplicate copies. It is very singular.

A PRESENT.—We feel bound, in duty and politeness, to tender our acknowledgments to Mrs. D. D. Howe of the Irving House, for a basket of delicacies also presented to us during the late holidays. Among these were some of the most delicate specimens of the art we have ever tasted. We might here add, if the fact was not generally known, and especially if we had not frequently referred to it on former occasions, that the Irving House, over the affairs of which Mrs. Howe presides with so much care and dignity, is one of the most splendid and comfortable hotels in the city of New York.

ONE of the curiosities of the Great London Fair was "a woven New Testament." We shall endeavor to get a description of it for our fair readers, and we hope that some of them may at least attempt something of the same kind.

BREBEN'S INTEREST TABLES.—This is the most complete work of the kind ever published in this country or in Europe. It gives, at a glance, the interest of any sum from 1 to 1,000 dollars for any number of days, from three to seven per cent. interest. The published price is three dollars; but we will furnish a copy for one year's subscription to the Lady's Book for five dollars. Ladies who have husbands in business will please call their attention to this paragraph.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL, in this city, under the superintendence of Mr. White, we can cheerfully recommend to our friends visiting this city as a most delightful stopping-place. It has one of the most agreeable landlords, and is one of the most pleasantly situated hotels in the city, being directly opposite the Hall of Independence—a view of which may be seen in our fashion plate in our January number. If there is anything to be seen in the city of Philadelphia, this is the very spot to see it.

WARDEN'S JEWELRY STORE.—We noticed, in our January number, the Dickson watches, approved at the Chronometer Board at the Admiralty in London, every one of which is stamped and warranted. We have purchased one, good reader—ay, bought it, for purchase do not give watches for notices; and this therefore is free-will offering to the merit of these very remarkable time-pieces; and we heartily recommend them to those who wish to know the "time of day." We understand that the Central Railroad intend to purchase these watches for their agents on the road. We will advise them to do so.

BLITZ.—Have you taken the young people to see Blitz yet, the prince of good fellows as well as conjurors? The clergy of this city are always well represented at Blitz's soirées.

THE OPERA.

Is the number of the Lady's Book for February, we announced to our readers that Edward L. Walker, of this city, had made an arrangement with Max Maretzek for the production of a series of Italian operas at the Chestnut Street Theatre. We have now the pleasure to state that, the arrangements having been duly completed, several operas have since been performed, in each of which were brilliantly displayed the high talents of the artists, as well as the wonderful ability of the composers whose works have been produced. A more classical and refined concentration of musical talent and genius was certainly never witnessed in our city, taking into consideration the combined excellencies of the entire company. In this view, every one was equally emulous to represent the part allotted in the precise spirit in which it had been written by the author.

The singing of Parodi evidently took her audience by surprise, while her acting was the theme of admiration on every tongue. The sweet and mellow tones of her voice, blended with the truth and simplicity of her acting, were indeed irresistible, and drew forth the warmest plaudits from every part of the house. But, in these plaudits, Bertucca, Patti, Truffi, Lorini, and Forti were neither forgotten nor neglected. A most ample share of approbation was realized by the entire company.

In concluding these few general remarks, we must not omit to mention the debt of gratitude which the lovers and admirers of the musical art owe to Mr. Walker for his exertions to please and to gratify them, as well as to elevate the standard of musical taste in our public and private circles. We trust a generous and discriminating public, to whom he has tendered the means of partaking of one of the highest sources of delight, has fully recompensed him for his many risks and arduous labors.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO MAKE SOLUBLE CAYENNE.—Infuse an ounce of genuine Cayenne pepper in boiling water enough to cover it; let it stand on the stove for a couple of hours, and then pour the liquor through a fine sieve upon an ounce of basket salt in a soup-plate; cover this down, and let it cool. You will find the new crystals have absorbed the liquid, and they can be rubbed up to any size required, and placed in your cruet-stand, with the advantage that the new grains will dissolve and be free from the husk and seed of the pepper-pod.

To retouch the rubbed parts of a picture-frame, give the wood a coating of size made by dissolving isinglass with a weak spirit. When nearly dry, lay on some gold leaf; and polish, when quite dry, with an agate burnisher, or any similar substance.

NEW CAMERA LUCIDA.—Sir John Robinson devised, a few years since, a cheap and easily-used camera lucida, applicable to the delineation of flowers and other small objects. A piece of plate glass is made to

stand in a vertical position by means of a support. It rests on a table covered with white paper, and the object is placed on the paper on one side of the glass. On looking down from that side of the glass diagonally, an image of the object is seen on the paper on the other side, and a drawing of it can be readily taken.

TO MAKE RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put a pound of fruit into a bowl, pour on it a quart of the best white wine vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on a pound of fresh raspberries, and the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit; drain the liquor from it. The last time pass it through a canvas bag wetted with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, broken into large lumps, stir it when melted, then put the jar into a saucepan of water, or on a hot hearth, simmer and skim it; when cold, bottle it. No glazed or metal vessel must be used for it.

HINT FOR THE INVALID.—A new-laid egg, broken into a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, and well beaten up, is an excellent ingredient in the breakfast of a person having a deficient appetite, and will be found very substantial.

TO MAKE MACAROONS.—Blanch and pound with the white of four eggs a pound of Jordan almonds. Add to this two pounds of white sugar, and pound these ingredients to a paste. Then put in eight more whites of eggs. Mix the whole well together; fill a biscuit-syringe and squirt the macaroons through this on wafer-paper, and bake them slowly on tins. Ratafia cakes may be made as above by using one-half bitter almonds. If you have not a syringe, drop the biscuit carefully from a knife.

TO PRESERVE PINEAPPLE.—Cut off the rind, and divide the pine into tolerably thick slices; boil the rind in half a pint of water, with a pound of loaf sugar in powder, and the juice of a lemon, for twenty minutes. Strain this liquor, and boil the slices in it for a quarter of an hour; next day pour off the syrup; boil it, taking care to remove the scum as it rises, and pour the liquor quite hot over the fruit. Tie down the jar with bladder, having first placed brandied paper over the preserve.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF DRESS FOR A CHILD

Fig. 1.—*Dress suitable for a Little Boy from three to six years of age.*—Frock of crimson French merino, richly ornamented with Russia silk braid. A jacket of black velvet, with rather a deep skirt; it is shaped so as to fit closely at the back, and in front it merely meets at the waist; the angles of the skirt being rounded off. The sleeves are close, and quite plain. Hat of gray felt; the brim, which is circular and slightly turned up all round, is edged with a binding of crimson velvet. The hat is trimmed with a plume of crimson feathers, and with satin ribbon of the same color. Round the neck is a linen collar, with an edging of tapework now so fashionable for children; but the collar may be of cambric edged with needlework, or even of plain linen, according to taste. Boots of gray cashmere tipped with black leather.

Fig. 2.—This figure, it will be observed, represents the back view of the costume represented in Fig. 1. It may be mentioned that the ribbon which trims the hat is passed round the lower part of the crown in the form of a band, and fastened behind in a small cockade with long ends. A cockade of ribbon fixes the feathers on one side of the hat, and the strings are fastened by small cockades at each ear.

CHIT-CHAT.

A MARCH GREETING.

SPRING, they tell us, is here; but we could not have known it else, from the rude, blustering winds and leaden sky. Think of our pen moving under such an influence to describe the delicate textures and colors of spring fabrics! There are no flowers but those that live their perennial life in the huge boxes of the milliner, whose muslin and paper petals feel no variation of heat or cold. They are destined to bloom by another month on the light straw and casing bonnets which will be so much the style this season. But there has been a question submitted to us in this matter, "When is the proper time for making the change from a winter to a spring toilet?"

This depends almost entirely upon the climate in which the person may reside. Because we in Philadelphia consider velvet bonnets too heavy for the warm April days, and substitute a straw, it is by no means necessary that a New England belle should do the same, when the snow still lies upon the hill-side, and the rude blast would disdain a drapery lighter than a cashmere or merino. It would be as out of taste as to find the arbutus creeping from its sheltering covert with a snow storm whirling by, or the brook violets huddling by an ice-bound stream. Then, again, our fair neighbors of Charleston are already enjoying their thin dresses and lace bonnets; but they have also their jasmine and their myrtles. Yes, that suggests a pleasant thought. Let the flowers be your barometers, dear ladies; and when the wind is stilled, and the sunshine and the sky invite them forth, it is time for the loveliness of your spring array. But one word of caution—

"One violet doesn't make a summer!"

But more than caution: we have promised to bestow a little chiding on the fair ladies whose eyes bend over these pages—who watch for the coming of the *Lady's Book* ere their spring dresses shall be made or their new straw bonnets trimmed. "A husband and father" desires us to say a reproving word with regard to the extravagance to which our ladies are daily giving way more and more. It is true, a man must nowadays take many things into consideration when he asks a lady to marry him. There is not only housekeeping expenses to be thought of, but madame's wardrobe, which must be renewed and added to with every quarter's settlement or salary. For instance, take what many will consider a very moderate winter outfit:—

Furs, - - -	\$60
Velvet cloak, - -	40
Bonnet, - - -	12
Walking-dress, -	25
Scarf, - - -	5
Veil, - - -	5

There is a total of \$147 to commence with, leaving out a half dozen pair of gloves, gaiters to match, two or three costly party dresses, a second best bonnet, etc. etc., a sum sufficient to pay the house rent of more than

one family, and all expended upon "outward adorning." This does look a little startling, particularly when we consider that many a wife whose husband is on a clerk's or book-keeper's salary expects all these things. Deduct the winter outfit from \$1500 per annum, and add as much more for spring, summer, and autumn changes united, and supposing the house expense to be conducted in the same style, it would not take more than five years to break a man's spirit and ruin his peace at home. Debts would creep in and accumulate very soon under such a regime, and poor Mr. Micawber's fate may be re-enacted by the wife, while her husband waits in vain for "something to turn up" to relieve him from his embarrassments. Of late, both furs and velvets begin to be considered as necessities, not the luxuries of life; diamonds follow, as a matter of course, and though we are perfectly willing that those whose incomes can stand the drain should disperse their surplus revenue to support those who depend on these manufactures and importations, yet the fault is that people, who know they cannot afford it, should copy with so much servility patterns set before them with utter recklessness of expenditure. Because Mrs. Hutton has a carriage, Mrs. Jones cannot ride in an omnibus. The first lady has a magnificent Parisian cloak, the second has seen it, and cannot exist without a ten dollar velvet. It was well enough for Mr. Hutton, who has no occasion to look at his wife's milliner's bills, but bad work for Mr. Jones, a clerk in an insurance office on fourteen hundred a-year. We describe these things in our chit-chat, because we know that ladies love to hear about "pretty things;" but though we read with interest of Queen Victoria's point lace and brocades, we do not expect to copy them. An idea of style is to be gathered from our descriptions of costly things; but we expect Mrs. Jones to have the good sense to know which of them she, or rather her husband, can afford.

But there is still another point—the lavish expenditure upon the dresses of children. How much happier are the little careless creatures for being decked like so many opera dancers, with velvet cloaks and voluminous ruffles, gaiters that chill their delicate little feet, and satin bonnets that do not even shield their faces! To our taste, a child is just as pretty, and infinitely more child-like, when dressed in a simple mousseline or merino, a close silk hood, and good street shoes that keep the feet warm, even if they do make a little noise. It is not a proper thing for an American child, who, even if its parents do live luxuriously, may be penniless, and as helpless as penniless, in the revolutions of a few years. English children, even of the nobility, have their stuff dress and high pinafores. They are kept in the nursery, and not made show *statuettes* of for their mothers' parlor, or like the pretty attachment of a chatelaine when she goes out for shopping or calls. We have spoken of this before; but our attention has again been called to it, and we cannot forbear giving a correspondent's view as well as our own.

There, now we are done "being dreadful;" and although we promised to be very entertaining in this number, we must reserve for April sunshine the pleasant things we shall have to say of spring dresses, and bonnets, mantillas, caps, and sleeves. As yet there are few purchases made with us, and little change in costume. Straw bonnets have appeared in the show-cases of the milliners, and pattern-books lie upon Levy's counters. These are but an earnest of brighter things to come.

FASHION.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

Six months have not elapsed since the Publishers issued the first number of

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE,

And already the paper has attained a circulation of over

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES!

and the increase goes on at the rate of several hundred weekly. This is unprecedented in the history of newspaper literature. It seems to be just what the right thinking, right feeling, and virtuous portion of the community desire as a weekly visitor to their families; and the aim of the editor will be to make it still more welcome to this class of readers. Every number of the paper contains articles from his pen, and, during the year, several of his nouvelles will be given. Indeed, nearly everything that he writes will come to the public in the columns of the "Home Gazette." Already two of his Nouvelles have been given, viz.: "THE DI-ORCED WIFE," and "THE WAY TO PROSPER; OR, IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH."

In order to give to the "Home Gazette" the most substantial and varied interest, the *BEST WRITERS* IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE ENGAGED as contributors to its columns. Among the "good things" now appearing, and in preparation, are the following:—

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES:

By ARTHUR J. STANSBURY, who has been for twenty-four years Reporter of Debates in the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

A series of papers possessing a greater interest for American readers can hardly be imagined. Mr. Stansbury, a man of fine tastes and acquirements, has been familiar with life in Washington for nearly half a century, and, during that time, has come into direct contact with nearly all of our prominent political men. With most of our Presidents, he has been personally acquainted. During this long period, he has gathered a fund of incidents and anecdotes, touching leading personages, which he is now preparing for the press, and which will first come to the public through the columns of the "Home Gazette."

All that portion of RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRESIDENTS, which appeared previously to the 1st of January, 1851, will be republished in the "Gazette," so that all subscribers who begin with January, 1851, will receive the whole of this

DEEPLY INTERESTING SERIES OF PAPERS.

Of the Nouvelles and series of original articles appearing and in preparation, we may mention the following:—

THE REGICIDE'S DAUGHTER; a Tale of Two Worlds,

By W. H. CARPENTER, ESQ., author of "Clairborne, the Rebel," "Ruth Emsley," &c. And

A TEMPERANCE NOVEL: By T. S. ARTHUR.

Sketches of the Early History of Kentucky, and Legends of the "Dark and Bloody Ground:"

By C. W. WEBBER, author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks," "The Gold Mines of the Gila," &c. &c.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY: BY WM. H. CARPENTER, ESQ.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE OLDEN DAY: By H. W. Herbert, Esq.

A NEW NOVEL BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

Author of "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "Guy Rivers," "Katharine Walton," &c. &c.

ANECDOTES OF BIRD, BEAST, FISH, AND REPTILE,

With the poetry and philosophy of their respective lives and habits, as drawn from life. By C. W. WEBBER, Author of "Shot in the Eye," &c.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION,

In a series of highly attractive papers. By D. W. BEHNSLE.

Besides these, there will be a large number of ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES FROM THE BEST OF OUR WRITERS. The public will see by this that we mean to give them a good paper, and no mistake.

Having mentioned some of the "good things" that will appear in the "HOME GAZETTE," the publishers will state some of the "bad things" that will *not* appear therein.

No article, either original or selected, will be admitted into the "Gazette" that can, in the least, tend to deprave the tastes of the young, or offend the purest feelings. The supervision of the editor will extend to the advertising as well as to the reading columns, and he will exclude therefrom all advertisements of bad books or other articles, the use of which tends to injure either the body or mind. This exclusion will extend to all quack medicines and patent nostrums. Upon this pledge the public may fully rely.

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on FINE WHITE PAPER, WITH LARGE CLEAR-FACED TYPE, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	- - - \$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	- - - \$15 00
Three copies "	- - - 5 00	Fourteen " "	- - - 20 00
Six " "	- - - 10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person who makes up the club.

ONE COPY of the "HOME GAZETTE," and ONE of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for FOUR DOLLARS. Or, one copy and the Ladies' National Magazine, for THREE DOLLARS. All letters must be POST-PAID.

Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper.

Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State where it is to be sent

Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

PROUD TRIUMPH OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Since publishing the Lady's Book for January, we have, up to the moment of penning this, received an increase to our list that has been unprecedented. This shows that our efforts in the good cause of

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMERICAN ARTS

is appreciated. No foreign aid is needed by the proprietor of Godey's Lady's Book. Our January number, which has, we believe without a dissenting voice, been pronounced the gem of the month, is all of *AMERICAN MANUFACTURE*. We have in store numerous novelties. An opportunity has now been given to make a comparison between our engravings of

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS

and those of others—steel against wood.

COQUETRY,

The match plate to "Constancy," published in the January number, will be given in the March number.

GOOD COUNSEL AND EVIL COUNSEL,

Match plates, engraved by Welsh, will also be published this year, with appropriate letter-press matter.

DRESS THE MAKER AND DRESS THE WEARER,

Emblematic Pictures of "The North," "The South," "The East," "The West,"

Are also in preparation. Also, the following

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS:

Search the Scriptures,
The Creation, in seven tableaux,
The Miracles of Christ, in four tableaux,
The Parables of Christ, in five tableaux,
"We Beseech Thee to Hear us, O Lord!" containing
four figures,
Christ and the Woman of Samaria,
Christ Healing the Sick,
Christ on the Mount,
"How Beautiful are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord!"
The Acts of the Apostles, in tableaux, from the cartoons
of Raphael,

John Proclaiming the Messiah,
The Separation of the Apostles,
Hallowed be Thy Name,
The Church Porch, Sunday Morning,
The Cottagers, Sunday morning,
"Lord, have Mercy upon us,"
The First Lesson in Charity,
Backwoods' Worship,
"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me,"
The Guardian Angel,
The Infant Saviour and St. John,
The Return of the Dove to the Ark,

And many, very many, of a more gay and lively character. One of each kind will be given in a number—combining the *grave and the gay*.

The illustration of the Scriptural Plates will be furnished by the REV. H. HASTINGS WELD

COLORING ENGRAVING.

The "Sylphs of the Season," in the January number, was printed and colored in our own office; also the Vase and Flowers, in this number. Can there be—has there been—anything more beautiful published, foreign or domestic, in any number of a magazine published in Philadelphia? We may ask the same question in reference to

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES.

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady, will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

They are also the terms of all the Philadelphia \$3 magazines.

One copy, 1 year, - - - - \$3	Five copies, 1 year, - - - - \$10
Two copies, 1 year, - - - - 5	One copy, 5 years, - - - - 19
One copy, 2 years, - - - - 5	Ten copies, 1 year, - - - - 20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

Postmasters and others sending clubs will oblige us very much by having them all addressed to one name. It is no inconvenience to them, and will be a great favor to us.

No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.

We do not take unpaid letters out of the post office, except those from known correspondents.

Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.

Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

THE
Bestly Parlour Engravi
B

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELLENCE

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—MARCH, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

NINE ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN THIS NUMBER.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. THE COQUETTE. An original design by GILBERT, in which are comprised five other original designs, making six in all. Engraved by | W. E. TUCKER. |
| 2. BIRDS AND FLOWERS. Printed in colors. Seven different tableaux. Designed and executed for Godey's Lady's Book, by | S. DORNBOSCH. |
| 3. THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN. One of the series of "Godey's Scriptural Plates." Engraved by | T. B. WELCH. |
| 4. LUTHER AND THE BALLAD SINGER. Engraved by | W. CROOME. |
| 5. MUSIC—LA GITA IN GONDOLA. By THEOD. VON LA HACHE. | |
| 6, 7. DRESS FOR A CHILD. Two engravings. Engraved by | C. T. HINCKLEY. |
| 8. TAKING BOARDERS. An original design. Engraved by | W. CROOME. |
| 9-12. COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS—Second Series—The Toilette of England. Four engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 13, 14. MODEL COTTAGE. Two engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 15. A WINTER GARDEN. Engraved by | W. CROOME. |
| 16. DRESS AND FASHION. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 17-21. HAIR WORK. Five engravings. Engraved by | C. T. HINCKLEY. |
| 22-33. PATCHWORK. Twelve engravings. Engraved by | P. JONES. |

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

The Coquette, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	149	A Winter Garden,	
The Infant Saviour and St. John, by <i>Rev. H. Hastings</i>	153	Sonnet, by <i>Samuel Laurence James</i> ,	
<i>Weld</i> ,	153	The Broken Wand,	
The Sisters, by <i>Mrs. Helen C. Lewis</i> ,	153	Night, by <i>J. R. Orton</i> ,	
The Judge; a Drama of American Life, by <i>Mrs. Sarah J. Hale</i> ,	154	Burial of the Missionary, by <i>Mrs. L. G. Abell</i> ,	
Taking Boarders, by <i>T. S. Arthur</i> ,	160	The Witches—a Scene from Main Street, by <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> ,	
The Two Hours, by <i>Carl Linley</i> ,	167	Woman's Lot, by "the Author of <i>Jane Eyre</i> ,"	
Costumes of All Nations—Second Series,	168	Death, by <i>Francis D. H. Janvier</i> ,	
A Dream of the Past, by <i>D. Ellen Goodman</i> ,	169	Dress and Fashion,	
Sonnet, by <i>Wm. Alexander</i> ,	169	Hair Work,	
Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by <i>Professor Alden</i> ,	170	Patchwork,	
Sabbath Lyrics, by <i>W. Gilmore Simms</i> ,	174	Knitted Flowers,	
Kinneho; a Legend of Moosehead Lake, by <i>E. Oakes Smith</i> ,	175	Luther and the Ballad Singer,	
To my Absent Little Boy, by <i>Ion</i> ,	179	An Invocation, by <i>J. K. H.</i> ,	
Plan of a Southern Cottage, by a <i>Lady Correspondent</i> ,	180	Editors' Table,	
To the Bluebird, by <i>Anna</i> ,	181	The Song of the Mountain Maid, by <i>A. M. F.</i> ,	
Develour, by <i>Professor Charles E. Blumenthal</i> ,	182	Editors' Book Table,	
To the Genius of Art, by <i>E. Anna Lewis</i> ,	187	Various Useful Receipts,	
		Description of Dress for a Child,	
		Chit-Chat—a March Greeting,	

R. MORRIS & CO.—We have had several of our subscribers writing us lately that they have paid their subscription to R. Morris & Co. This is a matter that only concerns themselves. We never authorized that firm to collect money but, on the contrary, strictly prohibited them, and will, in no instance, acknowledge their receipts.

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Traveling Agent for the Western States, and J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, Alexander Laws, and A. J. Smiley.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Traveling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee, and B. B. Brett.

ISRAEL F. JAMES, 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our General Traveling Agent for the Southern and South States, assisted by Wm. H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, James Clark, P. L. Jos. Button, Wm. A. PIERCE, for Pennsylvania.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGES OF POSTMASTERS.

We ask the particular attention of postmasters to the following important letter. They will see that they have the privilege of franking all letters intended for the Lady's Book:—

SIR: The Postmaster-General, after careful consideration of the question as to the right of postmasters, that have the privilege of franking, to frank letters to publishers of newspapers covering money for subscriptions, or the names of subscribers, has decided that, when the postmaster is agent for the publisher, he has the power to frank such letters, and his agency will be presumed from the fact that he franks them. As no postmaster has any authority to frank these communications but when he is such an agent, it is proper to regard him as acting in that capacity when he so conducts, and no information is received to the contrary. In doing this business, the postmaster must be regarded as entirely the agent of the publisher and not of the department. Very respectfully, &c.,

FITZ HENRY WARR

TRAVELING AGENTS will please send and have their certificates renewed, and learn the new terms. No subscription will be received from them unless a remittance in accordance with our new terms accompanies it.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]

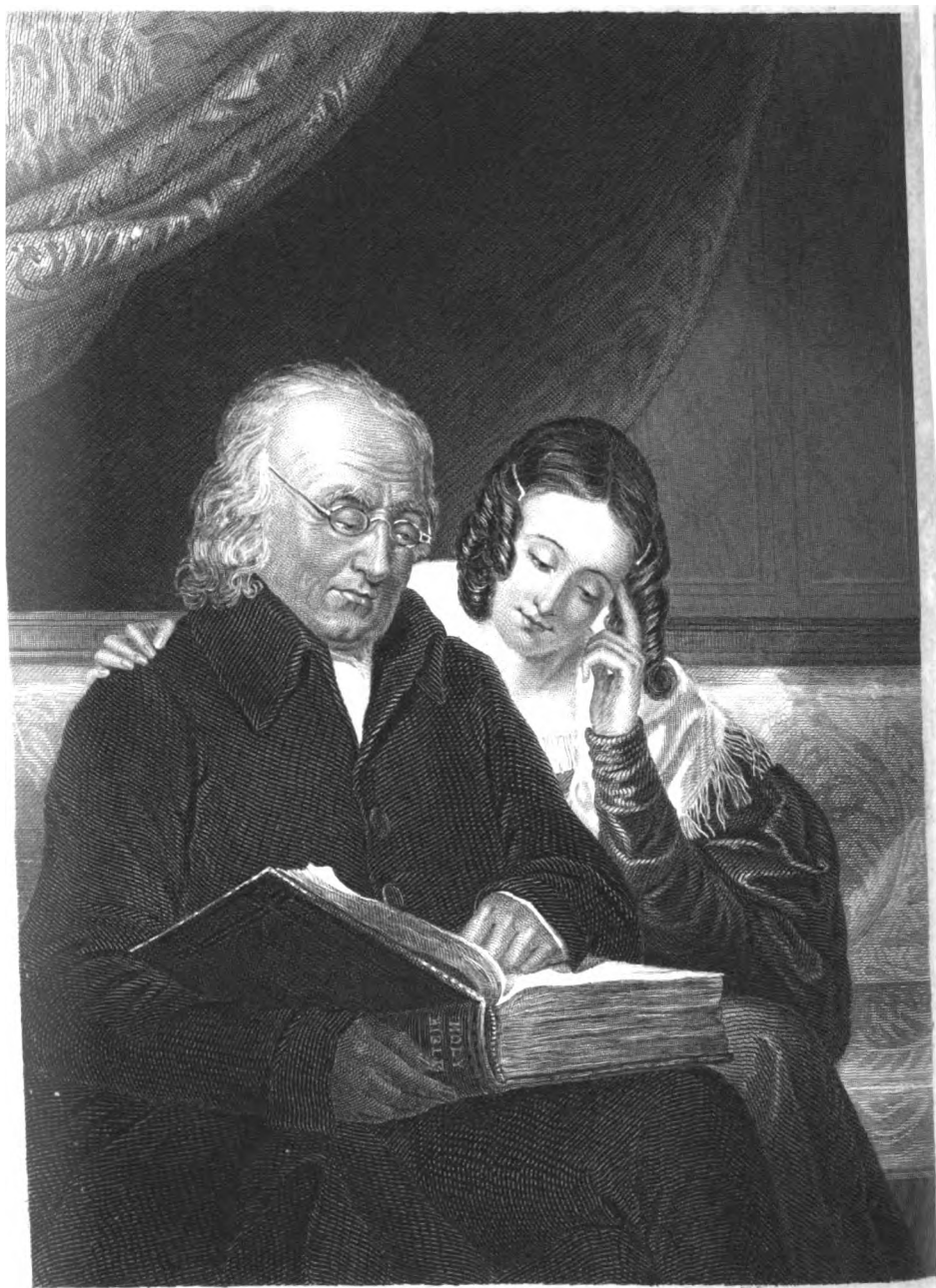
APRIL

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



A. GODEY PUBLISHER

PHILADELPHIA.



THE
LIFE OF
JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ.
BY
JAMES RUSSELL, ESQ.
OF THE BARR



WHO SPEAK

Engraved Expressly for Godey's Lady's Book

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905

Printed and Published by the Royal Anthropological Institute, 21, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.
By the University Press, Cambridge.



DESIGNED BY J. H. SKIPP

ENGRAVED BY J. H. SKIPP

THE END OF THE WORLD



The Fairy's Court

© SHERMAN, PRINTER.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



Fashionable Spring Riding Dresses.

OH SING THAT SONG AGAIN TO NIGHT.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO MISS CHARLOTTE JUDAH,

BY C. C. CONYERS.

CON MOLTO
SENTIMENTO.

Oh, sing that song a - gain to night, The songs of other years, They'll bring a - gain some part de - light, In sunshine and in tears. They
My heart is sad, then sing to me, The songs we love so well, The pleading thoughts they bring to me, No feeble words can tell. Then

gild the gloom of present
 sing the song we used to

They In
 carae, sing,

tell of joys to
 youth's un - cloudy

come, day,
 When

Then sing the songs of
 like the birds of

other early
 Spring, We

years, car - ol - led hours
 Of friendship and of away.

home!
 away.

A SMALL VILLA
FOR A GENTLEMAN MUCH ATTACHED TO GARDENING.

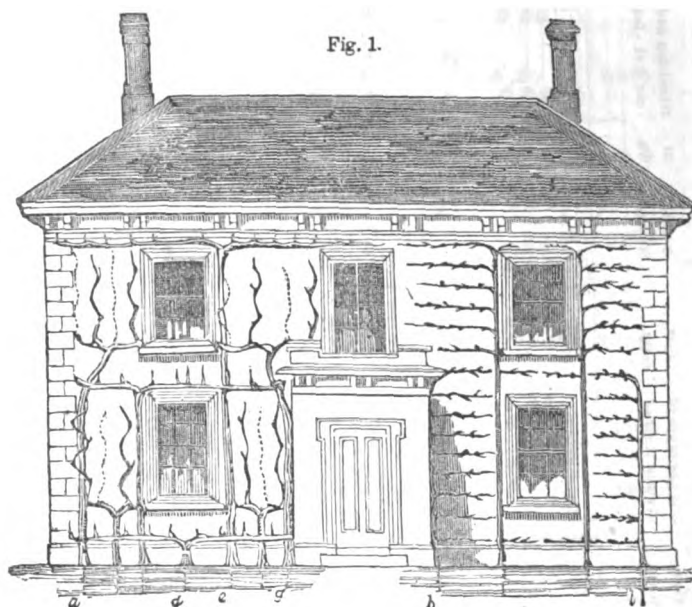


Fig. 2.

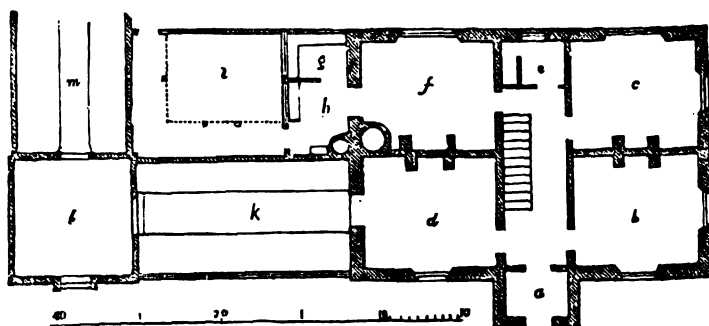
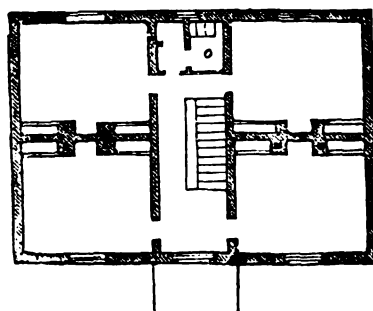


Fig. 3.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1851.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

Bending devoutly o'er the Sacred Page,
The reverend head and hoary
Finds there the comfort and the stay of age,
The hope of glory.

And is there nothing for the new in life,
The ardent and the youthful?
Yes—for the young, the Holy Book is rife
With lessons truthful.

And here the strong in years, the full of thought
Of many matters heedful,
Find above all things the great truth is taught,
One Thing is needful!

Here on a common ground each other greet,
All minds and states, all ages:
All in the Faith of the One Lord may meet
Upon these pages.

The weak find strength here, and the deaf find ears:
The trusting blind find vision;
The sad discern, beyond this vale of tears,
A joy Elysian.

The Spirit woos us—and the Bride, the Church,
With earnest, kind invitings;
The Saviour saith: If ye would know me, Search
The Sacred Writings.

ROSE O'CONNOR.—THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

'Twas evening, when musing o'er matters and things,
Of the future, the past, and of now,
Mid Somnus spread o'er me his opiate wings,
And rested awhile on my brow.
Then bright little angels stole into my dreams—
And, in my sweet slumbering hours,
They carried me off on the gentle moon's beams
Away to the Kingdom of Flowers.

And whilst 'mid the beauty and fragrance there,
Away in that beautiful scene,
They gathered around me the Flowerets fair,
And said to me "Choose us a Queen!"
—Choose us a Queen!" each Flow'ret exclaimed,
"And choose us the best, on thine honor!"
"Oh, casting about me, a bright Rose I named
For their Queen, 'twas our sweet Rose O'Connor.

19*

Right well were the Flow'rets pleased, I ween;
Right well did they like my election:
With a garland of rosebuds they crowned their Queen,
Each pleased with my happy selection.
Then came to their sovereign the Flow'rets fair,
And cast their richness upon her;
Each one left a part of its beauty there—
An offering to Queen Rose O'Connor.

Then the Flowers, with a breath as soft and as sweet
As the nectar from roses distilled,
Saluted their Queen, and bowed at her feet—
When my vision, alas! was dispelled.
The Flowers had gone; but still *has* their Queen
Their richness and beauty upon her;
Ay! the same, still the same as she was in my dream,
Remaineth our sweet Rose O'Connor.

213

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

BY C. T. MINCKLEY.

(See *Plau.*)

THERE is oftentimes a deal of philosophy in the canine race, but it only reveals itself on particular occasions, and on particular subjects. Every person has doubtless seen, in his time, some one of the family in hot pursuit of an individual belonging to the *genus* that delight our ears with impromptu serenades. The hasty and dogmatic manner with which the attack is commenced is often changed to a vocal mode of operator, superinduced partly by the philosophy of the dog, and greatly by the claws of the cat. Many have also observed the energy with which an attack is made on the common enemy, man, if his back be turned; but the philosophy displayed in keeping clear of the range of boot or umbrella, "when face to face the foemen meet," has surely been noticed. Who can doubt that the curly light-haired canine in the picture is one of the philosophers of the race? The ineffable curl of the nose, with its accompanying frown, has an air and grace about it clearly defining his position. The unmistakable bearing of the ears and head betrays much of the "knowing one," whilst the indisputable gravity of the mouth cannot be misunderstood. Out of a pack of a hundred would he be selected for his *sui generis* qualities. There is a certain air about him that clearly designates his standing in the "canine club." He is the dog for fun, or for out-door amusements. He takes to the society of the boys in the street as naturally as any other philosopher takes to the sciences; for his pranks add all the zest to the game. He chases a stick or a ragged urchin with the gusto of a constable, and is as loth to give the former up without some coaxing as a young lady is to give a kiss. See him, in a crowd of boys, fighting for the ball! Now he is uppermost, now underneath; and if he yelps occasionally, it is only that they may not squeeze him *too* hard. The prize gained, he draws himself from among the mass of humanity and clothing, and, shaking himself vigorously, is on hand for another scramble. Could he hold converse with us, he would doubtless claim ancestry from Cowper's "Tray" and the "dog that worried the cat" in the famous "house that Jack built."

The other, the sleek and black-looking dog, is an in-door reveler, a lazy lie-on-the-rug hound, that shivers if the east wind blows on him, and sleeps for the want of sense. He is the pet of the parlor; whilst the other is king of the kitchen. He knows nothing of real fun, and his only gymnastic exercise is stretching himself out at full length, and drawing himself up again. He never indulges in fast walking (he has been taught, by listening, that it is vul-

gar) only when Betty, the housemaid, charges on him with a broomstick, and then he is very fleet of foot, much to the astonishment of the philosopher, who is studying Natural History from actual observation upon the ears of some porker in the street.

The philosopher ventures occasionally into the parlor, but he does not feel at home. He makes his entrance through the window, and, after a running survey, disappears in the same manner, leaving it for the other to be trammelled by doors and such obstructions. Occasionally there has been a meeting of the two in the garden; but even there the difference of education and instinct is apparent. The one trots lazily around among the flowers, tipping them gently with his nose; whilst the other takes delight in excavating moles from their under-ground burrows, and frightening tomtits half out of their feathers by his uncalled-for attentions, and is peculiarly destructive to slender flower-trees that stand betwixt him and his amusements. One afternoon the two were together in the garden. Little Ella, who was regaling herself upon preserved pears, came upon them. She had had a surfeit, and, with one pear remaining in her hand, bethought herself of trying an experiment that her juvenile fancy dictated. Holding the pear high up, and casting her eyes towards Sleek Skin, she exclaimed, "*Who speaks first?*" The philosopher put on an air of dignity (if you do not believe it, look at the picture), and, with his eyes fixed on the dish, remained perfectly quiet. He knew what a preserved pear was; he did not like things smothered up in sugar; and he had no notion of speaking, when he knew that he would not get the morsel anyhow. Put a mutton chop, or any other piece of meat, before him, and he will not stop to speak—action is his motto. Sleek Skin put up his paw leisurely, and, giving a slight yelp, received the pear, whilst the other was left to lick out the dish, an operation he had learned to know was the sweetest part of the meal.

This over, Ella turned towards the house, when she observed that a hollyhock, which she herself had nurtured apart from the rest of the flowers, was broken off at the top. She uttered a scream of surprise; and at the same moment the philosopher escaped from her company. He had carried his studies to too high a pitch—in chasing a butterfly, he had leaped against the flower and bowed its head. This knowledge lent terror to his flight, and he trotted off to the house, with an occasional look behind; thinking, no doubt, that quadruped as well as biped philosophers were not sufficiently appreciated.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

MANY of our old customs are "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and this is particularly the case with the practice of making April fools, which is more evidently, than any other, the relic of a barbarous age. It is true that it is now confined to the lower class of society; and that probably, in a few years, it will so completely have passed away as to be remembered only as matter of history. It is curious, however, to trace its origin, in relation to which a few words may, perhaps, be found amusing.

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All-fool's day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I nor they themselves do know."

So says the poet.

In Scotland, an April fool is styled the *Gowk*, a name given there to the cuckoo, from the Saxon *Gar* (a cuckoo), derived from *Geck*, which means one easily imposed upon. Hunting the Gowk is sending him with a letter in which is written:—

"On the first day of April,*
Hant the Gowk another mile."

In France, the person sent on a foolish errand is called a *Poisson d'Avril*, probably because the fish appears a stupid animal.

The custom is a very ancient one, and is said to owe its origin to the Holi feasts among the Hindoos, in which the chief subject of diversion consisted in sending people on errands and expeditions that were to end in disappointment, and to raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent—the mirth being always in proportion to the trouble given.

Others, again, suppose the practice to have arisen from a custom, in the Middle Ages, of representing

* The common pronunciation of the word April, in Scotland, makes it chime in with mile.

scenes from Sacred History without any feeling of impropriety, but which, in our enlightened times, is happily done away with. The scene in the Life of our Saviour, where he is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate, was represented in the Easter mysteries, which frequently fell in April, and is said to have given rise to the strange custom of sending on fruitless errands. The phrase of "sending a man from Pilate to Herod" is common in Germany, and signifies sending unnecessarily; and in some places both the first and the last day of April are selected for the observance; and he who is taken in by the bait is styled an *Aprilen Tölpel*, equivalent to our expression of April fool.

It is very possible that the passage in the life of our Saviour is the real origin of this foolish custom, as it is quite in accordance with the spirit of those days when what were called the Dramatic Mysteries were represented, and when the most holy and sacred subjects were treated with a degree of irreverence that would be perfectly horrible to our feelings, if we did not know that no real impiety was intended. I have mentioned the subject here, because I think that many persons who retain old customs with obstinacy, merely because they are old, would not do so if they had the least idea of the origin of the customs they defend so pertinaciously. Thus, the decking the houses with holly at Christmas is the remains of a pagan superstition; the holly having been dedicated to Saturn, as the mistletoe was to Friga, the Scandinavian Venus. The Yule log bears reference to the constant fire kept up by the priests of Baal; and the Maypole, with all its adjuncts, offers an imitation of the games formerly held in honor of the goddess Flora.

It is true that in towns these superstitious have now almost vanished, but in many country places they are still preserved. It is wonderful how long customs are retained by oral tradition, after all traces of their origin have passed away.

SONNET.—SALVATION'S SHIP.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Now Time's stream methinks I see now sail
A gallant Ship, bound for that radiant shore
Where sin, strife, storm, and sorrow come no more:
Her spirit-breath the ever-gentle gale
Which waits her on, while Infinite Wisdom steers:
Her Captain, God Almighty's royal Son,
Crowned, for Redemption's victories by him won.

In whitest robes of righteousness appears
Each passenger, when once received aboard.
Hark! silver trumpets angel-shipsmen blow,
To summon whosoever will, to go,
While yet there's room. With priceless riches stored,
Proudly rides she o'er rocks of wrath and sin,
Till the celestial port she safely anchors in.

THE LETTER.

BY MARY S. ADAMS.

AT one of those windows which, in more propitious season, were shaded by vines, but during our *misnomer* of a spring in New England afforded an unobstructed view of a street of "well-conditioned" houses, sat a young lady, with books and worsted-work in graceful negligence around her. Attractive as the volumes were, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and fascinating as worsted-work is acknowledged to be by all who have engaged in the artist-like creation of making flowers bloom from their inter-threaded stitches, Laura's reflections were engrossing enough to set them aside. The face, which was resting on a hand plump and fair as ever lingered in the parting clasp, reflected a thousand passing emotions, deeper, happier than could have been called forth by the western sky on which she gazed. No pantheist ever turned so devotional a look at the gorgeous drapery of the heavens as beamed in those dark eyes, which were fixed on the purple, golden-edged clouds, as if to read in them the same love-lit fancies which were wildly chasing through the mind.

"A billet for you, miss, which has just been left at the door," said the servant, extending it a moment before it was perceived.

There was the slightest possible frown—just enough to show what it might have been could any one have been blamed for the interruption—and the envelop was opened; but not without one feminine glance at the seal, which bore the motto of "*Toujours à vous.*"

Reader, I know the proposition will shock you, but let us look over Miss Laura's shoulder and read:—

"How vain are our resolutions to fortify ourselves against the impatience of delay in expressing that which absorbs every thought and feeling of our souls! When I rode out with you last Tuesday, and we talked of first impressions, I thought I would defer, till my return to L—, the confession that you had made 'the first,' the deepest, nay, the only impression on a heart which has cherished your image for months. When we spoke of local attachments, I thought I would whisper to you when I came back that, with you, all spots were alike; and yet, after an absence of one day from you, I cannot refrain from telling you how devotedly you are loved. You are entwined with every good aspiration—you are present in every day-dream of the future. May I call you mine? Oh, write me, if but one word, and let that be *hope*! Business of importance will detain me several days from you;

216

but give me permission to tell you, at the earliest moment, that I am

"Wholly yours,

"CHARLES HENDERSON.

"April 1st."

The carnation deepened on the cheek of Laura Perkins, as her eyes were riveted on the paper which confirmed, sooner than she had imagined, the hopes which for the last half hour had been chasing each other through the corridors of her brain. Looks, deeds, everything but words, had told her that she was exciting an interest which no woman had ever roused before in the sensitive, lofty Henderson. He had sought her society, had seemed delighted with her conversation to a degree which far exceeded the polished deference he gave to the demands of the world, where he was deemed a scholar and a gentleman, but insensible to female charms—some said from want of heart, but others surmised that the heart was merely lying fallow, because the fastidious standard of the head guarded it too narrowly. Laura knew him to be gifted with rare powers of mind, expanded and refined by cultivation; but more intimate companionship revealed to her noble traits of character, and rich, deep feeling not apt to bubble up at the surface, but flowing on with a strong current. True, there was a degree of pride which was too impatient of any tampering with his personality on the part of others; a sensitiveness which, while it never affected moral independence, yet made him carefully observant of the conventional proprieties of society, and scrupulous in the exaction of them towards himself. To Henderson's taste, a violation of etiquette would have been as disagreeable as a *faux pas* in grammar; and it was his theory that all the restraints which the united usage of the world had fastened on us were to be worn easily and gracefully, not to be cast aside—that individuality should shine *through*, not *without* them. His conversation was that of a man of society, polished and varied, sometimes philosophical and descriptive, often humorous and ingenious; but you felt that there was a reserved force, that the *man* was never given up to your inspection. Incapable of a mean action, of a shadow of duplicity himself, there was too much severity in judging of the conduct of others, too much contempt felt for failings so foreign to himself.

In Laura's society he had experienced an increasing pleasure, and when alone with her he had yielded to the frank, *subjective* expression of opinions which common acquaintances seldom heard from

him. Just before his departure from L——, he had taken her to ride, and had indulged more unreservedly than before in the luxury of exchanging thought for thought and feeling for feeling. When they returned, he bade her good by for two or three weeks, as imperative business would call him away. There was an unusual tenderness in his manner towards her as he took his departure; and for the last half hour before his note arrived, saying that he loved her, Laura's reflections had "cast a shadow before" to the same effect. Here she read, from the few apparently hurried lines, that the impatience of affection which sought a return cast aside the demands of business and the scrupulosity of etiquette, and waited only for a word from her.

"The mail will go out to-night," she murmured; and opening the delicate writing-desk, she seized a pen and wrote—

"When you return, I shall rejoice to hear from you assurances of affection which to-day it has given me so much pleasure to read.

"LAURA PERKINS."

The note was folded, sealed, and given to the servant, who carried it to the post-office—to convey tidings of joy, do you opine, to him who should receive it?

Laura started suddenly up—

"Past eight, and a social evening at Mrs. Emery's. I promised her I would go; but oh, how much I should prefer to remain at home and think my own thoughts!"

Ah, Laura, you will talk other than your "own thoughts," mayhap; but your face will gossip of an inward happiness which words would only mock.

"Miss Perkins, we were afraid that our expectation of seeing you would prove false as the day," said one of the gentlemen, advancing to greet her after she had been welcomed by the elegant hostess, "and we want you to be umpire between us. One half of us around the table here think this First of April decidedly an immoral day in the calendar; and, according to the modern system of reformation, we are for forming a society to prevent the *spread* of it. But others think fun too rare a commodity not to be purchased whenever any can be obtained, either by hoaxing or otherwise."

"Why, the clumsiness with which all such jokes are perpetrated is tolerable evidence in favor of people's general loyalty to truth."

"You think, then, Miss Perkins, that all deceptions have but a flimsy veil?" inquired Philip Mendan, looking penetratingly into her face.

"Yes; or perhaps I have never known any very ingenious attempts," she replied, with her open smile; "nor would I wish to. Fun is a coarse monster, and should never handle very delicate porcelain. I am glad to see him keep within the reach of deceptions only, which break nothing valuable when they fall."

"Think of Miss M—— and other travelers in

America!" rejoined one of the company. "They must have considered their whole tour but one April day! Miss M—— was gravely told, by a Unitarian clergyman, that he never found himself mistaken in anything, and she received his humorous irony for veritable assertion. A lady gave her a description of a literary club, where the exercise was to bring in weekly improvements on Shakespeare's most celebrated passages! and she had actually penciled it but for the interposition of a friend, who knew the whole story to be a hoax."

"And then the good-natured sailor-author, Captain M., before whom those clever, mirthful girls held the conversation of '*pink and plush*,' purposely to get into his minutes!"

"Yes; you know he speaks of the Yankee fondness for palming off stories on the credulous; and well he might from his own experience. He was told that, in one New England village, every man was obliged to distribute tracts (tracks) in the winter season; but, fortunately, he smelt the execrable pun before it obtained a *footing* in his memoranda."

The conversation turned upon deceptions of various kinds, literary frauds, Chatterton's manuscript, &c.; and one story followed another until the entrance of the servants with silver salvers, bearing cake, jellies, blancmange, ice-creams, lemonade, and fruit, to which all were helped; but before black Marcus, the head waiter, had quite lost his composure, the inviting refreshment seemed to gratify the organ of mirthfulness rather than alimentiveness. The delicious-looking cake was no other than Indian cake, frosted with a coating which tasted more of salt and saleratus than sugar. The lemonade was neither sweet nor sour, unless you took more than even "the marchioness" did of "make-believe," but tasted rather of soap. The oranges had been carefully cut, filled with brick-dust, and glued together again; and every article proved an ingenious counterfeit. After a hearty laugh and congratulation of the hostess for this triumph of culinary hoaxing, in came Marcus showing all his teeth in sympathy with the gemmen and ladies, followed by his coadjutor, with waiters of "the genuine, no mistake," as he gratuitously informed them.

The evening passed in merriment; and two of the circle, Philip Mendan and his friend Bradbury, were sitting cosily together over their stove at their boarding-house, after their return from Mrs. Emery's.

"I will tell you what it is, Philip, I am sorry about that foolish letter you sent Miss Perkins to-day."

"Why, I am sure you said it was well done, and just the thing for such a proud signior as Henderson."

"True; and it was a perfect imitation of his handwriting; and I care not a whit for him, but for her. Did you mark that high, yet open expression in everything she said and looked this evening? and that occasionally absent-fixedness of gaze, as if her

thoughts were too busily, too happily engrossed for the present occasion, to which she would so quickly recall herself? It troubled me. I fear that she will answer the letter—in short, that it will bring unhappiness to her."

"Nonsense! it was a legitimate 'First of April' frolic. I was fortunate in having inferred, from a word or two dropped after that ride to Mount Green, that Henderson might have been speaking of first impressions of places to Miss Perkins; for that reference gave the letter all its *semblance*."

"But if she answers it?"

"Well, what if she does? Henderson really likes her, and will be glad to know his fancy is reciprocated. He will be obliged to tell her that she answered another person's love-letter; and he will be horribly angry that any one should have dared to trifle with his high majesty."

"But what if his pride should not recover from the shock?"

"Why, Bradbury, you are duller than an old boot to-night. What if he should not recover from the shock! as if he was as brittle as all that! A little misunderstanding is as essential to love as salt to soup; and Henderson ought to be very much obliged to us for furnishing the occasion gratis. 'The course of true love,' &c., you know."

"But, even if it bring no serious consequence, it seems to me that ours is a mean *rôle* in the affair, and I am truly ashamed of it."

"You talk of it as if it were a serious deception, when it is merely a hasty 'April Fool' joke to write a love-letter for the proper, dignified Henderson—a joke which you and I were not too wise to laugh at this afternoon when it came into our heads, although you are fast becoming so. But tell your qualms of conscience, if you have any more, in your dreams, and now good night."

And how sped the reply? Ah, with altogether too steady an aim! Pity that it had not wasted its sweetness on the desert air of the dead letters, instead of hieing so faithfully to its destination! Henderson took it from the office, tore open the envelope, and read it. The first idea was of a hoax; but here was a chirography which he knew must be hers, for its peculiarities he had marked in a copy of some lines, which he had carefully treasured as written by her. He compared the two accurately together. In every characteristic turn of the letters there was an exact correspondence, and, as if to leave no loophole for his bewildered hope of mistake, he had seen Miss Perkins engaged in tinting some figures on note-paper precisely like this. It must be hers! what could it mean? and he crushed the note tightly in his hand, as wounded feeling and angry pride were striving for mastery. Then smoothing it out, he gazed at it again. His eye fell on the date *April 1*, and, for the first time, the capricious custom of the day flashed on his mind. But this was no counterfeit; he was too sure that it came from her. Had she given herself to such a vulgar, commonplace frolic as to attempt such a

deception, and on him? Impossible! It was too foreign to all the delicacy of her character, and he rejected the thought as gross injustice to her. Then it must be in reply to an alleged letter from him; and some person had dared to trifle thus with him and his affairs. And she, she of all others, had received and believed words of over-strained, namby-pamby sentiment, as such a letter must have been, to come from him. She had had no internal evidence to guide her—she had so little understood him. She had credited the coinage of foolery as the turning-down of the inmost fold of his heart. And Charles Henderson paced his chamber, compressing his lips as if to shut out the agonizing disappointment which racked his whole nature. Anon, softer, gentler thoughts of Laura broke in upon his memory, but to be overwhelmed by the torrent of ungovernable feeling. It was one of those strong revulsions which sometimes visit proud natures, and what would have been the sweet assurance of her affection became additional bitterness. It was surrendered, not to his confessions of deep love, but in return for the forced strains of he knew not whom.

"I am a madman! a fool!" he muttered; "but I will be so no longer; my resolution is taken," and he seated himself at his table and wrote. "But no; any expressions of interest will be a mockery now," and he tore the sheet and wrote again—

"MISS PERKINS: I return the inclosed, which seems to be in reply to something which was never written by me. In a few days I shall sail for Europe. May Heaven bless you!"

"CHARLES HENDERSON."

Those who met Laura Perkins in society might have noted that her face wore more of that lofty, yet subdued expression which only unhappy experience brings; they might have observed that her manner, though graceful and gentle as ever, was more cold and had less joyous abandonment than formerly; but they might not have known that, intellectual and generous as she was, there dwelt not a more lovely being in the circles of L—.

It was one of those very warm days in July when human beings seem nearly reduced to a state of fluidity, and those who can afford it leave the streets which are giving them their "dust to dust" in advance, and indulge in a cool breeze and plenty of room—blessings which modern luxury has made to depend on length of purse. "Alas!" as Willis says, "that those who are wealthier should be healthier!" Well, people were packing up bathing-dresses with a few readable books, such as would not draw too heavy a draught on the brain and yet amuse one who did not care at the time to indulge gregarious propensities, and leaving their vacant houses to receive such bits of pasteboard as might be unfashionably deposited at that season, and betaking themselves to the mineral waters, or the great Atlantic, which would welcome them with froth enough to counterbalance all their frivolity. This summer the ladies

of L— had found a new retreat, where they could have a broad, smooth beach, a fresh breeze, and freedom which they could not have in the hotels of Saratoga, and all for a mere trifle! So that husbands were fain to consent; some because they could return easily to L—, when they wished, on business, and others because they really enjoyed the opportunities of sporting and fishing which it afforded.

"Laura," said Mrs. Perkins, "you need this trip to W— Beach more than myself. You call yourself well, and smile and talk with vivacity when I speak of your health; but you are very pale this summer."

"Oh, mother, the dim light of fashionably-darkened rooms, while it shields us from the sun, makes all roses look pale. Where will you go?"

"I have been thinking that we might board at one of the cottages there, where seven or eight persons group together, and I hope chance will send us into a select circle."

"Into an agreeable one, I trust, but"—

"Yes, Laura, I know what you would say—that so long as people are intellectual and amiable, you care not what their social position may be."

"You have interpreted me rightly, dear mother. If we should meet those whose character and conversation were pleasant, I should be glad to know that in this country they had the privileges which worth will appropriate to itself, even if they should be connected with 'the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker.'"

"Let such earn a good living and welcome; but we need not make them our companions."

"Why not? The employments in which they or theirs may have been engaged have the same foundation which any profession has—the benefit of society; and if the individuals are refined in their manners, and interesting in mind and character, why should we not avail ourselves of them in social intercourse?"

"Ah, Laura, you are a sad child! With a little more regard for station, and a little more pride, you would be all I could wish."

"Then be grateful, mother dear, that I have had so narrow an escape from being a faultless monster. As for aristocracy, you will guard me from all contagious influences; and pride, I have learned, carries a double sting for itself and others; and though it may sometimes add dignity to the character, true self-respect will answer all its purposes without reaping all its bitterness," she added. And one might have suspected for a moment that a tear glistened in her eye; but it certainly was not there when she turned towards her mother with the same mild expression as ever.

Mrs. Perkins *did* conclude that she would venture to the seaside, and test the surf of the waters and the society of the houses. She found accommodations simple enough, to be sure, and "grievous to be borne," if they had been forced upon her by fate; but then the B—s and D—s were there the sum-

mer before, and it was the fashion to like them; so the delicate lady was suited. She met at the house which she selected several persons of whom she had heard, and whom she promised herself to like, and one or two of their acquaintances from L—: Philip Mendan for one. She used to think him agreeable; he had every right to be so, of a fine family, with good education and wit; but it struck her that his manners were stiffer than formerly, as he greeted herself and daughter. He hardly ever joined them in their little parties, although he frequently went out on the water and mingled in different excursions. One day Mrs. Perkins missed him at the table, and asked if Mr. Mendan had left W— Beach? There was a dense fog that day, and neither sailing nor walking could be pleasant, and most of the company were driven to their indoor resources.

"He took a violent cold at the fishing-party day before yesterday, and is confined to his room. He had a physician called in to-day; although what the inhabitants of this left-handed place do when troubled with any of the ills that flesh is heir to, is a mystery, for I scoured the country on horseback this morning to get this Esculapius," replied one of the boarders.

Day after day passed, and it was found that the accommodations at the cottages of W— Beach were better suited to the well than the sick. "Ah, poor man!" "I am sorry for him!" were exchanged every day at the table, and occasionally some one called at his chamber to see how he was, and this was the extent to which casual acquaintances felt themselves called upon to embody their sympathy. He was left to the tender mercies of the physician, who made his daily visit and deposited advice and medicine, and the care of one of the women of the house inconveniently turned into nurse.

"Miss Perkins, I do admire your benevolence! It would kill me with my nerves to be in attendance on a sick room this intolerably warm weather; but you find your whole pleasure in it, and will not join us in a single excursion," said one of the ladies, some days afterwards.

"Yes; and I hope, if this youth does recover, he will liquidate the debt with the tender of his heart to you. Mr. Mendan to Miss Perkins debtor: to gruels, jellies, blancmange, reading, and patience—a whole life of gratitude, &c."

"That would be a *bill-et-doux*!" smilingly returned Laura.

"I am glad you rally her," said Mrs. Perkins; "for, although it does need some one to direct that awkward Phillis how to make Mr. Mendan comfortable, yet I think Laura ought not to relinquish all the pleasures of her seaside trip; and between devoting herself to me when she can imagine a want, and attention to this invalid, she gives herself no thought."

"Come, put on your bonnet, and let us seat ourselves under that group of trees and watch the sails. How differently they look! some of a silvery white-

ness, others like a delicate engraving," said Laura, desirous of turning the channel of conversation, which had not pleased her.

However, reader, it was true that, when Mendan was too feeble to know to whom he was indebted for the constant attention which anticipated every wish, Laura Perkins had taken a sister's care of him. She had received the doctor's directions, had prepared such food as he was allowed to take, had seen that his room bore as cheerful an aspect as possible, had been "head," as Miss Bremër would say, to the servant who had strength and good will, and who, under her guidance, became more skillful in the performance of her duties. When the violence of disease passed away, Philip Mendan thought long and deeply on the angel ministrations which had hovered over him. It is said, and with true insight into human nature, that "we never forgive those whom we have injured," and it was not without pain and inward mortification that he had greeted Mrs. Perkins and her daughter at the cottage, and had afterwards avoided them as much as possible. But, as I said, physical weakness had neutralized feeling when Laura first arranged his room and shaded the light as Phillis would never have thought of doing; and afterwards he had learned to watch with delight for her knock at the door, her light step into the room, and, when he was able to bear it, listen for half an hour to the music of her voice reading from some favorite author.

"Oh, do not go! wait one moment, Miss Perkins," he said, as she closed the volume, and rose to go; and then he poured out to her a passionate avowal of affection before she could prevent it.

Surprised and grieved, she told him gently, but decidedly, it could never be, and rose, after a kind wish, to depart.

"But you must hear a confession I have to make. Oh, mean villain that I have been!" said he, covering his face in agony, which made his whole frame quiver. "How shall I commence it? But oh, I deserve it—your contempt! You remember a

letter you received the First of April, purporting to be from Charles Henderson? I wrote it!"

The blood rushed to Laura's face, then left it pale as marble; but she forced herself to listen.

"I wrote it," he continued, "not because I had not the highest respect for you, but for a joke on Henderson, who had so much pride and reserve. Bradbury only knew it, as we were together at that time; and, as soon as the mischief was done, he had misgivings and regret. But I thought Henderson loved you, and one explanation would end the whole affair, which was only to vex him a little. I never dreamed of the effect of what was a frolic—base enough it seems to me now, but conceived and executed in a few minutes, without reflection. As soon as I learned, to my utter astonishment, that Henderson had sailed for Europe, I wrote him a letter confessing the whole affair, and begging him to let the consequences fall only on me. He wrote me, 'You have marred my happiness, Mendan, for a vulgar, senseless jest; but I forgive you. And now, as the only reparation you can render me, as you value my peace of mind, let the subject never be mentioned again.' I have determined many times that I would tell you all; but how could I introduce a topic so delicate, which might be fraught with pain to you, and which must bring contempt on myself? I have avoided you till we met here, here where you have been an angel spirit to me—here where the admiration I always felt for you in society has been quickened into a love, which, hopeless as it is, will follow you while life remains. But I am odious to you; you can never forgive me!" he said.

There was a pause; Laura extended her hand—

"Yes, I do forgive you; but I know you will never forgive yourself. May we both be ennobled by the suffering which this fault has brought?" she replied, almost inaudibly.

"Noble, generous being!" murmured Mendan, as the door closed on her. "Oh, may God in heaven make me worthy of her goodness to me, and may I be spared from the sin of thoughtless frolics!"

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. F. WELD,

WHO DIED AT FORT MOULTRIE, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1850.

BY M. E. A. C. BROWN.

Where flashed the steel through serried ranks,
Where showers of shot and ball,
'Mid deaf'ning peals, were raining down
At Palo Alto's fall:

Where, 'mid the thickest carnage, pressed
The chiefs of Monterey;
Through all the Montezumian Halls,
Amid the fiercest fray:

There, where our eagle fearless perched,
There, 'mid the din of war,
Thy waving plume was foremost seen,
Like Henry's of Navarre.

Harmless to thee fell shot and ball
As rain-drops from the sky;
'Twas thine to wear the olive wreath—
Then fold thy robes and die!

FOR THE FUN OF IT

BY T. S. ARTHUR

"Just look at them loving *lovers*!" said Harry Mears, glancing from his companion to a young man and maiden, who, for the moment unconscious that they were in the midst of a large company, were leaning towards each other, and looking into each other's faces in rather a remarkable manner. "Isn't it ridiculous? I thought Fisher had more sense than to do so. As to Clara Grant, she always was a little weak."

The friend looked at the couple and smiled. "It is ridiculous, certainly," he remarked. "Why haven't they sense enough to keep these little love-passages for private occasions?"

"Clara, with all her silliness, used to be a right pleasant companion," said Mears. "But since this love affair between her and Fisher, she has become intolerably dull and uninteresting. She doesn't care a fig for anybody but him, and really appears to think it a task to be even polite to an old acquaintance. I don't think she has cause to be quite so elated with her conquest as this comes to; nor to feel that, in possessing the love of a man like Fisher, she is independent of the world, and may show off the indifference she feels to every one. Fisher is clever enough, but he is neither a Socrates nor a saint."

"He will suit her very well, I imagine."

"Yes; they will make a passable Darby and Joan, no doubt. Still, it always vexes me to see people who pretend to any sense acting in this way."

"I think it is more her fault than his."

"So do I. She has shown a disposition to bill and coo from the first. At Mangum's party, last week, she made me sick. I tried to get her hand for a dance; but no. Close to the side of Fisher she adhered, like a fixture, and could hardly force her lips into a smile for any one else. The gipsy! I'd punish her for all this, if I could just hit upon a good plan of doing it."

"Let me see," remarked the friend, dropping his head into a thoughtful position, "can't we devise a scheme for worrying her a little? She is certainly a fair subject. It would be fine sport."

"Yes, it would."

"She evidently thinks Fisher perfection."

"Oh yes! There never was such a man before. She actually said to Caroline Lee, who was trying to jest with her a little, that Fisher was one of the most pure-minded, honorable young men living."

"Oh dear!"

"It is a fact."

"Was she serious?"

"Yes, indeed! Serious as the grave. Caroline

VOL. XLII.—20

was laughing to me about it. Nearly every one notices the silliness of her conduct, and the weakness she displays in forever talking about and praising him."

"I would like to run him down a little when she could overhear me, just for the fun of the thing."

"So would I. Capital! That will do, exactly. We must watch an opportunity, and if we can get within ear-shot of her any time that she is by herself, we must abuse Fisher right and left, without appearing to notice that she is listening to what we say, or, indeed, anywhere near us."

"Right! That 's the very thing! It will be capital fun."

Thus, the thoughtless young men, meddling themselves in a matter that did not concern them, determined upon a very questionable piece of folly. All that they said of the lovers was exaggeration. It was true that they did show rather more preference for each other in company than just accorded with good taste; but this, while it provoked a smile from the many, irritated only the few.

Clara Grant, notwithstanding the light manner in which the two young men had spoken of her, was a girl of good sense, good principles, and deep feeling. She had been several times addressed by young men before Fisher offered his hand; but, with all their attractions, there were defects about them, which her habits of close observation enabled her to see, that caused her to repel their advances, and in two instances to decline apparently very advantageous offers of marriage. In the integrity of Fisher's character, she had the most unbounded confidence; and she really believed, as she had said to Caroline Lee and to others, that he was one of the purest-minded, most honorable young men living.

Judge, then, with what feelings she overheard, about half an hour after the plan to disturb her peace had been formed, the following conversation between Mears and his companion, carried on in low tones and in a confidential manner. She was sitting close to one side of the folding-doors that communicated between the parlors, and they were in the adjoining room, concealed from her by the half-partition, yet so close that every word they uttered was distinctly heard. Her attention was first arrested by hearing one of them say—

"If she knew Fisher as well as I do."

To which the other responded—

"Yes; or as well as I do. But, poor girl! it isn't expected that she is to know everything about young men who visit her. It is better that she should not."

"Still, I am rather surprised that common report should not have given her more information about Fisher than she seems to possess."

"So am I. But she 'll know him better one of these days."

"I 'll warrant you that! Perhaps to her sorrow; though I hope things will turn out differently from what they now promise. Don't you think he is pretty well done with his wild oats?"

"Possibly. But time will tell."

"Yes, time proves all things."

Some one joining the young men at this point of their conversation, the subject was changed. Greatly amused at what they had done, they little thought how sad the effects of their unguarded words would be.

Five minutes afterwards, the young man named Mears, curious to see how Clara had been affected by what he knew she must have heard, moved to another part of the room in order to observe her without attracting her attention. But she had left the place where she was sitting. His eye ranged around the room, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm afraid we've hurt Clara more than we intended," he said, rejoining his friend. "She has vanished."

"Ah! Where's Fisher?"

"He's at the other end of the room."

"We didn't say anything against the young man."

"Not in particular. We made no specifications. There was nothing that she could take hold of."

"No, of course not. But I wonder what is going to be the upshot of the matter?"

"Nothing very serious, I apprehend."

"No. I suppose she will go home and cry her eyes half out, and then conclude that, whatever Fisher may have been, he's perfection now. It's a first-rate joke, isn't it?"

Clara Grant had not only left the parlors, but soon after quietly left the house, and alone returned to her home. When her lover, shortly afterwards, searched through the rooms for her, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Clara?" he asked of one and another. The answer was—

"I saw her here a moment since."

But it was soon very apparent that she was nowhere in the rooms now. Fisher moved about uneasily for half an hour. Still, not seeing her, he became anxious lest a sudden illness had caused her to retire from the company. More particular inquiries were made of the lady who had given the entertainment. She immediately ascertained for him that Clara was not in the house. One of the servants reported that a lady had gone away alone half an hour before. Fisher did not remain a single moment after receiving this intelligence, but went direct to the house of Clara's aunt, with whom she lived, and there ascertained that she had come home and retired to her room without seeing any of the family. His inquiry whether she were ill, the servant could not answer.

"Have you seen anything of Clara yet?" asked the friend of Mears, with a smile, as they met about an hour after they had disturbed the peace of a trusting, innocent-minded girl, "just for the fun of it."

"I have not," replied Mears.

"Where 's Fisher?"

"He's gone also."

"Ah, indeed! I'm sorry the matter was taken so seriously by the young lady. It was only a joke."

"Yes. That was all; and she ought to have known it."

On the next day, Fisher, who had spent a restless night, called to ask for Clara as early as he could do so with propriety.

"She wishes you to excuse her," said the servant, who had taken up his name to the young lady.

"Is she not well?" asked Fisher.

"She has not been out of her room this morning. I don't think she is very well."

The young man retired with a troubled feeling at his heart. In the evening he called again; but Clara sent him word, as she had done in the morning, that she wished to be excused.

In the mean time, the young lady was a prey to the most distressing doubts. What she had heard, vague as it was, fell like ice upon her heart. She had no reason to question what had been said, for it was, as far as appeared to her, the mere expression of a fact made in confidence by friend to friend, without there being an object in view. If any one had come to her and talked to her after that manner, she would have rejected the allegations indignantly, and confidently pronounced them false. But they had met her in a shape so unexpected, and with so much seeming truth, that she was left no alternative but to believe.

Fisher called a third time; but still Clara declined seeing him. On the day after this last attempt, he received a note from her in these, to him, strange words:—

"DEAR SIR: Since I last met you, I have become satisfied that a marriage between us cannot prove a happy one. This conclusion is far more painful to me than it can possibly be to you. You, I trust, will soon be able to feel coldly towards her whose fickleness, as you will call it, so soon led her to change her mind; but a life-shadow is upon my heart. If you can forget me, do so, in justice to yourself. As for me, I feel that—but why should I say this? Charles, do not seek to change the resolution I have taken, for you cannot; do not ask for explanations, for I can give none. May you be happier than I can ever be! Farewell."

"CLARA."

"Madness!" exclaimed Charles Fisher, as he crumpled this letter in his hand. "Is there no faith in woman?"

He sought no explanation; he made no effort to

change her resolution; but merely returned this brief answer—

"Clara, you are free."

It was quickly known among the circle of their friends that the engagement between Fisher and Clara had been broken off. Mears and his friend, it may be supposed, did not feel very comfortable when they heard this.

"I didn't think the silly girl would take it so seriously," remarked one to the other.

"No; it was a mere joke."

"But has turned out a very serious one."

"I guess they'll make it up again before long."

"I hope so. Who would have believed it was in her to take the matter so much at heart, or to act with so much decision and firmness? I really think better of the girl than I did before, although I pity her from my heart."

"Haden't we better make an effort to undo the wrong we have done?"

"And expose ourselves? Oh no! We must be as still as death on the subject. It is too serious an affair. We might get ourselves into trouble."

"True. But I cannot bear to think that others are suffering from an act of mine."

"It is not a pleasant consciousness, certainly. But still, to confess what we have done would place us in a very awkward position. In fact, not for the world would I have an exposure of this little act of folly take place. It would affect me in a certain quarter—where, I need not mention to you—in a way that might be exceedingly disagreeable."

"I didn't think of that. Yes, I agree with you that we had best keep quiet about it. I'm sorry; but it can't be helped now."

And so the matter was dismissed.

No one saw Clara Grant in company for the space of twelve months. When she did appear, all her old friends were struck with the great change in her appearance. As for Fisher, he had left the city some months before, and gone off to a southern town, where, it was said, he was in good business.

The cause of estrangement between the lovers remained a mystery to every one. To all questions on the subject, Clara was silent. But that she was a sufferer every one could see.

"I wish that girl would fall in love with somebody and get married," Mears remarked to his friend, about two years after they had passed off upon Clara their good joke. "Her pale, quiet, suffering face haunts me wherever I go."

"So do I. Who could have believed that a mere joke would turn out so seriously?"

"I wonder if he is married yet?"

"It's doubtful. He appeared to take the matter quite as hard as she does."

"Well, it's a lesson to me."

"And to me, also."

And, with this not very satisfactory conclusion, the two friends dropped the subject. Both, since destroying, by a few words spoken in jest, the happiness of a loving couple, had wooed and won the

maidens of their choice, and were now married. Both, up to this time, had carefully concealed from their wives the act of which they had been guilty.

After returning home from a pleasant company one evening, at which Clara was present, the wife of Mears said to him—

"You did not seem to enjoy yourself to-night. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes; I feel quite well," returned Mears.

"Why, then, did you look so sober?"

"I was not aware that I looked more so than usual."

"You did, then. And you look sober now. There must be some cause for this. What is it, dear?"

Mears was by no means ignorant of the fact that he felt sober. The presence of Clara distressed him more, instead of less, the oftener he met her. The question of his wife made him feel half inclined to tell her the truth. After thinking for a moment, he said—

"I have felt rather graver than usual to-night. Something brought to my recollection, too vividly, a little act of folly that has been attended with serious consequences."

His wife looked slightly alarmed.

"It was only a joke—just done for the fun of the thing; but it was taken, much to my surprise, seriously. I was innocent of any desire to wound; but a few light words have made two hearts wretched."

Mrs. Mears looked at her husband with surprise. He continued—

"You remember the strange misunderstanding that took place between Clara Grant and young Fisher, about two years ago?"

"Very well. Poor Clara has never been like herself since that time."

"I was the cause of it."

"You!" said the wife, in astonishment.

"Yes. Clara used to make herself quite conspicuous by the way she acted towards Fisher, with whom she was under an engagement of marriage. She hardly saw anybody in company but him. And, besides, she made bold to declare that he was about as near to perfection as it was possible for a young man to come. She was always talking about him to her young female friends, and praising him to the skies. Her silly speeches were every now and then reported, much to the amusement of young men to whose ears they happened to find their way. One evening, at a large party, she was, as usual, anchored by the side of her lover, and showing off her fondness for him in rather a ridiculous manner. A young friend and myself, who were rather amused at this, determined, in a thoughtless moment, that we would, just for the fun of the thing, run Fisher down in a confidential undertone to each other, yet loud enough for her to hear us, if a good opportunity for doing so offered. Before long, we noticed her sitting alone in a corner near one of the folding-doors. We managed to get near, yet so as not to appear to notice her, and then indulged in some light remarks about her lover, mainly to the effect

that, if his sweetheart knew him as well as we did, she might not think him quite so near perfection as she appeared to do. Shortly afterwards, I searched through the rooms for her in vain. From that night the lovers never again met. Clara refused to see Fisher when he called on her the next day, and shortly afterwards requested him, in writing, to release her from her marriage contract, without giving any reason for her change of mind."

"Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Mears, her voice and countenance expressing the painful surprise she felt, "why did you not immediately repair the wrong you had done?"

"How could I without exposing myself, and causing perhaps a serious collision between me and Fisher?"

"You should have braved every consequence," replied Mrs. Mears, firmly, "rather than permitted two loving hearts to remain severed, when a word from you would have reunited them. How could you have hesitated a moment as to what was right to do? But it may not be too late yet. Clara must know the truth."

"Think what may be the consequence," said Mears.

"Think, rather, what *have been* the consequences," was the wife's reply.

It was in vain that Mears argued with his wife about the policy of letting the matter rest where it was. She was a woman, and could only feel how deeply Clara had been wronged, as well as the necessity for an immediate reparation of that wrong. For more than an hour she argued the matter with her husband, who finally consented that she should see Clara, and correct the serious error under which she had been laboring. Early on the next day Mrs. Mears called upon the unhappy girl. A closer observation of her face than she had before made revealed deep marks of suffering.

"And all this 'for the fun of it!'" she could not help saying to herself with a feeling of sorrow. After conversing a short time with Clara, Mrs. Mears said—

"I heard something, last night, so nearly affecting your peace, that I have lost no time in seeing you."

"What is that?" asked Clara, a flush passing over her face.

"Two years ago you were engaged in marriage to Mr. Fisher?"

Clara made no reply, but the flush faded from her face and her lips quivered slightly for a moment.

"From hearing two persons who were conversing about him make disparaging remarks, you were led to break off that engagement."

The face of Clara grew still paler, but she continued silent.

"By one of them I am authorized to tell you that all that they said was in mere jest. They knew you could hear what they said, and made the remarks purposely for your ear, in order to have a little sport. They never dreamed of your taking it so seriously."

A deep groan heaved the bosom of Clara; her head fell back, and her body drooped nervelessly. Mrs. Mears extended her hands quickly and saved her from falling to the floor.

"This, too, 'for the fun of it!'" she said to herself, bitterly, as she lifted the inanimate body of the poor girl in her arms, and laid it upon the sofa.

Without summoning any of the family, Mrs. Mears made use of every effort in her power to restore the circle of life. In this she was at last successful. When the mind of Clara had become again active, and measurably calm, she said to her—

"It was a cruel jest, and the consequences have been most painful. But I trust it is not yet too late to repair the wrong thus done, although no compensation can be made for the suffering to which you have been subjected."

"It is too late, Mrs. Mears—too late!" replied Clara, in a mournful voice.

"Say not so, my dear young friend."

But Clara shook her head.

It was in vain that Mrs. Mears strove earnestly to lift up her drooping heart. The calmness with which she had been able to bear the destruction of all her hopes, because there had seemed an adequate cause for the sacrifice she had made, was all gone now. There had been no adequate cause for the sacrifice. Her lover was as excellent and honorable as she at first believed him to be, and she had cast him off on the authority of a heartless jest. To all that her friend could say, she had but one reply to make—

"It is too late, now!"

"Not too late, I trust," said Mr. Mears, a good deal disturbed by his wife's relation of her interview with Clara. "I must ascertain where Fisher is, and write to him on the subject. Did she say anything that led you to believe that she recognized the voices of the persons whom she heard conversing? Do you think she suspects me in the matter?"

"I do not think she does."

"So much the better."

The effect upon Clara of the information she had received was very serious. Deeply as she had been afflicted, the consciousness of having done right in refusing to marry a man who was destitute, as she had accidentally discovered, of virtuous principles, sustained her. But now it was revealed to her that he was as excellent as she had at first believed him, and that she had been made the victim of a pleasant joke! There was no longer anything to hold her up, and accordingly her spirits completely forsook her, and in less than two weeks she was seriously ill.

The news of this deeply disturbed Mr. Mears, who had written to Fisher, and was waiting impatiently for an answer.

"I am afraid we have made the matter worse," he said to his wife, who, on returning from a visit to Clara, reported that, so far from improving, she was too evidently sinking, daily. "If Fisher

should have entered into another engagement, or, if his pride has taken fire at being thrown off on what may appear to him such slight grounds, I really tremble for the consequences."

"Let us hope for the best," returned Mrs. Mears, "as we have acted for the best. It was plainly our duty to do as we have done. On that subject I have no doubt."

Two more weeks of painful suspense and anxiety passed. Clara did not improve in the least. Mrs. Mears called to see her every few days, but dared not venture to tell her that her husband had written to Fisher. She was afraid to fill her mind with this hope lest it should fail, and the shock prove too severe. But, even as it was, life seemed to be rapidly ebbing away.

At length there came a change. Nature rallied, and life flowed, though feebly still, in healthier currents through the veins of Clara Grant. In a week from the time this change took place, she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours each day. But all who looked into her young face were grieved at the sight. There were no deep lines of

distress there, but the marks of patient, yet hopeless suffering.

One day she sat alone, in a dreamy, musing state, with a book lying upon her lap. She had been trying to read, but found it impossible to take any interest in the pages over which her eyes passed, while her mind scarcely apprehended the sense. Some one opened the door; but she did not look around. The person, whoever it was, remained only for a moment or two, and then withdrew. In a little while, the door opened again, and some one entered and came towards her with the tread of a man. She started to her feet, while her heart gave a sudden bound. As she turned, her eyes fell upon the form of her long absent lover. For an instant, perhaps longer, she looked into his face to read it as the index of his heart, and then she lay quivering on his bosom.

A few weeks later, Clara became the bride of Charles Fisher, and left with him for the South. Neither of them ever knew the authors of the wrong they had suffered. It was better, perhaps, that in this they should remain ignorant.

So much "*for the fun of it!*"

CLOUD MUSINGS.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

"The Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain."

THE season is approaching when soft showers will call from the brown earth tender grass and flowers, weaving a robe of beauty which will endure until the winds of Autumn revisit the earth. Bright clouds will come, noiselessly sailing through the ethereal ocean, and, with their forms and hues of loveliness, awaken a wish in the thrilled bosom of the lover of Nature to be, like them, rovers among all things bright and beautiful.

I love to lie down on a clear Spring day, when the air is fresh and fragrant, and watch the clouds pile themselves in threatening masses, or slowly dissolve and disappear. They move up from behind the distant hills—their silver edges bright, but not dazzling—borne on the wings of the wind to the zenith, changing but still beautiful, never reposing but seeking the horizon, and at last disappearing, to be succeeded by a long train as fair, as fragile, and as unresting as themselves.

No words can paint the wondrous, ever-varying beauty of the clouds. They pluck the rainbow's hues for their adorning; they glow, sometimes, like floods of molten gold; they weave themselves into fantastic forms; they open the very heart of their blackness for the moon to shine through and touch the whole with glory; and when the parched earth calls to them, they answer with blessed and refreshing showers, and the trees and the blossoms and the hearts of men rejoice.

Precious, then, to the spirit should be the assurance that the Lord will make bright clouds. How should we miss their moving shadows from the uplands and the meadows, and from the glittering streams! Did you ever stand in the woods—not dense enough to hide the distant landscape—when a cloud came between you and the sun, and all, save the spot where you reposed, was flooded with golden light? If you have, the vision comes back, and the heart-thrill, to which no words do justice.

The showers of rain in the Spring-time are not the least lovely among the changes of the natural world. They fall tenderly upon the springing grass and budding wild-flowers, and their silvery clashing has a music of its own. Sometimes, their accompaniment is the lightning and the thunder-peal, and sometimes they fall before the very eye of the sun which pierces them and renews upon the clouds the tinted bow of promise. They come in the morning, and hush the matin song of the birds; they fall at noon, and send the plough-boy from his toil to the protection of the cot; they visit the parched earth at eve, and moisten it after the fervent kissing of the sun; and in the hushed and holy night they tread softly, lest they awaken the sleepers whom they come to bless.

How the young leaves and the blossoms glisten after their baptism in the pure element! The breezes come and shake the heavy drops from their edges,

and the earth takes them to its bosom and yields them back, in added strength and beauty, to her Floral children. No drop of all the multitudinous showers that fall is lost in the great laboratory of Nature. Each one has its mission, and performs it, though often wrought out beyond our wisest thoughts. What do these soft showers upon the bare mountain-tops, where no flower looks to them, and no blade of grass springs up for a covering? The waters lie there until a strong wind bears them away, or they find a pathway down the rugged sides and join the rivulets, which gleam like silver threads in the sunshine, and swell the river sources. Then they flow through cultivated fields and by the dwellings of the happy, till at last the broad ocean takes them to its bosom, and they mingle with its world of waters. Are their journeyings ended here? Oh no! they rise again upon the invisible element, and again sweep over continents, mountains, and rivers, sometimes pausing over some far-off ocean isle, and scattering healing from its borders, and sometimes hovering over the deserts, but gathering up their skirts and yielding no rain.

With all lovely things and precious, let us henceforth number the clouds of heaven. We shall not love less the shell that lays its rose-lip beside the foaming waters, the beauty and the music of the summer birds, the insects' hum and the sound of falling water, the spirit-melody of the human voice, the subdued soul-light of the eye, "the infinite magnificence" of the stars, and the wild majesty of the mountain land.

The dull gray mass which sometimes bonnets our vision may indeed suggest gloomy thoughts; but the mingling of cloud and sunshine is all joyous and beautiful. With what uninterrupted and graceful motions they glide through the infinite space above us! How rapturous, and at the same time calming and elevating, are the thoughts they suggest to us, and from the fever of life the soul seems to cast itself upon their vapory forms, and flee away and be at rest!

Very beautiful are the morning, the noon, and the evening clouds, with their background of serenest blue, and their edges of gold, silver, scarlet, or purple. Sometimes they pile themselves up, as if preparing a throne for the monarch of the day, and again their rugged outline seems like mountain summits, shattered by the storms of centuries ago. Sometimes they are so light and fleecy, one would imagine a breath might scatter them, and we think to see them fade while we gaze; and in a few hours, perhaps, the storm-king summons his forces, and the hills are black with shadows, and the fierce lightning rends the vapory mass, and the heavens and the earth seem meeting in the terrible conflict. Peace, the burden of the angels' song, soon succeeds the rush of the storm, and, as the darkness rolls away, all things seem to rejoice, whether animate or inanimate.

Thanks from the depths of an adoring spirit, that the Lord has made and will make bright and beautiful clouds!

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

(WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.)

BY MINA MERTON.

I SAW a child, a fairy child,
Playing midst the flowers wild;
Beautiful and bright was she—
Beautiful and full of glee.
All the morning hour she sang,
While the air responsive rang,
"Now the birds sing, and the flowers
Blossom gayly in the bowers;
Come, sweet sisters, come with me,
Gathering flow'rs o'er vale and lea."

All the merry morn she strayed
Over flowery hill and glade,
With her sisters kind and true,
'Neath the skies so warm and blue,
Gathering green leaves and flowers,
In the sunny fields and bowers,
Singing still her childish song
As she "gayly tripped along,"
Singing to the wand'ring breeze,
Or the merry birds and bees;
Singing as if grief's surprise
Ne'er might dim her little eyes.

But, ere morn had passed away,
Clouds o'erveiled the face of day,

And the skies, that erst had smiled,
Now grew frowning, dark, and wild;
While the rain, with mournful sound,
Pattered loudly on the ground;
And the young child wept aloud
When she saw the fearful cloud
Sweeping through the skies so bright,
Veiling the warm sun from sight.

But not long the young child wept—
Swiftly by the dark cloud swept;
Far down the west it rolled,
And its edge was tinged with gold;
While the rainbow's gorgeous dyes
Spanned the overarching skies,
And the young child saw it there
Hanging in the charmed air—
And she cried aloud in glee,
"See the flower-cloud, sisters, see!"

So, when Sorrow's clouds are near,
And thy soul is filled with fear;
When thou seest each joy depart
That hath cheered thy trusting heart;
May Hope, shining o'er life's sea,
Be a flower-cloud unto thee!"

THE APRIL GARLAND.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

BY KATE BERRY.

COME, dearest, lay aside your work; away with both book and needle; let us go forth into the bright sunshine on this balmyest, clearest, sweetest of April mornings. The warm, mild air, the blue sky, the odor of the early flowers, the song of the lately-returned birds, all chide us for lingering within these dull walls, and in sweetly persuasive language of their own do summon us to give them welcome as heralds of the Spring. We will not venture yet into the woods to search for wild flowers; for, on these April days of alternating shower and sunshine, such long excursions were neither safe nor pleasant. We will defer them, trusting that May-day will usher in a warmer month than is usually granted us in this backward, northern clime, and when such lengthened rambles can be undertaken without encountering unlooked-for storms.

For the present, hie we to the garden to gather what man's stunted cultivation there offers for our acceptance. It is true that here are no great varieties; but they are precious and thrice welcome, these first blossoms, and while we enjoy their perfection, the scarcely discernible buds of the hyacinth, tulip, and star of Bethlehem, struggling above the loosened mould, shall bid us hope for more.

Look! here are violets; and be careful as you tread, for I would not willingly see one of them crushed. They have not been idle through the long, dreary winter; for, see how they have spread themselves, at their own sweet will, all over this large bed, not content with the narrow border on which I trained them the last summer. How brilliant they are now in the sunshine! and how meekly they lift their gold and purple heads to the light! I never look at the violet without fancying it a face, almost human in expression, which speaks to me, too, and in such appealing tones! It seems to say, "I am lowly and helpless; protect me," and it turns its head so trustingly upwards, that I should grieve to see even one meek blossom destroyed by a careless touch or step.

Observe how carefully that skillful gardener is removing some of the plants to a more congenial spot among their floral companions of other names. Very tenderly, with his great, stout hands, does he convey his little burden to a fitter situation. I do believe that such a man is a poet; for, though he cannot frame a stanza, and may not write or even read poetry, so called, he has it in his heart. We will gather a bunch of these violets; for in a single blossom their fragrance cannot be appreciated. Fasten such a cluster in your girdle, or put it in a glass by your work-table or desk; you may forget

it while your mind is on the employment of your fingers; but that most delicate of odors will float around you like an actual presence—an angel manifestation, making your labor cheerful and your thoughts pure and holy. I can but faintly describe such an emotion, though I have felt it a thousand times.

Here are the daffodils, raising their golden petals in the midst of a mass of pointed green leaves.

What! did I hear you say that you do not admire the daffodil, it is so stiff and yellow? Slight it not, I beseech you. It is yellow, indeed, and so is often the sunset sky, both painted by the brush of Nature, that never puts on a color amiss.

Besides, the daffodil is connected with my most childish, earliest experiences of spring, and is to me ever a welcome comer. Shall I associate it in your mind with a moral lesson of deeper import? Permit me, then, to repeat some lines of one of those sweet old English poets, addressed to this decried flower—

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

"We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or, as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

Well, you are softened, I perceive; so we will place these which you have already picked in the nosegay that we are about to make. Do not quarrel with me, either, for calling it a "nosegay;" for I like that good old word in our mother tongue better than the newly-introduced French name of "bouquet."

And now for some jonquils, whose delicate straw color shall be a relief to the gayer-hued daffodils. We will not confine ourselves to the fully-expanded blossoms, but will gather a few buds also, to mingle with their maturer sisters, for they are so slender

and droop so gracefully on the stem, besides having a deeper tint, that vanishes as they unfold, as to make them rival the first in beauty.

Next come the blue bells, of which there are scores, and we will intersperse them unsparingly among our daffodils and jonquils. But what shall we do to obtain some green leaves? These long, verdant spikes of the daffodil are appropriate enough, and they must be plentifully bestowed on our nosegay. Still it lacks the grace which can only be supplied by the undulating outline of those leaves which we must wait for May to produce.

Do not ask me to resort to my geraniums, for I have a fancy to-day that no green-house plants shall share the honors of these children of the free air and earth. Let us search more closely, and perhaps Nature, ever bountiful and kind, will gratify our wish.

Yes, here is a treasure, and a goodly portion of it shall be secured before it is destroyed by the spade. For this trailing chickweed is a most saucy little intruder, and the careful gardener will not long suffer it to flourish. But are they not beautiful, although springing from what is only a weed, these star-like blossoms, so small and white? They are as perfect in every part as the largest, stateliest flower that grows. The long stems covered with green leaves will so well suit our purpose that we shall place them thankfully among our flowers, and, being better than our hopes, we must remain content with these; for the present not desiring anything more luxuriant. Kneel down with me to pick them, for as yet they kiss closely mother earth; and do not be troubled either at a soiled dress or these numberless little scarlet-colored insects that start up beneath our fingers. I fancy, by your shudder, that you think them too much like spiders to be admired; but let me beg you to examine one with attention, and you cannot fail to be struck with its minute but exquisite perfection. As the small creatures run off on all sides, would you not suppose that a child had broken its coral necklace, and the severed beads were scattered at our feet?

We have been so occupied with our flowers that we have not yet observed the more animated attendants of the Spring. There is a butterfly wavering among those low shrubs—most fitting visitant; and watch it now as it soars up towards Heaven in the light of this sweet season. What a proper idea of the ancients it was to make the butterfly an emblem of the immortal soul! and how thought-suggestive to see it at this time, when not only the church, but all nature, speaks of the Resurrection, which she now devoutly commemorates.

And let us listen to the varied and joyous strains of the birds. They have not all arrived in our northern clime, neither are they yet in full song. But we can distinguish the soft musical trill of our favorite sparrow, and the gay notes of the robin. Hark! what noisy chattering is that which almost drowns the sound of our voices? It proceeds from a company of blackbirds that have just alighted on yonder apple tree, and you can clearly see their sable plumage as they cluster on the leafless branches.

It is well that we have improved this hour of early sunshine; for, see, there is a cloud arising, and on my face I feel a drop of rain. Another and another; now we have an April shower. So let us hurry to the house, where we will put our flowers in a vase on the window-ledge, and on the morrow we will be up early to catch, with them, the first "vernal light" of the blessed Easter morning.

Once more in-doors, we will recall our favorite hymn on the flowers, of which, just now, the concluding verses come instinctively to my mind—

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

"And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

OH, LADY, TOUCH THAT LUTE AGAIN!

BY J. A. TURNER.

Oh! lady, touch that lute again,
Swept by thy fairy fingers;
It breathes a spirit-stirring strain
That in my bosom lingers,
Like angel whisperings, which the night
Brings in her dreams, by starry light.

Thy heart is breathing on the string—
For, oh! such witching pleasure
The hand alone could never bring,
Though sweet the languid measure
As dew distilled on Hermon's top,
With heaven itself in every drop.

For every note thy fingers strike,
Within my bosom thrilling
Heart-chorus awake, and tremble like
Dove's drooping pinions, filling
The dreary cage of iron fate
That bars its bosom from its mate

But, oh! touch not thy lute again—
Withhold thy rosy fingers—
For, with that melancholy strain,
Around my memory lingers
The thought that I must speak to you
A last and sad, though fond, Adieu.

THE CAVE OF EIGG: A LEGEND OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years."—*OSSIAN*.

PART I.

Eigg, forming one of the Hebrides on the western coast of Scotland, presents a rocky precipitous shore, seeming in some places to be inaccessible, except to the clanging sea-fowl screaming and clamoring around the almost perpendicular sheets of naked rock, against which the sea rushes and roars with terrific grandeur. There are also many vast caverns opening wide their gloomy jaws, as if to swallow up the heavy unbroken seas as they come sweeping on, and huge fragments of granite, bathed by the booming waves, are heaped around in wild sublimity.

This island, in feudal time, was the scene of a most fearful tragedy—of a vengeance almost too horrible to be accredited to human agency. It is perhaps a melancholy proof that, when goaded on by revenge and hatred, men sometimes lose their humanity and become demons. The precise date of this event has not come down to us, although it is supposed to have occurred as early as the thirteenth century, when these islands were under the dominion of the kings of Scotland, and governed each by their own petty chieftains.

The inhabitants of Eigg were a wild, lawless race, consorting with hordes of pirates infesting the neighboring countries; and although the narrow sounds which separate these rocky isles abounded with the finest salmon, and some sections in the interior presented rich tracts for cultivation, yet these rude men, preferring rapine to peaceful industry, subsisted by petty depredations upon their neighbors of the adjacent isles. True, many of these neighbors were no less rapacious than the men of Eigg, and fully indemnified themselves for any grievances suffered at their hands. But there were others whose chiefs, themselves of a more noble race, maintained a higher standard of government, and however barbarous and rude their highest attainments might appear to us of the nineteenth century, they were certainly far superior to their savage neighbors of Eigg, Mull, Rum, &c.

The Isle of Skye, one of the richest and most romantic of the Hebrides, was ruled at that time by the proud chieftain Alister McLeod, who, in his sea-girt castle of Dunvegan, towering from the topmost crag of a precipitous mass of rocks which overhung the boiling sea, bid defiance alike to the power of his foes and the fury of the elements.

Between McLeod and Donald McDonald, the chieftain of Eigg, the most inveterate hatred exist-

ed. With McDonald, this hatred raged with all the fury of the ocean tempest, and was as immovable and deep-seated as the rocks which girdled his dominions. Many times had the vengeance of the chief of Skye worked dreadful havoc upon the followers of McDonald for their aggressions; but so far from subduing, it only roused a new spirit of malice, venting itself in various wicked deeds upon the inhabitants of Skye, though sure of a direful return from the outraged chieftain.

The chief of Eigg had one daughter. Fair and beautiful was Ulla as the flower we sometimes see lifting its timid head within the deep fissures of the rocks, exciting our wonder how so frail a thing could there unfold its delicate petals. In an evil hour this fair maiden of Eigg won the love of Malcolm, the only son of the haughty chieftain McLeod.

Cradled like a young eaglet in his rocky eyrie, the ceaseless dirge of the ocean his lullaby, and his sweetest music the wild clamor of the sea-gulls sweeping around the towers upon the wings of the tempest, Malcolm sprang from his nurse's arms a hero. Danger was to him a pastime. Among all the daring sons of the isle none could equal Malcolm. He loved to scale the giddy crag, wreathed in the spray of the wind-tossed billows, in search of the sea-mew's nest; to steer his fearless bark through perilous straits with the foam of the breakers surging around him; and to launch within the dark cavern's mouth upon the blackening waves, on whose surface perhaps no other hand had dared to bend the pliant oar.

The Isle of Eigg presented a bolder scope for his adventuresome spirit than almost any other of these western islands; and, heedless of the feud existing between his father and its chief, and as reckless of danger from pirates or revengeful islanders, Malcolm, manning his light craft with a few of his faithful clansmen, would boldly steer along the inhospitable coast, where

"All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."

Sometimes anchoring beneath a frowning precipice, he would spring upon some jutting crag, and, leaping from rock to rock and over deep chasms, plant his foot at length upon the stunted heather.

It was upon one of these hazardous expeditions that Malcolm, steering his boat within a narrow inlet or loch which suddenly presented itself, found he had unawares approached that part of Eigg which might be considered the only habitable rec-

tion of the island on the eastern slope of the Scur-Eigg, a remarkable ridge of high rocks, like a camel's back, running through the centre of the island. The rocks here became less precipitous, shelving gradually down to a beach of fine white glittering sand, and down their craggy sides beautiful cascades came leaping and tumbling in snowy foam to lose themselves in the waters of the loch. A few of the rude boats of the islanders were moored at a little distance along the shore, and, further in, their miserable dwellings were seen scattered over the bright green holms, while propped, as it were, upon the camel's shoulder stood a rude stone structure called the Castle of Duntulm, the residence of the chief Donald McDonald. No living soul was to be seen; the boats were idly rocking in the surf, and, but for the thin blue smoke curling from these cabins, one might have deemed the island deserted.

Malcolm now resolved to land and view the strength of an enemy who, however inferior to the proud chieftain of Skye, still had the power to annoy him as a goat may harass the lordly lion. Springing to the shore, therefore, and clearing with little difficulty the loose fragments of rocks scattered upon the beach, he soon found himself within a little glen of surpassing beauty, through which a bright stream ran murmuring. The rocks gradually receding from the shore, opened the view into various holms, some of a deep green verdure, others covered with the purple heather, here and there diversified by small copses of underwood. Through one of these inviting openings Malcolm pursued his way, when suddenly his ear caught the sound of music, mingled with the cheerful and happy laughter of female voices. Here, then, was something to arouse the curiosity of our young adventurer—music and the voice of woman!

Pursuing the sound, he soon came in view of a party of young girls dancing on the soft heather to the music of a small *clairshach*, or Scottish harp, lightly touched by another of these mirthful maidens. Malcolm was not one to turn away without reaping some advantage from a scene at once so charming and so unexpected; therefore, lifting his bonnet from his dark clustering locks, the young chieftain, with a smile in his eye, and a merry but courteous salutation on his lip, gracefully advanced towards the mirthful circle. The music ceased as the song of a frightened bird. Like startled fawns, the timid lassies gazed for a moment upon the youthful stranger, and then, turning, would have swiftly fled the spot. But the gallant Malcolm was not to be so defeated. What arguments he made use of to detain them it matters not, since they were irresistible. The maidens paused, blushed, laughed, and then suffered themselves to be seated upon the soft heather, where, at the feet of Ulla McDonald, and gazing up into her deep blue eyes, Malcolm related how, landing from his little galley, he had wandered from the shore, and, guided by the ravishing melody of their voices, bent his fortunate steps thither.

The chief of Eigg, with his followers, probably less than a hundred men, as the entire population of the island did not at that time exceed two hundred souls, left that morning on one of their predatory or piratical expeditions, which were often extended along the coast of England and Wales, leaving, meanwhile, upon the island a few old men, the women and children, as its sole inhabitants.

McDonald was a hard, stern man, one who delighted not in innocent sports or pastimes. Those midnight orgies, when the walls of Duntulm rang with wild shouts of wilder revelry, when chieftain and vassals, alike given over to savage debauchery, hesitated not at deeds which demons might shame to own—these were the only scenes, apart from the battle and the chase, which delighted the soul of McDonald.

One feeling alone humanized the soul of the chieftain. It was his love for his daughter. He knew she was very fair to look upon, and he feared that, in some unlucky hour, she might attract the eye of that lawless piratical horde who not only landed fearlessly upon his shores, but whom he also feasted in his halls. Ulla was therefore seldom allowed to leave the seclusion of her own apartment, which was situated in one of the highest towers of the castle, overlooking a scene of wild sublimity, and which the chief had contrived to adorn with many rare articles from foreign lands, obtained from the spoils of pirates.

Here, then, in her lonely turret, pursuing such occupations and amusements as her limited opportunities afforded her, did the life of the beautiful Ulla glide peacefully on until that luckless hour when, released from the strict surveillance of her father, she had stolen from the gloomy walls of Duntulm to breathe the pure air of heaven, and, with a few of her chosen companions, wander at will through the romantic purlieus of the island—that luckless hour when the eyes of young Malcolm first rested upon her beauty!

Never had Malcolm looked upon so fair a creature as Ulla. Her loveliness was of that character which could soonest attract his noble and daring nature; for it spoke to him of helplessness, and seemed to demand protection. Her companions, with their Hebe-like forms, their bright healthy cheeks, and the mischievous glances shot from their sparkling eyes, might win his transient admiration or tempt him to a mirthful frolic, but would pass away from his thoughts with the morrow's sun. But Ulla—Ulla with her sweet and tranquil brow, Ulla with tresses so soft and golden falling from a little cap or *mood* of pale blue velvet, and in their sunny luxuriance half shading her beautiful profile, Ulla with the faintest tinge of the rose upon a complexion so purely transparent that each violet vein was clearly traced, Ulla with those large tender eyes whose liquid beauty the deep blue heavens at noonday alone could match—stirred at once the depths of his soul and bound him captive. Nor was the fair Ulla unmoved by the gallant and hand-

some youth at her feet; those dark eyes flashed into her heart with electric power, while his manners and language, so much more polished than characterized the halls of Duntulm, excited her wonder and admiration.

Alas, that they ever should have met—that brave young chieftain and the fair Ulla! In that one brief interview their fate was sealed: they loved—and to love was death! The chief of Skye would sooner behold his gallant son, in all the freshness and promise of youth, stretched at his feet a lifeless corse, than see him wed the daughter of his foe, the lawless chieftain of Eigg; and he, that stern, savage old man, with his own hand, would have hurled his lovely child from the highest tower of Duntulm, and yielded up her mangled body to the birds of the air, rather than give her in marriage to the son of McLeod, his bitter foe!

The sun was already flashing its golden rays about the rocky summit of the Scur-Eigg, and the sea-birds wheeling to their nests amid the beebiting crags, and yet Malcolm seemed incapable of breaking the enchantment which held him at the feet of Ulla. Her companions, withdrawing themselves to a little distance, eyed roguishly the evident abstraction of the youthful pair, and chatted in low, subdued voices upon the merits of the stranger. And still Malcolm lingered, and still the maiden listened with heightened bloom and downcast eye, until warned too surely by the fast-gathering shades of evening, they parted; but with a promise to meet again.

PART II.

AND now rocking upon the waters of the loch was the light boat of Malcolm daily seen, while the young chieftain roamed with Ulla over the green holms, or, seated upon some tall cliff overlooking this wild scene of ocean and of rock, of high barren mountains and fertile vales resting between, would point to the distant towers of Dunvegan, and, with a lover's eloquence, dwell upon the time when he might hail her as their beauteous mistress; for with all the confidence of youth, whose *past* no chilling disappointment has clouded, whose *future* is gilded with the bright beams of hope, did Malcolm believe that all which might now seem to bar his union with the lovely Ulla would soon be removed, even as a brilliant sun and an unclouded heaven succeed the most violent tempest. What though the storm of hatred warred within the breasts of Skye's haughty chieftain and the wild lord of Eigg, was there not power in love and beauty to calm its fury? How could his father resist the beauteous Ulla? And would not McDonald gladly claim alliance with the powerful chieftain McLeod? Thus reasoned the ardent Malcolm—thus believed the confiding Ulla. But one day, afar off against the blue sky, a few dark specks were seen upon the heaving ocean.

Ulla turned pale as she pointed them out to her lover. Her heart, for the first time, owned a pre-sentiment of evil.

Nearer and nearer over the foam-crested billows came the boats, and rounding the rocky point of Rum, stood direct for Eigg, the banner of its chief floating from the foremost galley, while, echoing from cliff to cliff and across the quiet waters of the little loch, sounded the wild strain of the "McDonald's Gathering."

Ulla held out her hand to Malcolm—

"Fly, Malcolm, fly! In his wrath my father is terrible! Should he find thee here—thee, the son of his enemy, though alone and defenceless—no mercy would stir his bosom or change thy doom of death. Fly, then, ere it be too late!"

"But for thee, sweet Ulla," cried Malcolm, his eye kindling as he spoke, "I would dare the chief of Eigg to mortal combat—but for thee, defy alike his power and malice; for Malcolm never yet turned his back upon a foe. Yet for thy sake, dear one, I go, soon I trust to proffer that alliance which thy father dare not spurn. Meanwhile, dearest Ulla, let me not be denied the sight of thy beauty, fair as the sunbeam; let me hear sometimes thy voice, sweet as the morning wind among the branches. Every night my little bark shall lie at the foot of yon high cliff, which even the boldest of thy father's vassals deem inaccessible. If from thy chamber thou canst safely steal away, place a light within the window of thy turret, and I will meet thee here—here, dearest Ulla, in this spot where first we met."

The maiden gave a hurried assent, for the boats came on with the speed of race-horses. Then, for the first time folding her to his heart and imprinting a kiss upon her snow-white brow, Malcolm was gone. Fleet as the wind were the footsteps of Ulla as she fled towards her gloomy prison of Duntulm. She crossed its rude portals, and ascending to her turreted chamber, with throbbing bosom and tearful eye, sought to descry the boat of her lover.

It is there; yes, she sees it skimming lightly as the wing of the sea-fowl across the waters of the sound, to where arose the glittering cliffs of Skye like vast columns, their summits resting in the clouds. Malcolm is safe; but the heart of Ulla is heavy with grief.

She sees her father's galleys swiftly approach; they reach the shore. The women and children with glad shouts receive the returning islanders, and the shrill bagpipe proclaims their welcome. The chief, amid the shouts of his people, now springs to the shore, and Ulla trembles and turns still paler as she sees him approach the castle. Then, bidding one of her maidens bear on her harp, she too hastens to meet her father, so stern even in his kindest moods.

True to their tryst did the lovers meet within that little glen, heaven's canopy radiant with burning stars above them, and their sighs mingling with the midnight moan of the surging billows.

And when were these stolen interviews of mingled joy and sorrow to have an end? When might Malcolm boldly claim the hand of the lovely Ulla?

Alas! this might never be; for his father, that proud chieftain, listened scornfully and in anger to the petition of his son. What, the noble race of McLeod seeking alliance with catarans and robbers both by sea and land! No; rather would he see his son struck down at his feet by the battle-axe of Eigg's savage chieftain than to hail Ulla, though the fairest daughter of the isles, as the bride of Malcolm, the future mistress of Dunvegan's lordly towers! Not more immovable were the rocks on which those towers were based than the heart of McLeod; and the waves which ceaselessly swept around them had no more power to move them from their ocean depths than had the entreaties of Malcolm to stir the iron will of their chief.

The meetings of the lovers therefore now became less frequent; for the young chieftain was closely watched, and spies set over his footsteps that he might no more approach the dangerous presence of the maiden of Eigg. Yet still, night after night, the signal light gleamed from the turret of Duntulm, and the timid Ulla, shrinking from her own light footsteps, would steal from the castle and seek in doubt and hope the place of meeting. There, wrapped in her mantle, seated upon the dark gray stone, her eyes anxiously turned to the spot where the form of her lover was wont first to meet her straining gaze, and the night wind lifting her tresses from her cold cheek, would she await his coming; and if, alas, he came not, she would still linger, still hoping, until the first rays of light played over the mountain summits, then sad and weary regain her chamber to weep over her disappointment. And oh, how the heart of Malcolm loathed the bondage which restrained him from her beloved presence, so faithfully, as his own heart assured him, keeping her tryst in that lonely glen! And he would have struck to the earth the faithful servants of his father, who dared thus to do the bidding of their lord against him—him, their future chief—only that, by seeming to yield a passive obedience, he might more easily obtain the accomplishment of his wishes.

In the mean time, it appears that Donald McDonald had committed some flagrant outrage upon the rights of one of the Earls of the Orkney Isles, and, to indemnify himself against the threatened vengeance, had boldly offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage—a proposition which was at first met with scorn and derision by the earl. That McDonald, the petty chieftain of a small insignificant island, a ruler over a mere handful of savages, should presume upon such a treaty! Why, the affront was deemed even beneath his anger by the proud Earl Ranald of Kirkwall!

Yet so loud was the chief of Eigg in extolling the exceeding loveliness of his daughter, which his followers, with many oaths, also confirmed, that, curious to behold one calling forth such extravagant praise, and somewhat sated, maybe, with the tame

beauty of the Kirkwall ladies, the earl agreed to suspend all hostilities until he should visit the castle of Duntulm, and view for himself those lauded charms.

Upon an appointed day, accordingly, the numerous galleys of Earl Ranald, their banners flying, and the shrill music of the pipes sweeping over the water, were seen standing across the sound of Rum, and anchoring within the little loch of Eigg, the only accessible harbor the island afforded. Here the earl was received with rude hospitality by the chief of Eigg, and conducted with his kinsmen and followers to the castle.

Unsuspecting of her father's motives, Ulla arrayed herself at his bidding in her most becoming garments, and, with a sad heart, was led forth by the exulting chief as a lamb to the sacrifice, to grace the feast prepared in honor of his guest.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, and the earl could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure, as his eyes first rested on the fair young creature nestling like a dove so timidly by the side of her father, the gigantic McDonald. He found the praises, to which he had listened disbelieving, but faint in comparison with the actual charms of the island maid. His heart exulted, and his eyes turned passionately upon the blushing girl, whom his rude gaze affronted, when he reflected she was his by her father's vow—his by his own superior power to make her so.

And McDonald, keenly eyeing the earl as he presented his daughter, saw at once that the victory was his, and that the charms of poor Ulla had not only secured him safety from his late aggressions, but gained, perhaps, the future co-operation of the most powerful earl of the Orkneys in various schemes he had in prospect.

Glady would Earl Ranald have made Ulla his bride that very hour, so captivated was he by her beauty. Summoning the chief to a private conference, he attested his readiness to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and, suspicious of treachery on the part of his host, he vowed he would not weigh anchor from Eigg without beazing away the beauteous Ulla as his bride.

Nothing loth, the chief assented, and the morrow was accordingly appointed for the nuptials.

It was in vain for the victim, the wretched Ulla, to weep or implore! It was in vain she bathed her father's feet with tears—vain she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not give her to one whom she could never love! But no mercy had that stern chieftain. What to him was love?—a bubble in the mouths of silly maidens! What were her tears?—any glittering bauble would turn them to smiles! What to him was her happiness?—what even her life when weighed against his plans—his ambitious schemes?

With an oath, he pushed his kneeling child away, and sternly bade her prepare to wed Ranald of Kirkwall on the morrow. There was no alternative; she must be the bride of the earl or of death!

"Of death rather!" thought the unfortunate maiden, as she left the presence of her cruel parent.

Once more the signal light, like a star, beamed from poor Ulla's turret. What must have been the feelings of the maiden when, with a trembling hand, for the last time she placed it there—that beacon of love and joy! For, should Malcolm that night fail in his attempt to reach the island, then her fate, like that twinkling taper, whose rays had so often sent happiness to the heart of her lover, must be for ever lost in the silence and darkness of the grave! Waiting until the last sound of the mad revel below had ceased, and the inmates of the castle sunk in the stupor of inebriety, Ulla, pale and trembling, once more sought that little glen hallowed by the vows of pure and faithful love.

The night was gloomy. The clouds, heavy with the threatened tempest, rolled their black shadows across the heavens, through which the moon vainly struggled to emit her light. No sound was heard save the chafing of the waves over their rocky bed, or, perhaps, the dismal clang of the sea-fowl heralding the coming storm. The footsteps of Ulla faltered, and scarce could her trembling limbs sustain her as she drew near the spot, so great were her apprehensions lest Malcolm should not appear.

Yet happiness almost despaired of—joy, now that it is certain, more than her fainting heart can bear! He is already there; and, as he catches the gleam of her white garments through the surrounding gloom, flies to meet her, and once more Ulla is pressed to the faithful heart of Malcolm!

Stern and silent in his despair, Malcolm listens while she reveals her sad fate—tells him, in language broken by grief, that, by the stern will of her father, she will to-morrow be forced into the arms of Ranald, Earl of Kirkwall! Then almost fearful was the storm of passion in the soul of the young chieftain. What, Ulla, his own, his beautiful Ulla, the bride of another! No! sooner would he plunge with her from the summit of yon dizzy crag into the boiling sea below, and end at once their sorrows with their lives! Together they could welcome death, but not live to endure the agony of separation.

But there was yet an escape from a fate so dreadful—there was yet a way to secure their happiness; and that was in flight. True, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme; but what will not true love dare for the possession of its object?

In a short time, Malcolm had revolved and matured a scheme, of the success of which his sanguine nature permitted no doubt.

walls of Duntulm; but Earl Ranald aroused himself betimes, and hurried on board his galley to prepare it for the reception of its beauteous freight.

The hour of noon was that appointed for the nuptials, as the priest who was sent for to perform the ceremony from Iona (one of the neighboring isles, celebrated for its religion and its learning even so early as the sixth century, when the rest of the kingdom was buried in barbarism) could not be expected to arrive sooner.

In the mean time, a scene of reckless hilarity was presented both within and without the castle. In the open area in front, large fires were kindled, around which the Eiggmen and the merry Orkney sailors danced and shouted with noisy merriment; while in the rude stone hall were assembled the kinsmen and friends of the chief in their holiday garb, together with those of Earl Ranald, who had accompanied him from Kirkwall, while, above the roaring of the wind and the shout of the revelers without, sounded the shrill pibroch of the clan.

The board was spread—the entertainment intended to comprise both the morning meal and dinner.

According to the custom of the times at a marriage feast, Earl Ranald himself ascended the turret stair and craved admittance at the fair hands of his bride.

Radiant in her beauty, Ulla herself opened the door. There was an unusual brilliancy in her eyes, and a brighter glow on her cheeks than was wont to rest on her complexion so dazzlingly fair; and as she stood there in her pure white garments, with her golden tresses floating loosely over her fair shoulders, the earl almost expected she would vanish like some beautiful spirit from his sight. Taking the hand she passively extended to him, the happy, exulting bridegroom conducted her to the hall, where her presence was greeted by a loud murmur of applause.

As she entered, Ulla cast one quick, eager glance around, and then suffered the earl to seat her by his side, although she trembled violently and the rich bloom on her cheek was fast yielding to a mortal paleness. Had Malcolm's plan then failed? Was she, indeed, doomed to become the bride of Earl Ranald? Was there, alas! no hope? Such were the dreadful thoughts which agitated her bosom.

At this moment, a little band of strangers craved shelter at the castle from the approaching storm, stating themselves to be voyagers from the main land of Scotland upon an expedition through the islands, and, having heard much of the famed caverns of Eigg, had come thither for the purpose of exploring them.

In unwonted good humor, the chief bade them welcome, and told them to sit down and make merry with the rest; for that his daughter, the fairest maiden of the isles, was that day to wed with the noble Earl of Kirkwall. At this announcement, one of the strangers, whose dress and bearing seemed somewhat superior to those of his companions, gracefully saluted Ulla, and lifting a flagon from the well-

PART III.

It was now the month of November.

Cold and cheerless dawned the marriage day. The sky was overcast with gloomy clouds, and the wild winds roared and shrieked dismally around the

spread board, first quailed to the health of the fair bride, and then courteously bowed around the assembly.

It was well that the attention, not only of the earl, but of the chief, was so much drawn to these unexpected guests for the moment, or the agitation of Ulla would certainly have led to suspicion, if not betrayal; and when at length Earl Ranald, in right of his situation, ventured somewhat familiarly to address the now blushing maiden, the hand of Malcolm (whom we must recognize in the gallant stranger) involuntarily sought the hilt of his dagger, and but for a well-timed ruse on the part of his companions, would assuredly have rendered discovery unavoidable.

A shout without now announced the arrival of the priest. A quick glance was interchanged between the lovers; and then Ulla, in a low voice, addressing the earl, urged some necessary preparations as an apology for a short absence. The earl seemed greatly disposed to accompany her; but earnestly entreating him not to do so, she softly glided from the hall. In a few moments, Malcolm also disappeared, his exit unobserved in the general confusion, or, if noticed, not considered at all singular.

And now the noise and merriment increased, and none were louder in the revels than the stranger guests. Stories were told, jests were passed, the music sounded its merriest notes, and laugh and song mingled in one wild scene of gayety. Even the earl was unconscious of the rapid flight of time. Nearly an hour had passed since Ulla left the hall, yet he could have sworn she had not been gone fifteen minutes, when suddenly a kinsman of the chieftain rushed in, breathless with speed, exclaiming—

"Haste, haste, Earl Ranald, your bride is stolen away! The bark of the ravisher is already passing the *Skerry-vohr*! Haste!"

"*Ha*! there is treachery here, then! Vile dog, I expected this!" exclaimed Earl Ranald, drawing his sword and rushing upon the chief of Eigg.

With a blow from his heavy broadsword, the enraged chieftain struck the weapon of the earl from his hand.

"Would you stop to bandy words with *me*, instead of pursuing your bride! Ho, men of Eigg, haste, man the boats, pursue, lose not a moment! You, Donald, sweep around the point of Mull; you, Alick, cross to Rum, steer for the eastern shore; and you, Earl Ranald, if you would win your bride again, bear all sail for the main land. And *ha*! now I bethink me, where are our guests? Now, by St. Columba, we are betrayed!"

The rage of the chief was terrible as, rushing from the hall, in tones of thunder, he bade his men pursue and bring back the slaves, alive or dead.

All was now confusion. While the men flew hither and thither, in obedience to the orders of McDonald, the women tossed their arms wildly, uttering loud wails for the stolen bride. Some hastened

to cast off the boats in pursuit of the fugitives, while foremost the galley of Earl Ranald, bending to the sweeping blast, the black seas rushing over her deck, dashed like a mad thing before the gale, which was now every moment increasing.

In the *mêlée*, the companions of Malcolm thought to secure their escape to their boat, rocking among the dangerous shoals of sunken rocks shelving down from the *Scuir-Eigg*. Already they had scaled the precipitous ridge, and were rapidly making their dangerous descent, now hanging from some jutting crag, now leaping over deep chasms, the spray of the billows almost blinding them, and the roar of the maddened waves thundering in their ears. The last descent was accomplished, and, breasting the boiling surf, they had nearly reached the boat, when their escape was suddenly cut off by a band of Eiggmen, who rushed upon them.

They fought like lions; but, at length, overpowered by numbers, stunned by brutal blows, the blood streaming from many wounds, they were bound hand and foot and conveyed to the castle, where they were thrown down into a corner of the court-yard like brute beasts packed for the butchers' shambles, to await the return of the chief.

Far out upon the raging sea, like a thing instinct with life, bearing the fate of two devoted beings, the little bark of Malcolm bore bravely on, now riding the top of the mountain waves, now plunging adown the huge black gulfs, as it were, into the very depths of the ocean; on, on, trembling, reeling, dashes the little boat. Once around yonder rocky headland, and they are safe; for there rides a stranger ship from England, waiting to bear the lovers to her own beautiful land.

Alas! that headland they were not destined to reach!

For now the boats of the pursuers are fast gaining upon them; and first the galley of Earl Ranald plunges past them, half buried in the foaming waves, then, quickly changing her course, bears down like some huge bird of prey upon the little bark; while the boats of the Eiggmen, with their chief standing bare-headed at the prow of the foremost, his gray locks sweeping to the wind, follow close behind. A wild shout, which echoes even above the roaring of the blast, proclaims the fate of the unhappy fugitives.

They are taken, and, loaded with curses and bitter taunts, borne back to the castle.

No language can do justice to the fury of McDonald, when, in the abductor of his daughter, he discovered the son of his bitterest foe, McLeod, of Skye. Even his kinsmen and followers shrank appalled as they listened to such terrible oaths, and witnessed the storm of passion.

No ray of pity shed its softening light o'er his savage soul, as, seizing the wretched Ulla, the paleness of death upon her marble brow, her garments wet with the spray of the ocean clinging to her delicate limbs, and her mournful gaze still fastened upon her lover, he dragged her to the side of Earl

Ranald, and bade the priest perform his office. It was, indeed, a refinement of cruelty, even in the presence of Malcolm, thus to make his Ulla the bride of another! Fate could have naught in store to equal the bitter anguish of that moment; neither torture nor death itself could now appal his soul.

No sooner was this unhallowed rite consummated than, bearing off his insensible bride, Earl Ranald immediately set sail for the Orkneys. Then McDonald, bidding his myrmidons seize the young chieftain, they bore him with savage yells to immediate death. In a few moments, all that remained of that brave and noble youth was a lifeless, mutilated corpse!

This done, the chief of Eigg hastened to complete his vengeance upon the unfortunate kinsmen of Malcolm, who, young and ardent like himself, had so generously volunteered to share in an adventure fraught with so much danger, and which was destined to terminate so fatally. First stripping them of their clothing, and shockingly maltreating their persons, their tongues were slit with red-hot knives, and then, chained to the dead body of the young chief, they were cast into a worthless boat and set adrift upon the stormy ocean.

"Go now," cried the chief—"go find your master, and bid him see how Skyemen are entertained by the chief of Eigg!"

As if guided by an unseen hand, the boat with its appalling freight kept steadily and safely on over the storm-tossed billows towards the coast of Skye. Some fishermen, overtaken by the storm, were just nearing the shore, when their attention was attracted by the drifting boat, and steering for it, they were struck with horror at the spectacle it presented. They recognized at once the body of their beloved young chieftain, and, although so cruelly mutilated, they also discovered in those other bleeding, helpless beings, who still breathed, the near kinsmen of McLeod.

The dreadful tidings soon spread; and a long procession of the islanders, men, women, and children, with shrieks of woe and loud lamentations, bore the remains of their young chief to Dunvegan.

The grief of the aged McLeod at first stunned even the desire for vengeance on the murderers of his son. But the more terrible was the revulsion from this overwhelming sorrow. His own, his brave, his noble boy, the hope of his aged years, thus foully slain! With deep and bitter oaths, he vowed he would exterminate the race of McDonald, sparing neither sex nor age; and with a numerous force did the chief of Skye now bear down upon Eigg.

But McDonald had already anticipated the approach of the foe; and, knowing it was vain to compete with numbers more than double the whole population of the island, had recourse to stratagem.

Among the numerous caverns with which Eigg abounds, there was one which was known only to the chief himself, and this cavern he had long determined upon as a means of escape in an emer-

gency like the present. It was situated about midway the island, its mouth or entrance being hidden by an impetuous fall of water plunging down the overhanging mass of rocks. This entrance was so very narrow that but one person could at one time pass through; but this effected, it soon opened into an area of some two hundred feet.

To this cave, then, did the chief of Eigg, with every living soul upon the island, hastily betake himself.

The boats of the enemy swiftly approached; and, like bloodhounds scenting their prey, did the Skyemen spring upon the shore, headed by McLeod.

But they found no one. Not a human being met their infuriated search. Again and again they explored every part of the island; but in vain. It was evident that, fearing the vengeance of McLeod, the inhabitants, with their chief, had left the island. Setting fire to the castle, therefore, and the surrounding dwellings, McLeod and his followers retreated to their boats. But it was now near night, and, in the mean time, so dense a fog had arisen that it was impossible to steer with any safety from the shore, through the dangerous rocks and shoals with which they were surrounded. They therefore concluded to remain where they were until morning.

During the night, there was a fall of snow, and, with the dawn of day, the island appeared shrouded as with a winding-sheet, while the smoke of the smouldering ruins hung like a funeral-pall above it.

The chief of Skye, unwilling to lose his prey, resolved upon making another search through the island, and landed accordingly with his men. They had not proceeded far when, upon the surface of the pure white snow, they found the fresh track of a man's foot! This discovery was hailed with a shout; for it proved the foe were yet upon the island. Eagerly now did they pursue the track until it was lost in the foam of the torrent.

The entrance to the cave was soon discovered, while the shouts of the invaders were answered by a yell of defiance from within.

To make egress through the narrow opening would be certain death, as but one person could at the same time pass through. McLeod therefore called upon the chief of Eigg to surrender himself and followers into his hands. This demand was met with shouts of derision. He then dared McDonald to an equal combat; this was also received with defiance.

Then did McLeod determine upon a horrible vengeance; although to effect it would require a labor herculean. To turn that powerful stream from its natural channel was the first thing to be accomplished; and the chief himself, with his men, began eagerly the stupendous undertaking with such rude implements as they could procure, either from their boats or amid the ruins of the castle. Strengthened by revenge and hatred, in less time than could be deemed possible the work was accomplished, and

the stream which for ages on ages had leaped over that cavern's mouth, now spread itself out into a small lake, overflowing the pleasant green holm through which it had wound its way to the rocky precipice.

Once more did McLeod call upon McDonald to surrender. It was answered by the same bursts of defiance, and such bitter, insulting taunts as well nigh maddened the chief of Skye. Then, bidding his men bring thither everything of a combustible nature which could be procured, he set fire to them at the mouth of the cavern.

Unmoved by the shrieks of the females, or the cries of helpless infancy, the greedy flames were fast fed, until the deep silence of the grave assured

McLeod the deed was done and his revenge completed!

Thus did the whole population of Eigg meet their dreadful fate within that dark cavern, which is still visited by the traveler.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Diary of a Voyage to the Hebrides and the Orkney Islands," says:—

"The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewn with the bones of men, women, and children, being the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, two hundred in number, who were slain on the following occasion." Sir Walter then relates a portion of the legend from which this sketch is drawn.

No further record seems to have been made of the fate of the unfortunate Ulla.

THE LONE ONE.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

SAD the sight to see her watching thus beside the open door,

Gazing out upon the darkness—watching fondly as of yore;

Listening deeply—gazing vaguely—shuddering oft, lest it might be

But a pale and ghostly shadow, sent to swell her misery.

Pale her angel face with weeping—weeping long, and all in vain;

Bending low, o'ercome with sorrow, as the lilies in the rain:

Dreaming vaguely of the moments when the sunshine warmly lay

On the cottage of her childhood, in a valley far away.

Now beneath the wreathing woodbine, in the sweet clematis' shade,

Where the airy-footed zephyrs hour by hour their wild pranks played,

Mellow voices charmed the moments, as they gently stole away,

And the balmy air was vocal with a fairy roundelay.

Close beside this fairy bower, underneath the dappled shade,

Just entwined within the branches, almost by the breathing maid,

Rose a low and whispered ditty, from a voice all silvery clear—

Fell its dream-like waves of music gently on the maiden's ear.

Then it rose in wierd-like cadence: swelled the minstrel's soul with zeal,

Whilst he told in flowing numbers all the joy his heart did feel:

"Oh! could I find!" and there he ceased—the music died away

As gently as earth's mystic sighs at close of summer day.

Heaved her swelling bosom deeply—seemed a burden now to lay

On her spirit's airy pinions, that it might not soar away:

She was sad, yet she was happy, for her heart was flooding o'er

With emotion deeper, wilder, than e'er swelled her breast before.

Played the balmy zephyrs lightly with the tresses of her hair,

Whilst his poet soul was drinking in the hushed and charmed air;

For the minstrel stood beside her, gazing on her angel form,

Musing on love's purest pleasures, unalloyed by passion's storm.

Sweet as sounds of holy vesper to the heavy laden soul,

Or the sighs of summer zephyrs that o'er fields of beauty roll,

Fell the minstrel's gentle pleadings on that blushing maiden's ear;

For she knew a warm heart wooed her—that a loving one was near.

But Time's pinions weary never, he is ever on the wing; Little deemed the joyful maiden what the pang his flight would bring!

Ere the spring of life had melted into summer's golden hue,

Hence the minstrel's soul was summoned—gave he her his last adieu!

Sad it was to see her watching thus beside the open door,

Gazing out into the twilight—watching fondly as of yore;

Listening deeply—gazing vaguely—shuddering oft, lest it might be

But a pale and ghostly shadow, sent to swell her misery.

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

(Continued from page 159.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The library in JUDGE BOLTON'S house. A table, covered with papers and books. JUDGE BOLTON, DR. MARGRAVE, and REV. PAUL GODFREY.*

JUDGE BOLTON.

I've told you all I know. This little girl
Was dead, and buried too, ere I returned.
(To DR. MARGRAVE). You tended Isabelle: do you
remember
Aught of her illness? Was there cause to doubt
The child that died was other than my ward?
Remember, more than life—my fame, my peace—
Rest on the issue of these questions.

DR. MARGRAVE.

Strange

It is; and, like the changes of a drama,
Prepared to thrill our hearts—this tale you've told.
The child, when I beheld her first, was dying;
She hardly moved—and one long gasping breath,
Closed with a sigh, was all ere she was gone.

JUDGE.

Was she like Isabelle? You knew her well—
With large, dark, lustrous eyes, like founts of light,
And auburn hair, that fell in wavy curls
Around a face as fair as pictured cherub's—
Was the dead child like her?

DR. MARGRAVE.

I do remember
I thought the little girl had altered strangely.
But what these changes were, or why suggested,
I cannot recollect. I only know
That Madame Belcour whispered—"She is gone!"
And drew a muslin scarf, that lay at hand,
Over the little face: and then she spoke
Of her distress most feelingly, and how
She grieved that Isabelle should die whilst you
Were absent; and I strove to comfort her.

JUDGE.

Never suspecting any fraud was played?

DR. MARGRAVE.

Never. The child to me was one of those
Small pearly drops that, from earth's turbid stream,
Fall softly in the sea of heavenly life,
So like each other, we ne'er pause to note,
More than in drops of dew, a difference.
They come like hope, and vanish like a smile,
Are treasured in the heart, and not the mind

GODFREY.

Bless God for children! They are earth's salvation.
Living or dead, they keep their angels near us.
As butterflies that hover over flowers,
The bright pure beings seek the bright and pure,
These ministers of good will guard the child

JUDGE.

How can I find her? Where begin the search?
The nurse went to the West, is all I've learned.
Where is the West? To me it seems world-wide.
My faculties are paralyzed; my mind
Wanders without a clue through devious ways,
Like one benighted in a tangled wood,
And fearing pit-falls near at every step.
The moment I make public this sad tale,
I must resign my office till the matter
Is fully known—till Isabelle is found,
Or Madame Belcour's story proved untrue.

DR. MARGRAVE.

Resign your office? Wherefore? None will say
That you have wronged the child.

JUDGE.

Ay, ay, suspicion
Will brand me as accomplice in the crime:
I've had her wealth, and used it.

DR. MARGRAVE.

Nobly, too.
How many you've relieved! What charities
Owe their success to your beneficence!

JUDGE

I held it as a duty to bestow
A goodly portion of the income thus.
It came to me, as 'twere, by Providence;
And I have never wished or sought to swell
The capital, and used the interest all,
As year by year it came. My salary, too,
I've spent or given away; and now I stand
Indebted to this little orphan girl!
Shall I retain my place, and see my name
Classed in the list of bankrupts? Shall I sit
To render judgment on a criminal,
Perhaps a wretch who has some orphan wronged,
Or who has smote his fellow-man for gain?
Shall I sit there, and feel there might be one
Who held me guilty too, would watch my words,
Note every change of feeling in my face,
And whisper to his neighbor—"Mark him now!"

I tell you, Margrave, Godfrey, I would toil
In any honest way—would pave the street,
Or bear the porter's load, before I'd give
The enemies of Justice such a triumph.
The man who holds the balance of the Law
Should be above suspicion by the Law :
I shall not be when once this tale is told.

DR. MARGRAVE.

You wrong yourself. There's not an honest man
But will believe in your integrity.

JUDGE.

I am no cynic: I believe the world
Has more of good than evil in its keeping.
But on the sun are spots, and there are men
Would blacken all its lustre if they could;
Owls, that love darkness as their element;
Buzzards, that live on garbage; birds of prey,
That scent the blood of character afar,
And gather to the feast that slander spreads.
My enemy is specious, and will make
Her falsehood seem like truth to many minds.
She threatens me that she will work my ruin.
As frightened bird, awakened from its sleep,
Dashes its breast against the wire-screened lamp
And dies—a victim seeking for the light—
So do I seek, in vain, to find my way,
So meet th' impassive web of destiny.

REV. PAUL GODFREY.

Be calm, my friend; be comforted: there's hope
You will not be o'erborne: the just shall triumph.
Some clue will yet be found—some filament,
Fine as a spider's web, if it be Truth,
Will drag the tower of Error to the dust,
And crush the builder too. Have faith—have pa-
tience;
I've known a long-lost, long-lamented child,
And lost more hopelessly than this, restored.

JUDGE.

Where? How?

GODFREY.

In the far West, in Illinois,
A widowed mother lost her only child,
A little daughter, hardly five years old.
Had the dear cherub died within her arms,
It would have been a mercy. She was lost!
Like Proserpine, she wandered, gathering flowers,
And near a tangled thicket was observed—
And then was seen no more. How long we
searched,
Day after day, through the old lonesome woods!
And near and far the people came in crowds:
All business was suspended; and there seemed
Only one thought or care—to find the child.

DR. MARGRAVE.

'Tis good to know what feelings warm and pure
Lie folded in the human heart, like seeds
Of golden grain in mummy cerements wrapped;
And how these feelings germinate and bear
Sweet flowers and holy fruit when waked to life,

And from their hard, dark, selfish feelings freed.
You found the child?

GODFREY.

Ah, no! we could not find her,
Nor any trace to show that living thing
Had been around the spot where she was lost,
Except an Indian arrow: this told naught:
It might have lain for months unnoted there.
And underneath a rose-bush we discovered
A little doll—the plaything of the child—
That she, girl-like, held as her dearest treasure;
And here, it seemed, had laid it down to rest.
We found no other clue, and we returned
Where watched the trembling mother—and she
knew,
By our deep silence, none could say the word,
The search was over, and the child was lost!
Oh! 'twas a scene of sorrow worse than death!
Strong men, who, 'mid the battle's cataract roar,
The shout, the shriek, the cannon's thunder, stood
Unmoved as rocks 'mid snow-flakes, when they
heard
That mother's wail, bowed down their heads and
wept.
Rough men who from the forest and the flood—
The hunter and the boatman joined our search—
These, deemed like savage natures, cold and stern,
Were moved to woman's tenderness, and went,
With their bronzed, horny hands, to clasp her hand,
And offer for another week their aid.
'Twas all in vain—the child could not be found.

JUDGE.

What! Never?

GODFREY.

Not with searching. Seven long years,
Sweeping their changes like the restless sea,
Had worn away the memory of the lost,
Save when the pale sad mother crossed my path,
Like wounded doe, the arrow in her breast,
That only Time and Heaven's love could remove.
Seven years went by; and then a rumor came
That farther on—beyond St. Anthony's Falls—
Some children of the whites had been redeemed
From Indian thrall, and on a certain day
Those parents who had mourned their children lost
Might come and claim their own. The mother's
heart
Was wild with joy when we began the journey.
I was her guide—and on, and on we went,
Through forests dark and prairies sown with flowers,
Each alternation like the path of life:
But when we neared the scene where doubt would
end,
Then terror, like a death-pang, seized her soul,
And much I feared her death would close the scene.

JUDGE.

You found the child?

DR. MARGRAVE.

You must have found the child:
You would not else attempt to tell the tale:

THE JUDGE.

'Twere mockery to the soul to move it thus
With hope, if 'twere in vain.

GODFREY.

I'll tell you all.

The trembling mother on my arm I bore
Through crowds, that pressed around each captive's
place.

Here was the disappointed seeker seen :
And there a group in tearful thankfulness
Told how the others sped. A mother there
Had found her son—a boy when he was lost—
A sullen, stubborn, savage youth he stood,
Nor could be lured to look her in the face.
The trembling mother on my arm recoiled
In horror at the sight. I read her thoughts :
Till then she had not dreamed that any change,
Which savage life in seven long years might make,
Could change her little Mary's love. But, oh !
The awful dread that thus her child might prove
A savage, and reject her mother's love !

DR. MARGRAVE.

Ay, to the mother's heart such change would prove
The poisoned arrow of despair. Go on ;
I fain would seize the words before they 're spoken.

GODFREY.

We came at last where a magnolia towered,
Broad-leaved and crowned with flowers, the forest-
queen ;
Beneath its shadow thronged a savage group,
In the full blaze of Indian ornament—
Feathers, and beads, and wampum, all bedecked.
They gathered round the widow of their chief,
And by her side, and clinging to her hand,
There stood a being like a Poet's dream
When Love and Spring together ruled the world.
Her golden hair was one warm shower of curls,
Kissing her dimpled shoulders ; arm and cheek
Had borrowed from the sun a richer hue
Than city life would love ; but, where her robe
Fell off, her bosom showed a line of light
So fair and pure, it seemed the seal of heaven,
To prove that she was Christian in her heart.
One look was all the mother's soul required :
"My child ! my child !" burst from her pallid lips—
And she lay lifeless in my arms.

JUDGE.

Her child !

Thank Heaven that she was found !

DR. MARGRAVE.

Did she remember

Her mother's face ?

GODFREY.

Let me go on by rule
To the catastrophe. The mother fainted ;
And, as she lifeless lay, her sweet calm face
Seemed to its youthful lineaments restored,
As do the dead when first they sink to rest.
Then from the crowd around a murmur broke—
"Mother and child !" was said, for none could choose

But note the wondrous likeness of the twain.
The Indian mother uttered low her wail ;
Her fawn-eyed charge glanced round unquietly
While the interpreter explained to her
How she was stolen from her mother's home,
And how she had been mourned. She did not move
Then the pale mother rallied, hope had dawned—
And she rose up, and from her mantle's fold
She drew the doll—the plaything of the girl
When she was lost—and, with a trembling hand,
She held it towards her child, saying, "Mary !
Mary !"

'Twas Psychius' statue warming into life !
As dormant thought was stirred, and memory
showed

That forest nymph her childhood's haunts again,
Arms, neck, and face were purple with the tide
Of leaping blood, that seemed on fire within !
Then wildly, with a cry like wounded bird,
She rushed into her mother's arms and wept !

JUDGE.

O wondrous love ! what miracles are wrought
By this, life's holiest gift, the mother's love.
Are the twain living still ?

GODFREY

I trust they are.

The wild-wood Hebe is a happy wife,
Lovely and loved—almost too well beloved.
And on the Sabbath, ere I left my home,
She brought her first-born to the holy font,
Her Mary ; and her mother, too, was there—
Three Marys all as one—as orange tree
Shows fruit, and flower, and bud. And then I
thought
That she, the eldest, was the blest of all :
Her happiness was like the bliss of Heaven,
Through tribulations won and purified :
And so, Heaven grant, may yours be yet, my friend

DR. MARGRAVE.

It will be thus. We'll trust to Time and Truth—
The sun and moon of human destiny :
The one drives back the clouds—the other shines,
And all is light.

GODFREY.

Ay, trust to Time and Truth—

If truly we devote our time for truth,
Let us give up this night to thought and prayer :
To-morrow morning we'll commence the search ;
And, trust me, we'll succeed.

JUDGE.

So be it, then.

Meet here to-morrow morning.

GODFREY and MARGRAVE.

We will.

[Exit GODFREY and MARGRAVE

JUDGE (alone).

To-morrow ! 'tis my birthday. Will it prove
The day of doom to all my hopes in life ?

Or will my happiness be then reborn,
 As 'twere, from out this chaos of the past?
 Oh! that some Voice would answer to my cry—
 Some Hand remove the cloud. It may not be.
 My chosen one—my bride elect—she 'll hear
 These mouthing slanders! I must tell her first:
 I'll write and ask an interview to-morrow,
 And tell her all. I must resign her, too;
 Resign all hope of wedded happiness.
 Matilda has a fortune of her own;
 They shall not say I sought her for her wealth,
 To prop my fallen fortunes.

(Sits down and writes; then rings a bell.)

(Enter MICHAEL.)

Here, Michael,
 For Miss Walsingham—go soon.

MICHAEL.

Yes, yer honor.

(Aside.) I'm glad to go; it is a pleasant walk;
 And then the lady's servants look so smiling.
 Ah! ah! 'tis Love that makes the whole world kin.
 But then a ring of gold must bind the truant.
 If Love could only live without the money,
 We should have Paradise again on earth.

[Exit MICHAEL.]

JUDGE (alone).

I must go forth, and in the open air
 Seek the companionship of better thoughts.
 My soul seems prisoned here.

[Exit JUDGE. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—The Street.

Enter ISABELLE.

ISABELLE.

A weight is on my spirit, and a gloom
 Seems darkening o'er my narrow path of life.
 My father—will he die? I dare not now
 Pursue the thought. My mother does not love me.
 But Alice—she will need my ministry.
 How happy are the rich! They can do good,
 And, like the angels, scatter blessings round.
 I often wish such happiness were mine.
 I'd sow the earth with flowers, had I the seed;
 No root of bitterness should find a place;
 But all should live in comfort and look up,
 As do the flowers, to Heaven. 'Tis very strange
 The world should have so many poor and wretched;
 But stranger still that wickedness should live
 And see the glorious sun rise every morn,
 And holy stars come forth at vesper time,
 And never turn in penitence to God,
 And strive to keep their hearts at peace with nature.
 But I must hasten home; my mother waits,
 And she will chide—my errand unperformed.
 Perchance there is some other clergyman.
 I'll go—

(As she is going hastily out, she is met by CAPTAIN PAWLETT.)

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

You want a clergyman? I heard
 Your murmured words. Can I assist you, Isabelle?

ISABELLE.

Pray let me pass.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

Not till you've heard my love
 You will not see me when I call; but here—

ISABELLE (interrupting him).

I cannot stay. My father's very ill;
 I seek a clergyman to comfort him.
 Pray let me pass. You're very rude to stop me.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

No, no; I have been watching such a chance.
 I must improve it now: the gods are kind,
 And so should you be. Ah! you shall not pass
 Till I am heard.

[He seizes her hand—attempts to kiss her]

Enter, at the other end of the stage, REV. PAUL
 GODFREY.

ISABELLE.

Oh, let me go! Help! help!

GODFREY (seizing PAWLETT).

Cowardly villain! What! insult a woman!
 You should be whipped, and through the public
 streets,
 You pitiful wretch! You're not American.
 I wish we had you at the West, we'd send you
 Over St. Anthony's Falls! Insult a woman!
 Go, you mean, cowardly thing! You're not a man,
 And I do wrong to be so angry. Go!

[Hurts him to the end of the stage.]

I trust you are not frightened, gentle lady?

ISABELLE.

I was; but you have saved me. Let me thank you.
 I scarce know what to say, I am so grateful.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT (rising from the floor)

I'll be revenged for this!

GODFREY (to ISABELLE)

Let me conduct you
 Safe to your home. Where do you dwell, fair lady?

ISABELLE.

At Rose Hill—at Professor Olney's—'tis
 But a short distance: yet I must go first
 And find a clergyman. My father is ill.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

I'll be revenged!

GODFREY.

I am a clergyman—
 A minister of Christ; though I have shown
 The arm of flesh (looking at PAWLETT) and not the
 Spirit's power;
 And I will go with you and see your father.
 I am Judge Bolton's friend.

ISABELLE.

Indeed! Pray come;
My father will be grateful. (*Aside*). Henry told me
Of this good clergyman. I'm glad I've met him.

[*Exit ISABELLE and GODFREY.*]CAPTAIN PAWLETT (*alone*).

I'll be revenged! I'll be revenged on both!
But first on Isabelle. She heard that man
Insult me—call me coward! She will tell
The tale to Henry Bolton; and they'll laugh
At my disgrace! She shall not laugh! By Heaven,
I'll make her rue this day! I'll join with Belcour.
He sought my aid to carry her away,
And I refused—because I loved the girl.
I hate her now! I'll triumph in her fall!
I'll make her stoop to flatter, follow me
As a dog does his master! I'll find Bolton.

(*As PAWLETT goes off the stage, enter, from the
other side, MICHAEL, after him DENNIS. MICHAEL
drops a letter.*)

DENNIS.

Hallo! Is this your post-office, my boy?
You've left your letter here, I see. Michael!
Michael Magee!

MICHAEL.

What's the matter, Dennis?

DENNIS.

Matter enough! Look here. Is this the way
Ye do yer master's work? an' he a judge!
I wonder at your manners, Michael dear;
An' you brought up in Tipperary, too.

MICHAEL.

Arrah! yer sharp as hunger (*picking up the letter*).

Dennis, see,

It has a wrapper; it has met no harm.

I'm very careful when 'tis to a lady

I take a letter.

DENNIS.

Is it for a lady?

Indeed! I wish I had your learning, Mike.
You read the names?

MICHAEL.

Yes; as I read my own.

DENNIS.

Ay, you're the scholar, Mike. But as for me,
Barring three weeks at Father Fergus' school,
And then his riverence kept me tending pigs,
I never studied books. If I could read
The news from the ould country, and the letters,
I'd be so proud! Now, Mike, I have a secret,
Remember that—a letter, and—

MICHAEL.

From Lizzy?

DENNIS.

Why, Mike, you're good at guessing as a Yankee.
It is from her; and I can read her name:
'Tis graven here (*laying his hand on his heart*).

VOL. XLII.—22

I know it anywhere.

Now, Michael, will you read to me this letter?
And, honor bright, say nothing to the b'ys?

MICHAEL.

I will, upon my soul, read every word.

DENNIS.

Then come this way, Mike. Come.

MICHAEL (*looking round*).

There's no one here.

DENNIS.

But in the public street, 'twould look too *bold*
To read her delicate letter. I'm quite sure
She blushed when she was writing it alone.
An' 'tis her first to me. Come this way, Mike.

[*DENNIS and MIKE retire behind a pillar.*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN PAWLETT, followed by BELCOUR.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

What is your plan? Come, Belcour, speak it out.
I'm ready to assist you.

BELCOUR.

This it is.

I must be off to-night. There is no help,
I'm ruined if I stay. And Isabelle
Shall go with me. I'll take her as my wife,
If she will marry me; if not, she goes
On my own terms.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

But how? Pray tell me how?
She will not be persuaded to go with you.

BELCOUR.

No; she shall go perforce. 'Tis all arranged.
Only I want a friend.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

I'll be your friend;
And true as Pylades. What's to be done?

BELCOUR.

We fire the house—Professor Olney's house—
I have a staunch assistant in my pay—
Then give the alarm. They'll all rush out, of
course,
The family and Isabelle; and then
We'll seize on her in the confusion.

CAPTAIN PAWLETT.

Good!

I see it all. (*Aside*). I hope the priest is there;
'Twould be a sweet revenge to see him burn,
Writhing amid the flame! (*Aloud*). Go, Belcour, go.
We'll settle all these matters at my rooms.

[*Exit BELCOUR.*]

Yet Isabelle, must I resign her now
To Belcour? She has spurned me; but I love her.
What if I tip an officer the hint
Where Belcour may be found? When we have
reached
The carriage, then the officer might nab him,

And I could carry Isabelle away.
I'll see what can be done by art and money.
[Exit PAWLETT.]

MICHAEL and DENNIS come forward.

DENNIS.
This is a *purty* play! They'll fire the house!
My blackthorn, that I left at Ballywhackem,
I wish I had it; by the powers, I'd follow
And break their heads, I would—the *omadawhns*!

MICHAEL.
This must be told to my young master Bolton:
He loves that *purty* bird—that Isabelle,
And often sends her letters—little notes,
As sweet and white as lilies. When I take them
To her, she always seems to know my errand,
And blushes like a rose. And in her hand,
As delicate and whiter than the paper,
I love to lay these notes. I must tell him.

DENNIS.
Oh, tell him, and we'll watch the house to-night.
I'll bring a good shillalah. 'Twill be fun.
I haven't had a scrimmage with the *b'ys*
Since I was made a citizen. I' faith,
'Tis mighty dull in this Ameriky.

MICHAEL.
True, true for you; but, Dennis, there's the comfort,
The pleasant home and plenty on the board.
And citizens should be more grave than peasants—
'Tis more genteel.

DENNIS.
But we may have a song.
There's the old tune—you know it—follow me.

(Sings.)
The plot has been planned and the night has been
named;
But the eye of the watcher shall make them ashamed:
As the fox from the hunter the villains shall flee,
From Dennis O'Blarney and Michael Magee.
[Exeunt singing. Scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*Ross Hill; seat before the house;*
PROFESSOR OLNEY and REV. PAUL GODFREY.
Time sunset.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.
This evening breeze has cooled my fevered brow,
And your kind sympathy has soothed my heart.
But there's a secret pressing on my mind,
And will not let me rest. It says to me,
Like conscience to the startled sinner's cry,
"Now is the time!" I would not trouble you
But for this inward monitor.

GODFREY.
Go on.
Speak freely as a brother to his brother;
And such, in Christian bonds, I'll prove to you.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.
You noted Isabelle?

GODFREY.
Your daughter? Ay,
A pearl of price; a child to make you proud,
Or, better, thankful for the precious boon.
So gentle, with such dignity. A queen
Of nature's royal stock.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.
She is—she is!
And yet—she is not mine! You gaze on me
As though my speech were treason to my heart;
And so it is. She is my child in love,
And I have reared her thus; nor does she know
That she is only ours by sufferance.
This is the secret weighing down my soul.
I cannot die and leave it unrevealed.
But if you lend your ear you must your aid,
And be her guide and guardian when I'm gone.
Say, will you take this charge and be her father?

GODFREY.
I will; or I will find a substitute
More fitted for the office. Pray go on.
The story must be one of those strange scenes
That make the tragedy of real life;
And, on the stage displayed, would draw a crowd
To wonder, or to weep, perchance. Go on

PROFESSOR OLNEY.
'Tis over thirteen years since I came here.
I came from old Virginia: at the time
We were in preparation to remove,
A weary woman entered our abode,
And in her arms she bore a sleeping child
Some three or four years old; and very sad
The mother, as she called herself, appeared.
She asked to leave the child for half an hour,
While she returned to seek for something lost.
We gave consent, and she laid down her charge,
The sleeping innocent, and then went forth.
We never saw her more.

GODFREY.
Where went she then?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.
We never knew; nor who she was; nor whence
She came. The child was Isabelle; and she
Awoke and smiled on us so angel-like,
She won our hearts at once—my wife's and mine.
We planned to keep her as our own. Our child,
The poor, pale, crippled Alice—you observed her—
Was then some seven years old, and wild with joy
To have such sweet companion. So we took her,
The little outcast, with us, and came here.
None knew the secret, and we thought it best
To call her our own daughter.

GODFREY.
Were you sure
The mother had forsaken her?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

We were.

Upon the child we found a folded paper;
And thus it ran: "The girl I give to you;
I cannot keep her longer." That was all;
But with it was a trinket, half a necklace
Of gold and coral, such as ladies wear;
On the half clasp was graven "Isabelle."
Here 't is (*taking out the trinket*).

GODFREY (*examining the chain*).

A curious, costly workmanship.
I cannot think that woman was her mother.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

I had such thoughts; and searched for many
months,
Through all the public papers, for the notice
Of a lost child; but never one appeared.
And so I felt that duty, joined with love,
Imposed on me the task of rearing her.
The task, said I? It was a privilege.
She was the sunbeam of our home, the star
That led me on, like hope, from strength to strength.
I was her teacher called—but she taught me;
Or, by her heaven-inspired and earnest thought,
Awakened mine. And Truth and Knowledge seemed
The elements of common life in her.
Oh, what a grievous wrong man's pride has wrought
In stifling woman's mind! It is as though
A double star were severed; and the one
Shadowed, how feebly would the other burn!

GODFREY.

But woman has her sphere.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

And is that sphere
Less eminent than man's? Requires it less
The aid of reason trained? Of moral sense
Enlightened? And the sober judgment formed
To estimate aright her part in life?
'Tis not for woman's hand to build a city;
She does a nobler work—she rears the builders.
The infant's plastic character she moulds;
And every man reflects his mother's mind.
Should Isabelle e'er marry and have sons,
She 'll train them like Comelia's sons, to be
The ornaments or leaders of their race.

GODFREY.

She is your model of perfection?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

True:

For her own sex I've sought to make her this;
To graft on woman's tenderness and faith
The love of justice, and the strength to try
In Reason's crucible the ore of thought.
And whilst her fancy, lightning-winged, will fly
Over the earth, as does the telegraph,
I've striven to give the mastery of the wires
To her enlightened Conscience; so her mind
Sends and seeks only for the true and good.

GODFREY.

A lovely being she must be; and I
Shall be rejoiced to aid your generous cares.
What shall I do for her?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Tell her this tale,
And let her know she is not my own child—
A painful duty I cannot perform.

GODFREY.

Why tell her this? What makes it needful now?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Because I must consign my wife and daughter,
My helpless Alice, to the care of Isabelle.
I have not long to live, and I die poor;
And Isabelle must take my place and be
The teacher of my school—the prop to keep
The home I leave a home for those I love.

GODFREY.

She would do this, and better, would she not,
If she believed herself your daughter still?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

She would perform her duties faithfully;
But there 's a trial I must spare her soul.
Ah, 'tis a pain to bare the secret heart
Before another mortal!

GODFREY.

Spare yourself.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

No, no; it must be told. There is a time
When Truth must lay her robe of prudence by,
And speak on earth as she will speak in heaven.
My wife, at first, loved Isabelle most truly,
And loves her still; but there 's a jealousy,
The sting of wounded and maternal pride,
Roused in her heart against this innocent girl
My wife will think that I love Isabelle
Better than I do Alice: nay, she says,
Because that Isabelle and I converse
On subjects neither of the other twain
Can follow, or would care to hear discussed,
That this intruder rules my heart and mind.

GODFREY.

The common error of inferior people;
They cannot see, and so would quench the light
A world of darkness were the mole-like state
To suit the faculties that only creep.
But how will Isabelle endure the shock
Of hearing she is parentless?

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

She 'll bow,

As reeds do in the storm, to rise again.
When the first agony is past, 'twill be
As when the patriot hears his country's call,
She 'll rouse her soul to meet the exigence.
She knows her mother often is unkind,
And this, to Isabelle's just mind, is torture,
Because she feels her mother does a wrong
But when she learns the truth, then gratitude

Will be the ruling motive of her mind.
All these discrepancies will be explained.
I know her noble nature; she would give
Her life-blood as the sacrifice, before
She would desert a duty or a friend.
And what I trust to her, I wish to lay
Before her as a duty, not a burden.

GODFREY.

But she may marry.

PROFESSOR OLNEY.

Ay, and there 's the chord
To touch the tenderest fibre of her heart.
She is beloved, and by Judge Bolton's son;
And she loves him, as all men would be loved,
With her whole heart, save what is given to God.
The Judge is proud, but generous, and I trust
Will be, in time, inclined to grant consent.
He may search out her history; or, if he
Should see her, know her worth, he would not doubt
Her fitness to adorn the highest station.
I feel this revelation must be made.

GODFREY.

When?

PROFESSOR OLNEY (*rising*).

Even now. Go in with me, and Isabelle
I'll summon. Pray be tender with the child.
Tell her my love, my father's blessing, ever
Shall be around her path.

[OLNEY and GODFREY go into the house.
Scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*Time midnight. Before JUDGE BOLTON'S house. Bells are heard ringing the alarm of fire.*

Enter JUDGE BOLTON from the house, in his robe de chambre.

JUDGE BOLTON.

In vain my pillow woos me to repose;
I cannot rest; my soul seems ocean-tossed;
Thought rolls on thought as billows billows chase,
When like the ninth wave every billow rolls.
Hark!—

The bells are ringing fire! Ah, some there are
Now starting from their pleasure-picturing dreams,
Where roses seemed to bloom round silver rills,
To hear the shout, and see the dragon flames
Swoop, stern as death, their hopes and homes away.
Even thus the trial of my soul has come,
Like flame that bursts the roof ere we discern
It has been kindled. Where 's that little child?
Where 's Isabelle to-night? I could lie down
And sleep, if I but knew that she was safe.
She haunts me: ah, she seems before me now!
That sweet, young face, like cherub's, soft and fair,
Seems looking in my eyes with her dove's eyes,
As when, from out her dying father's arms,
I took her to my heart and vowed to be
A father to the little lonely one.

And she has been a wanderer on the earth,
While I have lived with ease on what was hers!
Has her dead father's spirit watched her weal?
O, would some angel whisper to my soul
And tell me of the child!

[While the JUDGE is thus communing with himself, walking to and fro before the house, FREDERICK BELCOUR steals in, and, creeping along in the shadow over the stage, enters the house unperceived by the JUDGE. Then enter a POLICE OFFICER and WATCHMAN, hastily, and rush towards the JUDGE, who suddenly turns and confronts them.

What seek ye here?

OFFICER.

We seek a criminal. Ah! Judge, is it you?
Pardon our haste. A crime has been committed.
A house was set on fire. We've captured two;
The other villain fled and entered here.
Has any passed this way?

JUDGE.

None. Not one.

(*Aside*). A criminal! he said. He thought me one!
A criminal! (*To them*). None has entered here.
He must have turned the other street.

WATCHMAN.

Yes, yes!

And there—'tis there we missed him. Come, officer!
[Exit WATCHMAN.

OFFICER.

Judge Bolton's word is always to be trusted.
The villain must have turned the other street.
He would not venture here. Excuse me, pray.
[Exit OFFICER.

JUDGE (*alone*).

Judge Bolton's word is always to be trusted.
Will this be said to-morrow? Will men raise
Their hats as I pass by? and with a smile
Of pleasure answer to the smile I give?
Or will they gather into knots and stand
With sullen brows and eyes that speak distrust?
Or turn away in sadness, but as men
Whose confidence is shaken—as the trees
Shake in the storm that overturns the oak?
Oh, heaven! and has it come to this? That I
Must watch, as beggars watch for alms, to catch
The smile of confidence, and meet distrust?
I had an honest faith in men's esteem,
Because I felt I had deserved esteem.
And now I have done naught to forfeit this.
But circumstances will deform the truth,
As rust corrodes the brightness of the blade,
And few will prize the metal dimmed and scarred.

Enter DR. MARGRAVE.

DR. MARGRAVE (*going up to the JUDGE*).
You here? What keeps you from your pillow thus?
As your physician, I prescribed you rest.
And you, who teach the sacredness of law,
Why have you disobeyed your doctor's law?

JUDGE.

I could not sleep. There is no rest for me.
I think of that poor criminal condemned
This morning to a solitary cell,
And feel how terrible the weight of crime
Must be, when but its shadow weighs me down.
Talk not of sleep—there is no rest for me !

MARGRAVE.

Tush ! You should be a doctor ; then you 'd learn
How honey-sweet is this restorative.
Why, Judge, I could lie down and slumber here ;
This pavement would a downy pillow seem,
I am so worn. And when I was awake
From my first slumber, I refused to rise.
And then the messenger entreated, saying
He had in vain solicited the aid
Of six physicians—none would go to-night.
The patient was a stranger and a woman,
And poor, and, it was feared, must soon expire.
Then I shook slumber off, and here I am ;

But half awake though. Pray go in and sleep
For me while I am gone.

JUDGE.

You 'll come to-morrow ?

MARGRAVE.

Ay, in the morning, when the mind partakes
The hope and light of nature. Never fear.
The Night and Error both will have an end.
'Tis Truth and Day that live immortally.

[Exit MARGRAVE.]

JUDGE (alone).

He is right. And 'tis quite easy to discern
The true and right for others ; but to do
What we can teach, this is the task that tries
The strongest and the wisest. I will try.
Endeavor is the lever of the soul,
And gives the will its power to move the world.
Oh, could it move this burden from my mind !

[Exit JUDGE BOLTON.]

END OF ACT IV.

THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT.

BY M. S. A.

Across the snow-clad mountains, along the barren
plains—
Through winter's icy fetters, through summer's copious
rains—
The tide of emigration, like a mighty river, rolled ;
The sea towards which it flowed along—that "promised
land" of gold !
From many a cheerful fireside, from many a happy
home,
With bright anticipations those brave gold-seekers
roam ;
From many an anxious bosom was wrung the bitter
tear,
When parting from their best beloved with mingled
hope and fear.
Yet ever bright before them rose that glittering land of
gold !
From love's fond arms it tore them with a sorrow half
untold ;
Within the inner chambers of many a manly heart
Strange fears had cast their shadows dark when came
the hour to part.
Still gold, bright gold, is glittering, and striving with
its might
To chase away the darkening gloom that shrouds their
spirits' light ;
It whispers, its "possession unto them will pleasure
bring ;"
And to the winds and waters all their doubts and fears
they fling.
They fancied not that perils would encompass them
around ;
O'er land and sea they traveled, and direst suffering
found,

And ever on their journeyings were groans wrung from
their hearts,
From homesick, weary spirits, pierced with keen re-
morseful darts !

Dark and dreary were the hours, as they slowly flitted
by,
Unto one youthful wanderer—*afar from home to die !*
With no fond arms wherein to rest his weary, aching
head—
No hand to wipe the death-dew from his cold brow as
life fled !

Vain yearnings fill his stricken heart for the comforts
of that home
From which, for paltry worthless gold, all reckless did
he roam ;
And oh ! like soft winds laden with the fragrance of
bright flowers,
Float memories o'er his fevered brain of long-past
happy hours.

Unto his soul come longings to behold his friends once
more,
And his heart clings fondly to them, though his feet are
on the shore
Of those illumined waters, in the waves of that broad
sea
That floweth on for evermore, to join Eternity !

Oh ! "Californian gold mines," what a fearful curse
they 've brought !
With what heart-rending sorrows has that search for
dross been fraught !
How many tearful partings, and how many lives un-
told
Have been laid upon the altar of this raging thirst for
gold !

SUSAN CLIFTON; OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

(Continued from page 174.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE necessary engagements of Horace permitted him to attend Susan to the door only. The quick eye of the mother detected in the manner of the lovers indications of what had passed between them. She made no inquiries, but waited for her daughter to communicate what it concerned her to know. This it was in Susan's heart to do without delay; but, a neighbor calling, she was prevented from making the designed communication. At evening, Mr. Clifton came in from the field, and, after tea, made his daily visit to the post-office. He soon returned with a letter informing him of the sudden and dangerous illness of Mr. Richard Clifton, and containing an earnest request that his brother and niece might come to him without delay. Fraternal affection alone would have caused Henry's immediate compliance with this request, but an additional motive was found in his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his brother in the near prospect of his removal to the world of spirits. The work of preparation for departure with the morning light was entered upon without delay. He did not even pause to ask Susan if she would go—in regard to her willingness, there could be no doubt. When their hasty arrangements were made, Susan said to her father—

"Father, I wish to see Horace Larned before I go, if you have no objections."

The look of surprise which her father gave her was not at all adapted to remove the embarrassment with which the remark was made.

"Is it so long since you have seen him?" said Mr. Clifton.

"I met him this afternoon accidentally, wholly so, and walked with him in the grove."

As she did not seem disposed to make any further revelations, and was, in fact, rather too much agitated to do so to advantage, her father kindly laid his hand upon her head, saying—

"You walked in the grove, and he took occasion to make application to become my son-in-law?"

"Not exactly that," said Susan, partially reassured by her father's kind and sympathizing manner, "but —"

"What amounts to the same thing," said her father, finishing the sentence for her, while his fingers played with her ringlets, "and you told him you would think about it."

Susan shook her head.

"You told him no, and now wish to see him in order to modify the severity of the answer a little."

Again Susan shook her head.

"Well, daughter, I can't guess what the matter is; so I don't see but that you must tell me. You are not wont to stand in any great fear of me."

"Have I done wrong in not discouraging him from making such an application as you just now alluded to?"

"No, my daughter. I presume you followed the dictates of your affections, which are to be followed when they do not come in conflict with the higher claims of duty. I could have wished that nothing of the kind had taken place till he had made further progress in the course on which he is fixed; but, perhaps, it is for the best. He is a worthy young man. He has a long course before him, and he needs sympathy and assistance."

A fervent embrace and a profusion of kisses were the return made him by his daughter for his kind remarks respecting the widow's son.

"So you must see the youth to-night?" said he.

"I had rather not leave without seeing him, since we know not how long we may be detained in the city. Uncle may not wish to have me leave him while he continues ill."

"Well, I will go and tell the lad that you cannot rest without seeing him."

"Do not go yourself. Pray, send him a note requesting him to call and see you."

"I don't wish to see him—that is, I have no business that would justify my sending for him. As you seem to have, I am ready to go for him."

"You are too much fatigued to go."

"The distance is not great, and I dare say it will not require any fatiguing effort to induce him to come here."

So saying, he set out for the dwelling of the widow. The door was open; it was not so situated as to be exposed to the street. The young man was engaged in study. A pine knot was blazing in the fireplace, and the replenished basket was by the side of the recumbent student. His attention was so intensely fixed on the volume before him that he did not hear Mr. Clifton's knock on the door-post, nor his mother's announcement of the presence of a visitor. It was necessary to lay hands on him before she could arouse him. He rose from the floor in great embarrassment, which was not diminished when he perceived that the visitor was the father of Susan Clifton. As Mr. Clifton rightly judged that it would take Susan some time to make known to Horace the fact of her intended journey, he proceeded to state the object of his call without delay.

"I am rather sorry to disturb your studies, Horace," said he; "but there is a young girl at my house who is going to New York with me to-morrow, and, as it is uncertain how long she may be detained there, she has sent me to say to you that she must see you before she goes. As we leave by daylight in the morning, if you intend to obey her summons, you had better do so without delay."

"Is she going to live with her uncle?" said Horace.

"Her uncle is sick, and has sent for us. Tell her I wish her to retire at such an hour as will permit her to be prepared to set out at the earliest dawn."

Horace was not slow to comply with an exhortation so congenial to his feelings.

"Our children, it seems," said Mr. Clifton to Mrs. Larned, "have taken some preparatory steps towards connecting our families, without our consent, or, rather, without consulting us."

"What has Horace been doing?" said Mrs. Larned, in a tone of alarm.

"Nothing criminal," said he, with one of his most pleasant smiles; "but he and Susan have been putting their heads together. But I suppose it was only because their hearts were together before."

"You do not disapprove of what they have done, then?"

"No, madam, I cannot say that I do."

"I knew that Horace thought everything of Susan, and has ever since she was a child; but I did not think he would ever say anything to her—at least not at present; not till he had completed his education."

"I am told they met to-day by accident, and it is probable he was surprised into a declaration of his feelings."

"I saw when he came home that he had been greatly agitated; but I did not inquire as to the cause. He never likes to speak about his feelings. If he would not do so much for me, he might get along. I wonder at Susan—no, I do not, to speak the truth—but I do rather wonder that you should be willing that your daughter should form a connection with one who has nothing but his hands and his brain to depend upon, and is encumbered with a mother, too."

"I have but one thing to regret in the matter, and I share that regret with you. It is that your son does not profess to be a religious man. While he remains as he is, he can have no sympathy with Susan in respect to those interests and feelings which I hope she cherishes as the highest and holiest ones. If he had not a praying mother, I don't know that I could bring myself to consent to their union. But that fact, in connection with the fact that their affection for each other has been growing from childhood, and his manly character and good habits, leads me to think that I am justified in giving my consent. In view of every consideration except the one just alluded to, I give it cordially. It must be the care of us all to attempt to lead him to attend to the one thing needful. On my return from the

city, I will confer with you respecting the young folks, and see what can be done for their benefit. Good evening."

"Good evening," replied the widow, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God and man. Susan had ever been a great favorite with her, and she had watched with a mother's solicitude the progress of her son's affection. She was not without hope that he might one day be in a position to make a successful prosecution of his suit, yet the hope was depressed by the diffidence which poverty inspires.

She retired to her closet, and unburthened her full heart to Him who heareth always. She implored, with an earnestness seldom felt before, even for the son of her vows, the blessing of God to rest upon the young hearts now united for weal or woe.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Horace drew near Mr. Clifton's house, he saw Susan standing in the door, looking out for the stars, or for some earthly object. She seemed not at all fatigued by the events of the day, for she adopted his suggestion of walking, instead of entering the house. There was no moon, but the stars answered just about as well. The air was mild, and their hearts were happy, so much so as to lead to a forgetfulness of Mr. Clifton's desire that Susan should retire early, that she might be the better fitted for the events of to-morrow. Their walk did, however, come to an end, and they separated at last. How much of thought and feeling was exchanged between them, we shall not attempt to tell.

Early the next morning, Mr. Clifton and Susan were ready to set out on their journey, but not before Horace had been there to bid them farewell. They reached the city without accident, and found the invalid near the crisis of a malignant fever. Susan anxiously watched by his bedside. Though he was exhausted almost to the verge of insensibility, he knew her voice, and would receive, even in his seasons of delirium, whatever was proffered by her hand. In his wakeful moments, he was uneasy if she was not near him. Hence, her only seasons of repose were while he slept. Day after day, and night after night, wore slowly away. The rose began to fade from Susan's cheek, and her father began to fear that she might fall a victim to that fidelity of affection which he could not reprove, since the physician had declared that it was not medicine, but good nursing and mental quiet, that would cure the patient. For the office of nurse Mrs. Clifton was not fitted by her habits, and perhaps, it might be added, by the state of her affections.

Weeks had elapsed; the crisis was passed, and the physician authorized the hope of recovery. No words had hitherto passed between the brothers. Prayer had, morning and evening and noonday, been offered at the bedside. What were the thoughts of the patient, as he approached the verge of life, were unknown.

Susan had anxiously expected letters from Horace, but none came to hand. It was less a matter of regret while her time was so completely occupied in attendance upon her uncle that she could not have written in reply; but now that her uncle was better, and she could leave his bedside, the hours passed heavily which brought no letter. She was sure that he was ill, or that he had written and his letters had failed to reach her. Would it be unmaidenly in her to relieve her anxiety in part by writing to him? This question was long and earnestly debated in her mind. At length a feeling of certainty that he must have written, if he had power to hold a pen, determined her to address a line to him. Pens, paper, and thoughts all proved quite refractory, and it was not without great difficulty that she was enabled to dispatch an epistle informing him of her uncle's present state, and of the fact that she had received no letters from him—not omitting to mention her confident belief that he had written, and to express her fears that an unfavorable construction might be put upon her act in writing.

Her letter gave great joy to the lone student, and he hastened to reply. After spending some time, and spoiling some paper, before he could decide whether his letter should be headed with "My dear Susan," or, "My dear Miss Clifton," or simply "Miss Clifton," he finally adopted the last, and proceeded to write as follows:—

"Your letter was received late last evening, and I seize upon the first moment in my power to return an answer. You do me more than justice by supposing that I have written to you. I have written you twice, and should have written again and again, could I have been assured that it was proper for me to do so. I sent my letters under cover to your father. Is it possible that he has not seen fit to deliver them to you? No—it is not possible; I will not entertain the thought. My confidence is grounded on his kind manner towards me the evening before you left. Moreover, he expressed himself kindly in regard to me to my mother, on that same evening. Had not these facts occurred, I should not wonder if he were to check my presumption by withholding my letters from you, and, perhaps, returning them to me at a future time. But it is useless to speculate concerning the causes of failure. A very painful load has been removed from me by the receipt of your confiding letter, and, brief as it was, I should have suffered still more if you had permitted your idea of 'the unmaidenly' to prevent your writing. You cannot do anything unmaidenly. If an act of yours had that appearance in the highest degree, I should be sure that, in truth, the deed was the offspring of delicacy itself. I hope you will return soon. The village is not what it is when you are here. The whippowill's note is far more melancholy, and the stars shine less brightly. I need not say what a vacancy there is in my heart. True, your image is there, but that does not meet the wants of my spirit. You will doubtless bind

your uncle to you with still stronger ties of affection. No one can be with you for such a length of time, and not love you strongly. When he was here, it was said that he was inclined to adopt you, and make you the heir of his wealth. From your manner towards him, I thought it possible that there was truth in the report. I endeavored to repress all hope, and if possible all feeling, till that matter was disposed of. He returned without you. I breathed freely once more. You are with him again, and in circumstances adapted to endear you to him far more deeply than before. I long for your return. I have, during the past week, been able to make arrangements by which I have devoted the half of each day to study. Can you imagine the ecstasy of delight with which I sit down to my books with six hours of good daylight before me? Nothing can equal it, in your absence, but the pleasure of writing to you. If you do not return immediately, may I hope to hear from you in reply to this, which so poorly indicates my feelings towards you?
Yours,
HORACE."

The above letter, subscribed not with epithets of affection and devotedness, but simply *yours*, was directed to Susan, and, in consequence, reached her. The superscription of the letters brought from the post-office were read by the servant and reported to Mrs. Clifton. Letters addressed to Mr. Clifton were ordered to be laid aside until he should recover—it was not in accordance with her habits to open her husband's letters. Thus, by a very natural mistake, the letters of Mr. Henry Clifton were laid aside with his brother's. When a letter for Miss Clifton was announced, it was handed to her. This soon caused the previous ones to be forthcoming. They were to Susan none the less valuable for being old, for they were written by *him*. What an amount of meaning does that personal pronoun sometimes contrive to appropriate!

CHAPTER XIV.

As the invalid's recovery was slow, it was arranged that Mr. Henry Clifton should return home, and leave Susan till her uncle's strength would permit him to return with her—his physician having advised him to repair to the country as soon as possible. She therefore hastened to answer the letter, or letters, which she had received from her lover. After some hesitation, she commenced her epistle with, "My dear Horace," and proceeded as follows:—

"I was made very happy by your letter—more so than I can express. I am exceedingly sorry that you have suffered any anxiety on my account. So far as it may be connected with any possibility of neglect or change of feeling on my part, lay it aside for ever, I entreat you—even if I should become an heiress. Would it be a terrible calamity if I should

become the possessor of wealth to be passed over to your hands? Are you too proud, or, as you call it, too independent to receive it even from me? I suspect you are; I am sorry for it—no, I am not, for I wish you to be just what you are. Do you think your interests would be in peril, as you half intimate, if my uncle should love me enough to offer to adopt me? Know, then, what peril you have been in. My uncle *did* offer to adopt me—to make me the heiress of his wealth; and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to relinquish his plan. His wife, too, was earnest for it. Were you not in peril? I declined the offer. Why did I? I said, and said it honestly then, that I could not leave my parents. I assigned that as the sole motive. I now suspect that the *pine-knot student* had something to do with that decision.

"The offer will never be repeated, that is, the offer of adoption, with its consequent change of residence. What dire calamity may come upon you in the shape of property through my means, I cannot foresee. Pray, do not borrow trouble on that account

"You cannot desire my return more than I do. We shall come as soon as my uncle's strength will allow. He will come with me. Then, if I can cheer up your whippowil, and burnish up your stars, I shall most willingly do so.

"There is one passage in your letter which occasions earnest and anxious thoughts. You say of — 'It does not meet the wants of my spirit.' Is there anything on earth that can fully meet those wants? If we look to anything on earth, even to the treasures of affection, must we not be disappointed? Is there any adequate portion for the soul except its Maker?

"I am almost afraid to return, lest I should interrupt those studies in which you take so much delight. But perhaps your health may be prolonged in consequence of the interruptions which my return may possibly occasion. I trust I shall soon be in my father's house, when you will find me, as ever, yours,

SUSAN CLIFTON."

Susan's anticipations of a speedy return to her native village were not realized. Before her uncle was strong enough to undergo the fatigue of the proposed journey, his wife was attacked by the disease from which he was recovering. She preferred the services of a professional nurse, and Susan was therefore left to devote herself to her uncle. The progress of his recovery seemed to be arrested. He remained stationary, while his wife sunk rapidly towards the grave. At length, the physician announced that there was no hope of her recovery. Susan had often sought to minister to her aunt, but it was evident that her presence was not pleasant to the sufferer. Still Susan felt that she could not see her die without making at least one effort to direct her mind to the consideration of the great realities which lay before her. In the gentlest manner possible, she tried to introduce the subject.

"Do not," said the dying woman, "disturb me with such notions now. I cannot bear them."

Susan alluded to the possibility, to the probability, that she would not recover.

"I shall not recover," said Mrs. Clifton, "if I suffer such gloomy thoughts to prey upon my mind."

Susan relinquished the hope of making any impression upon her mind. She had lived for this world. God's bounties had been abundantly bestowed upon her. She had received them as her due; she had lived only for herself. In death, she was left to the insensibility which she had spent a lifetime in cherishing. How short that life of gaiety and splendor, in comparison with that long eternity on which she had entered!

When the funeral rites had been performed, and her remains placed in their last resting-place, Richard Clifton set out for his native place, leaving his costly mansion empty and desolate. By adopting the means of conveyance which wealth can command, he accomplished the journey without injury, and was cordially welcomed to the old homestead.

CHAPTER XV.

HORACE LARNED repaired to Mr. Clifton's in the evening of the day on which Susan returned. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Clifton in a manner which relieved him from all the embarrassment which he felt while approaching the house. Susan's manner, when she entered the room, was by no means so composing to him; in fact, it brought back his embarrassment with some additional force. Conversation was rather a laborious operation on his part, till he and Susan were left alone. They betook themselves to the rude piazza which sheltered the kitchen door. They had scarcely seated themselves when a whippowil came and took his station on the door-stone, and uttered his peculiar notes. Not a word was spoken, or a hand moved, till he had flown.

"He came to welcome you home," said Horace.

"He is accustomed to visit us almost every evening," said Susan. "Is his note more cheerful than when I was away?"

"Vastly more so!"

"And the stars, are they any brighter?"

"They were never so bright as they are to-night. Let us walk out where we can see them more clearly."

The proposition was accepted. The stars did indeed pour down their richest radiance. Not a cloud was to be seen, save a very small one on the distant verge of the horizon.

"How beautiful!" said Susan, as she raised her eyes aloft. The remark and the feeling were as fresh as if neither had been made before.

"They are as bright as my own hopes of happiness," said Horace, pressing her hand to his heart

"May those hopes be as enduring! but—"

She left the sentence unfinished, and remained silent.

"What were you about to add?" said Horace, in a tone of tenderness that thrilled her with delight.

"Yonder is a cloud," said Susan.

"I see there is, although I did not notice it before. What of it?"

"It is very small, and yet it may speedily cover the whole heavens, and shut out of view this glorious splendor."

"True; but even then it would not extinguish it. The stars would shine on as calmly as ever. But what was the analogy in your mind, as connected with my hopes of happiness?"

"There is a small cloud in our horizon, which may overpread and shut out the light of our hopes."

"What is it?" said Horace, in alarm. "Was your uncle——"

"My uncle has done nothing that will affect us, and will, I fear, do little more in this world. I fear he has come to the home of his childhood to die."

"I hope not, for your sake."

"The cloud I see is this: Your fierce ambition, your indomitable independence, may destroy health and life. Then where are our bright hopes?"

"I feel perfectly well. I never felt conscious of possessing as much physical and mental energy as now."

"Remember, it was some time before the approach of the cloud, which was no larger than a man's hand, was discerned by the servant of the prophet; and yet how soon it covered the whole heavens with blackness!"

Horace was silent for some time. At length, greatly to her relief, he said—

"I did not expect discouragement from you."

Though this was spoken in the softest tone, Susan felt that it contained an implied reproach.

"I did not mean to give you pain," said he, noticing the effect his remark had produced. "But what would you have me do? Would you have me relinquish my only birthright?"

"I cannot say what I would have you do, except that I would not have you ruin your health and destroy your life. I would not have you surrender your independence. But do you not carry your feeling respecting it to excess?"

"I think not."

"There is still another subject to which I would allude. You have self-reliance, energy, which I fear may lead you to forget your dependence upon Him in whose hand we are, and without whom we cannot be happy."

"I am aware I am at fault in that matter. When I come to be constantly with you, you shall teach me better, and you will find me a willing learner."

"Years must first pass away, and who shall secure to you health and life?"

"I must take my chance as well as others. Everything is uncertain here!"

"Is there any such thing as chance under the government of an infinitely wise and powerful Be-

ing, who numbers the hairs of our head, and notes the sparrow's fall, and worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will? It is because everything earthly is so uncertain that I so earnestly desire to see your happiness fixed on a firmer basis than that on which it now rests. I have stood by the bed of death since I saw you."

At that moment a brilliant meteor suddenly flashed along the sky, and as suddenly vanished.

"Do not let that be the emblem of your course," said Susan.

"Whatever my course may be, I hope it may never cause a pang to your gentle bosom. My joys I wish you to share; my sorrows I wish you may never know. I am sorry that you are so well acquainted with the difficulties which beset my path."

"Horace, I cannot believe you are fully aware of what you have spoken. Did I really believe that you expressed the real sentiments of your heart, I should be far less happy than I now am. You may desire not to give me pain; but, if you are unwilling that I should share your sorrows, then you do not feel towards me as I supposed. Would you really conceal any sorrow from me?"

"I would conceal nothing from you which you desire to know. My every thought is yours."

"But not your every feeling?"

"Yes. I was just now going to say I would have your life one of uninterrupted peace and joy. I cannot bear to think of throwing any of the shadows of my destiny across your bright path. It was for that reason I said that I would prefer that you should not know my griefs. It was not that I do not prize your sympathy. That were of itself sufficient to reconcile me to sorrow if I loved only myself."

"Pray, do not speak of destiny. There is no such thing. I know that you mean no wrong; but still, the terms destiny, fate, chance, and the like fall unpleasantly on my ear."

"Then you shall never hear them from me."

"Do not avoid the words for my sake."

"I understand your delicate reproof."

"I do not mean to be your reprover."

"You have been my reprover again and again, when you knew it not. When my sterner, restless, complaining feelings have been awakened, I have looked upon your calm, sweet countenance, and have felt that I must repress feelings so different from yours. Often have I thus been calmed and encouraged to toil on. Your influence will be vastly greater now that I know that you are not indifferent to my welfare."

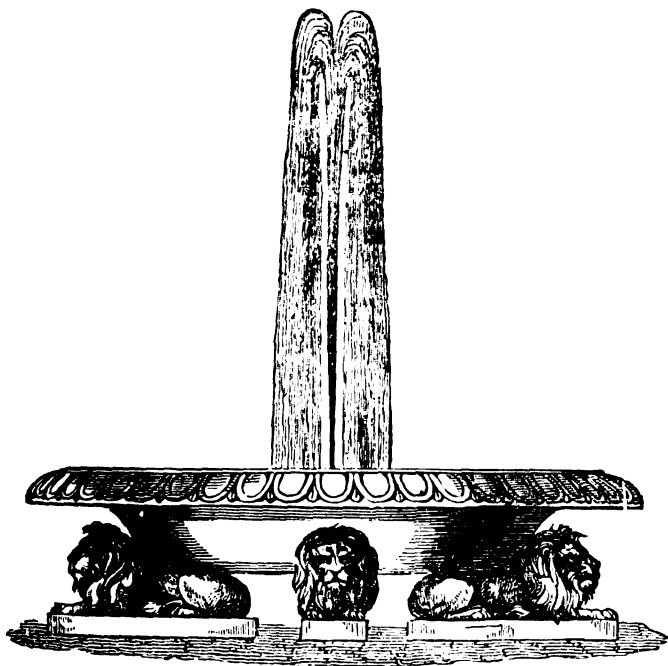
"Not indifferent!"

"Now that I know you love me."

"It is time for us to go home. We must not be absent when prayer is offered."

They returned to the house. The family was assembled, a portion of Scripture was read, and the blessing of God implored—and Horace walked homeward with a heart too full for utterance.

(To be continued.)



GARDEN DECORATIONS.

ONE of the most important changes that has taken place in gardens, during the last century, is the little value, comparatively, that is now set upon permanent garden decorations. In the olden times, when very few kinds of exotic trees and other plants could be obtained, the only mode of making a fine garden remarkable was by filling it with temples, statues, terraces, and other mural and sculptural decorations.

The taste for extensive water-works is of a still older date, and may be traced back to Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth in England, and to Louis XIV. in France. Chatsworth and Versailles are examples of this style. The oldest of these water-works were contrived in a barbarous taste, and served as practical jokes, such as the Copper-tree at Chatsworth, which people were invited to sit beneath, and which immediately gave them a shower-bath; and some of the contrivances in the German gardens, where every step made a fountain of water gush up beneath the feet. Even in the water-works at Versailles and Heidelberg, which are considered in better taste, the water is thrown up from the mouths of dolphins or Tritons, or from the nostrils of horses, as in the bath of Neptune. At Heidelberg are two female figures, one of which has a stream of water flowing from her hair, and the other has a fountain pouring from her robe, which she appears to be wringing.

For some years after the introduction of the magnolias and other flowering trees, and of the splendid pines and firs, the proprietors of extensive pleasure-grounds rested their principal claims to admiration on the number of curious trees which they introduced, and on the mode in which they were arranged and grouped, and water-works were comparatively neglected.

The formal water-works of the old school will not, indeed, harmonize with the modern, or natural, style of gardening; and fountains, when they are now introduced, must be of a comparatively simple nature, or they will look incongruous and out of place.

The style of the fountain must, of course, harmonize as closely as possible with the style of the house near which it is placed; and if that house be in the Italian style, a simple jet, springing from a tazza basin or vase, like that shown in our figure, will be very suitable; or a drooping fountain, consisting of three vases of different sizes, placed one above another, may be used. Of course, the shape of the vase, in either case, may be varied at pleasure, and plenty of patterns to suit any taste may be found in any of the artificial stone manufactories. There is an establishment in Chestnut street near Tenth, where a great variety of ornaments of this kind may be found.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

"Such folly!" exclaimed Laura Clavering, throwing down a letter she had been reading with signs of great annoyance and vexation—"such folly!"

"What news, Laura?" inquired Clara, looking up from her work, and trying to seem interested; for rarely did anything that concerned not her own self have that effect. "Whose letter is that?"

"Papa's; the writer, our foolish, hasty brother, Lewis. He *has* married the half-starved nobody's daughter, and now hopes that we will welcome our new sister, and go mad over her goodness and genius as he did."

"How absurd!" said Clara, threading her needle as quietly as though her brother were a mere nothing. "Happily, it does not concern us much, unless papa takes it into his head to increase Lewis's salary."

"That he shall never do!" cried Laura, sitting erect and flashing her small dark eyes. "On the contrary, Lewis shall find his means lessened. I cannot allow any intruder to take the bread from our mouths."

"It is the will of Providence," said a soft voice; "do your best, Laura, to bend to it."

"Now, Fanny!"

Fanny smiled. She was a thin, old young lady, with long curls and a sweet expression. Like Jessy Bettesworth, she had laid herself out for goodness, and never hinted an unkind thing of anybody—when she could be heard. If Satan had come on the world in a sack coat and other fashionable attire, she would have found some palliation for his freaks by saying, "But he is very gentlemanly, indeed!"

"What shall we do for the bride, Laura?" asked Clara. "Give her a dance, by way of compliment to Lew?"

"How silly you are, Clara! I shall do nothing for her, nor do I wish to compliment Lewis. He had no right to sacrifice his family to his feelings."

"Ah me! I can't ask him for that beautiful cape at B.'s now."

"And I doubt whether he has paid my bill at Madame Fleury's," retorted Laura. "He may do it on his return; then, I am determined on that. Papa will look cross enough hereafter when we go to him for money. How selfish of Lewis to go and marry that girl!"

"She may make herself useful," observed Fanny, consolingly. "Do be calm, Laura; you startle me with your violence."

"To think, too, that papa should have asked them here! He was sorry enough when I represented to him the possibility of his having them on his hands till doomsday. Lewis must not expect to be sup-

ported by us. We are a large family, and want no addition."

"And, until now, who *has* supported us?" said a young girl, who had once or twice dashed away a tear while the others talked. "No brother was ever so kind as Lewis; and I think it abominable to grudge him and his wife a home. You all speak as though he had been a burden, whereas all his earnings have come to us in some shape or other. When has papa been at any expense for him? Not since he left college; and his labor at the counting-room has fully repaid all. Poor Lewis!" and the one kind sister burst into tears.

"Bravo, Maggie! you are eloquence itself!" cried Laura, sarcastically.

"Do plead Mr. Phillips' cause for him, Maggie. You may succeed in persuading sister Laura to accept him, and advantage herself and us," said Clara, laughing.

Laura crimsoned angrily at this allusion to the persevering suitor she held as a *pis aller*, should no better alliance present itself; and Margaret, still sobbing violently, left the room.

The next morning Lewis arrived, and presented his unwelcome bride to his father and sisters. Poor young creature! Her heart swelled bitterly at the cold greetings offered her, and her husband watched and wondered how they could be indifferent to his gentle Cora.

Margaret alone met her kindly, and, linking her arm within her new sister's, led her up stairs to the most comfortable room in the house. She had done her best to make it neat, and brought her own little table and sewing-chair to add to its looks; but Cora's glance around the apartment revealed her thoughts. When she had taken off her bonnet and smoothed her curls, Maggie noticed how pretty she was. Her fair round cheek, tinted like the rose; her large dark eyes, fringed with long sweeping lashes; her red small mouth, full of expression; and her profusion of golden hair—Maggie saw all these, and wished her beauty had been less, for she knew how Clara feared a rival.

"Will you come down now?" asked she, gently, and rising as she spoke.

Cora did not hear her: her thoughts were with the home she had given up for this, and a troubled expression pervaded her countenance.

"I will send Lewis," thought Margaret, gliding away and wiping her eyes. She met him on the stairs. He was pale, and his features convulsed with emotion; but he stopped to kiss her as they met.

"Have they commenced already, Lewis?" whispered she, as she wound her arm around him.

"Merciful God!" burst from him in a moment. "My poor, poor Cora!—what welcome is this?"

"Dear Lewis!" said Margaret, tenderly, and passing her hand over his dark locks, "no one can resist *her* long. Think of your gentle wife, and go to her; for I am sure she would like to see you ere she joins us in the dining-room."

He started, and, passing his hand over his brow, slowly mounted the stairs. Stung with mortification and wounded affection, he hesitated before entering the apartment. He thought of the tenderness with which his fair bride had ever been treated, of the fond parent she had left; he thought bitterly over the sisters he had promised her; the home that was to supply the one she had abandoned and made lonely for him; of the affectionate pride her beauty would create in their hearts; and he feared to stand before her.

When he opened the door, Cora still was sitting on the low chair gazing at the bare walls. Her small hands were clasped, and her lips were compressed painfully out of their usual gay smile. The husband's arms were soon around her, and as he knelt before her, with soothing words and prayers that she would not think he had sought to deceive her, the tears rained over her face.

"Suspect you of deceit, my Lewis!" was all that she could utter, and she laid her head childlike upon his bosom, striving to be calm.

Alas! but one word of kindness from father and sisters, one word that would have cost them nothing, could have saved these two this hour of wretchedness. Coldness could not part them, reproaches could not undo the tie that bound them, and yet they were not willing to come forward and welcome him. They knew the humiliation Lewis must suffer, they felt that his noble heart had been wrung for the sake of his wife; but for this they hated her, and resolved that she should be driven from them.

The summons to dinner was answered promptly, and Cora descended to the dining-room leaning on her husband's arm. She had washed away the traces of her tears, and her very bright color alone betrayed unusual excitement. Her graceful ease, her perfect self-possession, were then crimes; and while her loveliness commanded their admiration, they resolved to hide it from their friends and acquaintances by taking little notice of it.

Maggie sat beside her at table, and Cora managed with her heavy heart to be cheerful and composed. When Lewis left her in the evening to return to his cares of business, her lip quivered and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears; but still she remained in the parlor with apparent willingness, and complied with Margaret's request that she would sing and play.

Her talent was wonderful; and, too fond of music to pretend to despise it, her ungracious sisters gathered around the piano, forgetting their discontent. Her sweet, clear voice, too, was irresistible; and, when Lewis returned, he found her singing a

trio with Fanny and Clara, whose tones were like the softest notes of sweetest birds.

"She has conquered," thought he, as a thrill of delight ran through his frame. "They could not resist her, as Maggie said;" and seating himself on the sofa by this dear sister, he passed his arm around her and leant his head against her shoulder. Bending to kiss his forehead, she whispered his own thought into his ear; and he retired that night, his heart lightened of its heavy load.

But, alas, it was not often so! Cora's warm heart was continually receiving wounds that seemed barbed, as she attempted to draw them out by reasoning and patience. It needed all her Christian heroism to forbear; yet still she did so, and the roses faded from her cheek with the secret tears she shed. She often heard of "Lewis's strange infatuation, the destruction of his prospects, the disappointed hopes of his family, and his want of pride or ambition." If he brought her some little gift, whose value was solely that he had made it, if she went out for some indispensable purchase, a long lecture upon the necessity of economy was the consequence. She was requested to remember her husband's circumstances, and the heavy responsibility he had incurred by marrying.

"You are but a burthen to my poor brother," said Laura, in conclusion to one of these harangues, when Cora had indulged herself in the luxury of a spring dress she really needed; "and, if you cannot see it yourself, it must be my duty, however painful, to remind you of it. His sacrifices for you are sufficiently great, and your selfish heedlessness is unpardonable. It would suit *me* to commit extravagances, for I am about to marry a man of affluence, as you may know. As Mr. Phillips's wife, I may allow myself any indulgence; but pray do not think of imitating *me* in my style of living."

"No," thought poor Cora, as a half smile came over her beautiful face; "I will promise not to do that. Marry Mr. Phillips! Poor silly soul! he knows she does not love him; but he little suspects she abhors him. Heigh-ho! if perjury is to swear falsely, what a crime this woman commits in the sight of God and man, before whom she takes her oath to love, honor, and obey that deluded simpleton, who does love her in spite of her open contempt!"

And Laura married Mr. Phillips, despising him in her heart for his unmanliness, his senselessness, and his cowardly submission to ridicule from his companions. But she dressed well, talked of her expenses, her presents to Fanny and the girls, and patronized Lewis until he requested her to be less condescending. By one of those phenomena of human nature, for which no reason can be assigned, she became jealous of her miserable husband. Little dreamed he of this when, day by day, she offered him every indignity of speech and action. But no sooner did he cast his luckless unmeaning eyes on his female acquaintance, than he found himself the subject of her fiercest emotion.

He liked Cora, for she never sneered at him or

said sharp things; and no sooner did his wife discover it than she vowed to drive her from the house.

Meantime, where was Mr. Clavering, and what thought he of all this? An infirmity of purpose, a melancholy want of strength of mind, had so placed him under the influence of his daughter Laura, that he bent entirely to her will. Inclined to love his son's neglected wife, proud of her many attainments, he dared not give vent to his natural feelings by any outward demonstration of kindness. His failing circumstances he could no longer conceal; and while Laura's marriage was thus decided on, she held a firmer grasp upon her father in consequence of her newly-acquired fortune. Bribing him by promises of benefits to her family, she at length obtained what she had ever craved, the entire control of the household. By her advice, a settlement of the affairs was made, and Lewis was forced to become responsible for an equal share of the debts. Something was secured to his father and sisters; but he was sent adrift upon the world penniless and in debt! With a bursting heart he learnt it all, and, too proud to let his sister triumph in her power, he made but one attempt to remonstrate with his father, and nerved himself to communicate his change of circumstances to his wife.

Laura offered to make use of her influence with the head of the house to which Phillips was attached, that he might obtain "a small employment" as one of the inferior clerks; but the look he gave her in reply silenced her for once.

She undertook to announce the result of her sisterly machinations to Cora. This she did with as much malice and insult as ever penniless connection deserved; and, fortunately for the gentle, patient creature, who bore it like some suffering angel, Lewis had entered unperceived, and discovered that his wife had been tormented daily, without once uttering a complaint to him. Poor lamb! she had resolved never to add one drop to his cup of bitterness.

He remained motionless as Laura poured forth invectives against him and his beautiful Cora; but at length the tempest burst.

"Silence!" cried he, standing before his sister, who started and grew pale. "Silence, woman! How dare you speak thus to my wife? Have you not done enough to me? And are you not yet content? My poor Cora!" and he drew her to him, casting a look of defiance around him, "forgive me if I have been blind enough to think you happy. Forgive me if I have seemed unmindful of your comfort; but I, too, have had my trials. Laura, you are prosperous now, you have wealth and influence; but you will never be happy. A canker-worm is at your heart gnawing it away. A blight is on your life, and for this you seek to make others suffer. My father's house is no longer a home for me. I loathe it! You have made its walls worse than a prison to me and mine, and I leave it for ever! But remember my words: as age comes

over you, and your end approaches, bitterly will you regret the misery you have sought to cast upon us. In anguish, you will wish it all undone. You will shriek out for forgiveness when we shall not be near to give it. My poor Cora! my gentle bird!" cried he, as he gazed upon her pale face and closed eyes. "You have killed her!" cried he, passionately, as her head fell back; and, rushing from the room, he bore her up stairs, and laying her tenderly upon the bed, fastened the door against his sisters, who, really alarmed, had followed him, and now entreated for admittance, but in vain.

Cora's soft eyes opened on her husband alone, whose gaze of love was fixed upon her, blended with deep anxiety and pain. But she smiled, as soon as consciousness returned entirely, and pressed his hand.

"Ah, how wrong you were, Lewis, to be so violent! I would not have had you know!"—

"And you were wrong to leave me in ignorance of Laura's impertinence. How could you conceal your unhappiness from me? Fool! dolt that I have been to be so blind!" and he struck his forehead with his clenched fist.

"Lewis, Lewis, forbear!" cried she, catching his hand. "I can bear anything but this!"

"Cora, will you get ready now to leave the house? Can you pack your trunks while I go for a carriage to take us to a hotel?"

"Yes, Lewis, yes!" she almost screamed with joy, and bounded from his arms. "I am quite well—quite strong enough."

Alas, poor Lewis! how bitterly her delight at leaving his promised home of happiness smote upon his heart! She seemed to read his countenance.

"You think me ungrateful, Lewis?" asked she, timidly approaching him.

"Ungrateful! Good God! It is I who, in my selfish unconsciousness"—

"Hush, Lewis, once more hush! Be calm, dearest, and let me see that brow as smooth as usual. I do not know you thus."

"I cannot think of all you have endured and be calm, my sweet wife. But I will leave you while I go to prepare a safe harbor from abuse; where you will, at least, be free to come and go, and to act as you like."

And Cora set to work in good earnest. Her light form went here and there unfastening pictures, taking down dresses, rolling up drawings and music, and stowing away her little toilet ornaments with careful adroitness. It was soon done; for, with a strange feeling that she would not long remain where she was, one of her trunks had continued packed during her residence with her father-in-law, and her active fingers soon put her own wardrobe and that of Lewis into these capacious receptacles.

She was locking the last one, and fastening the straps herself, determined to ask assistance from no one, when Fanny entered.

Her brow grew dark as she marked the occupa-

tion of her sister-in-law, and she sat down in some trepidation.

"Really, Mrs. Clavering, you seem about to make a move this evening. Does my brother know of your present arrangements, or do you intend exerting your influence in separating him from his family?"

"My husband has gone to seek another home, Fanny, at his own desire. In making these preparations, I complied with a positive request from himself. And allow me to say," continued Cora, raising her head somewhat haughtily, and gazing fixedly at her companion, "that, if a separation is to take place, it will not be through any influence of mine, as you must have perceived to-day how very much Lewis was surprised at the language used to me."

"I suppose," said Miss Clavering, with a little laugh of bitterness, but avoiding the calm, clear eye of her companion, "that you left nothing more to be told after the slight piece of acting down stairs. It was very well done, upon my word;" and she again made a cachinnatory exertion to get rid of her feelings.

Cora's cheek flushed crimson, but she refrained for the thousandth time, and gained a victory.

"You do not mean what you say, Fanny," mildly replied she, "or you would be less unjust. I am no actress, and you are more penetrating than to be deceived, had I attempted it. But the old story tells all—the cup was full to overflowing."

"We are much obliged to you, indeed," said Fanny, growing excited. "I dare say you are very unhappy."

"I regret that Lewis should feel as he does towards his family; but I am not unhappy now," replied the young creature, firmly. "I am no dissembler, Fanny. I am glad to leave here. You have never abused me, at least, although you never were kind to me, and I have nothing against you. As for your sister Laura, I only charge you to remember the past. I cannot blame myself in any way. It grieves me to have been so unwelcome in my husband's home; I did not expect it. I thank your father for the endeavors he made to like me; I thank you and Clara for not ill-treating me; but I grieve to leave Margaret. She has ever been a sister to me, and I love her as such;" and Cora burst into tears, as she thought of Maggie's repeated defence of her in all her trials.

"I am flattered that you condescend to regret any member of our family. I really did not anticipate such an honor," said Fanny, sarcastically, and rising to go. "I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging it, and bid you good evening."

Soon after, Maggie came up, and throwing her arms around Cora, burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Cora, you are going away, and I will not see you again! You will not come to this house, I know; and Lewis will not let you. He will never love us again! How can he?"

"He will always love you, my own Maggie," said Cora, tenderly embracing her. "And he shall

not cease to love any of his sisters. Lewis is so good, so forgiving, is he not?"

"Ah, Cora, how can he forgive so easily? After all you have endured."

"But he does not know all, Margaret," replied Cora, reproachfully. "He does not know all."

Margaret raised her drooping head—

"Dear Cora! noble sister! how great, how full of forbearance you are! How much more I love and esteem you each day of my life!"

But Lewis's step was heard coming up the stairs, and Margaret's tears flowed afresh. The parting between the three was painful and affecting, and Cora tore herself away to descend to the parlor and bid adieu to the others.

They were all seated at the end of the room, and she advanced towards her father-in-law, holding out her hand with a look that was sufficient to disarm hatred. He rose and turned his back upon her. Surprised, she went to Clara. She, too, followed her father, and Mrs. Phillips at length opened her compressed lips—

"We have no desire, hereafter, to have any farther communication with you. After the shocking manner in which you dared to express your opinion of our family to Fanny, we do not wish to see or speak to you. It seems to me that, after the treatment you received from one and all—the most unvarying kindness—it was uncalled for; and you might have waited before you infringed the laws of politeness so far as to insult us in our own house."

"Be it so, then, Laura," said Cora, gently. "You will know me better some day. Farewell."

She was going out, when Lewis entered. He had heard all, for he stood in the door; but no one perceived him. He went up to his father. The old man burst into tears and sobbed audibly, but Laura advanced—

"We do not wish you, Lewis, to be a stranger to us. You are now, as ever, the dear brother of our hearts, although you may not now believe it."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed he, as he looked at her, and left the room.

And so Lewis Clavering was banished from the hearts of his early friends. Two still clung to him; but Margaret could not, and his father dared not, follow and bid him return. The kind and considerate brother of their childhood and womanhood had no farther claim upon their love, when another's image filled his breast, and another claimed his support. She, for whom he had dreamed such happiness in his own home, how had she been persecuted!—she, the idol of the Eden abandoned for him! How his heart filled with bitterness as he sat that night in their room at the hotel, with Cora's hand in his! Not one word passed her lips in reference to the past; but she sighed as she watched his countenance and read its changes; for she remembered that, however innocent, she had brought the gloom upon his brow and banished him from his father's house.

Wondering how she could divert his mind, she loosened her slight fingers from his grasp, and ringing for lights, placed them on the table near the fire, bringing her work-basket and seating herself beside it. Nimbly she plied her needle, the bright star of Hope rose upon her clouded heart, and a sweet smile parted her lips. Beautiful dreamer! how fresh and pure were the thoughts that filled that gentle breast!

Unconsciously, she warbled a song, "Oh, summer night!" and those fairy tones reached her husband's heart. He turned to look at her, and the sight of her cherished form brought a flood of joy to his soul. "Oh, summer night!" it sounded pleasantly, something like a prophecy, and he went and sat at her side, with a smooth brow and cheerful look, while the sweet song went on.

Cora raised her beautiful eyes, and a bright smile illumined her countenance. Laying down her work, she leaned forward and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you better now, Lewis? Do you feel happier than when you sat there so gloomy and silent?"

"I was thinking of what I could do, Cora, to maintain you as you should be; but I am as happy now at your side as though we two owned countless wealth."

"The countless wealth has often failed, dearest," said his wife, pressing his hand, and parting his dark hair, with a look of deep affection. "We must not dream of more than a bare competency for the present; and, with the mind in its own place, a contented spirit confers happiness such as this world can afford."

"Very true, my own one; but some of the vile dross, termed money, would greatly lighten my heart to-night. I have a great horror of poverty, dearest; I could not see you deprived of your usual comforts. That would crush me to the earth."

He would have started from his seat, but she held him down, with her arms wound around his neck.

"Now I have you chained, impatient spirit! What avails it to think of misfortune? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and, if it should come, know that Cora can show a stout heart in adversity—a strength like a giant's, against its rude blast. Dismiss the future and past, my husband, and let us be thankful for the blessings of the hour!"

"With a blessing like you, dear one, I were ungrateful indeed to repine. Chide me as you will, I deserve it all, though you 'do your spiriting' so gently that it will not conquer a tough offender like myself. You must be more severe."

"Nay, for your first offence I will be lenient, in spite of the old saying that advises severity in the beginning, to stifle the second temptation ere it grows into action. We cannot remain here, Lewis; it is too expensive a place for two stray sheep like you and me. Listen to my plan: I pique myself upon my foresight and knowledge of the world, to

call your attention, your undivided attention! *Comprenez vous, Monsieur?*"

He nodded, and prepared himself to listen, while Cora looked over a newspaper that lay before her. She pointed out a paragraph to him, and let him read it.

"Now you see, Lewis, I know precisely the situation of that little cottage. It will just suit you; and, what is of more importance of course, it will also suit me. The rent is moderate, and the rooms are small—a very economical arrangement, as it will save time and furniture. One servant will do, with my help. I am a capital house-maid and chamber-maid. You will not know me when you see me running about with an apron on, a duster in one hand and a brush in the other! The walk will do you good, and I will come every evening down the road to meet you. Then we will have a cheerful cup of the elixir Cowper has immortalized; a cozy chat by a nice fire in the winter, and out on the little porch in the summer. Then I will sing sweet ballads to you for a lullaby; get you a pair of embroidered slippers (they are almost finished now); and, free from the two dark prisons ye slept boots, you shall lean back in an arm-chair, and, if you like, Lewis—if you like—you may smoke a very fine Havana to drive mosquitoes off."

"What a sweet comforter you are, my dear wife! I yield the palm to your ready wit! The house we shall seize to-morrow, lest some other applicant supplant us. I have enough, darling, to provide for present wants. You shall be my banker, and choose the requisites for our first home." He threw into her lap his *portefeuille*, which she took up with quiet grace and locked it in her work-box. "I wish you had some friend to assist you, Cora; but the poor and the needy have no friends!"

"Bitter again, Lewis! Call back 'the milk of human kindness,' and remember the great Friend of the poor and needy! We have youth and health—energy and perseverance—all, blessings that cannot be bought. Then, Lewis, I have you—and you have me," and she turned to him with a radiant smile.

Who could be unhappy with this sweet singing bird for ever sending out notes of gushing melody? Who could turn indifferent from the modest flower that bloomed so brightly, and shed around it so rare a fragrance? The star of Hope now passed from her heart to his; the clouds disappeared; the past lay like a mist in the distance, and the future rose smiling before him. A woman's soft tones had dissipated the spell that gathered around the strong and towering man! A woman's light hand had lifted for him the curtain of sorrow and despair, and pointed out the way to joy and success! Soundly slept Lewis that night; and, long after he was dreaming of the picture she drew for him, Cora was planning, in her busy little head, her arrangements for their new home.

(Conclusion next month.)

DEVELOUR.

A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 187.)

CHAPTER VII.

Not far from the corner of the Ruelle des trois Chandelles, in the Rue Montgallet, stands a beautiful little house, which looks as if it had been built by one who, tired of the turmoil and gayeties of the metropolis, without being willing to abandon altogether its many pleasures, had sought a hermitage fit for a retired courtier. The exterior resembled very much one of those pretty model cottages after the Italian style, of which the "Lady's Book" has given to its readers so fine a description, and, what is still better, so true a picture. But the interior differed, in many respects, from the cottages as described in the "Book." The builder, or some after occupant, had, in all probability, some object in view when he introduced so many back stairs, and two or three panel doors in various rooms of the house, all of which were so arranged as to enable any one familiar with the construction of the house to enter or leave any part of it either through the garden or by the front door, and without being noticed by any of its inmates. The house had been lately purchased by Madame Georgiana, and was used by her as a *piéd à terre* when she wished to visit the city on some private business, or, when in it, found it convenient to let her friends think that she had gone into the country. It had been lately refurnished, and everything in it was selected and arranged with such perfect taste that the most fastidious lounge of the Court of St. James could have found no fault with it.

In a boudoir, the windows of which opened into the garden, a portion of which had been temporarily converted into a winter garden, sat Louise Develour, her fingers busy with some fancy work, an open book lying before her on a little stand. But her thoughts were evidently far from either. It is true, the work in her hands seemed to progress slowly, but it was evidently more by a mere mechanical exertion than by one in which the mind took its share; and the book had, by some accidental motion, turned upside down without her having observed the change in its position. Louise Develour, though a French lady, as her name indicates, was the daughter of a Saxon baroness. She was rather above than below the middle size, with an exquisitely fine form, which, tight lacing having been already happily pronounced vulgar in the circles in which she moved, had never been spoiled by artificial *improvements*; her complexion was

23*

very fair, and suited well to her fine yellow-red hair, which, when left unrestrained, fell in profuse curls over her alabaster neck; and while her feet were the smallest that a correct taste would admit as beautiful with her form, her hands were of so exquisite a model that the glove-maker had to be an artist in order to do her justice, when supplying with his manufacture the most critical article of a lady's dress. But Louise had better charms than those of the body. Graceful like the fawn, she could be the stately dame when occasion required it; but she always preferred to act and speak with that joyous girlishness which became her so well, and which so few ladies can indulge in with impunity. The cultivation of her mind had been watched over with great anxiety by one who seemed to have the greatest interest in the young girl; yet not one of her friends had ever been able to ascertain the precise relation in which Madame Laborde, the lady who acted as her nurse, friend, and adviser, stood to Mademoiselle Develour. Nevertheless Madame Laborde, though deeply anxious that Louise should be taught everything which French society required of a young lady, had been compelled, with many a sigh, to interrupt her studies, on account of a dangerous disease with which she was attacked when a child. Louise, though afterwards sent to school, and taught by the best of teachers, never wholly regained the time she had lost. But she was eager to repair the loss, and was ever busy in storing her mind with all that her ripper understanding now showed her to be indispensable for the position which she occupied.

A slight tap at the door of the room in which she sat roused her from her reverie, and caused the almost involuntary exclamation—

"*Entrez!*"

Madame Georgiana now entered, dressed in a splendid evening-dress, and, after casting a glance around the room, and then at the window, went up to Louise, and, throwing one arm around her neck, kissed the fair forehead of the lovely girl, while she said—

"How is this, Louise? Not dressed yet! Our *petit souper* will be ready very soon, and you will have no time to dress after that for the party at my house."

Louise hid her face on the bosom of the woman who now bent, with something of the true sympathy of her sex, over the sobbing girl.

"What ails you, my love?" continued Madame

257

Georgiana. "Why this emotion? Has anything occurred during my absence? Speak, Louise. No one shall hurt your feelings without being made aware that you are under my protection!"

Louise gradually ceased her weeping, and, looking up to her friend with her childlike face, upon which the tears strangely contrasted with her girlish half smile, she said—

"Chide me not, dearest madame, if I cannot tell you the cause of these tears, for, truly, I could not give an account of it to myself. I had to weep because I felt sad, and my feelings overcame me. I experienced an indefinable dread at something of which I do not know even the nature; and then again it seemed to me as if friends were near who stood between me and some threatening misfortune. I suspect it must have been only my imagination that caused it all. But pray let me not go to the *souper*, and excuse me from the party for this night."

"If you prefer it, I have no objection; and I do not know but it may be better so," she added, after musing for a few seconds; and then continued, "Has any one been here during my absence?"

"No one but Labotte; and he talked so strangely, one would almost suppose he thinks himself in love with me."

"And may be he is, my dear."

"No! no!" exclaimed Louise, "that man cannot love; and I should think there cannot be any one who could love him."

"Why not, my dear? Why do you think Labotte cannot love?"

"Because love, if it is what I imagine it to be, would have made him a better man, would have given him a different countenance, and would have prevented one feeling such an indefinable disgust in his vicinity."

"You talk of love as if you had experienced it. Has the little heart of my Louise already felt the workings of *la grande passion*?"

"No, no, dear madame; I have thus far loved no one more ardently than the good Laborde and you, my dear friend. But I sometimes feel as if the time will come when I shall love more strongly than I have ever done; there are even moments when I long for that time to come; and then I paint to myself what the object of my love will be, and the effects of the passion upon him and upon me."

"And pray what are these musings like? Have you any objections to make me a confidant, so that I may know the nature of your day-dreams?"

"If you will not laugh at me, I will tell you; but you will think me very childish. Well, then, I had such a day-dream, as you call it, just before you came in. I imagined that I met my hero in some strange way. He was a dark-complexioned man, with rather a sober brow, at first; but oh, there was such a heavenly light in his eye, I felt it must be the gleaming of goodness! His tones were firm but gentle; his whole conversation proved him not only a learned, but a good man. He never used the

name of the Deity in vain, like all our young men do. And then he spoke of God, and the happiness we derive from him here below, and that which the good may expect in heaven, with such zeal and reverence that I loved him, with such zeal and to you that new sensation. But I cannot describe longer the giddy thing I used to be. I was no my whole being became absorbed in him; I lived in him, I thought through him, and my every motion of body and of mind seemed to be guided by his bosom throbbed, and it appeared to me that my be near and looking at me. I expected every moment that he would enter, and your tap at the door made me start and almost think my fancy real; but your entrance dispelled it."

"And I am very glad, my little dreamer, that I came in to dispel so unreal a vision. I have no time now to tell you the tale of my sufferings; how I have been wronged because I was once a little fool and day-dreamer like yourself—you need not start, and look so incredulous!—and the fearful revenge I have taken upon the tyrants who trample upon us; but I can dispel the deceitful mirage. Love! yes, there is love; but it is a passion like our other passions, ambition, revenge, pride, and only stronger because it attacks us when we are least prepared for it. I will not deny that we poor women clothe it often in the most heavenly garments; but then comes the love of men, which is of a far grosser and darker nature, and despoils it of all its trappings, and after that either leaves it to perish in its destitute state, or causes it to seek for garments among the wild beasts of the forest, whither it is compelled to fly and hide its destitute condition; and then it comes forth clad in the skin of the tiger, the lion, or the still fiercer laughing hyena. Love in a woman is, because all other roads to happiness are cut off from her, her very life blood; but in man it is only a pastime, and woe to her who takes the gilded coin from his hands, and thinks it gold. She will be deceived sooner or later; for the coin is in some instances better, and in others more thinly gilded, but only gilded in all. Throw aside the deceitful image while it is yet time, and be thankful that your fate has thrown a faithful monitor in your way. Would that my fate had dealt as kindly with me!"

"Why do you speak always of fate, my dear madame? Is it not God who rules our destinies? And though I love you, yet I cannot persuade myself that all you said is correct. God loves all those that love him, and he has certainly planted all the various phases of the true love in our hearts for our good and for our happiness. He will certainly not permit those that love him to fall into the hands of bad men; and I pray every morning and every evening to him that he may teach me what to do and guard me from doing evil. And when I read my Bible, and see how he watched over the happiness of all the good men and women of old times,

and never disapproved of their loving one another, and how happy they were in their love to one another, I am persuaded that a true and holy love must make all men and women better beings. I cannot reason with you on the subject, for I have neither the education nor the experience which you have; but I feel it within me that I am right. I have no doubt you must have suffered a great deal, though I never supposed so before; for your face was painfully agitated when you spoke of it, and if the mere recollection can produce such effects, what must the reality have been! I should like to know your past history; and, if it is not too painful, sit down by me, my dear friend, and tell me the story of your wrongs."

"Not now—not now," replied Madame Georgiana, hastily; "but I will tell it to you all; for, at some time or another, you will hear it distorted and mangled from other lips, and then they may induce you to judge me as harshly as the world already has done. But now I must prepare for the *sooper*, in order to discuss with our friends the laws that must be made when the new order of things comes in that will secure to woman her rights."

"To secure to woman her rights! What rights do you speak of, my dear madame?"

"The rights that will make her, what she is really intended to be, the equal of man. The right to vote, to practice every profession she chooses to acquire, law, medicine, divinity; to command armies, to rule nations, to marry whom she pleases—in one word, the right to do all man claims now as his right to do."

"My dear friend, you are certainly not in earnest. What! would you have women go to the polls and be elbowed about by all those rough and filthy people that would go there? to practice at the bar, and submit to some such language from a man as I have heard the lawyers sometimes indulge in to one another? Your own imagination will readily depict to you the somewhat strange situations in which she may find herself sometimes, in the other professions you have named."

"But you forget that men would never presume to treat women as they would treat one another, so that you need not fear any such disagreeable scenes as you have conjured up, or may imagine, if you should enter the lists for fame."

It was really pleasant to hear the girlish laugh with which Louise prefaced her reply—

"And so you think the men which you just now have described to me become, by the new laws which you intend to introduce, the most perfect patterns of courtesy; that, when I have finished an argument for my client, my opponent will preface his reply with the latest bow, and then proceed with a string of flatteries on my beauty; or that, at the head of my division in the field, as soon as my shawl is raised as a standard the enemy will reply by sending in Malaga grapes and powdered sugar-balls. Will it not be more likely that the men will

say, 'If you will claim all our rights, you must also share the inconveniences attending them?' And then, dear madame, who will take care of the babies?"

"Go to!" answered Madame Georgiana. "You are a child—a baby yourself. The question is to be discussed, in a day or two, at one of our meetings, and, if you wish it, I will take you with me; and then you may hear all that is to be said in favor of it and against it."

Louise clapped her hands, and replied, in great glee—

"By all means! Oh, I should like to hear them explain to me how I shall manage with a great big sword and a gun; or how I shall grace a lawyer's wig (my poor curls!); or how I shall prescribe, with a long face, ugly pills, seated by the bedside of a man with beard as long as my thumb; while my husband, in the mean time, sits at home and rocks the cradle, or gives out the flour and the butter for cakes!"

"Hush your nonsense, and tell me how you will spend your evening till I return, without falling again into your silly reveries?"

Louise was about to reply, when a slight noise at the opposite side of the room drew the attention of both towards it. They saw one of the panels slide aside, and, before they had time to move or utter a sound, a man entered the apartment and placed himself between them and the door. Madame Georgiana immediately pulled a small pistol from a side pocket, and advanced towards him, bidding Louise follow her. But the man bade her put up that toy, and then added that the guests had all been sent off by a false message, and that she herself better follow them; but Louise must leave the house and accompany him.

Louise, when she heard these words, clung to her friend, and begged her not to leave her. Madame Georgiana looked from one to the other for a moment, uncertain what course to pursue, for she knew that the man could not have entered through the panel if what he had said were not true, when another person entered the room through the same passage. As soon as Louise saw him, she murmured, "It is he!" and then released her hold upon her friend. The first comer then said to Madame Georgiana—

"Our business is not with you. You are at liberty to retire into the antechamber, the door of which you will find locked, for fifteen minutes."

"But tell me," replied madame, "whither will you take my friend?"

"Out of harm's way," answered the first comer, with a dark and ironical smile. "And now be off, or I shall be compelled to take you too with me; though that would not please my master well."

Madame Georgiana then walked slowly into the antechamber, and the man locked the door after him.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Filmot left his lodgings, he went first to the Rue Lappe, in the neighborhood of the Place de la Bastille, and, entering an ordinary *café*, kept by a man who was known only as Père Tranchard, he took a seat and called for a small glass of liqueur. He was soon joined by a man in a blouse, who took a seat opposite to him, and, after eyeing him a few moments, asked—

"Is it far from here to the Hospice St. Antoine?"

"Not very far," replied Filmot. "Are you going thither?"

"I have to be there at ten o'clock; but it is not more than eight now, I believe."

"Are you going alone, or do you expect company?" inquired Filmot.

"I expect an Hungarian. If you are the man, tell me your name."

"I am not an Hungarian, but my name is *Jelachich*," replied Filmot.

"Then you are to be my companion. Come with me into a private chamber, and I will explain to you our plan of operation."

They then entered an adjoining cabinet, where they found Père Tranchard regaling himself with a bottle of fine claret and a roast duck. As soon as he perceived the new-comers, he rose and exclaimed—

"Hullo! who enters Père Tranchard's room without knocking?" But, recognizing one of the intruders, he added, "Is that you, Bertram? Why, I thought you were by this time busy making barricades. What brings you here, and who is that with you? Come, at any rate, take a seat and a piece of this duck, with a glass of no very bad claret."

"We will readily accommodate you in that last request, since we have half an hour to spare. Let me introduce to you M. Jelachich, Père Tranchard. Friend Jelachich, we may as well fortify our inner man, for the outer one may have some sharp work to do before long."

After they had taken seats and done some justice to the viands before them, Bertram said to the père—

"You must prepare to go with us, for you are the most conversant with that rat-trap in the Rue Montgallet; and we may stand in need of some knowledge of its hiding-places to-night."

"What!" said the père, "go to the tiger's den to-night! You do not know what you are about. There is more danger in that neighborhood to-night than in the *city*. No, no; there I'll not go."

Bertram took one of his thick gloves from his hands, and then held it so that only the père could see the engraving on a signet-ring on his forefinger, and then said—

"Arabacca wills it."

Père Tranchard's brow became contracted for a moment, but cleared again so quickly that it would have been unnoticed by any one less observant than Bertram. Then rising from his seat, he said—

"If he wills, I must go. Wait till I arm myself."

"There is no necessity for that," replied Bertram. "Our mission is a mission of peace; and, if it were otherwise," he added, with a sneer, "we have armed men enough to be able to dispense with strong silk ladder with the Damascus hooks? Take it along."

Père Tranchard then took from a strong iron box a little mahogany case, and put it into his pocket. The three then left the *café* by a back door that opened on the Rue de Charonne. They walked for some time in silence through the Rue St. Marguérite, Rue Cotte, and Rue Trouvée, and down the Rue Charenton till they came to the Ruelle des Jar-diniers; but here they were stopped by six men, three, armed to the teeth, with pistols leveled at the three, asked, as with one voice—

"Whither away?"

"To Plessy's supper," replied Bertram; and then continued, "Be not uneasy, my friends; we are all invited guests."

"Give me the password," said the leader of the hostile party.

"My friend's name will answer for it. Tell him your name."

"My name is Père Tranchard," blubbered the père; "but I have no password, and I am not invited to their supper there, nor do I want to be. Pray let me go; I want to go back."

"Not so fast, good père," said Bertram, with a contemptuous laugh; "no one suspects you to be invited to the table; but you must go in as a waiter. Neither do we want your name. Your companion will give a better one. Tell them your name, my friend."

"Jelachich," said Filmot. "I have been invited by Louis."

"Pass on," replied the leader. "I believe our number is full, and the hour has come."

They all then passed into the Ruelle des Jardiniers and entered a small house, and were conducted into a room filled with armed men. At the head of a long table sat Develour, and beside him a stout, square-built man, who looked as if he were a descendant of Hercules. Both sides of the table were crowded with the armed men, who drank in perfect silence, out of heavy flagons, wine that had never paid the duties of the *barrière*. When Bertram and his companions entered the apartment, Develour beckoned them to come to the head of the table, and then said to Filmot—

"It is well that I went to-day to Arabacca, for Labotte has made all his preparations to remove Louise Develour to-night to a country house belonging to one of his friends. He is now at the house with an armed force, to carry out his nefarious plans. We may possibly be separated from one another during the attack which we will have to make upon the ruffians. Take, therefore, this miniature portrait of Louise, and examine it well in order that, when you see her, you may be able to recognize and serve her if chance should bring her

REPLY TO A. G. J.

in your way. Our measures are well taken; and this is only an additional precaution which I take to guard against accidents."

Filmot opened the miniature case, and beheld a faithful daguerreotype likeness of the girl we have described. A new feeling seemed to possess his whole being as he looked upon it. He was conscious that a new element had entered his breast. It was not love, in the ordinary acceptation of the word; it was more like the feeling of having found a long-sought happiness, which could never be lost again. He gazed upon it for a few moments with an intensity which made him forget all around him,

and then, without a word, placed it in his bosom, exclaiming, almost fiercely—

"I am ready; let us go."

Develour now inquired of the sturdy man at his right—

"Is all prepared, friend Caleb?"

"All, if Bertram has obeyed my orders."

"Your orders are obeyed, friend Caleb. Here is the valiant père with the ladder."

"Then forward," said he who has been called Caleb. "We must be in the house before ten o'clock."

(To be continued.)

A SMALL VILLA,

FOR A GENTLEMAN MUCH ATTACHED TO GARDENING.

(See Plate.)

Fig. 1 is the front elevation of this design, in which is shown the manner of covering the walls of a house with vines and fruit trees. There are seven vines, *a* to *g*; and four fruit trees, *h* to *l*. The vines *d* and *e* are trained with two arms each, which produce short bearing shoots, to fill that part of the wall which is under the sill of the parlor window, and between the bed-room windows and the roof. The other vines are all trained with two arms each, and each arm producing only two shoots—one for bearing, shown by wavy lines in the figure, and the other for producing wood, which is indicated by dotted lines. The length of the wavy lines may vary from five to ten feet, and there is no limit to the length of the main stems but the height of the wall or house. The fruit trees *h* and *i*, on the lower part of the wall, may be apple, cherry, or plum, and those on the upper part, pear.

Accommodation.—The ground-plan, fig. 2, shows a porch, *a*; dining-room, sixteen by fourteen feet, *b*; library, fifteen feet by fifteen, *c*; drawing-room, of the same dimensions as the dining-room, *d*; water-closet, *e*; kitchen, *f*; pantry, *g*; back-kitchen, *h*; open court, *i*; conservatory, opening into the drawing-room, *k*; tea-room, three steps higher than the floor of the conservatory, *l*; forcing house, *m*; and covered way to the garden, and to the stoke hole to the forcing house, *n*.

The bed-room floor, fig. 3, shows four good bed-rooms, each with two closets, and a water-closet, *o*.

Remarks.—This design was made for a retired mercantile man, who has given himself up to the culture of his garden, in the open air during summer, and in the forcing house during winter and the early spring.

REPLY TO A. G. J.

BY AMASA KINNE, M. D.

Since you find such enjoyment in "snatching a kiss
From the sweet ruddy lips of a delicate miss,"
I am sure you still cling to your bachelor life—
You know not the pleasure of kissing a wife.

We sometimes think much of what others have done,
And deem of great value the pelf they have won;
But most men so partial and selfish have grown
That they set most affection on what is their own.

The paper on which I am tracing this line
I did not think much of until it was mine;
And surely it would not be worth very much
Were it soiled and disfigured by every one's touch.

The glitter of silver, its touch, or its clink,
Might tickle a miser, I'm willing to think;

Yet who doubts 'twould give his enjoyment a zest,
Could he lock the bright guineas up safe in his chest?

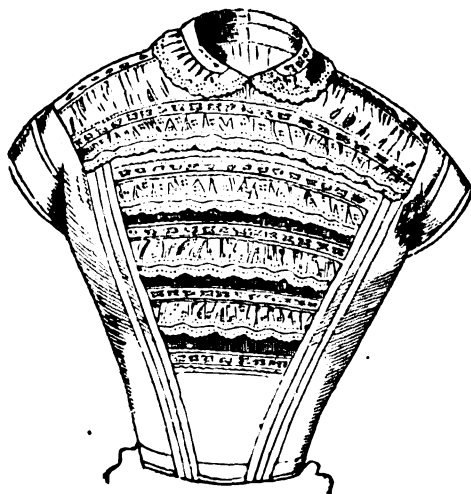
A casket deprived of its principal gem,
Or an old cast-off garment, who would not condemn?
A spring without flowers, or a bird robbed of wings?
A purse without coin, or a harp reft of strings?

"The bee," you say, "ranges from flower to flower,
And sips from a hundred or more in an hour;"
Yet doubtless e'en he, if he is not a drone,
At home, if bees have wives, has one of his own.

The bee too 's a harmless despoiler of sweet—
He leaves the flower blooming—its freshness complete;
But rifiers there are of pestiferous breath,
Whose footprints are loathsomeness, sorrow, and death.

CHEMISETTES.

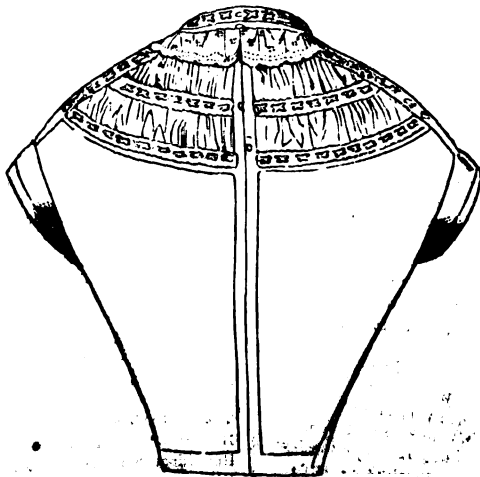
No. 1.



OPEN dresses are worn as ever, and, of course, there are constantly novelties in the shape of chemisettes introduced. We give but one of them this month, having already selected many tasteful articles of the kind for our lady readers. It is intended for a low *corsage*, as will be seen by cut No. 2, given to illustrate the method of continuing the frills of lace around the shoulder. It may be worn for a

dinner or party dress; and, when made with Valenciennes lace, is very elegant. The insertion should be made to match the edging, which is set on with a slight fullness, which is also noticeable on the collar. It is buttoned on the back by tiny lace buttons. It will readily be seen that this style is too old for an unmarried lady. The plainer a young *debutante* can dress, the more becoming, as a general rule.

No. 2.



INFANTS' ROBES.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



We give more attention to this department of our fashions, inasmuch as our cotemporaries seem to neglect altogether a subject that is really valuable to ladies living at a distance from town. We do not approve of putting too much time or expense on the dress of an unconscious child; but we know many will do it, going even to an absurd extreme of costliness, and therefore we continue our hints for neat, and, at the same time, tasteful robes.

Fig. 1 is intended for a child some months old, or at least old enough to be called for to show to company—a practice, by the way, to be avoided, unless

visitors expressly ask to see the little innocent. The skirt is full and long, of plain jaconet muslin, with nine narrow tucks at the hem. These may be imitated, at less trouble, by fine linen braid run on neatly. A belt is inserted half way, the back of the robe being confined only by broad strings. The waist is alternate rows of embroidered muslin, chemisette fashion; the short sleeves are in corresponding style.

Fig. 2 is also an infant's robe, the sleeves only of embroidered insertion and edging, made to loop with ribbons or clasps.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

TULIP.

The shaded appearance of the tulip will be best obtained by using shaded wool of four threads; this must be split exactly as the Berlin. Six petals, six stamens, and one pistil will be required for each flower.

PETAL.—Cast on three stitches in orange-shaded

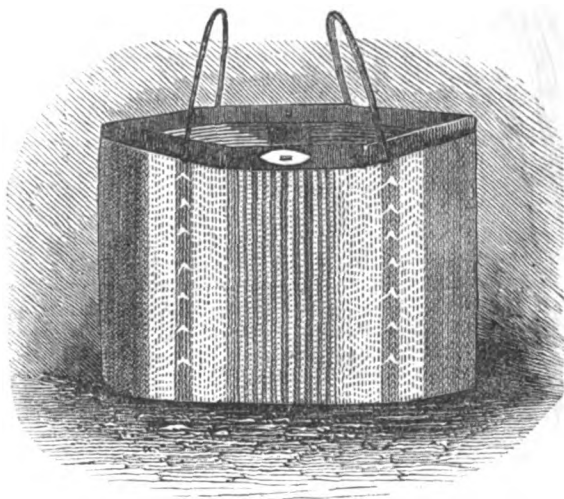
wool. Begin with the orange shade, and work in alternate knitted and purled rows, until you come to the next pale yellow; then decrease one stitch at the beginning of the knitted row, and in the next row purl the last two stitches together as one. You will then have only one stitch left on the needle, and must pick up three loops along the left-hand side of the stripe first knitted; turn back, and purl

these stitches. At the beginning of the next row decrease one stitch, knit the rest, and pick up three more loops; continue thus to decrease one stitch at the beginning, and pick up three stitches at the end of every plain row, until you have taken up all the loops; then cast off, and work the other side of the stripe exactly in the same manner. Three of the petals are to be made alike; but in the three

others you must decrease only in every other knitted row, instead of each row, as before

In mounting the tulip, you must place a stamens with each petal, fixing them by twisting the wires together (having, of course, sown a wire round each petal), and fasten the three small petals round the pistil, and the larger ones outside the first.

DESIGN FOR A CARRIAGE BAG.



Two ounces of shaded scarlet. One ounce each of two shades of bright emerald green; one to be three shades darker than the other. One ounce of light drab or stone. All 8-thread wool. No. 1 Penelope hook. A foundation bag with clasp, twelve and a half inches wide, ten inches in depth, from the top of the clasp to the bottom. This bag is worked entirely in d c, or double crochet.

MAKE a chain a trifle longer than the bag, measuring from the clasp on one side round to the opposite side.

Now work 9 rows of *ridged crochet*, in scarlet, which is worked thus:—

1st row.—After the chain, turn, and work a row of d c, then, after the last stitch, make 1 chain; this is to turn, and must never be worked into.

2d row.—Turn back, and work into the back loops instead of the front; do this 9 times.

Now work the following rows in plain d c, without turning back, beginning at one end every time.

† One row of dark green

One row of light

One of dark green.

Three rows of drab.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 stitch light green

One row of 6 stitches scarlet (*the first time only*).

2 stitches dark green; afterwards, 5 scarlet stitches instead of 6.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 light green.

Three rows of drab.

One row dark green.

One row light green.

One row dark green. †

Four rows of scarlet ridged crochet.

* One row green ridged.

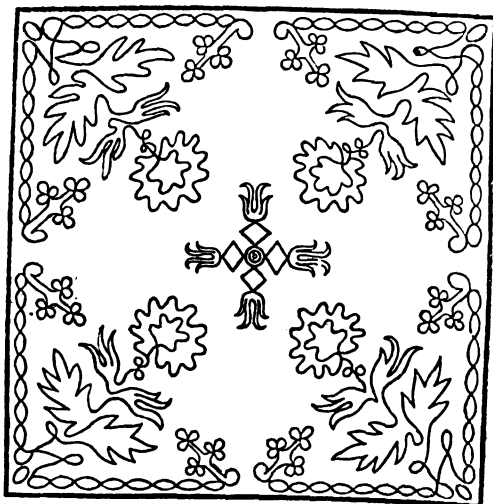
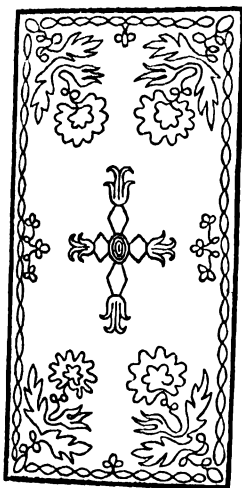
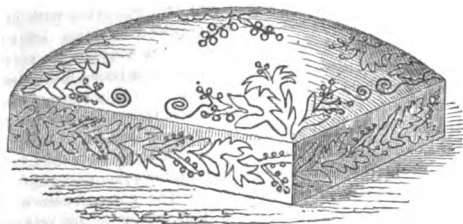
One row scarlet ridged.

Work from * 4 times more, that is, 6 rows of green, and 6 rows of scarlet, using the two colors alternately.

Four rows of scarlet ridged.

This forms the centre stripe. Now work from † to † again; then nine rows of scarlet ridged. Damp, and lay between linen, under a heavy weight; then make up on the foundation, which may be procured at any Berlin house.

EMBROIDERY.—THE TOILET SET.
PINCUSHION, AND GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF CASES.



These are made of satin or velvet, to correspond with one another, and with the bed-furniture and curtains. They are worked in silk braid of four different colors—one corner of each pattern being worked in a different color. The little centre pattern is worked in the same way, reversing the colors, and the whole braiding bordered with gold thread. The Pincushion is a card-board box, lined inside

with wadded silk. The top is stuffed, to form a pincushion, and the sides are braided, each in a different color.

The Glove and Handkerchief Cases are also lined with wadded silk, and scented; and the whole set are trimmed with cord or fringe to correspond, and are alike pretty and useful for a lady's dressing-room.

A REMEMBRANCE

BY LADD SPENCER.

We laid her in the silent tomb,
When summer passed away;
For, with the flowers that ceased to bloom,
She faded, day by day.

VOL. XLII.—24

But as the odor of the flowers,
Though withering, doth arise,
So passed her spirit to the bowers
Of bliss, in Paradise.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Looking over our letters, we find many inquiries touching the work* of ours, announced in press by the Harpers, and to which we referred in the last volume of the "Lady's Book." As we, in fancy, gather our friends only around our Table, we will venture to give an explanation here, trusting we shall escape the charge of egotism.

The work, "Woman's Record," embracing all time which has been, and gathering materials from every nation and people, is, of necessity, large, and requires much research. We have earnestly pursued the task, and have nearly completed it. Some delay has occurred in procuring information respecting living female writers; but this will be fully compensated by the added interest which the portraits of several distinguished ladies, lately received, will give the work. We need only add that among these are portraits of Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Marsh, and Mrs. Gore; also Miss Weber. We will give one selection from the living female celebrities of our work:—

"BETTINA VON ARNIM, best known to us by her letters, published as the 'Correspondence of Goethe with a Child,' is considered by the Germans one of their most gifted female writers. The very remarkable intercourse between the great 'poetical Artist' and the 'Child' is of a character which could never have happened but in Germany, where Philosophy is half-sister to Romance, and Romance appears half the time in the garb of Philosophy.

"Bettina Brentano, granddaughter of Sophia de la Roche, was born at Frankfort on the Maine, about the year 1791. Her father, General Brentano, died of wounds received in the Prussian service; his wife did not long survive him, and their children, of whom Bettina was the youngest, were left orphans at an early age. There were two sons: Clement Brentano became celebrated in Germany for his work, '*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*' (The Boy's Wondrous Horn), a collection of German popular songs; and Christian is mentioned in Bettina's letters; she had also a sister Sophia. Little Bettina, soon after the decease of her parents, became the favorite of Goethe's mother, who resided at Frankfort. It was his birth-place—Bettina's mother had been one of his devoted friends; so that, from her earliest remembrance, the 'Child' had heard the praises of the 'Poet';—and now his mother, whose love for him was little short of idolatry, completed the infatuation of Bettina. She had an ardent temperament; the name of Wolfgang Goethe acted as the spell of power to awaken her genius, and what was more remarkable, to develop the sentiment of love in a manner which seemed so nearly allied to passion, that we cannot read her burning expressions without sadness, when reflecting that she, a maiden of sixteen summers, thus lavished the rich treasures of her virgin affections on a man sixty years old, whose heart had been indurated by such a long course of gross sensuality as must

have made him impenetrable in his selfish egotism to any real sympathy with her enthusiasm. And, moreover, he was a married man, if the ceremony which gave his housekeeper a legal right to call herself his wife, after living for sixteen years as his mistress, deserves the holy name of marriage. Goethe did not love Bettina; but her admiration flattered his vanity—and he drew her on to make those passionate confessions which seem more like the ravings of an opium-eater than the acknowledged feelings of a female soul.

"The correspondence with Goethe commenced in 1807, when Bettina was, as we have stated, about sixteen, and continued till 1834. Soon after that period she was married to Ludwig Achim von Arnim, who is celebrated in Germany as a poet and novelist. He was born and resided at Berlin; thither he removed his lovely but very romantic wife; and Bettina became the star of fashion, as well as a literary star, in the brilliant circles of that metropolitan city. The sudden death of her husband, which occurred in 1831, left Bettina again to her own guidance; but she had learned wisdom from suffering, and did not give up her soul, as formerly, to the worship of genius. Since her widowhood she has continued to reside in Berlin, dividing her time between literature and charities. The warm enthusiasm of her nature displays itself in her writings, as well as in her deeds of benevolence. One of her works, '*Die Buch gehoert dem Koenige*' (The King's Book), 'was so bold in its tone, and so urgent in behalf of the 'poor oppressed,' that many of her aristocratic friends took alarm, and avoided the author, expecting she would be frowned upon by the king: but Frederick William is too politic to persecute a woman who only pleads that he will do good, and Madame von Arnim retains his favor, apparently, though his flatterers look coldly on her. The work has gained her great popularity with the people. Another work of hers, '*Die Glunderode*,' a romance in letters, is also very much admired, especially by young ladies; it is wild and extravagant, as are all her writings, but, at the same time, full of fine thoughts and generous feelings. All the natural impulses of the mind and heart of Bettina are good and pure; what she needed was and is a higher standard of morality, a holier object of adoration. The *Æsthetic* philosophy, referring the soul to the Beautiful as the perfection of art or human attainments, this, and not the Divine philosophy of the Bible, was the subject of her early study: the first bowed down her nature to Goethe—the last would have exalted her spirit to worship God! How the sweet fountain of her affections was darkened by the shadow of Goethe, and how this consciousness of his presence, as it were, constantly incited her to thoughts and expressions foreign to her natural character, must be evident to all who read the 'Correspondence with a Child.' We shall make our extracts from this work, and wish our limits permitted us to give more of Goethe's letters; these are short, and seem to have been written merely for the purpose of drawing out her replies, that he might study her young fresh heart as an entomolo-

* "Woman's Record;" or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, &c

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

gist would the colors of a butterfly he had fastened with his pin, and gain the rejuvenescence of his *blaze* nature from the full life of hers. That he intended to use her thoughts in his own writings he acknowledged to her; and his later works show that he did thus use them."

We have not room to add here our selections from Bettina's letters, &c.; these will be found in the "Record," when it appears: what we have given will show the spirit of our work.

THE CHEAP POSTAGE SYSTEM marks a wonderful progress in civilization; but that aspect of the subject we leave to philosophers; its financial results we consign to political economists; the effect on our own pursuits is our present care. As for letters, the cheap system will doubtless double the number we now receive; and, as the writers are usually just persons and pay their own postage under the high rate, we shall only gain in the number of kind communications. But one advantage we do hope to gain. The many *borrowers* and *readers* of the *Lady's Book* will, we trust, become subscribers, when each can write and order it by paying a postage of *three cents*. This will relieve us from the unpleasant reflections that will intrude on reading such letters as the following, namely, that those who really value our "*Book*" have been, by the high rate of postage, discouraged from sending us their names:—

"TO THE EDITORS OF THE '*LADY'S BOOK*:' My own favorable opinion of the merits of your work, I confess,

has been confirmed by the unanimous verdict of the fair jury of six who have received and tried it during the past year. It is, as it ought to be, a universal favorite with the ladies; and even the gentlemen are so interested in it that the 'editor's copy' is literally worn out with 'good usage.' I hope that I shall be able greatly to increase your list here, and would delay longer in order to send you more names, were it not that I fear I should have to wait for the *reprint* of the January and February numbers, as I did last year. But you may rely on it, that your list here will steadily increase. H. O. L.

"*Iowa*."

"L. A. GODEY, SIR: The January number of the *Lady's Book* for 1851 is received at this office, and I take the liberty to say to you that I did not intend to take the work any longer, and would respectfully give as the reason that we have so many *borrowers* they get read all to pieces, past *binding* entirely.

"*Indiana*."

L. G."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following articles: "A Night in the Mosquito Territory," "Lines by M.," "A Fragment of a Poet's History," "Twilight is the Hour of Love," "A Spring Carol," "The Estranged," "My Family and Home" (the other articles by the same writer are under consideration). We are obliged to decline far the greater number of articles sent, for want of room and other reasons.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through GEORGE S. APPLETON, Philadelphia:—

THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE. By George Gilfillan. This is a learned and critical examination into the simple beauties and awful sublimities of the Holy Scriptures. Throughout his work, the author ably sustains the internal evidences of inspiration to be found in both the Old and New Testaments. He has written in an earnest and impressive style, such as will prove most attractive to the poet, the Christian, and the philosopher.

Such has been the popularity of this work, that two eminent houses have published editions—and it is offered at a price which places it within the reach of every one.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKISTON, Philadelphia:—

HENRY SMEATON: *a Jacobite Story of the Reign of George the First*. This is one of the latest productions of G. P. R. James, Esq. Whatever the critics may say to the contrary, this author, with all his reputed tameness and sameness, never brings forth a book that is not read and admired by thousands. The present volume is written in Mr. James's usual calm and reflective manner, and is really a very interesting novel.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE: *a Sequel to Home Influences*. By Grace Aguilar. This is an ex-

cellent novel from the pen of a gifted young lady, who, while yet in her infancy, gave great promise of high literary attainments, but who early fell a victim to her premature labors as an author. The volume before us is justly characteristic of her good sense and her amiable disposition, as well as of the purity of her moral sentiments, and will fully recompense for some few but faint blemishes which she did not live to correct or retouch.

THE ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC: *being the Personal Narrative and Results of Travel through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, and other parts of Polynesia*. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever, author of "The Whale and his Captors." This work has a map of the Island Sea, and a number of appropriate illustrations.

THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE. By George Gilfillan. We have already noticed an edition of this work from D. Appleton & Co. The edition now before us is from Harper & Brothers, and is in the same style of printing as its predecessor.

A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON, founded on the *Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund: with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, etc.* By E. A. Andrews, LL.D.

It is with sincere gratification that we announce the appearance of this long-expected and most desirable work; and, high as were our preconceived opinions of

its merits, we must with equal sincerity and pleasure confess that they have been fully sustained. To critically analyze the volume before us is not our office; but when we speak of it as the most complete, useful, learned, and *interesting* production of its class, either in American or English literature, we must not be considered as giving utterance to an unadvised or merely complimentary notice. Vastly superior to any of the older lexicons in every feature which they possessed, the present work is rendered still more valuable by the numerous critical and explanatory remarks of Dr. Freund, and by the introduction of new and important features, which give it that completeness beyond which nothing seems desirable. To Professor Andrews, and his erudite assistants, Messrs. Robbins and Turner, no praise too high can be awarded. Besides the translation of so voluminous a work, and the reduction of the original from 4500 to 1600 pages, without omitting anything of the least importance, we are also indebted to them for many and valuable additions and improvements, the evidences of which may be discovered on almost every page. Of the Latin-English Lexicon of Professor Andrews, and the English-Latin Lexicon of Professor Anthon, we may, as Americans, be justly proud; and, with them for his assistants, the American student can have no other excuse for poor scholarship than idleness or lack of energy. The typographical execution of the volume under notice is truly excellent, and cannot be otherwise than grateful to the reader; and the whole appearance of the work is highly creditable to the Messrs. Harpers, and to those in their employ.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." This is the first volume of a series which promises to be of great historical interest. It presents us with the lives of Margaret Tudor, of Magdalene of France, and that of Mary of Lorraine. The life of Mary Stuart, which the author had promised in her "Lives of the Queens of England," will occupy two successive volumes of this series.

A NEW CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN BIOGRAPHY, MYTHOLOGY, AND GEOGRAPHY, partly based upon the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. By William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology." Revised, with numerous corrections and additions, by Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. The title of this valuable work will be a sufficient commendation to the attention of the classical student, to the scholar, and to the miscellaneous reader.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—

THE DUCHESS: or, Woman's Love and Woman's Hate. A Novel. This is an interesting historical romance, founded upon incidents in the life of Charles de Montpensier, Constable of France, the most celebrated military hero of the sixteenth century. By some critics it has been rated as a production equal to James's best, and not inferior to many of Scott's. In our opinion, however, it will not bear a comparison with the works of either of those authors; not that its merits as a novel are so greatly inferior, but because it is evidently modeled upon the style of another author, that of Dumas.

LORD AND LADY HARCOURT
Hospitalities. A Novel. By Catherine [indicated by the title, this is a story of which lords and ladies and other persons of rank figure in abundance. There are, in general, well-drawn characters in humble life, which present for the reader's contemplation practical lessons of duty not unworthy of the noblest.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., B. T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS received the thirtieth and thirty-first elegant edition of Shakspeare. No. 30, the play of "*Julius Cæsar*," with an elegant engraving of "*Portia*," the wife of Brutus. No. 31, the play of "*Antony and Cleopatra*," with a beautifully engraved portrait of the latter.

From T. B. PETERSON, 98 Chestnut delphia:—

JOSEPHINE; or, the Edict and the Grace Aguilar. This is a cheap edition of a resting tale, descriptive of the persecutions of the Jews, in 1492, under the government of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The thirty-second number of Phillips & Co.'s edition of SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, containing "*Cymbeline*," with an engraving.

BELL BRANDON, AND THE WILLOW TREE. These are the prize novels, for the year 1854, by the Philadelphia Dollar Association, the premium of three hundred dollars.

From ROBERT E. PETERSON, N. W. and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

MEMORANDA OF THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By N. P. Willis. The numerous and interesting sketches of the life of our great statesman and philosopher, which have been contributed so much to the happiness of our country and her deeds of charity.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth delphia:—

THE UNITED STATES; ITS HISTORY AND PROGRESS. By Guillaume Tell Pouter of the Republic of France to the First American from the third Paris Exposition, translated from the French by Edmund L. I. Surgeon U. S. Navy. The author of this many years a resident of the United States, and a member of the Board of Topographical Engineers, pointed by our government to examine portions of our frontier, had various opportunities of making himself acquainted with the country, and with the general character of the people. He therefore speaks from actual observation, and, through his able translator, agreeably to the American ear.

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE PRIMARY SCHOOL ARITHMETIC signed for Beginners, containing copious examples, together with a large number of problems.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY. By Mrs. S. H. De Kroyt. Having had the pleasure of a personal interview with the author of this little volume of poetic letters, we feel it to be a pleasant duty to notice her claims upon the consideration of the literary public, and especially upon the sympathy of female readers. Although, to use her own words, she "was, in one short month, a bride, a widow, and blind," she evinces in her conversations the most cheerful resignation to the will of Providence, and maintains a chaste and modest simplicity of manners which is delightfully interesting. We have read her volume with equal pleasure and gratification, and in which all the amiable qualities of her gifted mind, and all the refined and virtuous impulses of her heart are freely developed in a pure and elegant style of writing. In fine, the book and its author can never fail to find a place in the memory of a sympathizing reader.

Publisher's Department.

In the March number of the "Lady's Book" for 1850 the following article appeared. We insert it again, to show that we were the earliest in the field to advocate the rights of the country press.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.

Few of our readers, we apprehend, are in the habit of reflecting seriously on the moral, social, and political influences exercised by the conductors of the country press. They are aware, it is true, that almost every village and hamlet within the extended borders of our free and happy country has within itself one of those potent levers, and generally under the guidance of a single individual, who is often impelled to the performance of his duties more by the regard he entertains for his profession than by the encouragement or the rewards that are bestowed. But they do not always fairly appreciate the control which that single individual holds over the opinions, and over the passions and the prejudices of whole communities. They do not at all times fully recognize the importance of those rays of light and intelligence which emanate even from the most unpretending of the co-workers and laborers in the wide field of letters, because it is not in their power to trace out, at one view, their effects upon the minds of numerous persons. When, however, they look abroad, and contrast the intellectual, social, moral, and religious condition of the citizens of this entire republic, with the enslaved, ignorant, and degraded condition of the people of almost every other country on the face of the globe, they will not, they cannot hesitate to do justice to those who, by their efforts, have done so much in preserving within the bosoms of our people the pure spirit of liberty, and in establishing and maintaining that regard for individual rights, and that implicit obedience to the laws, which form the true foundations of our national superstructure.

It is in this view, if we would estimate them at all, that we must consider the potent influences of the country press. And, thus estimated, who that has an interest in the progress of intelligence, and in the preservation of constitutional liberty, will deny to the press in their immediate circle, that support which can alone enhance its usefulness and extend those influences for good? How frequently are we pained and mortified by the perusal of appeals made through the columns of prudently and ably conducted papers, for

the means of continuing labors which have for years been almost gratuitously performed for the benefit of the public! It is sad, indeed, to see men of genius, and men of industry and perseverance, in such a dilemma as this—their pride of profession subdued; their intellectual energies yielding under the pressure of neglect; their generous hopes, and their warm ambition to be useful and honorable, destroyed by political malice or sectarian prejudices! Such wrongs, we fear, are too often inflicted upon the conductors of the country press, notwithstanding the professions of liberality we hear on every hand, and notwithstanding the universally acknowledged importance of sustaining, in the midst of every community, an independent newspaper. We may say, indeed, that we know, personally, several such cases as are here referred to; but we hope that they are all that ever have occurred or ever will occur.

As, however, nearly all the country papers that come under our observation—and they number some fifteen hundred, hailing from every quarter of the Union—are conducted with a view to the instruction and the advancement of the family circle in morality, literature, and science; and, at the same time, present a synopsis of the stirring events of the times in which we live, we cannot imagine how any judicious parent can withhold his support from such publications, struggling in his own vicinity, and, at the same time, bestow his patronage on papers from a distant State or city. If it is true that charity begins at home, our country friends are bound to support their country press first, and then, according to their means and the generosity of their dispositions, to extend their charity abroad, and render it as diffusive as possible. We have lately witnessed, in the rejuvenated and cheerful appearance of many of our old and valued country friends, the most gratifying evidences of the "march of improvement," as well as of the favorable estimate placed on their characters and services by their immediate neighbors. This speaks well for proprietors and patrons; and we hope to see these evidences of mutual confidence and of public spirit increase an hundredfold, until all our exchanges shall look as bright as a gold dollar.

In conclusion, we do not believe that any well-conducted "eastern publication" entertains any other opinions, or would suggest any advice that would not fully accord with the sentiments here expressed. If there are any who do not agree with us, we are happy to say we are not on the list of their confidential friends.

A FIVE PLATE NUMBER.—It will be seen, from the superb attractions of this number—"Search the Scriptures," another beautiful engraving by Tucker; "Who Speaks First," by Rice and Buttre; an original design by Dallas, "The Fairy's Court;" a correct and valuable fashion plate; and a beautiful and seasonable engraving on the cover—that we are trying to do our best this year. And well we may, so immense is the increase of our subscription list. We have been forced to publish THREE EDITIONS OF THE JANUARY AND FEBRUARY NUMBERS; and, from present appearances, the March number will also have to be reprinted. Our arrangements are now so perfect, that every letter ordering the "Lady's Book" is attended to on the same day that it is received.

CORRESPONDENTS.—Among the great number of business letters that come to us daily from almost every quarter of the Union, we frequently find those which

contain testimonials from our fair readers, approbatory of our editorial course, and speaking in the highest terms of the chaste embellishments and the elegant literature of the "Lady's Book." It must not be imagined, however, because we very seldom find time to make our acknowledgments for these generous and encouraging approvals of our labors, that we are therefore either insensible or ungrateful. No one, perhaps, not engaged in similar pursuits, can appreciate the delightful sensations which glow in the heart of the editor while perusing the delicately expressed praises as they flow from the pens of his lady readers and correspondents. And, assuredly, our readers will not suppose us to be less sensitive on these points than others are.

In giving publicity to the following, inclosed with which we received a superbly-worked "book marker," we are desirous of making some return to the amiable donor, and also of presenting our numerous readers with one out of hundreds of evidences which we have received within a short time, of the estimate in which the "Lady's Book" is held by the refined and intelligent ladies of our country:—

"To L. A. GODEY, Esq., and begs the acceptance of the inclosed as a New Year's gift, from one of the numerous and highly-favored subscribers for your beautiful 'Book.' And wishing you and yours a happy New Year, I remain, your friend and obedient servant,
"HENRIETTA E. B*****.

"MR. L. A. GODEY.
"Newark, Jan. 8th, 1851."

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We have been struck, on looking over our exchanges, with the generous and the universal welcome this paper has received from the whole community. We copy a few of the notices:—

"No FICTION."—"Arthur's Home Gazette" is the best family newspaper in America. We will go further—the best in the world.—*Alabama Argus.*

"Arthur's Home Gazette" is one of the best companions of the fireside you can obtain, except a wife. We presume all men of forethought and wisdom are provided with the last—let them procure the first as soon as possible.—*Maine Gazette.*

"Arthur's Home Gazette" is decidedly the best paper in the United States, and should be in every family in the land.—*N. J. Ocean Signal.*

"Arthur's Home Gazette" is one of the most interesting miscellaneous publications within our knowledge. Its weekly issue is always received at our home with a cordial greeting; and is read with a relish that would make its editor feel glad if he could witness it.—*Christian Advocate, Va.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—This is one of the best family papers in existence—everything in the shape of literature, suited to all tastes, is to be found in its columns. It is just the thing to while away the long winter evenings.—*Mohawk Valley Gazette.*

THE HOME GAZETTE.—The matter, sterling, original, and comprehensive, moral in its tendency, elevating in its sentiments, and truthful in its teaching, renders it emphatically a home paper; and, in the domestic circles, it should meet with staunch and liberal supporters.—*Lansingburgh Gazette.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—With matter whose moral teachings are so numerous, and presented in such attractive style, how can it help being, what it already

is, the fittest companion for the home circle, the best instructor for the young mind, and the most popular newspaper among the many.—*Long Islander.*

WE call attention to the advertisement of "Brehm's Interest Tables" on our cover for this month. In the language of the President of the Savings' Fund Society, "No business man whose time is worth money should be without this labor-saving auxiliary."

THE PHILADELPHIA LANCET.—Under this title, a new medical journal has made its appearance in this city. It is edited by Dr. English, is bold and decided in its tone, eminently practical in its articles, and adheres to the "regular" school. As it is the first semi-monthly newspaper of its kind, at one dollar per year, is neat in appearance, and filled with matter valuable to physicians, it is likely to attain a large circulation. No medical man can well keep up with the continual progress of his profession without inclosing his dollar to "Campbell & Power, Philadelphia," the publishers, and securing "The Lancet" for a year.

FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA.—Professor Hart is engaged upon a work with the above named title. It is to be a royal octavo of five hundred pages, with numerous portraits to be executed in London, in the finest style of line and stipple engraving, and in a corresponding style of typographical splendor. Authors interested in making a suitable appearance in this sumptuous volume are invited to forward to Professor Hart materials for the biographical and critical notices, addressed to the care of the publishers, E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. Editors will confer a special favor by giving publicity to this paragraph.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

FENNEL SAUCE FOR MACKEREL.—Wash and boil green fennel, mint, and parsley, a little of each, till tender; drain and press them, chop them fine, and add melted butter; serve up immediately. If the herbs mix long with the butter, they will be discolored.

LEMON SAUCE is usually eaten with boiled fowls, although it is very nice with roasted veal. Pare off the rind of a lemon, slice it small and take out the pips (if for fowl), bruise the liver of the fowl with two or three spoonfuls of good gravy stock; then melt some butter, mix all together, give them a boil, and add a little of the lemon peel.

Fashions.

STEEL FASHION PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1st.—Carriage-dress of rose colored and white chiné silk, the skirt very full and long, which is allowable in a carriage-dress, though inconvenient in the least item for the street. The sleeves come a little below the elbow, as it may also be worn for a dinner costume, and are met by full undersleeves of white Swiss muslin, with a double ruffle of Valenciennes lace at the wrist. Primrose-colored gloves to match the bonnet. The sacque of light blue silk is very short, with beautifully-shaped sleeves. The trimming is composed of several rows of quilled ribbon, disposed in a style opposite to that used the past season, across in-

stead of around the edge. Leghorn bonnet, with sprigs of white eglantine. The same, mixed with tulle to soften them, inside the brim.

Fig. 2d.—Dress of an exquisite shade of silk *solitaire*, or one colored. The trimming is like that upon the *maque* of the first figure, and matches in shade precisely. The mantilla is a new and beautiful form. White casing bonnet, with sprigs of flowering almond and light foliage; white ribbon strings.

DESCRIPTION OF RIDING HABIT.

A SKIRT of dark blue habit cloth, very full, and medium length; in the cut, the fall or fold perceptible on the right side is merely a gathering up of the skirt by the hand for ease in walking. We have seen them made to button up all around the hem, after the manner of a facing, which is very nice for a woodland jaunt, half pedestrian, half equestrian, the pleasantest kind of an exercise if one's object is to view a fine country. The corsege is united to a short *jupon*, making a kind of frock coat. This may be of the same material as the skirt, or of something lighter, as the season advances. The buttons should be of velvet or silk, to match the dress in color as nearly as possible. A buff vest is fastened to the throat with small double-gilt buttons, where a linen collar and silk necktie finish the costume. The hat is of beaver, with a short plume and light veil.

The boy's dress is very tasteful, the jacket being faced with broad velvet ribbon, at little distances apart. The circular cap is once more in vogue. It will be noticed that the linen collar and cuffs fold back.

CHIT-CHAT OF PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

APRIL for shopping, and May for making up, is, we believe, the rule with most ladies as far north as we are now writing. Shopping in the city is quite a different thing from the same feminine recreation in the country, and is pursued here with a vigor and dispatch that are quite praiseworthy. Suppose, for instance, that the head of a large family has the spring outfit to procure. She makes out her list, goes to Levy's, and, commencing at the counter next the door, inquires for spring chintz, as the children must have school dresses. Instead of tumbling over a counter full of goods, with "Show me this, or show me that; the blue under the pile, or the pink on that shelf," a pattern-book is handed to her, where, on a white ground, is a square of the article, which she can examine at leisure. Each page is occupied by one pattern, and when one has been selected the piece is produced, the number of yards named, and the thing is accomplished. She will find that both French and English chintzes are, as a general thing, small, regular figures or patterns, upon a white or light ground; the same pattern coming in several different colors, as white and blue, pink, green, violet, etc. etc. Spots, stars, or stripes, are the favorite styles, and one quite new, a stripe, with the stars, etc. between them.

There is a new material in cotton, that is well calculated for the jackets, sacques, pinafors, etc., of little people. It is twilled, somewhat heavier than chintzes, and in very neat colors and patterns. Its principal recommendations are fast colors and durability. Nicer dresses for the little girls will be found in the *barège de laine*, an entirely new fabric, of woolen and cotton,

being not so heavy as mousselines or so frail as *barèges*, and, at the same time, cool and durable. The patterns are larger, in more varied colors, a beautiful shade of green, violet, and blue being introduced. It is cheap, and has the same effect as an all wool *barège*.

Brilliant, always a favorite material, is among the prettiest of the spring fabrics. It is like a jaconet, with a tiny raised figure in the fabric, and printed in colors like a chintz. These are among the materials that will wash, and look nearly as well the second season—quite a recommendation for children's dresses. Printed lawns, of the same style, are also open, some in spots and narrow bars, others again with alternate stripes of white and pink, green, blue, brown, etc. etc. French cambrics and gingham for morning dresses are similar and prettier. The mousseline-de-laines are not quite so much in demand, but are fresh and pretty; brown and blue, green, violet, etc. etc., are the prevailing colors, with an infinite variety of patterns, some in lines, upon a plain ground, others with sprigs of delicately-tinted flowers, or tiny garlands gracefully intermingled.

Silks have not quite so great a variety as heretofore. Some are distinguished for neatness, others for elegance. Of the last, we have *châinés* with white grounds and a variety of colors, blended into a cloud of richer shades and changes. The *jaspe* is a new style of shot silks, of rich taffeta quality, but composed of five different colors, each of which is distinct. As in the most beautiful, there is a ground of dove-color, with gold, black, crimson, and light brown shot through it, making an almost inconceivable richness in the sunlight.

Of plainer silks, we have a tiny plaid; glaze, the same variety of delicate greens, fawns, purples, browns, and blues we have before noticed. For young misses, nothing could be more suitable or spring-like. The same kind of silk, a little heavier, comes with stripes instead of plaids, and has a fine lustre.

Bareges and grenadines, both in plain colors and figures, have been imported, and will be worn. It would be useless to attempt a description of the various patterns. Next month, we shall give several new lighter tissues, also imported by Levy, which are almost too thin for the present season, as also some hints as to the making up of these beautiful fabrics.

Bonnets will be worn with open brims, as in the winter. Casings will not be so much in favor as last season, having been so common that they are almost exhausted. Straws therefore will have an important part to play, and are very simply trimmed. Leghorns have come in very tasteful shapes, and range in price from \$20 to \$30. Fancy straws are less costly and more suitable for young people. Miss Wilson, who bears the same relation to milliners in our city that Levy does among the shops, has introduced a very full lining of crape or silk, with folds of tulle over it; this does not require any face trimming, and nothing can be more elegant than its softness and simplicity. Flowers, when used, are soft sprays, in imitation of natural spring blossoms, as lily of the valley, violets, flowering almond, hyacinth, etc. etc., and are mixed with tulle inside the brim. The favorite colors are green, a very light and vivid shade, pale violet, and blue. Buff and corn color have had their day, although there is an intense yellow, not disagreeable in small spots or stripes upon a white ground, called, by the French, *California*. It was originally *bouton d'or*, and is exactly the color of the double-gilt buttons worn upon dresses some seasons ago.

FASHION.

PROUD TRIUMPH OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Since publishing the Lady's Book for January, we have, up to the moment of penning this, received an increase to our list that has been unprecedented. This shows that our efforts in the good cause of

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMERICAN ARTS

is appreciated. No foreign aid is needed by the proprietor of Godey's Lady's Book. Our January number, which has, we believe without a dissenting voice, been pronounced the gem of the month, is all of *AMERICAN MANUFACTURE*. We have in store numerous novelties. An opportunity has now been given to make a comparison between our engravings of

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS

and those of others—steel against wood.

COQUETRY,

The match plate to "Constancy," published in the January number, will be given in the March number.

GOOD COUNSEL AND EVIL COUNSEL,

Match plates, engraved by Welsh, will also be published this year, with appropriate letter-press matter.

DRESS THE MAKER AND DRESS THE WEARER,

Emblematic Pictures of "The North," "The South," "The East," "The West,"

Are also in preparation. Also, the following

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS:

Search the Scriptures,
The Creation, in seven tableaux,
The Miracles of Christ, in four tableaux,
The Parables of Christ, in five tableaux,
"We Beseech Thee to Hear us, O Lord!" containing
four figures,
Christ and the Woman of Samaria,
Christ Healing the Sick,
Christ on the Mount,
"How Beautiful are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord!"
The Acts of the Apostles, in tableaux, from the cartoons
of Raphael,

John Proclaiming the Messiah,
The Separation of the Apostles,
Hallowed be Thy Name,
The Church Porch, Sunday Morning,
The Cottagers, Sunday morning,
"Lord, have Mercy upon us,"
The First Lesson in Charity,
Backwoods' Worship,
"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me,"
The Guardian Angel,
The Infant Saviour and St. John,
The Return of the Dove to the Ark,

And many, very many, of a more gay and lively character. One of each kind will be given in a number—combining the *grave* and the *gay*.

The illustration of the Scriptural Plates will be furnished by the

REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

COLORED ENGRAVING.

The "Sylphs of the Season," in the January number, was printed and colored in our own office; also the Vase and Flowers, in this number. Can there be—has there been—anything more beautiful published, foreign or domestic, in any number of a magazine published in Philadelphia? We may ask the same question in reference to

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES.

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady, will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

They are also the terms of all the Philadelphia \$3 magazines.

One copy, 1 year, - - - \$3	Five copies, 1 year, - - - \$10
Two copies, 1 year, - - - 5	One copy, 5 years, - - - 10
One copy, 2 years, - - - 5	Ten copies, 1 year, - - - 20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

Postmasters and others sending clubs will oblige us very much by having them all addressed to one name. It is no inconvenience to them, and will be a great favor to us.

No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.

Address

**L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.**

CON

FOR THE

COUGHS, COLDS,



RAPID CURE OF

ASTHMA, CROUP,

HOARSENESS,

CHERRY PECTORAL

BRONCHITIS,

For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH,
CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION,

And for the **RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS** in Advanced Stages of the Disease.

This remedy is offered to the community with the confidence we feel in an article which seldom fails to realize the happiest effects that can be desired. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and, where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs, which are incident to our climate. And not only in the formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of *Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, &c.*, and for **CHILDREN** it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained. No family should be without it; and those who have used it never will.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated **PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK** :—

"James C. Ayer, Sir: I have used your **CHERRY PECTORAL** in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied, from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper."

From the widely celebrated **PROFESSOR SILLIMAN**, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Scientific Societies of America and Europe:—

"I deem the **CHERRY PECTORAL** an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the *Materia Medica*, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure. NEW HAVEN, CT., Nov. 1, 1849."

With such assurance, and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced, except that found in its effects upon trial.

Prepared by **JAMES C. AYER**, Druggist and Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

SOLD AT WHOLESALE by the Druggists in the Principal Cities, and **retailed by Druggists and Apothecaries** generally throughout the United States, the British American Provinces, and some of the Independent Republics of South America.

Price \$1 per Bottle. Six Bottles for \$5.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

Tax publishers of this now highly popular and widely-circulated weekly paper for the fireside and home circle, are pleased to announce that they have made arrangements for a regular series of articles from the pen of

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,

one of the purest, best, and most interesting of our writers of fiction.

The original department of the "Home Gazette" is as well sustained as that of any magazine in the country. From fourteen to twenty columns of original matter are given every week, embracing a choice variety of subjects. Many of our very best writers are regular contributors.

Nearly everything that the editor writes will appear first in the "Home Gazette," and its readers will be presented with a constant succession of those brief moral stories and sketches that, as a mirror held up to nature, show so accurately the secret workings of the heart, and, from the evils, follies, errors, and mistakes of life, enable men to draw good purposes, and to act more wisely in the time to come. Moreover, in the "Home Gazette" will be published, during 1851, in addition to several original nouvelles by Mr. Arthur, the following copyright novels from his pen, which have never appeared in any newspaper: "**Love in a Cottage**," "**Love in High Life**," "**The Beautiful Widow**," and "**The Debtor's Daughter**." Thus the subscribers to the "Home Gazette" will receive, during the year, from seven to eight of Mr. Arthur's novels.

The publishers of the "Home Gazette" will also give their readers, during the year 1851, **A NOVEL** by **W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.**; **THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER**, a Novel of Western Life, by **EMERSON BENNET**; at least **THREE ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES** by **T. S. ARTHUR**, one of which will be a **Temperance Story**. They will also give a large number of original stories, sketches, &c., including the following highly attractive series of papers: **Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States**; by **ARTHUR J. STANSBURY**; **Anecdotes of Bird, Beast, Fish, and Reptile**, by **C. W. WEBBER** (beautifully written papers); **Heroic Women of the Olden Day**, by **H. W. HERBERT**; **The Romance of American History**, by **WM. H. CARPENTER, &c. &c.**

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on **FINE WHITE PAPER**, with large, clear-faced Type, that may be read by young and old, without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	\$15 00
Three copies " "	5 00	Fourteen " "	20 00
Six " "	10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

One copy of the "Home Gazette," and one of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for four dollars. **All letters must be post-paid.**

Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made, will be taken in payment for the paper. **Postmasters** throughout the United States will act as our Agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State, where it is to be sent.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.**

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION,
AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—APRIL, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

FOUR ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN THIS NUMBER.—A FIVE PLATE NUMBER.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES." Painted by DAVIES, and engraved by - - - W. E. TUCKER.
"Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me."
2. "WHO SPEAKS FIRST?" Painted by INSKIP, and engraved by - - - RICE & BUTTS.
3. THE FAIRY'S COURT. Designed by DALLAS, and printed in colors by - - - BRIGHTLY.
4. "YOU WON'T FORGET?" Correct Philadelphia Fashions for April. Engraved by - - - J. I. PEASE.
5. RIDING DRESSES. The latest Fashions. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
6. MUSIC—OH! SING THAT SONG AGAIN TO-NIGHT! By C. C. CONVERSE.
- 7, 8, 9. A SMALL VILLA. For a Gentleman much attached to Gardening. Three engravings.
Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
10. GARDEN DECORATIONS. Engraved by - - - M. A. JONES.
- 11, 12. CHEMISETTES. Two engravings. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
- 13, 14. Infants' Robes. Two engravings. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
15. DESIGN FOR A CARRIAGE BAG. Engraved by - - - J. M. KELLY.
- 16, 17, 18. EMBROIDERY.—The Toilet Set. Pincushion, and Glove and Handkerchief Cases.
Three engravings. Engraved by - - - GEO. GILBERT.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

Search the Scriptures, by Rev. H. Hastings Weld, - - -	213	Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by Professor Alden, - - -	3
Rose O'Connor—the Queen of the Flowers, by George Johnson, - - -	213	Garden Decorations, - - -	3
Who Speaks First? by C. T. Hinckley, - - -	214	Good for Evil, by Angele de V. Hull, - - -	3
April Fool's Day, - - -	215	Develour, by Professor Charles E. Blumenthal, - - -	3
Sonnet, by Wm. Alexander, - - -	215	A Small Villa, for a Gentleman much attached to Gardening, - - -	3
The Letter, by Mary S. Adams, - - -	216	Reply to A. G. J., by Amasa Kinnear, M. D., - - -	3
Tribute to the Memory of Lieutenant Thomas B. F. Weld, by M. E. A. C. Brown, - - -	220	Chemisettes, - - -	3
For the Fun of it, by T. S. Arthur, - - -	221	Infants' Robes, - - -	3
Cloud Musings, by Mrs. H. J. Lewis, - - -	225	Knitted Flowers, - - -	3
The Child and the Rainbow, by Mina Merton, - - -	226	Design for a Carriage Bag, - - -	3
The April Garland, by Kate Berry, - - -	227	Embroidery.—The Toilet Set, - - -	3
Oh, Lady, touch that Lute again, by J. A. Turner, - - -	228	A Remembrance, by Ladd Spencer, - - -	3
The Cave of Eigg: a Legend of the Hebrides, by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler, - - -	229	Editors' Table, - - -	3
The Lone One, by P. A. Jordan, - - -	236	Editors' Book Table, - - -	3
The Judge; a Drama of American Life, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, - - -	237	Publisher's Department, - - -	3
The California Emigrant, by M. S. A., - - -	245	Various Useful Receipts, - - -	3
		Fashions, - - -	3

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Traveling Agent for the Western States, and by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsay, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, Alexander Laws, and A. J. Smiley.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Traveling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee. Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our General Traveling Agent, assisted by Wm. H. W. John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Locke, Jos. Patton, Geo. P. Bolton, Thos. D. Nice.

BREBAN'S INTEREST TABLES,

Exhibiting at a glance the Interest on any Sum from One Dollar to Ten Thousand Dollars,

FOR ANY NUMBER OF DAYS FROM ONE TO THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX DA

At from Three to Twenty-Four per Cent.

These Tables form the best Manual of Interest for Capitalists, Bankers, Merchants, Conveyancers, Treasury Clerks and Men of Business, that has ever been published. The book contains 366 pages. For sale by the Publisher,

JAMES M. BREBAN,

No. 89 South Third Street, corner of Pear, Philada

A copy will be sent to any part of the United States by mail, on the receipt of THREE DOLLARS, the description price, addressed to the Publisher, postage paid.

One copy of the Interest Tables, and one copy of the Lady's Book one year, will be sent for FIVE DOLLARS.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]

ELSM

N,

1914

no, paid in

E THE

MENTS

1914
1915
1916
1917

1918
1919
1920
1921

1922
1923
1924
1925

1926
1927
1928
1929

1930
1931
1932
1933

1934
1935
1936
1937

1938
1939
1940
1941

1942
1943
1944
1945

1946
1947
1948
1949

1950
1951
1952
1953

1954
1955
1956
1957

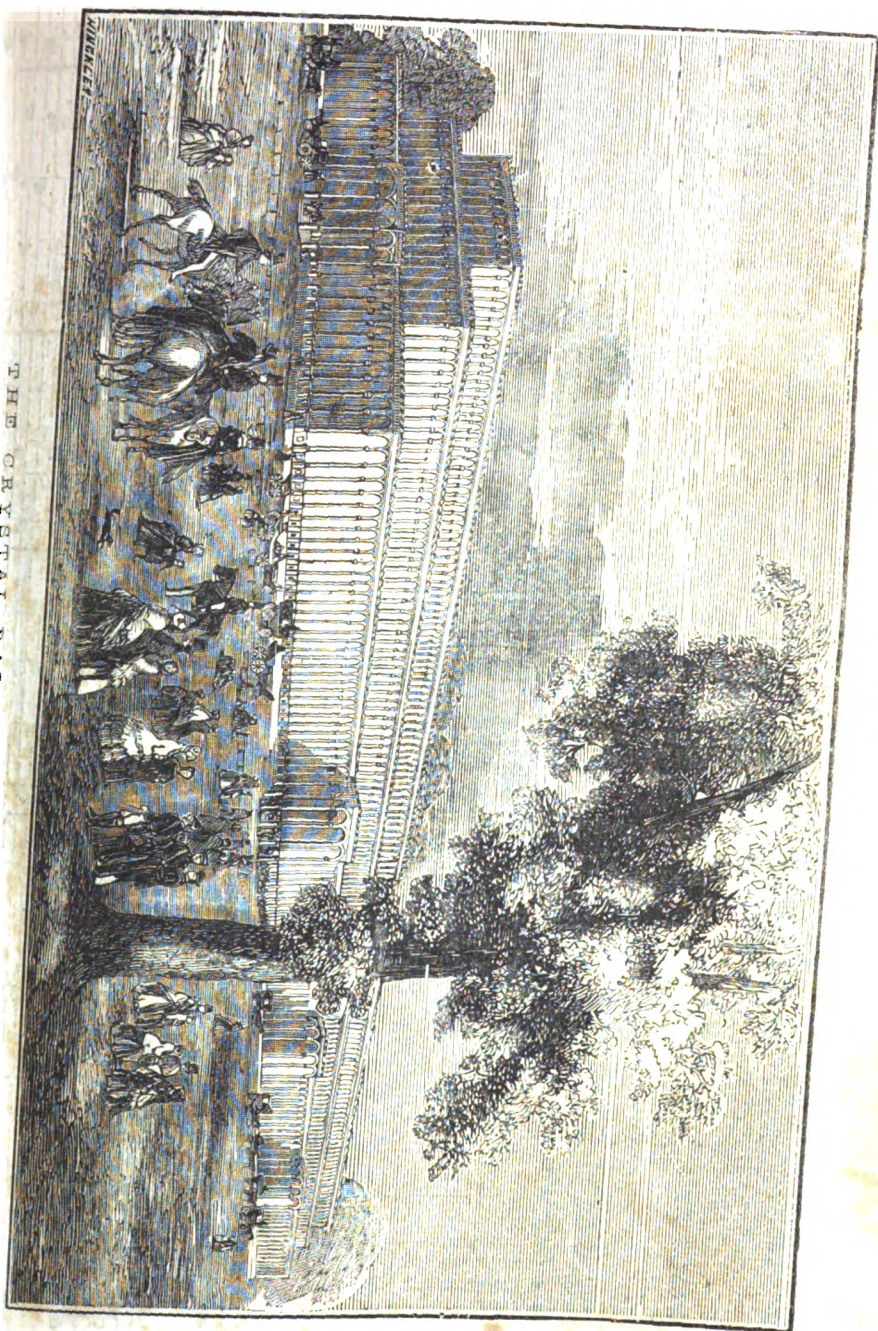






THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

THE CRYSTAL PALACE LONDON.



POP OF THE POPPER,

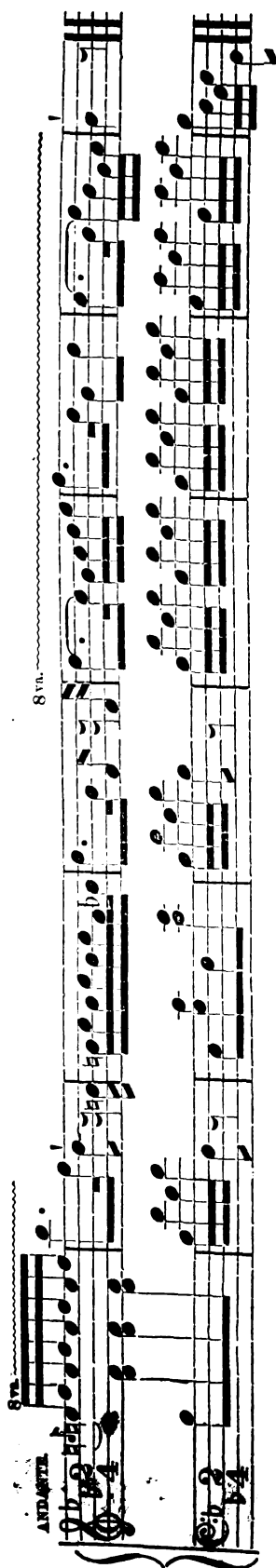
WORDS BY J. T. FRELIGH, OF ST. LOUIS.

MUSIC BY E. C. DAVIS.

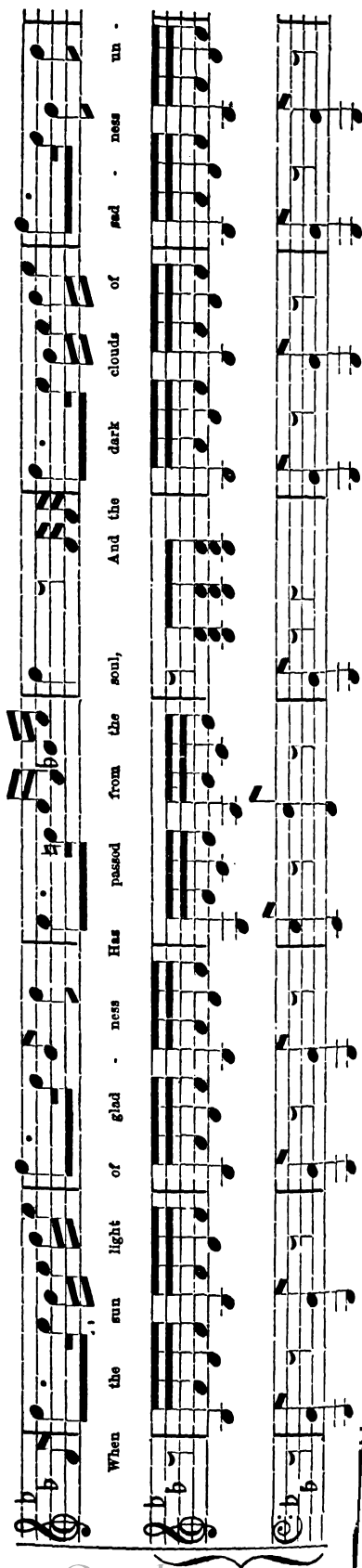
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

8^{va}.
8^{va}.

ANDANTE



When the sun light of glad - ness Has passed from the soul, And the dark clouds of sad - ness un -



cens - ing - ly roll, When the past up - pears on - ly A dim vale of tears, And the
 fu - ture a lone - ly And wide waste of years. 8 va. Whose calm light reposes
 'Mid sadness and gloom, On the lilies and roses That bend o'er the tomb;
 Like a seraph sweet smiling, 'Mid blight and decay, Through the cold world beguiling
 Our wearisome way. 3 The star of hope streaming
 Through prospect and night, Is kindly left behind us Our pathway to light
 Inspiring and cheering The lone and oppres'd, To the weary appearing
 A haven of rest. 2 In lils all-sustaining To mortals below,
 Am shining and reigning For ever we go, For ever we go,
 Con - tinu - on and friend, Then 'hope on, hope ever,' And trust to the end. 4



Evening Dresses. — See Description.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1851.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

(See Plate.)

As, wandering forth at rosy dawn,
When sparkling dew-drops deck the lawn,
From glen and glade, and river-side,
We bring young flowers—the morning's pride.

And, bound in wreaths, or posies sweet,
With flowers our favored ones we greet;
For flowers a silent language own,
That makes our maiden wishes known

A language that by love was wrought,
And by fond love to mortals taught;
A language, too, that lovers know,
Where, watched by love, sweet flowers may blow.

A language richer, purer far
Than all the tongue-born dialects are;
And, as the flowers, devoid of art,
It is the language of the heart.

Thoughts that would perish all untold
Live on the tongues that flowers enfold:
Thus will the Tulip's crimson shell
The love of stammering youth unveil.

And happy will that trembler be,
If she, with cheek of modesty,
Shall give his soft avowal room,
And twine it with the Myrtle's bloom.

But, should her heart feel not his glow,
The mottled Pink may answer "No;"
Yet Friendship, in an Ivy wreath,
A balm upon the wound will breathe.

The Morning-glory's dewy bell
In mystic tones of hope may tell—
Tell of a struggle in the breast,
Where, warring, love 'gainst love is pressed.

The Heartsease, flower of purple hue,
Seeks an affection ever true;
And, in the Bay-leaf's still reply,
Speaketh a love will never die.

The little Daisy grows for her
Who heedeth not the flatterer;
And spotless Lilies love the breast
Where child-like Innocence is pressed.

Young Beauty's symbol is the Rose
Whose blushing petals half unclose;
And in the snowy Violet
Sweet Modesty her home hath set.

And thus of feeling, every shade
May be through voiceless flowers conveyed;
And all the fond endearments known
To deep-felt love, thus greet love's own.

SONNET.—AUDUBON.*

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Ah! is he blind, who erst, untiringly,
Searched wildwood, prairie, meadow, rock, and
wold,

For you, sweet songsters, clad in yellow gold?

When comes spring's carnival, enchantingly
Sing ye to him, with sorrow in your song;

For that his sightless orbs now roll in vain,
No more to view your rainbow-tints again—

Love-lays in gratitude to him belong,
From matin Lark, loud herald of the day—
From Philomel, coy chorister of night:
Listens he yet, ye birds, with dear delight,
In rapture musing on your plumage gay,
Hoping to soar, when life's short day is done,
On eagle-pinions up to yonder central sun.

* Written previous to his death.

SPRING.—A BALLAD

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

(See Plate.)

SPRING, with its glad influences
Stealing up from bosky dell,
Once more quickens Nature's heart-pulse
With its sunny, witching spell.

Each new morn the boughs hang thicker
With the leaves of Nature's book;
Each new eve adds a new chapter
To the life of bird and brook.

Each new morn the world is greener;
Age forgets its shriveled years
In the warmth and life upspringing
Out from Winter's chill and tears.

Each new morn the song grows sweeter—
Song of loving bee and bird;
Each new eve, from youth and maiden,
Softer cadences are heard.

Each new morn her heart beat warmer,
Dreaming o'er his tale of love;
Each new eve, that tale repeated,
Brighter spells around her wove.

At the early, early daybreak,
To caress her as she slept,
Greetingly, the light spring zephyr
Through her open lattice crept.

Roving mid the golden tangles
Of her tresses' braided flow,
Nestling in the half-veiled dimples
Of her bosom white as snow.

Mingling with her fragrant breathing,
Closely to her ear it came,
Murm'ring to her gentle dreaming,
In sweet music, his dear name.

"Through the valley, o'er the mountain,"
Sang the zephyr in her ear,
"At my own sweet will, I wander
All the loving, livelong year.

"With the lowly, tender grass-blade,
With the solemn, stately trees,
With each swelling bud and blossom
Sport I ever as I please.

"All the humble wayside flowers—
Daisy, king-cup, light harebell;
All the tall and proud ones—Kalmia,
Rose, and orchis—know me well.

Of the brightest, sweetest flower-buds,
Sheltered by the mountain's brow,
Blooming in the wide, wide valley,
Loveliest of them all art thou.

"That is why he loves thee dearly,
Modest, gentle as thou art,
The proud lord of wood and manor—
The proud lord of thy young heart.

"Oh, I heard a song last evening,
Sung to tremulous guitar,
Through the yellow, mellow moonlight,
Floating on the air afar;

"Breathing warmest, truest passion
For one bearing thy sweet name,
Telling of that passion thwarted
Bending unto station's claim:

"Telling how the claim of station
Must at last be overborne,
By a will and faith unyielding,
By a love no time can turn.

"I must see her at the day-dawn,"
Sighed he, at the ballad's close,
'By the brook in the still copse-wood,
Where the purple violet grows.'"

Rose the maiden from her slumbers,
Fresher than the break of dawn,
Binding up her heavy tresses,
Looked she out upon the lawn.

Like a shower of yellow guineas
Flashing back the morning sun,
Crocuses and dandelions
Half the golden fields had won.

From the green and yellow shining,
Flecking it with flakes of white,
Drooping lilies, palest snow-drops,
Spread their petals to the light.

Looking out upon the copse-wood,
As she clasped her simple dress,
Suddenly the thought came o'er her,
"I will seek its wilderness.

"By the brook down in its thicket,
Where the purple violet grows,
I shall find the wild sweetbriar,
And the wind-flower, and—who knows?

"Who knows but my Edgar Lincoln
May be wandering that way,
Tempted by this fragrant morning—
Brightest morning yet of May.

"Oh, I know he loves me dearly,
And he knows I love him well;
That my love is deep and boundless,
More than tongue of mine can tell."

On she wandered, singing lightly
Snatches of some olden song—
How a lord and lowly maiden
Loved each other well and long :

How the haughty claim of station
Came at last to be o'erborne
By a will and faith unbending,
By a love no time could turn.

Singing lightly, on she wandered
Over hill and meadow lone ;
Said she " This broad wood and valley
Soon I 'll proudly call my own.

" Not one beggar, not one hungered
Shall there be in all the land ;
Not one loathing life from hardship,
When I 'm lady proud and grand."

Wandering on, she plucked wild flowers,
Flowers filled with morning dew,
Looking backward ever, ever,
Listening for a step she knew.

Press the flowers to thy soft bosom,
Braid them in thy shining hair,
Love them while their tender petals
Fragrant life and freshness wear ;

For too soon they 'll droop and wither,
Plucked and worn but one short day,
And too soon thy youth and freshness
May, like them, be flung away.

Light of heart, she hears the copse-wood,
From its depths sweet voices throng ;
Voices of the jay and blue-bird,
And the wild wood-robin's song.

By the water-brook she 's standing,
Where the purple violets grow,
Where the wind-flower and sweetbriar,
And the starry woodbines blow.

By the water-brook she 's standing,
And her heart begins to fail ;
Still she watches, still she listens,
Hearing but the night-owl's wail.

Silent shadows flit around her,
Looming darkly, broad, and tall ;
But one shadow well remembered
Sees she not among them all.

Ah, perhaps—perhaps he may be
To his vow a traitor base !
Down into the clear brook glancing
There she sees her own sweet face.

Down into the clear brook gazing
There she sees her own sweet face ;
Sees she also there reflected
One of noble, manly grace.

" Effie ! Effie ! late last evening,"
Spake he, circling her soft waist,
" My proud sire—and soon thine, darling—
Read the lines thy hand had traced ;

" Breathing of thy sweet self, Effie,
Full of tenderness and truth—
' Such a heart, such wit and wisdom
Must be cherished, by my sooth !"

" Thus my sire—the lines re-reading
Traced by thy beloved hand—
Still he spake, ' Such wit, such wisdom
Would grace lady of the land !"

" Then it was, my darling Effie,
Pleaded I thy cause and mine—
' Yes, yes, yes, I 've watched thee, youngster,
Watched thee sigh, and pale, and pine !"

" More he said, my darling Effie—
For he knew my death he 'd mourn
That the haughty claim of station
Is at last by love o'erborne."

YE COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY WILLA.

Ye come to me in dreams, baby,
In visions of the night ;
Thy blue eye, full of blessedness,
Is glancing on my sight :
The music of thy breath, baby,
Is falling on my ear,
In those dear old-accustomed tones
I loved so well to hear.

Again upon my heart, baby,
Thy little hand is prest,
Again thy little nestling head
Is pillowed on my breast :
Again my lips are murmuring
Low words of love and prayer ;
I strive to draw thee closer yet,
But clasp the vacant air :

And then I wake to weep, baby,
Rememb'ring thou art dead ;
And never more can my poor heart
Pillow thy little head !
Yet I am happy even now—
This thought my grief disarms—
A few short months I fondly clasped
An angel in my arms :

That loftier minds than mine, baby,
Will now instruct thy youth,
And holier hearts will point the path
Of innocence and truth.
Thou wert my blessing here on earth,
And though tears dim my eyes,
I feel that I am richer far
To have thee in the skies !

THE TINY GLOVE.—A MAY-DAY STORY.

BY BLANCHE.

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHT, gladsome May-day!—the fairest maiden in all the train of the merry "Queen of Seasons." May-day! what happy scenes this word recalls—the day of all days for childhood's pleasures! I see the little darlings tripping along the streets of my native town with baskets on their chubby arms, smiles on their lips, and happiness in their eyes, soon clustered in merry groups on some favorite spot in the suburbs, laughing and chatting, arranging their pic-nic dinners, or sporting beneath the shady trees.

But to my story. A mile or two from the village of A. were collected some fifty or sixty little girls and boys, for the purpose of celebrating their annual holiday. The May-pole, bedecked with flowers of every hue and form, towered aloft, and around its base they frisked and gamboled like so many little fairies. Some were "wasted in the silken swing" high up among the boughs of the beech and elm; others sought the brink of the rippling rivulet, and amused themselves with ruffling its smooth surface or looking at their mirrored faces. Far down the streamlet, and alone, was quietly seated a little girl, weaving into garlands the buds and blossoms which grew around her in wild profusion, caroling with a bird-like voice snatches of some favorite air, ever and anon raising her violet eyes and looking round her in wondrous delight. Her childish face was strikingly beautiful; around her small perfect mouth there rested an angel smile, and her short brown curls were parted on a forehead of matchless contour.

She wove and sang, and smiled a sunny smile, and seemed wholly unconscious of a pair of bright black eyes fixed upon her from the opposite bank. At length she turned, as if to listen; and soon upon the air floated distinctly sounds of "Alice! little Alice!" and she bounded away to her playmates. No sooner had she disappeared than the owner of the black eyes—a boy, seemingly of twelve years, clad in a green jacket ornamented with silver buttons, loose white trowsers, and wide-brimmed straw hat, which but partly concealed his glossy black hair—sprang across the water and possessed himself of the tiny glove which lay forgotten on the bank, and which had once covered the hand of "little Alice."

"Alice, my dove, you have brought but one glove from the May frolic."

"I lost the other one yesterday. I don't think I forgot it May-day, mamma."

"Well, dear, go put this one away until you find the mate."

"Yes, mamma."

* * * * *

CHAPTER II.

'Tis night in a boarding-school. The doors of many small rooms open on the dreary hall, and the glimmering light through the key-holes tells of the fair students within. One is partly open, and through it we see two young girls standing near a toilet: one is drawing a comb through a mass of rich brown curls, which stray in playful wantonness about her snowy shoulders. The other is rummaging amid the elegant trifles which decorate the table.

"Alice," she began, "many, many times have I seen this beautiful little glove among trumpery, and often thought I'd beg of you its history, but always forgot it. Tell me now whose hand it once imprisoned."

"Mine, Kate, mine. When a little child of eight years old I lost the fellow, and put this one away until I should find it. Years have rolled away; but it speaks so eloquently of a happy May-day I then enjoyed, that I have never been able to part with it, and still treasure it as an index to the bright scenes of the past."

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN I beg the reader to pass over two years—short to you who possess health and plenty, long to those in disease and want—and come with me to the heights of the Alleghanies, crowded with stately trees all covered with snow and ice, with here and there thick clambering evergreens, looking all the richer for their bright unsullied winter caps. Slowly and laboriously do the wheels of a heavy traveling carriage wind along the rugged ascent, while the heaving flanks and dilated nostrils of the noble steeds bear witness to the toilsome pathway. Muffled in cloaks and furs, we scarcely recognize, in the inmates of the coach, our two school-girls, lately emancipated from their narrow cell and the thralldom of school-laws. We would willingly linger to admire with them the grandeur and sublimity of these props of heaven; but we will not attempt a description of that which was among the mightiest works of Him, the Almighty; so we pass over the perilous and impressive journey, nor pause until, again in her own village, again on the steps of her dearly loved home, Alice Clayton is pressed to her mother's bosom.

Now under her father's roof, she has become the glad child again. We see her first with her companion, Kate Earle, wandering about the spacious drawing-rooms, now tastefully arranging the folds of the heavy satin curtains, or decorating the tables with rich bouquets; then trying the full, clear tones of the piano; and at last, taking a delighted survey of the whole, she trips away into the long dining-hall, contemplates a moment the iced pyramids, foamy floats, transparent jellies, &c., then, arm in arm, they seek their chamber, and are soon busily engaged in the witching duties of the toilet.

Night hurries on, and the cold moon looks calmly down the quiet village: but soon, no longer silent, we hear quickened foot-falls, rolling carriages, the hum of busy tongues, and occasionally a silvery laugh floats out upon the cool night air. Before the stately, and now brilliantly-lighted, mansion of Mr. Clayton they pause, ascend the steps, and are lost to view. But we will enter and look upon the happy throng assembled here to welcome back their former playmate, sweet Alice Clayton. Ah, how tenderly she greets them! Now do her soft eyes light up and flash with intense joy as she receives her numberless guests with unaffected grace, presenting many to her visitor, Kate Earle. The music and the dance begin, youth and beauty eagerly join the circle, while the older ones retire to the whist-tables, none marking the speedy flight of the rosy hours. Some are there, strangers to the fair idol of the brilliant concourse: one of these, a youth of striking mien and unusual elegance, is now seeking a presentation from her father. With a good-humored smile, he bows assent, and together they seek our heroine.

"Come, Alice dear, make your prettiest bow to my young friend, Percy Clifford." Then, in a mock whisper, he added, "Guard well your heart," and left her, smiling maliciously at the painful blushes which his remark had summoned to her cheeks.

However, the low, easy tones of Clifford's voice soon reassured her, and a half hour glided away so pleasantly that her father's warning was forgotten, or, if remembered, but too late. I don't mean to say that Alice really gave her heart away before the asking; but that night when she and Kate were repeating the sayings and doings of their late guests, Percy Clifford's name was oftener on her lip, and when, with arms entwined, they slept the sleep of

innocence, Percy Clifford's musical voice and captivating smile alone hovered round her pillow.

CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN and again they met; already had the finely-modeled features of Alice Clayton gained an indescribable charm from the warm feelings of her pure, ardent heart, which sprang up irresistibly to the surface. No wonder that Percy Clifford yielded to the idolatrous affection which grew and strengthened in his bosom for the fair girl. No wonder that his passion knew no restraint when he pressed his lips on her innocent brow, and drew in his clasp Alice, his betrothed.

* * * * *

"My sweet Alice!—my 'little Alice;' for so I love to call you. The dear name recalls the little brown-haired beauty who sat upon the bank weaving into garlands the bright flowers, none half so lovely as herself, while from the depths of her gentle heart gushed out a song as witching and melodious as the carolings of all the feathered tribe. Then, a boy, did I first gaze enraptured on your infantile beauty; then did my heart uncloset to the lovely vision which it has since treasured through years and absence, joy and sorrow. My father always granted my request to prosecute my studies at his country seat near A., and, unknown, unnoticed, I followed you through girlhood, and experienced my first pang when you left me for the distant seminary.

"None can tell the overwhelming sorrow, the keen agony which succeeded your absence; my only solace was to seek the streamlet and mingle my boyish tears with its limpid waters. Again I met you; and I have since wondered how I could so well act the stranger—how I could speak so calmly when my heart was bursting. Soon all doubts and fears were banished—*you loved me!* I saw it in the tearful eye, the flickering cheek. And now, Alice, dearest one, *you are mine!* With this, you see this little glove. It will tell you how you have *always* reigned, as now, in the heart of Percy Clifford."

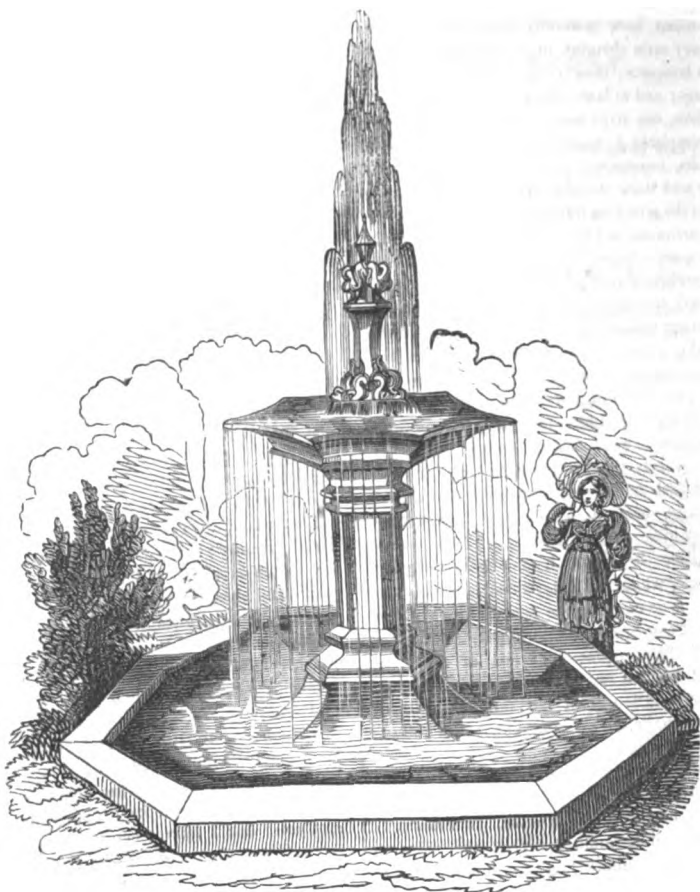
And how can I describe *her* joy as, half laughing, half crying, she kissed again and again the little wanderer, and how that night she placed it *mated* in his hand, emblem of themselves?

SONNET.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

THE god of day hath laid ambition by,
And closely pressing to the fair west's side,
As ardent bridegroom to a beauteous bride,
Rests on her blushing cheek his lustrous eye.
List to the melody that floats adown
The aisles of yonder greenwood orchestra!
I fancy Nature's harp-strings lead the play,

Coveting for their mistress fresh renown.
And amorous zephyr, lo! with skillful touch,
Her music pages turns; the while he toys
With her vast wealth of fragrance. Naught alloys
The peace which seems to copy heaven o'ermuch;
Chaining the raptured spirit all too strongly here—
Teaching it to forget the higher, holier sphere.



GARDEN ORNAMENTS.

IN the present number of the *Lady's Book*, we give a style of fountains somewhat different from that given in our last.

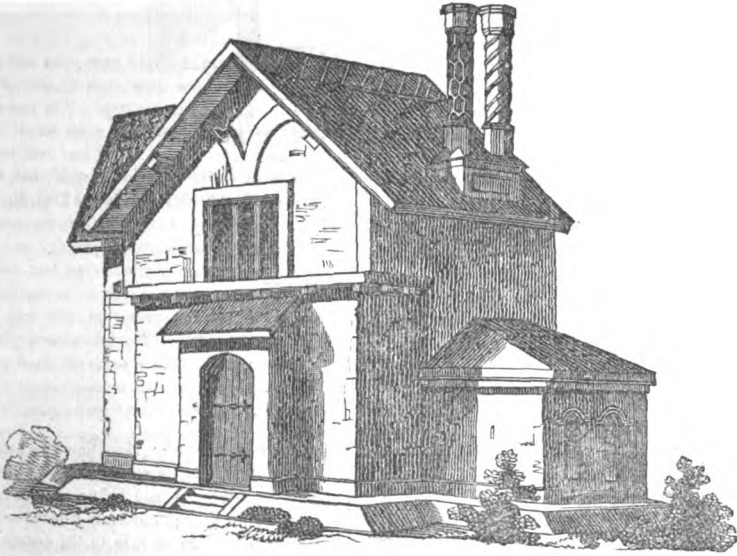
Should the house be in a style suitable, a drooping fountain, like that shown in the engraving, may be used; and the central part may be altered to suit a Gothic or an Elizabethan house.

Whatever pattern may be adopted, there are certain rules to be attended to in the construction of all fountains, in order to make them play. A fountain may be formed wherever there is either a natural or artificial supply of water some feet higher than the level of the surface on which the fountain is to be placed. This supply of water is called the head, and its height varies according to circumstances. Where a drooping fountain is to be adopted, the head need be very little higher than the joint from which the water is expected to issue; but where the fountain

is to form a jet, the head must be six inches, a foot, or more, higher than the height to which the jet is expected to rise; the height required varying according to the diameter of the jet. When the jet is small, say about the eighth of an inch in diameter, the height of the head above that to which the jet of water is expected to rise need not be above six or eight inches.

In the mountainous parts of the country, ornamental fountains may be constructed with very little trouble or expense. The water which flows from springs in hill-sides may be made to form the head. It may be conducted to the fountain through leaden or earthen pipes, or pipes made of any material that is perfectly water-tight. If these pipes be extended to the door of the dwelling, excellent water may be at all times available—thus answering the double purpose of ornament and use.

MODEL COTTAGE.

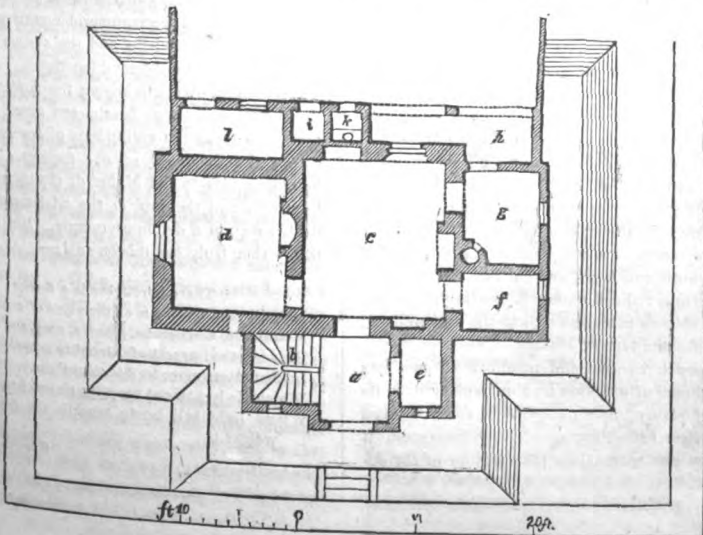


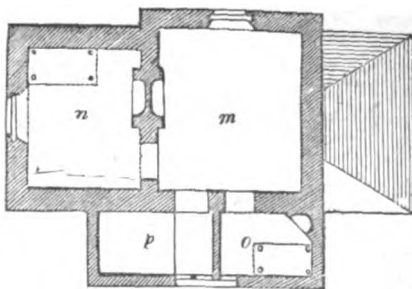
A Dwelling of two stories.

This cottage contains, on the ground floor, an entrance lobby, *a*; staircase, *b*; kitchen, *c*; parlor, *d*; tool-house, *e*; pantry and dairy, *f*; back-kitchen, *g*; wood-shed, *h*; dust-hole, *i*; water-closet, *k*; and cow-house, with brew-house oven, *l*.

The cow-house is connected with a court-yard which contains a shed for hay and straw, piggeries, with a manure-well connected with the water-closet. The platform, on three sides of this dwelling, forms a handsome walk, from which there is a door into the court-yard.

The bed-room floor contains a best bed-room, *m*;





a second bed-room, *n*; a third bed-room, *o*; and a stair, *p*.

General Estimate.—14,904 cubic feet, at 10 cents per foot, \$1,490 40; at 5 cents, \$745 20.

FLOWERS.

BY G. H. CRANMER.

WHAT a volume of thought and feeling is contained in the simple flower! As the lightnings which flash along the firmament of heaven, or the thunders which startle the silence of eternity, are typical of His anger and might—so are the beauty and simplicity of a flower typical of His purity and mercy.

A flower is no insignificant object. It is fraught with many a deep though mute lesson of wisdom. It teaches us that even itself, the brightest ornament of the vegetable world, must fade away and die—and the life which we prize so highly may be seen, as in a mirror, through its different changes.

The withered leaflet is like unto a crushed and broken heart. Its fading loveliness is like the approach of age as it throws its mantle of wrinkled care over the form of some lovely specimen of humanity. Its sweet fragrance is like the joys and pleasures of our breasts ere they have been contaminated by the rude touches of the world.

The dew-drop which, at morning's dawn, rests upon the half-opened bud, is like the tear which dims the infant's speaking eye when his childish glee has been reproved by the voice of affection.

A flower represents mankind in the changes of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. The young bud is infancy; the bursting flower is youth; the flower full blown is manhood; and the withered and falling leaf is the type of old age.

Its uses are various and manifold. Sometimes the promptings of affection lead us to place it, in its purity and beauty, over the tomb of some beloved friend, where, shedding around its fragrance, it steals upon our senses like the memory of the de-

parted being beneath. Sometimes the hand of pride will pluck it from its stem, to deck the hair of the blooming bride, or add by its odor to the festive scene. And not unfrequently it is the mute bearer of some fond tale of love to the ecstatic sense of her whose heart and feelings are at length justified, by its sweet language, in the thoughts they so long have harbored. It soothes the cares of the troubled soul, and alleviates the pangs of sorrow. It wins upon us by its modest though blooming appearance, and its gentle influence steals into our bosoms and softens our natures.

Study the flowers, and behold the wisdom, the goodness, and mercy of the Almighty. Anatomize them, and behold the innumerable parts which form and make up the whole, and the system and order with which they are joined together.

Refinement dwelleth among the flowers. There the affections of our hearts are given license to rove, and there the enthusiasm of our nature overcomes the diffidence of our feelings. Voluntary homage arises to the Maker of objects so fair and beautiful, and the soul in the contemplation sighs itself away in a delicious reverie. Not less beautifully than truly has it been said:—

"There is religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience.
Mountains, and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible than those
Which He has traced upon the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's
weight."

Wheeler, Va.

GOOD FOR EVIL

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

(Concluded from page 256.)

THEIR new home was a little bijou of a cottage, and Cora went to work with a light heart. The furniture was of the very plainest kind; but about the little rooms there was an air of comfort and refinement that told of a woman's careful hand. Here and there hung pictures of her own painting. In each apartment were one or two shelves, neatly stained and varnished, on which were placed a few choice books. On the top stood the nicely-trimmed lamp—thus making feminine ingenuity serve the double purpose of library and bracket. The little octagon work-table, in one corner, held a porcelain vase, daily ornamented with fresh flowers, for in the sunny South the flowers bloom perpetually; and the white counterpane on the small French bedstead in Cora's "spare room," tempted one to long for an invitation from her sweet self to occupy it. How proud and happy her husband felt as together they took their first regular meal after the confusion was over, and Cora's housekeeping began in good earnest!

A few weeks afterwards, she received a box containing her mother's old-fashioned but costly set of China—and her tears fell fast and thick as she looked once more on the well-known cups her childish lips had so often pressed. No gift could have been so precious in her eyes, and she kissed the souvenir of her early days with reverence. Many little trifles had the good mother added to the welcome present—trifles that Cora could not buy, because she could not afford it; and her heart yearned towards her only parent, as she uncovered one after another of the home treasures. An antique-looking silver coffee-pot, with cream-jug and sugar-bowl, made Cora's little table look like the most *recherché* in the land. Had Laura seen it, she would have cried with spite; for, now that she had driven her sister-in-law from the house, the remembrance of her own cruelty and injustice made her hatred more bitter still. She had but one wish, and that was to see her brother and his innocent wife in actual want!

Even in the street poor Cora was not safe from her violent rage. If by chance they met, Laura's eye would flash, her cheeks grow pale, her lips quiver, and she would pass, followed by Clara and Fanny, with a look of scorn and gesture of defiance, which they would endeavor to imitate as closely as they could, as a token of respect to their now wealthy sister. Their father had long repented of his unkindness, but his weak mind bent to that of Laura; and so they were as strangers—they who should have been as closely united as God had made

them! To Lewis they made professions that disgusted him; but, at Cora's request, he still paid Mr. Clavering the respect of calling occasionally. It was an unhappy state of things indeed; but heartless, worldly people have no ties, and easily sever the closest, should they bind inconveniently; so it cost Laura and her sisters neither pang nor remorse to outrage a brother's feelings. Margaret yearned towards Cora, and, as often as she saw her, expressed the same unchanging affection, but dared not openly avow her regret at her absence.

One day, as Cora sat in her room plying her needle, she heard some one enter the back gate. In a moment Maggie was in her arms, weeping and laughing by turns. She had stolen away, and came to spend the whole day.

"Darling Maggie!" said Cora, kissing her again and again, "how kind of you to come! Lewis will be so happy, too!"

"Ah, Cora!" replied Margaret, untying her bonnet, "if you knew what a time I had to get here! We were all invited out to dinner; I positively refused to go—having laid my plans for you, sweetest! Laura was so ill-humored, and the others so intent upon themselves, that they did not remark my eagerness to remain. But they insisted on my going, until I suggested that the carriage would not hold us all, large as it is, and so they drove off to Rivertown in grand style, leaving me at length alone. I danced with joy! I almost screamed. But I kept quiet enough till I knew they were not going to return for some odd glove, a handkerchief, or Fanny's eternal powder bag, and then started off."

"This shall be a *jour de fête*, then, my own Margaret; and I will put up this work to show you my sweet little home. Oh, Maggie!" continued Cora, clasping her hands, "were it not for the indifference of your father and sisters to my poor Lewis, I would be the happiest woman on the wide earth. He deserves so much affection, for he has given his own so earnestly."

A few tears fell from her eyes, but she brushed them away and smiled again. Margaret sighed, but was silent. This was a subject upon which she never conversed, from her decided disapprobation of the course adopted towards two beings so dearly loved. She remembered, with bitterness and trembling, the thirty-sixth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Matthew: "For a man's enemies shall be they of his own household," and pondered deeply over the means of reconciliation. But to-day she had determined to be happy, and Cora was delighted

at her open admiration of their little *ménage*. The China and silver particularly charmed her—first, with their beauty; and secondly, with the air of luxury they gave her brother's modest table. They were, moreover, articles of real value that were Cora's, no matter what the contingency; and Margaret's gentle heart rejoiced at what she termed "their first piece of luck."

How these two chatted! How they valued each moment of the time allowed them! Maggie drew out her thumb and insisted upon being employed, and the hours flew lightly over their heads until noon, when Lewis entered.

"Maggie!" he cried, as she flew out from behind the door where she had concealed herself. "This is indeed a pleasure."

This affectionate greeting made her burst into tears; and she held her head, for a few moments, against his breast.

"How kind of you, dear sister, to brave all, and come to us at last! I wish it were for ever; but we are such ungrateful mortals that we never rest satisfied with present blessings. You have been happy to-day, darling," continued Lewis, as Cora entered. "I can tell that by looking at you."

"Ay, Lewis, as merry as a cricket ever since Maggie came before me, like a good angel, this morning. Do get the girls to go out and spend the day again, my own pet sister, and glean on Lewis and me before we begin to pine again for one of your soft kisses."

"I wish you could put me in a cage, like a stray bird," said Margaret, with a smile of love. "I think I should like a jailer like Cora, and be content to stay captive for ever."

But, alas! dinner was over, and they had only the afternoon left them. Maggie remained until it was nearly dusk, that she might get an early cup of tea from Cora's pretty China; then, with Lewis and his wife at her side, sauntered slowly home. The tears sprang into her eyes as she bade them adieu, and she had just rung the bell when the carriage containing her sisters drove up the street. Fortunately, it was too dark for them to recognize her companions, and she succeeded in getting rid of her bonnet and mantle before they had managed to get out, as Laura insisted upon being carried in the parlor by poor Mr. Phillips, because he had taken, at dinner, a little more wine than was positively good for him. But he succeeded, in despite of occasional glimpses of two wives, four sisters-in-law, and two Mr. Claverings. Laura was placed on a sofa, where she lay until after the tea tray was carried out, and then, calling her husband once more, desired to be taken to her room.

Fanny and Clara sat discussing the dinner, the furniture, and the guests, and both seemed rather out of spirits. The old gentleman walked up and down the piazza, thinking deeply, and Margaret alone looked fresh and happy.

"Who was there, Fanny?" asked she, at length.

"Oh, a stupid set! Excepting ourselves and Mr.

and Mrs. Denton, there was not a decent creature there. Nearly all married people and old bachelors. I declare, I have no patience with such incongruous assemblies!"

"There was Mrs. Hildreth's brother! He is quite a beau, I'm sure; and Clara expressed unbounded admiration of his mustaches and whiskers, a few days since."

"Yes, he was there, and is certainly a very unexceptionable young man. But what is the use of one beau among four girls? The two Clays were there, looking as forlorn as Shakspeare's nightingale; and Clara monopolized Henry Bell, as though he belonged to her."

"Certainly I did," said Clara; "and so would you, if he had given you the chance. Did you ever see such a dress as Betty Clay had on? She looked like a buckwheat cake in it."

"And Mrs. Stetson's hair, Clara? Did you notice it? Screwed up behind into an almost invisible little *catogan*, and put over her ears so tight that she looked as if she had been in the pillory and came out with her ears off!"

"Was the dinner in good style?" again inquired Maggie.

"Yes, but too elaborate. Those people that have not always been upper tens think it necessary to crowd their tables, and ruin one's digestive organs. I declare, I thought I should swoon when that last course came in. I was actually crammed with dinner, and looked forward to dessert with a hope of relief!"

"And those two Charlotte Russes! As if one were not enough, with all that ice-cream and jelly! Mrs. Hildreth said, at least half a dozen times, how careful Soufflée was about having sweet cream, in spite of the scarcity and expense. The idea of hinting to guests the cost of their entertainment! These *parvenu* people are too absurd. I wish they would learn *bien-séance* before they rise."

"So you had a dull day?" said Margaret, thinking of hers.

"Not precisely dull, but tedious. Laura does torment poor Phillips so, that it makes us uncomfortable; and when people have to 'smile and smile,' as we do, to gloss it over, it seems like that intense desire to gap in stupid company, and the struggle to look as though you merely meant to show how very wide awake you were. I do wish Laura would confine her rudeness to ourselves; but no one ever dared tell her so but Lewis, and he will never trouble himself to do it again."

"I wonder what he is doing now!" said Fanny. "I declare, I almost forgot his existence. And that horrid woman, too! She had better do something for herself, before she causes her husband to beg!"

"Depend upon it, Fanny, neither Lewis nor Cora would do that."

"Oh! you are their sworn champion, Margaret, we all know. But you cannot do them any good, child—be sure of it. I wish she would go home, or make Lewis mad, so that he could send her there."

"Fanny!" cried Margaret, shocked, "how unfeeling!"

"Pshaw! Did she not rob us of Lewis? Papa is poorer than ever; and we go about dressed in shabby clothes, through her fault. Lewis used to pay all our little bills, and now —."

"And now," interrupted Margaret, "instead of remembering his generosity with gratitude, you abuse him for trying to be happy according to his own ideas. You almost get on your knees to Laura if she but gives you a cast-off ribbon. Be as full of deference to Lewis for past favors."

"We are obliged to curry favor with Laura," said Clara, lowering her voice. "She has us all pretty much under her control since she promised to live with us after her marriage."

"Excuse me," said Maggie, "but I am not by any means under Laura's dominion. She makes me no presents, and I make her no protestations. I am civil to Mr. Phillips, however—and that is more than you are, Clara."

"I am afraid," said she, laughing, "Laura is so *entichée* of her love that she does not like us to pay him attention. Cora won her eternal hatred by speaking gently to him."

"How she must abuse us now!" exclaimed Fanny, after a pause. "I expect Lewis is tired of our very names. She was always a vulgar thing, any how."

"Vulgar!" cried Margaret. "You go rather too far, my dear sister. Cora is as far from being vulgar as your own particular self—and you are not sincere when you say so. Moreover, I believe she mentions our family as seldom as possible. I wish that she could forget us, I am sure—for she was brutally treated."

"Do hush, Maggie; here is papa, and you have half persuaded him to think as you do. He seems actually conscience-stricken about Lewis's leaving home. I would not be surprised to find him visiting Cora after a while."

"Where do they live, I wonder?" asked Fanny. "Laura will never let papa know, if she can help it; and they might go to Kamschatka before we would discover it."

"Come, girls, go to your rooms," said Mr. Clavering, entering. "You talk too much, and too lightly. Go to bed, and sleep if you can. It is more than I have been able to do since you sent my poor boy from his father's house."

The next morning at breakfast Laura seemed a little more amiable, and began discussing plans for the summer excursions. Spring had set in, and many were changing town homes for country ones.

"I vote for Dingleford," said Phillips, with a sudden burst of valor.

"You!" said his wife, with a look of scorn—"you!"

Mr. Phillips retired into himself, like Mr. Jenks of *Pickwickian* memory, that being the only retirement he was allowed; and Laura went on without further notice.

"We will to Brooksford. The girls can come; for I will pay Clara's expenses, and papa can easily do the rest. I heard the Martins, the Hildreths, and the Fentons say they were going."

"Thank you for my share," said Margaret. "I stay at home; your fashionable friends are my aversion."

"You are so foolish, Maggie! You will never marry in the world."

"*Tant mieux*, I have no ambition to become *madame*. My tastes are very simple, indeed. 'Liberty for me' is my motto."

And it was arranged that Fanny and Clara should accompany Laura to Brooksford to meet their friends, leaving Margaret and her father at home to brave dust, heat, and musketoes as they could.

The old gentleman went to his counting-room to sit and think; Maggie applied herself to some household occupation; Laura retired to her chamber to fret like a peevish child; and Fanny and Clara prepared themselves to go down to the front parlor to receive morning calls.

The bell rang, and the visits began. The consequence of each was easily determined by the reception of the hostess, whose smiles were dispensed more freely to some than to others. Mrs. Markham seemed determined to outstay them all, and, being one of the "ultras," was encouraged to do so. The dinner was once more discussed, as she had been one of the invited, and Clara once more voted it a bore.

"I expected as much when I sent my refusal," said Mrs. Markham. "I hate dinners; they are always dull and stupid. How can it be otherwise when people meet expressly to eat?"

"And Mrs. Hildreth's piano is such an old kettle, too! I felt it almost an insult to be asked to play on it."

"Yes; with such a sweet voice as yours, Clara, you ought to have a perfect instrument. But where is Mrs. Clavering? She seems to have withdrawn herself entirely from the world; we never see her now."

"She is not here," said Clara, coldly. "She does not live with us."

"No! Where is she then?" inquired Mrs. Markham, with more interest than Clara liked. "She is a lovely creature. George fell quite in love with her."

The girls seemed embarrassed; but Fanny's amiable expression advanced to the rescue—

"The fact is, dear Mrs. Markham, we were somewhat disappointed in Lewis's wife. She is very beautiful and accomplished, and, I dare say, means well—in fact, I'm sure that her heart is very good, and all that; but she hurt poor Laura's feelings so dreadfully one day that we really had to notice it in spite of our love for Lewis. It almost breaks my heart to think of it; but Cora was so violent after Laura once advised her, in a mild, sisterly way, to be more economical (she *was* extravagant), that we felt it our duty to rise against it; and

she left the house in great displeasure, making poor Lewis believe, of course, what she liked. I *don't* think she meant it," continued Fanny; "but it *seemed* unkind. I do not think she intended to be"—

"Then why did you notice it?" asked Mrs. Markham, abruptly. "I would have found what palliation I could to prevent such a break up of ties."

This was something of a poser, and the two sisters exchanged glances; but Fanny once more exerted her soft tones in behalf of "poor Laura."

"You know we could not hesitate between our own sister and Mrs. Clavering. We could not have her insulted by a stranger, however ignorant she may be of intentional wrong."

"But your brother is—your brother, is he not?"

Here Laura entered, and the conversation was stopped, to the infinite relief of Fanny and Clara, who began to see that there was really nothing to boast of in their treatment of Cora. The truth was, Mrs. Markham had been on the opposite side of the street when they one morning brushed against their sister-in-law with their usual impertinence, and, amused at the scene, she tried to find out the cause of it. On her return home, after her endeavors, she related what she knew to her brother, and made her comments.

"Really, George, the idea of trying to persuade people that Cora Clavering is a monster is, beyond everything, absurd; as if everybody didn't see how *unwelcome* the poor thing was, how shabbily they served her, and how they tried to hide her when she came among them. Why, they never invited a soul to meet her as a bride; and when I asked for her the day I called, you would have thought I mentioned a troublesome animal."

"She is too pretty, Helen," said her brother. "That Mrs. Phillips is a perfect tartar, and her sisters have no heart for anything but show. They would sell their father for their love of fashion."

"All but Margaret, George."

"All but Margaret; and she is as far above them as heaven is above earth. She must have had some other 'bringing up' than theirs. I would swear that *she* never ill treated Mrs. Clavering."

"Not she! Maggie loves her devotedly."

"Then that is sufficient proof to me of her perfect innocence and their own falsehood. Mark that, Helen, Margaret's love proves that Mrs. Clavering is worthy of kind and gentle treatment."

* * * * *

One day Cora looked through the blind and saw her father-in-law before the gate. He looked wistfully in, and stood for a few moments with his hand on the latch. She would have gone out to meet him; but, remembering their parting, felt reluctant to expose herself to farther insult. But her heart yearned towards the poor old man, as she looked at his bent form and face of care. He *was* her husband's father, and as such excited her sympathy. On Lewis's return, she mentioned the circumstance to him.

"I wish he had seen you, dearest; he is sorry for

the past, and doubtless wished to come in, but dared not. He and Maggie are alone at the house. I met her to-day, and she told me she was coming soon to see you."

Dear Maggie! She came soon, and announced her approaching marriage with Mrs. Markham's brother, George Seymour. She, whose motto was "Liberty for me!"

"But, you see, Cora, I could not resist George; and all this time I have loved him without being certain how it would terminate. I want to be married in church; so does he; and you and Lewis will come and sit near me. Laura and the girls are coming home for a week, and I want to persuade papa to return with them. He will be so lonely without me! We leave an hour or two after the ceremony."

"And when will you be back?" asked Cora, as the tears fell from her eyes. "How I shall miss you, darling!"

"We are going North to see George's mother, and, of course, will not be back before the fall. You will write constantly, Cora?"

"Of course I shall; it will be one of my pleasures to do so. May you be happy, dear Margaret—God knows you deserve it! Lewis and I will both be at church, dearest, with hearts full of love for you and your future husband."

Margaret blushed, and, kissing her, tripped away with a light heart.

A few days after, she was in church to have her destiny for ever changed. The long bridal veil concealed her sweet face, but her low, distinct tones reached the brother and sister, sending a prayer into the heart of each for that young thing's future.

It was over—Margaret's vows were spoken; her husband led her from the altar with a look of pride, and friends pressed forward to congratulate her. Tenderly met she the warm embrace of the two that loved her so well, and her last words to Cora were a low whisper—

"Take care of my father!"

The others passed their brother's wife unheeded, though they spoke to him a few words. They had ceased to care for him, and he was no more than an acquaintance.

The carriages whirled away, and the bride left her home to learn another's ways and habits. Laura returned to Brooksford with her sisters. They could not remain at home; nor would their father go with them. He tired of the world, and felt how little they cared for his comfort.

Soon he fell ill, and sent for Lewis. Cora was alone when the message came, and flew to see him. She was shocked at the change, and insisted upon removing him to her own home. Once in that dear little room, he seemed better, and, when Lewis came in, fell asleep clasping his hand. Kindly watched Cora by the old man, soothing him, reading to him, and attending to his every want. He seemed so grateful, and would follow her light form with his eyes until the tears flowed from them. But he

gained no strength; the doctor shook his head and thought this a bad symptom. He could not "minister to a mind diseased," and the cares of business had shattered that weak spirit. Lewis wrote to his sisters; but they thought he was only too easily alarmed, and wrote in return for further tidings. Their letter came when their father lay speechless in a state of paralysis.

Fanny arrived in haste. Mr. Clavering knew her; but his look turned from her to Cora, who held out her hand to her sister with an expression of earnest sympathy. Fanny saw it, and burst into tears. Lewis led her from the room, and an hysterical fit was the consequence. Her screams reached the old man's ear, for he looked troubled; but Cora signed to the servant to close the door, while she sat down beside him, trying to soothe him into sleep. He soon fell into a quiet slumber, and she then went to Fanny's assistance.

Her quiet but efficient help succeeded in calming her, and together the three watched all night by their father's bed. He looked so pleased as he opened his eyes and saw them together. Cora bent down and kissed him, as she read his look, and once more held out her hand to Fanny. He signed for her to come nearer. She knelt at his side, and laid her young, sweet cheek to his, and once more he closed his eyes. Towards morning he grew weaker, and a few hours after he had gently breathed his last, Laura, her husband, and Clara arrived.

Their grief was loud and violent, and painful to witness. If any feeling of remorse visited their hearts, none knew it, for no reproach escaped their lips. Fanny alone seemed stricken, and turned to Cora for comfort.

Mr. Clavering was buried by the side of his wife. His children followed him to the grave; but in all that crowd not one mourned him as Cora did. She loved the poor old man that clung to her so like a child; and as she looked at Lewis and beheld his manly grief, she grieved anew over their short separation.

The most becoming mourning was chosen, and the most fashionable bombazine bonnets ordered. Laura and Clara hated black, and thought it a dreadful thing to wear such an uncomfortable dress in the summer. But custom was not to be braved, and they all appeared at church the Sunday after, looking very proper, having asked Cora into their pew. There was no longer an excuse for refusing to speak to her, and they had requested her to appear with them in public once more, thinking, perhaps, that the world would expect it—the world, with its countless eyes, ears, and tongues!

Poor Margaret! Sorrow came soon to disturb her newly-found bliss, and she returned earlier than she had intended, to weep over her father's grave. Her pale face bore witness to her suffering, and Seymour's tenderness alone called her from her indulgence of her grief. How she blessed Cora for her care of her father! How she loved her for her forgiving spirit!

VOL. XLVII.—27

She saw her now almost daily, for they lived so near; and Cora had this one cause for thankfulness as troubles gathered around her little fireside. Lewis had striven with superhuman strength to increase his slender capital, but in vain. Cora, whose stout heart never failed her, retrenched here and there, deprived herself almost of the necessities of life to try and stay the storm. When her husband remained at the office instead of returning to tea, Cora's evening meal was a slice of dry bread with a cup of weak Bohea. For him she prepared some dish set by from dinner, which she had seen him relish.

Turning down the lamp that the oil might not waste, she would sit wondering how she could help her darling Lewis. She knew how much he would object to have her apply to her mother, and, hating to grieve that tender parent's heart, she wrote cheerfully and hopefully when her heart was weighed down by anxiety. Lewis was growing thin, his buoyant spirit was gone, and she wept over that, indeed. Maggie dreamed not of the cause, but she, too, remarked the change in both, and felt doubly uneasy about these two so dear to her. She questioned Cora closely; but Cora was a sealed book this time. Lewis was peculiarly sensitive upon the subject of his poverty, and could not bear the thoughts of the triumph it would occasion Laura when she knew that his wife was really in distress. Slowly, but alas too surely, the little sum diminished, and Cora would soon lose her dignity of banker. She opened the drawer and counted the remainder with a deep sigh, and began to feel how terrible it was to be poor. Not that she repined for herself—oh no!—but the idea of her husband's wan face was like a dagger in her heart. She looked around her; there was nothing within her modest dwelling that could be parted with, nothing but her mother's gift, and she knew that Lewis would not hear of that. In a few days, she would be forced to tell him that the drawer was empty, and not a cent left to provide for even their scanty wants. She buried her face in her hands.

She did not see the servant enter, and Nora stood some time at the door watching her with a look of sympathy, for she knew a portion of her mistress's sorrow, and felt it, too.

"Won't I put on some more coal, Mrs. Clavering?" at length she asked.

Cora looked up; the fire was quite out, and it was a cold night, but she had not heeded it.

"Never mind, Nora; my husband will soon be home now, and it would be useless. You know he never sits up long after he returns."

"But it is a cold, wet night, ma'am, and Mr. Lewis will want to dry his clothes," persisted Nora.

"Is it a wet night, Nora?"

"Lord bless you, Mrs. Clavering, it has been pouring down rain for an hour past!" and she ran back to the coal house, returning in a second with the scuttle. "You see, ma'am," continued Nora as she lighted the fire and the cheerful light filled the room, "you thinks too much. I've been here

half a dozen times to-night, and seen you a ponderin' on sad things. It won't do, ma'am; thinking don't fatten folks."

Cora smiled, and Nora went on. She was privileged, for she had been a servant in old Mrs. Clavering's family, and at her instance came to live with Cora when her household cares began.

"You see, Miss Cora"—(Nora never said Mrs. Clavering more than once or twice)—"I know what ails you, and you ought not to take on about it so. The darkest hour 's before the dawn, and *your* dawn an't come yet."

"I wish it were, Nora," said Cora, smiling again. "But there is a hope, at all events, for worse than I am. You say that you know why I am sad, Nora, and I am sure that you feel for one whom you have served so long. Now, is there nothing I can do to help Mr. Clavering that you know of? Nothing that will enable me to keep *you*? for, as things are now, there is no use in concealing that I could no longer afford to employ a servant, were there no brighter prospect."

"Takes two to make a bargain, Miss Cora, and you couldn't send me off if I didn't choose to go," said Nora, stoutly. "It 's a hard thing to see you work, but I s'pose it's got to be. Would you sew, ma'am? I'm sure I could get plenty of that."

"Certainly I would, gladly I would," said Cora, eagerly. "So keep your word, Nora, and bring me something to do as soon as you can. You know how nicely I can do *fine* work."

But Nora was crying, and went out of the room. Her pride for "the Claverings" was sadly humbled, and her "poor Miss Cora too unhappy!" She kept her promise, however; and long after the portfeuille lay useless in the drawer, Cora's busy fingers earned wherewith to supply the every-day wants of the house. What mattered it if her bonnet grew rusty and her gloves were mended? She was always pretty and neat, and had always that sweet fresh color that a consciousness of right sent to her cheek. The same glad smile ever welcomed her husband, the same rich, clear voice sang the touching songs he loved, and he seemed to catch a portion of her undying spirit.

He returned home one evening earlier than usual, and going up to Cora, threw something into her lap.

"That is for the bank, my singing-bird: it is a long time since I made a deposit, is it not? Oh, Cora!" and Lewis's deep voice faltered as he said it—"oh, Cora, if you knew how I dreaded to have you tell me that it was all gone, when I had no more to give! What hours of misery I have endured, my darling, since I came so near actual want! And you, my noble-hearted wife, how bravely you gazed at the coming clouds—how firmly you awaited the storm!"

"And has the storm ceased, Lewis?—is the sunshine returning?"

"There is a glimpse of it shining through the crevice, Cora, and I dare hope for better times, even with no prospects. I feared this, dearest, when my

poor father sent me on the wide world with the slender sum I placed in your hands. It must be all gone now; is not your drawer empty? for, with your strict economy, it has lasted beyond my expectations."

Cora smiled, and brought a little chair to sit beside him. Fondly he stroked her shining hair as she leaned her head against him, and all sense of sorrow left his breast as this, his treasure, was so near. Holding one little hand, he watched the arch smile upon those beautiful lips.

"Tell me, rose-bud, how is your bank now? Have you not also dreaded to mention its emptiness to your gloomy husband?"

"I have, indeed, Lewis; but there is something yet in the drawer, and I shall not touch your present supply for a while, as I do not need it."

"You do not need it, Cora! Surely, dearest, you must have used all that I gave you at first; it was not even sufficient for our wants till now; for I have often wondered at your ingenuity in providing as you have. You have not parted with anything you valued, Cora?"

She shook her head—

"Not at all. Do you miss any of my pet china, my silver, or my cherished books?" asked she, laughingly.

"Then how is it, Cora, that you have managed so well?"

"Oh, I was blessed by the fairies at my birth, and am a successful mesmerizer, too. I have the power of making you see more than is before you."

"Let me see your account book, then, queen of spirits. I had no idea that I had married a banshee. Where is your book?"

"I keep my own accounts, Mr. Lewis, so please you. This is a liberty I will not allow." And Cora ran to her drawer and turned the key, thus preventing the discovery of her labor of love.

But she confined herself too closely, and it was not long before her face began to grow pale and her temples throb through the night. Lewis was alarmed, and sent a physician. He prescribed exercise, country air, and quiet; three luxuries of which poor Cora had been deprived for months, and Lewis was more wretched than ever.

In the morning early, before Cora had risen, Nora went to him and told all. Her young lady should not work herself to death; hiding it from Mr. Lewis was a sin, and so she made bold to betray her. Lewis bowed his head and wept; she had, indeed, been firm in adversity; she had, indeed, been true to her word, and kept a stout heart. How he loved her! how willingly he could have knelt before her! The scene that passed between them I could not think of describing; it must be imagined by the kind-hearted reader, by the sacrificing wife, and the grateful, devoted husband. One load was taken from the mind of Lewis, the absence of local disease in his cherished one, and he thankfully turned his thoughts to the Great Source of all his joys, blessing him for the trials he sent that he might be purified.

Poor as he was, destitute of expectation as he felt himself to be, he left home with a light heart. His gem, his bright, beautiful Cora was not threatened with a loss of health. She had promised to rest, and now she would find her roses once more.

During all this time, Margaret had watched her brother and sister with intense anxiety, and, suspecting the cause of their altered looks, set her little head to work to find out more. On a visit to Laura, she mentioned Lewis and his appearance of delicate health. Cora's name she never breathed before her hard-hearted persecutor.

"Oh, they are so poor; no wonder!" cried she, with a look of scorn. "I suppose they are starving. I wonder they are not begging."

"God forbid!" said Margaret, earnestly. "Have you heard anything?"

"Yes; Phillips told me Lewis did not make a cent, and wondered how they had lived till now. The other evening, Mr. Layton was here and asked me about Lewis, saying he could not find his house. He wished to offer him the situation of head clerk in the establishment of Layton, Finlay & Co."

"And what did you tell him?" asked Margaret, breathlessly.

"Oh, I told him there was no use in doing anything of the kind, as he would not be able to keep Lewis long, his habits of negligence were so irremediable."

"Great God of heaven!" cried Margaret, starting up and standing before her sister. "You did not tell him *that*, Laura!"

"Indeed, I did! I have no idea of seeing that wife of his benefited in any way. She married him poor; let her remain so."

Margaret was gone in an instant. She almost flew down the street to her husband's office, and, fortunately, met him on her way. In a few words, she related to him what had passed.

His indignation was not less than hers; and, before a quarter of an hour elapsed, George Seymour was closeted with Mr. Layton, his cheek flushed and his eye bright with excitement, as, without one word of circumlocution, he told the plain, unvarnished truth.

Mr. Layton was much shocked, and hastened to make his offer to Lewis Clavering in "plain black and white." Before night, the note was received, and Lewis and his idimitable Cora had the prospect of comfort and happiness with the surely-coming salary of two thousand a year. Their grateful reception of this intervention in their behalf, their un-murmuring hearts at past suffering, would form a bright example to hundreds possessing perfect independence and no cares.

Laura's disappointment knew no bounds. Margaret's joy was complete. How she and Cora talked over this good fortune, and how silvery and sweet their merry laughter seemed to Lewis and Seymour, who were listening to every word these two said. They were now discussing a marriage on the tapis. Clara was fortunate enough to secure an offer

from a widower with a son older than his future stepmother. But Mr. Penrose was very rich, and could be hid, like Tarpeia of old, under jewels and gold. Clara loathed, and would often turn from him with disgust, as her eye fell upon his great clumsy form "fitting tight" (as the mantua-makers say) to the Louis Quatorze, in which he regularly ensconced himself. His false teeth were unexceptionable; his cheeks round and shiny. He bore one resemblance to poor Uncle Ned:

"For he had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where the hair ought to be;"

and, in case of any danger, Clara could easily screen herself behind him and never be seen. He was in a melancholy state of extreme health, though there was a hope of apoplexy in his case; and all that Clara could rejoice at was his tendency to severe gout, which would prevent his accompanying her upon many occasions in public.

Margaret ventured a hint upon the disparity of age and disposition, a sad inequality to bring into married life. But Laura talked so loudly in favor of wealth and Mr. Penrose's consequence, that she was forced to be silent. Fanny, too, approved Clara's wisdom and prudence. It was an excellent match; Clara had shown herself a woman of determination, superior to the foolish girls who prated of love and cottages. Let a man be esteemed before he was loved, and there would be no doubt of perfect harmony afterwards.

"So write your cards for the reception-day, Clara, and we will have a grand ball in the evening. You shall be married with *éclat* becoming your prospects."

"A ball, Laura!" cried Maggie. "Have you forgotten our mourning?"

"No, indeed; I wish I had. But, as we have worn it now nearly a year, I'm going to take the opportunity of leaving it off on Clara's wedding day. So will she and Fan."

"But, Clara," said Maggie, turning to her, "our father has not been dead a year yet! Leave off mourning if you will; but, for mercy's sake, do not outrage decency by going to a ball, even if you have no feeling on the subject."

"I agree with Laura, Margaret. We have been in prison long enough. I do not wish to begin my married life in seclusion. We have had *soirées* only six or seven times since papa died, and I went to one polka party at Mrs. Hildreth's. I'm sure I have been dull enough to suit any one."

"You do not pay our father the respect that Cora does, and she is only our sister-in-law."

"Don't bring up *her* name," said Laura; "I hate to hear it. Clara may send her a piece of cake if she likes, but she shall not be asked here; though I'm willing that Lewis should be invited, to show what I think of *her*."

"They would not come, depend upon it," said Margaret; "nor shall I; so do not expect me. You will be much blamed."

"Pshaw!" said Clara. And so she was married, having issued cards to all her fashionable friends. Her reception-day was very brilliant, the *fête* the gayest of the season; and the bride and groom left the next afternoon for their wedding tour, amid the applause of the waiters, who regaled themselves on the scraps of the feast and the half bottles of champagne that were left to evaporate.

A year after, no one would have recognized the gay and elegant-looking Clara Clavering in the faded Mrs. Penrose. Her elephantine spouse was not so amiable as before marriage; and the poor wife was heard to say that, after all, wealth was not the principal thing in marriage; she would prefer a competency and happiness.

Laura's health was much impaired by her unceasing fretfulness and ill humor, and eventually her sight became affected. Sitting in a dark room, unable to read or sew, deprived of every amusement, she wept herself blind at last! Reduced to this melancholy state, Cora Clavering once more stepped across the threshold from which she had been so rudely thrust, and offered her aid to the sufferer. Her gentle hand applied the cooling compressions to Laura's swollen lids; her noiseless footstep could cross the room and not disturb her if she slept. That low sweet voice never grated harshly on the sensitive ear of the invalid, and she learned to long for her coming as a captive for freedom. Fanny clung to her as a guardian angel; for from how many heartaches did Cora's presence save her! Margaret watched with her, and together they persuaded Laura to submit to an operation; and she requested that it might not be delayed.

But on Cora she leaned for support in the hour of trial, and, clasping her hand firmly, said that she

was prepared. Faithful and true, that voice encouraged her through the trying moments. That slender arm supported her head, and seemed so strong; and until the bandages were removed from her eyes, still that slight form glided about to supply her bitter enemy's every want.

But at length Laura could see once more, and light had come, too, upon her darkened soul. Sitting one evening in Cora's little parlor, she glanced around with a look of admiration upon its plain furniture, its absence of luxury, and remembered the perfect content of its happy mistress. While she, surrounded by all that wealth could afford, had made herself and everything around her wretched. Fanny had often dreamed of flying to Cora for shelter from bitter words and reproaches, and Clara had long since ceased to visit the sister from whose lessons she had learned to be that misguided thing, a worldly woman.

"You may well love Cora, Lewis," said Laura, as she saw how fondly he watched her every motion; "she seems to have the secret of exorcising evil spirits, and replacing them with good ones, besides being the best nurse, the best wife, and the most sunshiny soul that ever was on earth."

"Don't flatter me, Laura," said Cora, laughing, and giving Margaret's baby a toss that made the little creature clap its hands with delight. "Lewis told me once he thought he *had* married a banshee."

"He married what is as rare as a banshee," said Margaret, who had been sitting at Laura's side, knitting a tidy for the arm-chair her skillful fingers had embroidered to embellish Cora's little Eden. "He has the brightest jewel in the world, in a wife that can forgive, forget, and return, without even seeming to be aware of it, 'good for evil.'"

SPRING.

BY FANNY FALES.

Spring is with us! she is with us!
For I list her gentle sigh,
And her music tones of gladness,
Floating through the branches dry.
Now the south wind lifts the carpet
Spread beneath the forest old;
Waketh up the scented violet
From her bed of richest mould.

Softly trills the little sparrow,
Pecking seeds from out the sod;
And the robin, o'er me flying,
Lifts his anthem up to God.
To the dear old nest returneth,
Yet again, the bluebird bright—
To the hollow tree whence, yearly,
Azure birdlings wing their flight.

Now the brooklet is unfettered,
Swollen by the melted snow;
Shining like a thread of silver—
Singing through the vale below:

Tokens of the happy springtime,
On the hillside by the brook;
Emerald grasses, velvet mosses,
Smile from many a sunny nook.

On the cottage eaves alighting,
Swallows in the sunlight sing,
Filling all the air around me
With their joyous twittering.
O'er the deep blue upper ocean
Little white-winged barges fly;
Melting out, like fairy phantoms,
'Neath the Day-god's burning eye.

Sap is welling, leaf-buds swelling,
Springing towards their shining goal,
Bursting from their darkened dwelling,
Like the freed immortal soul.
Spring is with us! She is with us!
New life wakes in every vein;
Fresh hopes in my heart are welling,
As I welcome her again!

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MRS. LINCOLN.

THE following letter (never before published) from Mrs. MERCY WARREN to Mrs. LINCOLN will be found interesting. Mrs. Lincoln was the eldest sister of Josiah Quincy, Jr., to whom allusion is made in the letter. Her husband, a brother of General Lincoln, died before the Revolution, and she resided, during the war, with her father, Josiah Quincy, at Braintree, now Quincy, in the mansion, now the summer residence, of President Quincy. One of her letters to her brother, Samuel Quincy, who left Boston with other loyalists, published in "Curwen's Memoirs" (page 562), is full of eloquence. She afterwards married Ebenezer Storer, of Boston, and died, at the age of ninety, in 1826, a few weeks after the decease of her early friend, John Adams. She was for many years a correspondent of Mrs. Adams, and a life-long friendship subsisted between them. They were often together at the family mansion at Quincy, where, in 1824, she welcomed Lafayette to her father's residence. The present Mrs. Quincy's mother, Mrs. Maria S. Morton, was there on that occasion. This lady had resided at Ba-henridge, New Jersey, during a seven years' exile from New York, where her husband, an eminent merchant, left part of his property, devoting the profits of the sale of the rest to the cause of American independence. He died during the war, leaving Mrs. Morton with six children. Washington and all his officers were frequent guests at her house, and some of the stirring incidents of the campaign in New Jersey occurred in her immediate neighborhood. She was born at Raub, on the banks of the Rhine, and lived to the age of ninety-three, passing the last twelve years with her daughter. She retained her powers to the last, and often beguiled the attention of President Quincy's children with the narrative of the times when, as he used to say, "the women were all heroines." She died at his residence at Cambridge.

PLYMOUTH, June 3, 1775.

DEAR MRS. LINCOLN: If the tenderest sympathy would be any alleviation to your sorrow, when mourning the death of a beloved brother, the ready hand of friendship should soon wipe the starting tear from your eye. Yet, while I wish to console the disappointed father, the weeping sister, and the still more afflicted wife, I cannot restrain the rising sigh within my swollen bosom, nor forbear to mix my tears with theirs, when I consider that, in your valuable brother, America has lost a warm, un-

shaken friend.* Deprived of his assistance when, to all human appearance, had his life been spared, he might have rendered his country very eminent service.

By these dark dispensations of Providence, one is almost led to inquire why the useful, the generous, the spirited patriot is cut off in the morning of his days, while the base betrayer of his country, the incendiary, who blows up the flames of civil discord to gratify his own mad ambition, and sports with the miseries of millions, is suffered to grow gray in iniquity.

But who shall say to the Great Arbitrer of life and death, to the righteous Sovereign of the Universe, why hast thou done thus?

Not surely man, whose ideas are so circumscribed, and whose understanding can grasp so little of the Divine government, that we are lost at the threshold, and stand astonished at the displays of Almighty power and wisdom. But shall we not rely on Infinite goodness, however severe may be our chastisement, while in this militant state, not doubting that, when the ball of Time is wound up, and the final adjustment of the wise economy of the universe takes place, virtue, whether public or private, will be crowned with the plaudits of the best of beings; while the vicious man, immured in his cot, or the public plunderer of nations, who riots on the spoils of the oppressed and tramples on the rights of man, will reap the reward of his guilty deeds?

The painful anxiety expressed in your last letter for the complicated distresses of the inhabitants of Boston, is experienced, in a greater or less degree, by every heart which knows anything of the feelings of humanity. But He who is higher than the highest, and "seeth when there is oppression in the city," I trust will deliver us. He has already made a way for the escape of many, and if speedy vengeance does not soon overtake the wretched authors of their calamities, we must consider them as the scourge of God, designed for the correction of a favored people, who have been too unmindful of his goodness; and when they shall be aroused by affliction to a sense of virtue, which stimulated their worthy progenitors to brave the dangers of the sea, and the still greater horrors of traversing a barbarian coast, in quest of Freedom denied them on their native shore, the modern cankerworms will, with the locusts and other devourers which infested

* Josiah Quincy, Jr., ob. 26 April, 1775.

the nations of old, be swept, with the besom of destruction, from the face of the American World.

I hope my friend will not again be obliged to leave her habitation for fear of the ravages of an unnatural foe; yet I think we must expect continual alarms through the summer, and happy will it be for the British Empire, of which America is a part, if this contest terminate then. But, whether it be a season of war or the sunshine of peace, whether in prosperity or affliction, be assured Mrs. Lincoln has ever the best wishes of her real friend,
MERCY WARREN.

REBECCA WILLIAMS.

One of the early adventurers in the Valley of Ohio River was Isaac Williams. After he became a resident of the West, he explored its recesses, traveling along the shores of the Mississippi to the turbid waters of the Missouri. In 1775, he married a youthful widow, Rebecca Martin, the daughter of Joseph Tomlinson, of Grave Creek. Her first husband had been a trader with the Indians, and was killed in 1770. She was born in 1754, on the banks of the Potomac, in Maryland, and removed to Grave Creek with her father's family in the first year of her widowhood. Since that time she had lived with her unmarried brothers, keeping house for them, and would remain alone in their dwelling while they were absent on hunting excursions. She was young and sprightly in disposition, and had little knowledge of fear. In the spring of 1774, she paid a visit to her sister, who had married a Mr. Baker, and resided upon the banks of the Ohio, opposite Yellow Creek. It was soon after the celebrated massacre of Logan's relatives at Baker's station. Rebecca made her visit, and prepared to return home as she had come, in a canoe alone, the distance being fifty miles. She left her sister's residence in the afternoon, and paddled her canoe till dark. Then, knowing that the moon would rise at a certain hour, she neared the land, leaped on shore, and fastened her craft to some willows that drooped their boughs over the water. She sought shelter in a clump of bushes, where she lay till the moon cleared the tree tops and sent a broad stream of light over the bosom of the river. Then, unfastening her boat, she stepped a few paces into the water to get into it. But, as she reached the canoe, she trod on something cold and soft, and stooping down discovered, to her horror, that it was a human body. The pale moonlight streamed on the face of a dead Indian, not long killed, it was evident, for the body had not become stiff. The young woman recoiled at first, but uttered no scream, for the instinct of self-preservation taught her that it might be dangerous. She went round the corpse, which must have been there when she landed, stepped into her bark, and reached the mouth of Grave Creek, without further adventure, early the next morning.

In the ensuing summer, one morning while kindling the fire, blowing the coals on her knees, she heard steps in the apartment, and, turning round, saw a very tall Indian standing close to her. He shook his tomahawk at her threateningly, at the same time motioning her to keep silence. He then looked around the cabin in search of plunder. Seeing her brother's rifle hanging on hooks over the fireplace, he seized it and went out. Rebecca showed no fear while he was present; but, immediately on his departure, left the cabin and hid herself in the standing corn till her brother came home.

Her second marriage was performed with a simplicity characteristic of the times. A traveling preacher, who chanced to come into the settlement, performed the ceremony at short notice, the bridegroom presenting himself in his hunting-dress, and the bride in short-gown and petticoat of homespun, the common wear of the country.

This Rebecca Williams afterwards became famous among the borderers of Ohio River for her medical skill, and the cure of dangerous wounds. She was with Elizabeth Zane at the siege of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and there exercised the healing art for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. In 1777, the depredations and massacres of the Indians became so frequent that the settlement at Grave Creek was broken up. It was in a dangerous locality, being on the frontier, and lower down the river than any other.

In December, 1777, when the British army was in possession of Philadelphia, and the Americans in winter quarters at Valley Forge, Major Tallmadge was stationed for some time between the two armies, with a detachment of cavalry, for the purpose of observation, and to circumscribe the range of the British foraging parties. The horses of his squad were seldom unsaddled, nor did they often remain all night in the same position, for fear of a visit from the enemy.

At one time the major was informed that a country girl had gone into Philadelphia with eggs, to obtain information. It is supposed she had been employed for that purpose by Washington himself. Desirous of seeing her, Tallmadge advanced towards the British lines, and dismounted at a small tavern called "The Rising Sun," within view of their outposts. In a short time, the young woman came from the city and entered the tavern. She communicated the intelligence she had gained to the major; but their conversation was interrupted by the alarm that the British light horse were approaching. Stepping to the door, Tallmadge saw them riding at full speed chasing in his patrols. No time was to be lost, and he threw himself on his horse. The girl besought him to protect her: he told her to mount behind him, which she did, and they rode three miles at full speed to Germantown. There was much firing of pistols during the ride, and now and then wheeling and charging; but the heroic damsel remained unmoved, nor uttered one

expression of fear after she was on horseback. Tallmadge mentions her conduct with admiration in his journal.

On the approach of winter, when the British army retired from the active service of the field, they were usually distributed, while in possession of Long Island, in the dwellings of the inhabitants within the lines. An officer, at first, visited each house, and, in proportion to its size, chalked on the door the number of soldiers it must receive. The first notice the good hostess commonly had of this intrusion was the speech, "Madam, I am come to take a billet on your house." The best mansion was always reserved for the quarters of the officers. In this way were women forced into the society of British officers, and, in order to conciliate their good will and protection, would often invite them to tea, and show them other civilities.

The "New London Gazette," dated November 20, 1776, states that several of the most respectable ladies in East Haddam, about thirty in number, had met at the house of J. Chapman, and, in four or five hours, husked about two hundred and forty bushels of corn. "A noble example," says the journal, "and necessary in this bleeding country, while their fathers and brothers are fighting the battles of the nation."

Lossing records a similar agreement on the part of the Boston women.

The "New York Spectator," April 13th, 1803, forty-seven years old, announces the arrival in New York of Mrs. Deborah Gannett, the "Deborah Samson" whose memoir appeared in a former number of the "Lady's Book." It says: "This extraordinary woman served three years in the army of the United States, and was at the storming of Yorktown under General Hamilton, serving bravely, and as a good soldier. Her sex was unknown and unsuspected, until, falling sick, she was sent to the hospital, and a disclosure became necessary. We understand this lady intends publishing her memoirs, and one or more orations which she has delivered in public upon patriotic subjects. She, last year, delivered an oration in the Theatre at Boston, which excited great curiosity and did her much credit."

This curious confirmation of the account given of her in the memoir alluded to should be a sufficient answer to the ill-natured criticism of the "*London Athenæum*," which, reviewing "The Women of the American Revolution," endeavors to throw discredit on the whole story, by ridiculing it as utterly improbable and romantic, though the critic does not bring proof to controvert a single statement, nor assign any ground for his doubt but "we surmise."

HOME; OR, THE COT AND TREE.

BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

I know a cot, beneath whose eave
There is a hawthorn tree,
Where playmates young were wont to weave
Spring's earliest flowers for me:
That old familiar cot and tree,
The oaken bench and shade,
Are ever present now with me
As when we met and played.

Beneath that ancient tree and cot
We lisped our earliest prayer,
And ours was then the happiest lot,
Blest by a mother's care;
Those gentle looks and tones still live—
Though time that group has riven—
As when we said "Father forgive,"
As we would be forgiven.

Home is a spot where memory clings,
As by a spell, through life;
For there 's a voice whose tone still brings
Joy mid the world's dark strife:
We launch youth's bark and trim the sail,
Life's ocean o'er to roam,
But that same voice, throughout the gale,
Is whispering still of home.

Ask him, with sickness sore oppressed,
Who cheered his hope when dim.
He 'll tell you she, in whose loved breast
Glowed sympathy for him:
The soothing voice, the gentle tread,
And ever silent prayer,
The pillow smoothed to ease the head—
All tell a mother's care.

Ask him who, on the ocean dark,
In unknown seas did roam,
When first he spied the nearing bark,
If he thought not of home?
He 'll tell of thoughts that thrilled his heart
While bounding o'er the wave;
The joys that none but home impart
Lent courage to the brave.

He thought of her, his early choice,
The parting hour, the sigh,
The hand that pressed, the trembling voice,
Sad face, and tearful eye;
And while he walks the deck at night,
He ever sees that star
Whose beam reflects where joys more bright
Still win him from afar.



COUNTRY CHARACTERS.

THE LAST OF THE TIE-WIGS.

BY JARED AUSTIN.

ONE of my earliest village reminiscences is a vision of old Captain Garrow, in his old-fashioned, square-skirted coat, plush shorts, silk stockings, shoe buckles, and, to crown the whole, his venerable tie-wig. He was a character, the captain. He was a relic of a past age, an antique in perfect preservation, a study for a novelist or historian. Born in Massachusetts before the rebel times, he had taken an active part in the Revolution; served as commissary, for which his education as a trader had qualified him; and the rank of captain which was attached to the office had given him the title he bore in his old age. When the war was over, his savings (very moderate, indeed, they were, for the captain was as honest as daylight) were invested in a stock of what used to be called English goods, but what are now, through the increase of manufactures in our own country, denominated dry goods. I think it rather fortunate for our village that the worthy captain pitched upon it for his residence, and for the sale of his well-selected English goods. His strict old-fashioned notions of commercial honor and punctuality gave a tone to the whole trade of the place, which lasted for a long time. His modest shop was a pattern of neatness and economy.

His punctual attendance at all hours, his old bachelor gallantry to the lady customers, and his perfect urbanity to all, furnished an example to younger traders; while his stiff adherence to the "one price" system, while it saved the labor and vexation of chaffering, gave a stability to his establishment which made it respectable in the view of all sensible people.

Worthy Captain Garrow! well do I remember you at the meridian of your glory, the head "merchant" of our village, the acknowledged *arbiter elegantiarum* in all matters of chintz and linen, and lace and ribbons, and all the *et ceteras* of ladies' goods. Your opinion was law; for you were known to be the soul of honor, and your word in all engagements was reckoned as good as another man's bond.

But, in an evil hour, an invasion of Goths and Vandals came down upon us in the shape of cheap English goods' merchants. They inundated the place with gaudy, worthless trash at half price, gave unlimited credit, sold at almost any price you would offer, and seemed only anxious to have all the villagers' names in their books, and to double the consumption of English goods. The consequence was that the thoughtless part of the population deserted

the worthy captain's shop, which henceforward received the custom only of the old steady-going people. His ancient-looking wooden tenement, with its weather-beaten sign, was put out of all countenance by the new brick stores, and glaring gilt signs, and plate glass windows of his rivals. The captain, however, foreseeing the result, bore it all with a dignity and quiet worthy of his character. He "guessed" that the importers in Boston and New York were destined to suffer at a future day; and so it turned out; for, after charging many thousand dollars in their books to people who were not very punctual about payment, his rivals, one by one, all failed; their stocks were sold out by the sheriff, and their book debts were handed over to the lawyers by assignees.

After the lapse of a few months, a new swarm of cheap merchants succeeded them, with precisely the same result. Meantime, the captain kept the noiseless tenor of his way, and maintained the original character of his own modest establishment. He had grown rich, but exhibited none of the airs of a presumptuous millionaire. He was too dignified to be insolent.

Well do I remember, on a certain day, when the captain, now quite an old man, was near the close of his career, calling at his shop with my cousin Caroline, commissioned by her mother to purchase

with ready money a piece of Irish linen. When she had examined the captain's stock, and was about to make a purchase, she happened casually to remark that Irish linen was sold sometimes at a lower price.

"O yes, my dear," answered the captain—he always called a lady, old or young, "my dear"—"O yes; you can buy Irish linen over the way, where the big sign is, for less money. They will sell it to you, I dare say, at half price, and cheat you at that. But their goods are not like mine. They will generally take less than they ask you at first; but I never have but one price. I was bred a merchant before chaffering came into fashion. You can go and trade with them if you like, however."

Poor Caroline, who had not been aware of the captain's weak point, hastened to apologize, concluded her purchase, and was careful in future to respect the captain's sensitiveness on the subject of cheap goods.

Ere I left my native village to become a wanderer over the wide world, the captain had been gathered to his fathers. Having no relatives, he directed the executors of his will to apply his handsome fortune to the establishment of an asylum for orphans, which still remains a monument of his sterling goodness and public spirit.

TO A. E. B., OR HER WHO UNDERSTANDS IT

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

DEAREST, my sad and lonely breast
Is full to-night of thoughts of thee,
And as the tired dove seeks its nest,
With its dear little ones to be,
E'en thus my weary spirit turns
To thee, for whom it fondly yearns,
And flies unfettered o'er the sea:
Upon thy breast it folds its wing,
And there its sweetest song doth sing.

I am thinking of those twilight hours
When, hand in hand, we used to rove;
When little birds in sylvan bowers
Awoke the echoes of the grove;
When flowers closed up their dewy eyes,
And o'er us arched those cloudless skies,
Smiling upon our mutual love:
And oh, my heart doth sadly yearn
For hours that may no more return!

More and more sadly, day by day,
I miss thy gentle loving tone,
And long to soar far, far away,
To meet once more my loved, my own.
I sit to-night with tearful eye
Fixed on that star in yonder sky;
But oh, it shines on me alone!
For she who watched its pale soft beam
With me, has gone like some bright dream.

I sometimes take my lute to sing
The simple songs we loved so well;
But when I touch each quivering string,
Sad, mournful sounds arise and swell;
For she whose presence could inspire
My heart with such poetic fire
Has kissed her last, her sad farewell
Upon my cheek, and left me here
To shed alone the silent tear.

I take my books; but bard and sage
Have half their beauty lost for me,
And tears fall fast upon the page
That I so oft have read with thee.
And then I throw those books aside,
While faster still the tear drops glide,
That by my side thou canst not be.
Poor heart, be still, nor sigh in vain
For joys that may not come again!

Where, where art thou? Oh, well I know
What joy my presence would impart!
What rapture in thine eye would glow
To clasp me to thy loving heart!
For in that noble heart of thine
Beats the same love that throbs in mine;
Nor time shall bid that love depart.
Meet me in Heaven! my heart's warm prayer,
I love thee here—I'll love thee there!

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

(Concluded from page 245.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Ross Hill. The garden before PROV. OLNEY'S house. YOUNG HENRY BOLTON and ISABELLE; she is weeping. TIME morning.*

HENRY BOLTON (*aside*).

I cannot leave her in this agony,

(*looks at his watch*.)

And yet the hour is nearly out. O Time!

Turn back thy sands! take months from out my life
For moments spared me now. I cannot leave her.

(*To her.*) Dear Isabelle, be comforted; I'll go
And tell my father this sad tale you've told me.
Fear not; he has a soul of nobleness—
He will consent; and, when you are my wife,
You'll have a host of friends.

ISABELLE.

No! no! dear Henry;

This must not, cannot be. I've given my word
To him who hitherto I deemed my father,
And who has been a father in his care—
He's dying now—that I will take his charge,
Will teach his pupils, and insure a home
To his poor wife and Alice, whom I love
As an own sister. They gave me a home,
Else I had been cast off e'en as the weed
Is cast to perish. No! I must be firm;
My duty is made plain; I must stay here.

HENRY BOLTON.

Oh! say not so, dear Isabelle! be mine.
Would you waste youth, and health, and loveliness
In this unthankful and laborious life?
No! no! It must not be; I will provide
For these.

ISABELLE.

Oh, Henry, torture me not thus
Forcing my heart to strive against my soul.
Your generous love but humbles me the more.
Do not mistake me: 'tis not pride, but duty,
That tells me we must part—and part for ever.

HENRY BOLTON.

And you say this to me! You never loved me—
While I have given to you my heart, soul, mind—
Made you the idol of my earthly hopes,
My dream of angel-blessedness above!
You never loved me!

ISABELLE (*weeping*).

Ah! it may be best

That you should thus believe—should doubt my
love.

298

'Tis but another grief for me to bear;
And I had rather suffer than inflict
A pang on you. But, Henry, if I were
An heiress, with a fortune and a name,
And friends to love and flatter me—I'd speak
Of my heart's love for you: I cannot now—
A nameless, homeless, and forsaken child.
Oh! let me be forgiven if I keep
The station heaven appointed me—alone!
Some must be sufferers in this world of care—
Victims for others, wearing out their lives,
Like the poor Greenlanders, in night and winter.
But God will strengthen all to bear their lot,
If patiently they take the burden up.
(*Weeping bitterly.*)

HENRY BOLTON.

This must not, shall not be, dear Isabelle;
Hear reason, if you will not love. Last night
A vile attempt was made to burn this house,
And carry you away. Dare you live here,
When there'll be none to guard you? Isabelle,
You must be mine at once—give me the right
To keep you, like a jewel, in my bosom,
Where not an eye but loves you shall behold you.
Oh! say you will be mine.

ISABELLE.

It would be vain:
Your father never would consent. A year
You've promised him to wait—and, ere that time
Is passed, you may forget the nameless girl.

HENRY BOLTON.

I will not wait a day. My word was passed
When I believed this home of yours was safe
Now—not a day. I go to ask my father.
If he refuses me, I leave his house.
I am of age to answer for myself.

ISABELLE (*calmly*).

Oh! not for me and mine must this be done:
You must not leave your home and friends for me.
Your future would be marred for ever, Henry
No! leave me to the care of Providence.

HENRY BOLTON.

Dear Isabelle, with you I have the world.
I'll hire two cottages together, love—
And we'll have one—your friends shall have the
other.
The garden-plots shall join, and you and Alice
May have the flowers in partnership, as here.

The flower of love will bloom spontaneously
Beneath your smiles—and fortune's smiles I win
In winning yours. Come with me to your father,
The good and honest Olney. He will consent.
[*Exeunt into the house. Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The drawing-room at JUDGE BOLTON'S.*

Enter JUDGE BOLTON.

JUDGE.

The day of destiny for me has come!
Strange how the aspect of the outer world
Changes beneath the changes of the soul!
This morning is a glorious one to sense!
But Hope, the sun that lights the inner man,
And warms the mind to noble energy,
Giving the will its giant power to sweep
The clouds of doubt and dark distrust away,
Even as the risen sun the morning mists—
Hope comes not to my soul!

(Enter REV. PAUL GODFREY.)

Ah! Godfrey, welcome!

You look as you had brought her in your heart,
This truant Hope, to render her to me.
I never felt the worth of friends till now.
My life has been one long unclouded day.
I had almost forgotten my dependence
On Him who sends the sunshine as the storm.

GODFREY.

A dangerous state. The Bible tells us, truly,
That "They who have no changes fear not God."
And fear is the beginning of our love,
And love brings trust, and trust true confidence—
Not in our own deserts, or powers, or wealth,
But confidence, if we pursue the good
With firm resolve, that all will work for good.
This, the true wisdom, man but seldom learns,
Except 'tis taught him by adversity.
Thank God that this, your trial, has not come
As punishment of your misdeeds—but sent,
As 'twere, like Job's of old, to try your faith
In truth and justice and God's righteousness!
Keep your integrity—all will be well.

Enter DR. MARGRAVE *hastily*.

DR. MARGRAVE.

Joy! joy!—the clue is found!

JUDGE.

What? Where's the child?

DR. MARGRAVE.

The child! Inquire for the young lady now—
For such, I trust, you'll find your Isabelle.
I've seen the nurse who carried her away:
'Twas she who sent for me—that dying woman.
Let doctors take encouragement from this,
That in their duties they will gain rewards.

JUDGE.

But Isabelle, my ward—where is she now?

DR. MARGRAVE.

I'd leave my bed again to-night to seek her,
Only it would be groping in the dark.
Pray, do not look so sad—we'll find her yet;
I have the clue, here is the deposition—
I took it from the dying woman's lips.
She died an hour ago. She hither came
To find you out and own her crime.

JUDGE.

The child—

Where did she leave her?

DR. MARGRAVE.

Have a moment's patience.
The woman said she did not dare to carry
The child among her kindred at the West;
They would have found the imposition out,
As Isabelle resembled not her daughter.
And so the woman traveled to Virginia,
And there, with a kind family, she left
The orphan to her fate.

JUDGE.

With whom?

DR. MARGRAVE.

The name

She has forgotten—but she left a token,
Half of this severed chain (*takes out half a neck-
lace*), with "Isabelle"
Engraven, as this has "De Vere" upon it.

JUDGE (*snatching the chain*).

Ah! this was Isabelle's—her mother's, too!
This is a clue indeed. I'll go at once
To seek her out and find the other half.

GODFREY (*taking it out*).

'Tis here. And thus may Truth be ever found
By all who seek her earnestly, and wait
Her advent in the time and way appointed!
The way is righteousness—the time is God's

JUDGE.

I am confounded by these miracles.
Explain—where did you find this precious token?

GODFREY.

'Twas given me by Professor Olney—he
It was who took the little Isabelle
And reared her as his own.

JUDGE.

What Isabelle?

That daughter of the pedagogue my son
Is seeking for his wife?

GODFREY.

The very same.

And Romeo did not love his Juliet more
Than your son loves this charming Isabelle;
And she, like Juliet, loves him in return.

JUDGE.

Thank Heaven for this!

(Enter HENRY BOLTON.)

Ah! here he comes! Now, Henry,

What says your lady-love? Is she inclined
To trust your constancy for one long year?

HENRY BOLTON.
I cannot wait the term; and I have come
To ask your pardon, and retract my word.
Isabelle has no home; Professor Olney
Is not her father.

JUDGE.
Ay, I've heard the story.
And you resign her now?

HENRY BOLTON.
Not while I live!
I mean to marry her at once—to-day;
Before this only father she has known
Is dead:—he will die soon.

JUDGE.
Wed her! this unknown!
Ah! Henry, this to me! Why, you are mad!

HENRY BOLTON.
My father, I have told you my resolve;
You've heard me own my love for Isabelle;
To have your approbation of my choice
Would fill my cup of earthly happiness;
But I shall marry her e'en though the act
Bring banishment from you.

JUDGE.
You promised, Henry,
To wait a year.

HENRY BOLTON.
And so I would have done.
To gain your favor, I would suffer this
Delay and cross of love. But now I feel
That duty, honor, manly sentiment
Compel me to the side of Isabelle.
She is alone; I must and will protect her.

JUDGE.
She has no name.

HENRY BOLTON.
She shall have mine: a name
My father has made honorable.

JUDGE.
Henry,
You have no fortune. How support your wife?

HENRY BOLTON.
I'll work. I have been flattered for my talents,
But never yet have had an aim or motive
To test their worth and energy. I'll work.
The rich man's son may live in idleness,
The great man's son reflects his father's light,
And thus their genius and their noblest powers
Are often unemployed, obscured, and lost.
'Tis better I should have to make my way;
And with my guiding angel, Isabelle,
And the example of my noble father,
I surely shall succeed.

GODFREY.
Give me your hand.
You are God's noblest work, an honest man;
True to the witness your own spirit bears;
And so does every man's, would they but hear
And follow as you do—that worth is won,
And not inherited. 'Tis circumstance
That makes the difference in our mortal lot;
And Providence arranges this at will.
How kind the lot that gives you Isabelle!

JUDGE.
My son! my son! may you be worthy of her,
And love her alway. Know she is the one
That, in your boyhood, was your "little wife!"
The Isabelle De Vere we mourned as dead.
You stand amazed; but all shall be explained

HENRY BOLTON.
Oh, let me go and tell her!

GODFREY.
I'll go with you:
And, as we go, will make the mystery plain.

JUDGE.
And bring her here. Order the carriage, Henry,
And bring her home with you. Tell her I long
To fold her to my heart and call her daughter.
[Exit YOUNG BOLTON and GODFREY.]

DR. MARGRAVE.
How strangely and how wisely Providence
Directs the course of life! How oft we see
That bitter medicine was kindly given.
Had Isabelle remained your ward, brought up
With Henry here, they might, indeed, have married;
But never would have felt such certainty
Of true, unbridled affection as will be
The blessing and the memory of their life.
DENNIS and MICHAEL are heard singing as they
enter.

DENNIS and MICHAEL (song)
The rogue and the ruffian love darkness and night,
But we will go forth when the morning is bright,
And the joy of the world shall the happiness be
Of Dennis O'Blarney and Michael Magee.

DENNIS (seeing the JUDGE).
Bless your honor's house—the rogues are taken

MICHAEL.
They've taken Captain Pawlett and another.

DENNIS.
The other murdering villain entered here.

MICHAEL.
The officers are coming now to search.
(As the OFFICERS enter, the report of a pistol is
heard. LUCY BOLTON and the maid RUTH
rush in.)

JUDGE (catching LUCY in his arms).
What is it, Lucy? What has happened, bird?

LUCY.

Oh, father, he is killed!

JUDGE.

Who? who?

LUCY.

Frederick!

He's shot himself, and in his mother's room. Oh!
(Shrieks and faints.)

DR. MARGRAVE.

I'll go and see what can be done.

[Exit MARGRAVE and the OFFICERS.]

JUDGE.

Lucy!

She is reviving! Quick, give me the cup.
 Here, drink, my love; the water will revive you.
 Nay, do not speak; be silent and be calm.
 The angels, as they watch this guilty world,
 See every day such sights of wretchedness
 Think of the angels in that world of joy,
 Where Death can never enter. Do not weep.
 Ah, yes! you are a mortal and a woman,
 And tears of pitying grief for other's woes
 Are human offerings Heaven will ne'er reject.
 Weep for Belinda's sorrow; weep for her.

Re-enter DR. MARGRAVE.

DR. MARGRAVE.

'Tis over! He has gone to his account.

JUDGE.

Where human judgment never may intrude.
 We'll leave him to the One who reads the heart,
 And knows its wants, and woes, and weaknesses.
 Lord, keep us from temptation!—this should be
 The daily prayer of all—with thankfulness
 For daily blessings given—and here come mine.

*Enter GODFREY, followed by YOUNG BOLTON and
 ISABELLE.*

GODFREY *(to the JUDGE)*.

We bring you the lost pleiad of your heart.

HENRY BOLTON.

My father, Isabelle.

JUDGE.

And yours, my daughter!

(Embracing her.)

Come to my arms, my long-lamented child;
 I welcome thee as one restored from death.
 This house and all I've called mine own are yours,
 And now shall be restored.

VOL. XLII.—28

ISABELLE.

Dear father, no

But take me as your own, and let me live
 Thus in the warmth and light of this dear home:
 I shall be rich, beyond my wildest dreams.
 I only wished for wealth to give away
 To those I loved, and those who were in need.
 And now the world o'erflows with happiness.
 I am so rich in friends and hopes, I feel
 Half fearful it will prove a fairy tale;
 It seems too sweet for earth.

MADAME BELCOUR *rushes in, her hair disheveled,
 followed by attendants.*

MADAME BELCOUR.

He's dead! he's dead! I've murdered him!
 He's dead!

My falsehood poisoned him; and so he died.
 He did not kill himself! Say not a word.
 My heart and brain are both on fire! His blood
 Is here, and here! *(Sees ISABELLE.)* Oh, save me!
 save me now!

She's come to witness here against my soul!
 You cannot see her; she is like an angel!
 I know her well! She's there! Begone! begone!
*(Faints exhausted on the stage. Attendants
 raise her.)*

JUDGE.

Poor broken-hearted mother! Bear her in,
 And tenderly. Her mind is quite o'erthrown.
[MADAME BELCOUR carried in by the attendants.]

DR. MARGRAVE.

These alternations make the sum of life:
 Thus sorrow treads upon the steps of joy.
 A bridal here; and from the neighboring door
 Comes forth a funeral train.

GODFREY.

And both are well.

We live to die, and die to live again;
 And evermore the day succeeds the night.
 And those who see the sunshine on their path
 May walk in soberness and yet be glad.

JUDGE.

The cloud conceals, but never dims the star;
 And Youth and Happiness will twine their wreath
 Even on Thalia's brow. My children, come;
 It is my birthday; all our friends are here,
 And they return our smile of thankful joy
 That Isabelle is found. Our task is done;
 And, if approved by you, our cause is won.

END OF THE PLAY.

SUSAN CLIFTON OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR AIDEN.

(Continued from page 250.)

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER a partial recovery from the fatigues of the journey to the homestead, Mr. Richard Clifton appeared to be much improved in health, and strong hopes were entertained that his recovery would be complete. He manifested the proper showings of regret for the loss of his companion, though he had felt towards her none of that ardor of affection, and had enjoyed with her none of those felicities which had mingled in his visions of domestic life before he had become a prosperous man of the world. It was sad to have death enter his dwelling; it was sad to be left with no one whom he could call his own. Some of that loneliness which had long preyed upon him was, perhaps, unconsciously set to the loss of her who had filled but a small place in his heart, though she had been the wife of his bosom for a score of years, and had found in him all she expected in a husband; perhaps it would be scarce too much to say—all she desired.

In a few days, he was able to leave his chamber and sit with the family, though his feeble step and sunken eye contrasted strangely with the proud bearing which he exhibited but a few weeks before.

Susan devoted herself to his care, and his attachment for her seemed to increase daily. While her father was busy with the labors of the farm, and her mother was occupied with household cares, she talked with him, read to him, sung to him, and in every way strove to make the time pass pleasantly, and to woo back to his veins the tide of health.

For a time there was an encouraging prospect of success, but the prospect was soon overcast. After the first rallying, he remained stationary for a time, and then began, almost imperceptibly, to decline. The cough, that grew more and more distinct and hollow, and profuse night sweats, awoke the most anxious solicitude on the part of his loving friends. Susan had, from the first, feared that he would not recover; but she had given no expression to her fears. Her father had entertained the most confident hopes, till the symptoms above noticed forced upon him the conviction that his brother was passing to the tomb. The faithful physician could not lessen that painful conviction. If the air of the country and careful nursing could not raise the patient, the case was hopeless. The soft breezes of autumn, and the ministrings of pure affection, seemed to be in vain.

"Brother," said Richard, one morning. "I should be glad to have you sit with me to-day, if your business will permit. If you should suffer a little loss

thereby, it will be abundantly made up to you before long."

This was the first allusion he had made to the probable result of his disease. A tear stood in every eye, but no word was spoken, except in reply to his request.

"I will make arrangements in course of half an hour," said Henry, "that will allow me to be with you."

He did so, and from that hour was seldom absent from his brother's side.

"What has become of Harry Ford?" said Richard, as they were sitting in the warm sunlight in the piazza, where they used to sit together long years ago. Autumn was creeping on apace, but the air was still bland and balmy. Harry was one of their early and most intimate playmates—a fine, cheerful, open-hearted boy, whose parents were the practical advocates of "the let-alone, do-nothing policy," in regard to education. Still, to the surprise of many, Harry conducted himself well in boyhood, and gave promise of becoming a worthy man.

"Harry Ford," replied Henry, "died a few years ago in the poor-house."

"Died in the poor-house! How came that to pass?"

"He became very intemperate, and, of course, very poor; and, in his last days, he was so abusive to his family, that they were obliged to send him to the poor-house."

"Whom did he marry?"

"Jane Sullivan. You remember her?"

"Yes, very well; though I do not know that I have thought of her for twenty years. I remember we used to sit near each other in school, and I could never whisper to her without causing her to blush."

"She has led a very unhappy life. Harry's prospects were good when she married him, but he soon joined an infidel club in the next town, and his course was then rapidly downwards till it ended in the drunkard's grave."

"Jane was a lovely girl; next to"—. It was in his mind to say—next to Margaret Gray, she was the finest girl in school. "What has become of James Rogers?"

"He lives in the southern part of the town—He is poor, and lives by day's work. He has large family, and has had a great deal of sickness; but he is one of the happiest men I know. I am poor in this world's goods, but I am rich toward God."

"He appeared to be one of the most promising young men in the place, when I left it."

"He was; and, for a while, he was very successful in the business in which he was engaged, but a reverse overtook him, and he lost all. He paid all his debts, and since then has been very poor."

"A hard case!"

"He has often expressed joy at his failure."

"Is he insane?"

"By no means. This failure was the means of securing a title to a more enduring inheritance."

"Is Amy Brace living?"

"Yes. She is also poor. Her husband is a well-meaning, but most inefficient man."

"All my old acquaintances seem to be poor."

"None have been prospered in this world as my brother has. There are some who are comfortably well off, and a few who have an undoubted title to the riches of eternity."

The rich man sighed deeply, but made no reply. After a long interval of silence, he remarked—

"Life has been, to most of us, a very different thing from what we expected."

"You have realized your expectations as to wealth."

"Yes; but if I had my life to live over again, I would not pay the price at which I gained it. I have never been happy, but only preparing to be so. Sickness has come, and death is coming! What has all my life been worth? The few hours that I have spent with your family this summer have been almost the only happy ones I have passed for years, and they gave me almost as much pain as pleasure, by making me feel that I had thrown away my life."

"It is not too late to repair, in part, your error."

"I cannot live my life over again. Oh that I could!"

The emotion with which these words were uttered so deeply affected Henry, that, for a moment, he could not speak. Hope sprung up in his heart that the seed sown in early life, by a pious father's hand, might, though long buried beneath the cares of the world, spring up and bear fruit ere the winter of death should come.

"You cannot," said he, "undo what you have done; but you can repent and receive the pardon of Him before whom we must all shortly stand."

"I am too proud, too hard-hearted, to repent. I have delayed it, or rather, refused to do it, too long. I feel exhausted, and must retire to my room."

He rose, and, leaning on the arm of his brother, went to his apartment. That brother retired to pour out his heart in prayer for the prodigal who gave such hopeful indications of coming to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

For a day or two subsequent to the conversation recorded in the last chapter, the invalid was unable to leave his room. He seemed desirous of being left alone. Henry was earnest in the hope that he was communing with his own heart. When he again joined the family, it was with a paler countenance,

and yet there was an expression of peace resting upon it, that led to the hope that he was beginning to contemplate without dread the great change that was before him. He listened with attention as his brother spoke of matters relating to the unseen world, and asked questions which could be prompted only by an inquiring spirit. Still he avoided any further expression of his feelings.

One evening, Horace Larned called to see Susan. She compelled him, as it were, to spend half an hour in the society of her uncle, who scanned his features with interest, and asked him a few courteous questions, and was greatly pleased with the directness and manliness of his replies. When Horace and Susan had withdrawn, he remarked to Henry—

"That young man is engaged to Susan?"

"He is."

"I like him. He appears well. I like him for his mother's sake. I wrote to her, offering to assist him in his education, but the offer was declined, and the money returned. Why was it? Does she retain a prejudice against me?"

"I presume not. She is at peace with all mankind, and with her Maker. The young man has a very independent, self-relying spirit. Probably he dictated the letter you received."

"Was that before he was engaged to Susan?"

"When did you write her?"

"Immediately after my return to the city."

"They were not engaged then, at least not in form."

"As things now are, would he refuse to receive aid from me?"

"I do not know. Susan can probably tell."

"I must speak with her on the subject."

The next time he was left alone with Susan, he said—

"Susan, my dear daughter, for so I must call you, though you would not give me leave to do so, I wish to do something for young Larned."

Susan made no reply, except by a crimson blush.

"Pardon me for speaking so abruptly. I have not a great while to stay with you, and I must say what I have to say directly and without preface."

"That is the way in which I would have every one speak to me," said Susan.

"There is nothing which I can do for your welfare and happiness which I do not desire to do. My property will soon be of no value to me, for I shall shortly be in my grave. I wish to know if you cannot devise some way by which I can assist young Larned in his education. Set your wits to work, and, having succeeded, inform me. I am growing faint, and shall require assistance to be enabled to reach my room."

Susan called her father, who was at hand, and, supported by them both, the invalid succeeded in reaching his room. He then fainted quite away. Susan was greatly alarmed, as she had never before seen one in a state of temporary insensibility. So perfect an image of death could not be witnessed

for the first time without agitation and even terror. By a prompt application of remedies, consciousness was soon restored. He was feeble and dispirited, and Susan remained by his bedside. Unable or disinclined to engage in conversation, he pointed to the Bible. She read to him. He listened with interest, and when she paused would request her to proceed. She read till the shadows of evening rendered it necessary for her to lay aside the volume.

"There is much there," said he, "that I do not comprehend."

"Is there not much there that you can comprehend, and much that you can believe, though it transcend your comprehension? Do you find any difficulty in understanding this assertion, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life?'"

"I believe it. I do not doubt the truth of any declaration of the Bible; but there is an air of unreality about the truths which prevents my acting as I should, if I really felt them to be true. I find that, in order to believe, one needs to have the heart of a little child. My heart is soiled, and hardened, and chilled by the devotion of my life to the world. I would that I could become a child again!"

"That very desire indicates that you are approaching the temper of mind which will authorize you to rely on the Divine promises."

"Do you think so? Do not encourage me to hope unless you are sure you are authorized to do so. Do you believe that one who has given himself for a lifetime to the world, to the pursuit of that which he must leave behind him when he enters another world—do you believe that one who has been so unwise and so wicked can recover what he has willfully, not to say willingly, lost?"

"I do not think that one can, strictly speaking, recover what he has lost. That is, he cannot be what he would have been, if he had rightly employed his time and advantages. The hours that are passed can never be recalled, nor the particular blessings of which they might have been ministers. Still, provision is made for those who have pursued the course you have described—provision whereby they may be made partakers of the Divine mercy."

"But, in order that one may be a partaker of that mercy, he must have a peculiar temper of mind. His heart must be delivered from the hardness induced by a lifetime of neglect of duty. I am far from possessing that temper."

"Your consciousness of want is a hopeful sign. Let me, my dear uncle, presume to offer you advice. Do not strive to bring your mind into a condition which you imagine will render you an appropriate object of the Divine mercy, but go at once to your Heavenly Father and tell him all your faults, and all your difficulties, and all your wants. A sense of need is all the preparation that is necessary for our approach to him. It was this sense of need that induced the prodigal to arise and go to his father. The manner in which he was received

teaches us in what manner our Heavenly Father will receive us."

Richard Clifton listened to the words of that young girl with more interest than he had ever listened to the report of the most successful voyage. He was not in the least displeased at being compared to the prodigal son. He determined at once to follow the advice so simply and affectionately given. He closed his eyes and concentrated the energies of his soul in mental prayer. The truths of the Bible were no longer to him dim and unreal. They were distinct realities. He felt that it was no vague desires and indefinite longings to which he was giving expression in order to relieve his feelings. He was conscious of offering petitions to a Being who was near at hand and not afar off.

The effort of mind and heart thus put forth was exhausting to his feeble frame. It was followed by a quiet slumber. When Susan perceived that he slept, she stole softly from the room, and hastened to acquaint her father with her hopes respecting the preparation which her uncle was making for his last journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Richard Clifton awoke from that slumber, an expression of calmness rested upon his countenance. It was plain that deep despondency was no longer pressing upon his heart. His strength slightly increased, so that, on a very mild day for the season, the brothers once more sat beneath the walnut which had shaded their sports in childhood. The direction which was given to their conversation by Richard was most gratifying to his brother. They spoke of the blessed example and pious teachings of their sainted father. Henry was astonished to find how deeply those teachings had been engraven on his brother's memory. The toils and cares of a life spent in neglect of them had not obliterated them. The interest with which he dwelt upon them led to the hope that they had now something more than a place in his memory.

"Is it not too much to believe," said Richard, in the course of their conversation, "that one whose manner of life has been so different from his"—alluding to their father—"should leave the world in peace and meet him in a better one?"

"We are to believe the declarations of Holy Writ—its promises as well as its denunciations."

"True, that is the only thing that can enable one to look into the narrow house without a shudder. How mistaken are those who suppose life is not lost, provided there is peace at its close! I have hope for the future; but I still feel that I have lost my life."

Henry's heart was too full to allow him to make any reply to his brother's declaration.

"We have passed many happy days in our youth under the shade of this tree. We shall never sit together here again."

"We may."

"I am nearer the close of my journey than you are aware. I am warned by a feeling here," laying his hand on his heart, "to regard every day as my last."

"It gives me inexpressible joy to hear you speak thus composedly respecting the trying hour."

"Brother, I should like to see Margaret Gray before I die." A smile was upon his countenance as he spoke thus, but deep earnestness in his tones.

"I will go and see her, and make known your request. She will not fail to grant it, I am sure."

"Tell her I wish to see her as Margaret Gray. Help me now to my room, when I have taken one more view of this scene, from which I do so earnestly wish I had never departed."

He gazed for some moments on the landscape which had delighted his youthful vision, and entered the dwelling with a tear in his eye and a smile upon his lips. Henry repaired at once to the lone dwelling of the widow, and made known to her his brother's request.

"I never expected to meet him again in this world. I cannot disoblige him; nor would I fail to comply with his wishes; and yet I had rather not meet him."

"He has but a few days to live. You have forgiven him; and I trust He, to whom we must all look for forgiveness, has done the same."

"If that be the case, I shall be glad to meet him. I supposed he had chosen his portion, and that it would be said of him, as of the rich man of old, 'Son, thou hast had thy good things;' and yet I could never fully believe that the child of so many prayers, the child of so faithful a father, could perish at last; though I know that to his own Master must each one stand or fall—that each one must give account of himself to God. I will go with you at once."

When Mrs. Larned entered the room in which Richard Clifton was lying upon a sofa, being too feeble to rise, he lifted up his voice and wept. He extended his hand, which was taken in silence by Mrs. Larned, who sat down by his side and wept with him.

"Margaret," said he—the word caused her to start as though a sword had pierced her—"you have come to forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive. It is long since I had anything laid up against any human being. I pitied you, and prayed for you; but I never had anything laid up against you."

"I have always done you the justice to think so. I knew you were incapable of cherishing unkindness towards any one, however unkindly you may have been treated. You have been happy, and I have not. Do you remember the time we last walked together by the streamlet that flows from the rock spring?"

"I do."

"I enjoyed more happiness in that walk than I have enjoyed in the possession of all my wealth."

"I should be ungrateful if I were to say that I have not been happy; though I have had many trials. I learned long ago not to look for happiness here, but to prepare for it hereafter."

"You have been what men call poor; but you have been far richer than I have been. You have had treasures of the heart. You did not marry till you had a heart which you loved as Margaret Gray was capable of loving; and you have a noble boy."

"Richard Clifton is still, in part at least, what he once was!"

"You believed me changed into stone, or a bale of goods?"

"I certainly believed you changed. I supposed that you had taught your heart to love that alone which you had made the chief object of your pursuit."

"I tried to do so. I tried to persuade myself that I had done so. I habitually used language which implied I had succeeded. I deceived others; I could not deceive myself. I felt that I was not happy, despite all my efforts to persuade myself that I was. I then tried to persuade myself that I was not less happy than others. I have been acting a part ever since I left this place. I have been unhappy, and I deserved to be unhappy."

"God makes abundant provision for the happiness of his creatures."

"For time and for eternity. I have failed to avail myself of that made for the former; I hope I shall not fail in respect to the latter. And yet what right have I, who have caused much unhappiness and so little happiness to others, to expect it hereafter?"

"None of us can enter heaven of right, but through mercy and the merits of another."

"I wish your son had come with you. I wish to see him and Susan together, and to charge them to hold the treasures of the heart in higher estimation than all other treasures. I am sure they will do so. It is a great comfort to me to know that my beloved Susan is to marry the son of Margaret Gray."

"Horace will come and see you to-morrow," said she, rising and extending her trembling hand. "I must not stay longer."

"Do not go yet."

"You are becoming exhausted."

"Read to me," pointing to the book.

She took the book and turned to a suitable portion.

"Sit where I can see your countenance, if you please."

She could not refuse his request. He gazed upon her as she read, in tones which called vividly to remembrance those of other days, a consoling portion of the Words of Him who brought life and immortality to light. She then rose, wiped away a tear, silently pressed his hand, and withdrew.

Horace called the next morning, but did not receive the expected charge. During the silence of the night, Richard Clifton had ceased to be an inhabitant of earth.

(To be continued.)



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AUDUBON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE HUNTER."

No department of natural history presents a more pleasing view than ornithology. All the associations connected with it are beautiful and inspiring. It takes its votary into the green fields and dark forests, leads him to the mountain tops, and furnishes excitement among the quiet retreats of the sequestered valley. Upon the feathered race have been expended the richest adornments of nature. There are no precious metals, no choice gems, no rare flowers, no rainbow tints that cannot find a rival counterpart in the plumage of birds; and to this transcendent beauty are added a varied, but always attractive form, a physiognomy expressive of love, of power, of unshrinking bravery. They have also voices almost human in their tones; voices that are associated with every pleasing recollection of innocence and youth because of their sweetness—and voices that startle because of their ferocity.

306

The habits of birds present examples of well-regulated, of almost Christianized society. They are married, and are given to marriage; they set up a comfortable establishment, which is the result of their own industry. They provide plentifully for their offspring, and educate them in the way they should go, and when they are old they never depart from it. The birds rise early to procure food, and retire with the setting sun; as husbands they are gallant, as wives loving. All that they do, or say, or look may be said to interest and form universal theme for admiration. Birds rejoice in creation. In the solitary fastnesses and eternal solitudes where the eye of man never penetrates or his mind worships, the voice of the bird is heard caroling forth praise. And what in the wide world is so hearty in its nature, or so guileless, as the singing bird? How often has its innocent voice awakened conscience in the mind of the depraved or reprov'd the

complaining spirit! Who can hear the caroling even of the tiny wren without catching its exultant spirit? We have seen it on a Sabbath sunny morning mounted upon a bud-crowded limb of the Cherokee rose, giving out its song as if its heart and body would separate in its enthusiasm; and when you thought it had soared to its highest note, it would begin again, and pour forth a torrent of love, gratitude, praise, and prayer, commingled in such varied and soul-thrilling ecstasy that the little creature trembled and vibrated as if it were the chosen and valiant exponent of some rapturous and mighty soul. Such are birds, the intelligent and ornamental companions of man, the most prominent image among the associations and pleasing recollections of childhood, and one of the most admirable and wonderful beauties presented to his maturest mind.

Scientifically speaking, it would seem that the birds, by their familiarity, were prophets in their own country, and therefore very much without honor. The poet mentioned them in his sonnets, and everybody loved them; the gallant cock and the fierce eagle were honored as the insignia of mighty nations; but the few who examined their history and wrote of their habits were more readily satisfied with imperfect illustrations and meagre descriptions than were those who devoted their energies to exhibit the habits of animals, vipers, or fishes. It may be stated as a remarkable fact that, until recently, the ornithologist was incomparably behind his compeers in science in illustrating his department, choicest of all though it be in the varied phase of animated nature.

To Audubon is the world indebted, not only for the most magnificent work on ornithology ever produced, but also for one of the most magnificent monuments ever raised by industry and genius. Take his book, examine his drawings, read his descriptions, ponder upon his reminiscences, and then turn to the most eminent of those who have preceded him, and all instantly become tame and commonplace. It is like going from the primitive forests into the stove-heated library; it is like exchanging the moving, living, teeming bird, fluttering and flying in its native haunts, for the imperfectly preserved specimens of the museum; all is motionless, eyeless—dead.

Of the mind that has accomplished so much it is difficult to speak in exaggerated praise. It may be safely asserted that Audubon had one of the most enduring that has left any impress upon the present century. He is always clear and complete in everything he undertakes. He is profuse in his originality, and yet boldly, at times, absorbs the labor of others; yet he so entirely renovates, inspires, and makes their industry his own, that his indebtedness is unthought of by the world.

The secret of Audubon's success will be found in his close pursuit of nature; of her mysteries he has been of the truest, and therefore one of her most favored priests. No labor by him was ever withheld, no toil evaded. Turning over the pages of

his works, you can trace him to the tropics, where he worships and wonders; anon, he gives the witnessed history of the solitary feathered life that inhabits those inhospitable regions where the marble blue of the eternal snow scarcely ever reflects a ray of sunshine. While you read with delight of the canvass-back duck that fell beneath his rifle in the placid waters of the Chesapeake, he is suddenly, upon another page, struggling with the gigantic albatros in the surge-lashed waters of the Californias. You read on, and become lost in the green field and gentle sloping hill; you wander beside the gently running rivulet and inland lake, and rest in the shade of honeysuckle bowers. Changing still, you are ushered into the miasmatic swamps and dark fens in which only live the blear-eyed heron and repulsive bittern; and then, lifted on the wings of imagination, you climb the embattled rocks and precipices of the Cordilleras, dividing admiration of the rising sun with the eccentric flights of the mighty vulture as he wheels downward in his greetings of the god of day. Such is Audubon, who will ever be remembered as long as mind answers in admiration and sympathy with mind. He has stamped his memory in a work, and associated his name with a family that will endure in freshness when the mightiest monuments now existing will, like the pyramids, become unmeaning heaps; for his name and immortality will ever be recalled by the fanning pinions of every feathered inhabitant of the air.

The minute history of Audubon's remarkable work, from its conception to its completion, would involve the recital of some of the most exalted and interesting traits of character ever recorded. Audubon has slightly touched upon one or two incidents of discouragement that would, of themselves, have been sufficient to dishearten a less energetic being; but the years of toil and sacrifice he endured, and the ten thousand obstacles he overcame besides those he alluded to, will never be known. The fair ladies who have, in the luxurious library, admired the feathered songsters of our continent, that so gracefully sped their way over the nature-illuminated page—who have seen so cunningly illustrated the domestic life of the house wren and the wild homo of the eagle—will not be less interested if they know that to the enlightened assistance of one of their own sex is the world greatly indebted for Audubon's ornithology.

The early history of Audubon seems to be this: He grew up unconscious of his powers, save as they were displayed in a genuine love of nature; arriving at manhood's estate, he married a lady of rare accomplishments and liberal fortune. With a growing family, he desired, through active business, to increase his estate, and in a few years found himself the victim of profitless mercantile speculations, and, pecuniarily, a ruined man. At an age when others think of retiring from the active scenes of life, Audubon started, not only anew, but upon an enterprise of doubtful success, and one that de-

manded wealth and years of industry to accomplish. Misfortune seemed to awaken the latent fire within him, and his mind suddenly overflowed with spirit-images of the feathered race, and his then comparatively unskilled fingers grasped the pencil to give form and shape to the struggling thought—but alas! the possibility. Where was the patron to cheer the seer upon this dreary pilgrimage? Who would care for his beloved family through the long years of his unfinished venture? Let the answer be found in our imperfect story.

Many years since, we were standing at the door of a country post office, listening, with others, to the reader of the only "latest paper" that had come to hand. He delivered the news, social and political, with a loud voice, and finally, under the head of "items," struck upon something as follows: "The Emperor of Russia, on his recent trip from England homewards, took extreme pleasure in looking over Audubon's great work upon the birds of America, and, as a token of his admiration, sent the author a gold snuff-box studded with diamonds."

"What 's that?" inquired an old but plain citizen. "The Emperor Roosia give Audubon a diamond snuff-box studded with gold! Well, that is a good one, and comes up to my understanding of these aristocrats. Why, I knew Audubon for years, and a lazier, good-for-nothing, little bird, double-bar'l shot-gun shooting fellow I never knew;" and, with another broadside at the want of appreciation of character displayed by the Emperor of Russia, and by royal personages generally, our well-meaning friend walked away.

This familiar allusion to Audubon, for the first time, informed me of the fact that, in the vicinity of my own home in Louisiana, had Audubon and his family resided for years; and, as I became better acquainted with his works, I could readily perceive that the rich and undulating lands of the Felicianas, their primitive forests, their magnolia groves, and ever-blooming gardens, suited well the taste and pursuits of the naturalist; for the merry descendants of many of those immortalized beauties that grace his book still, in congregated thousands, fill the air with song and flight.

From few did Audubon attract attention; there was nothing in his seeming wastefulness of time to command respect. The sportsmen with whom he was surrounded seldom "sighted" their weapons on anything less than a lordly buck, and as they saw nothing in Audubon but what appeared before their eyes, they measured their own ambition with no little sarcasm against one who "found game in the chickadee and humming-bird." But Audubon lived in a world of his own; for weeks he slept in the forest, that he might make himself acquainted with the habits of some, but for him unknown, bird. For days, he hung like a spectre upon the margin of the Dismal Swamp, until the flamingo, swan, and wild duck heeded not his familiar presence. Placing a powerful telescope under the broad, spreading tree, he drew the laborious and tiny birds, as they

built their nests, within his visual grasp, and counted each stick, and twig, and moss, and hair, until the little fabric was complete. In time, he returned to his charge, and, by the same artificial means, watched and admired the growing family, saw the food that reared the young, admired the tender endearments of the married birds, and recorded the whole with the faithfulness of a Pepys, and with the pastoral sweetness of a Collins or Shenstone.

"I remember, as if it were but yesterday, Audubon's first appearance in New Orleans," said a now widely-distinguished gentleman to me; "and I shall never forget," he continued, "his industry and enthusiasm, his utter devotion to his favorite pursuit. In those days, many Indians brought game to the city to sell, and Audubon soon had these wild sons of the forest in his employ. Every farthing that the most self-sacrificing economy could save went to purchase birds; and it was a picturesque sight to see the then unknown naturalist surrounded by his wild confederates, who, by the gratification of their natural habits, brought him many of the rich-plumaged aquatic birds that first formed subjects of his pencil. At this time, the courtly language of the Tuileries was his familiar tongue; and although, with the heartfelt approbation of the literary world, Audubon has placed himself among the most pleasing and original of the 'prose writers of America,' yet his first written descriptions were in a language foreign to that identical with his fame, and many of these earliest and most happy essays were so complete, that the finished student easily rendered them into our common language, and, without effort, retained that freshness and beauty that have since distinguished the English compositions of Audubon himself."

"In everything," said another of Audubon's most observing friends, "did Audubon follow nature. If he shot a duck, the grasses and the weeds among which it was found formed the accessories of his drawing. If he brought an eagle down from his eyrie, the very deadened limb that last bore the impress of his talons was secured at any sacrifice, and the bird reappeared just as he first attracted the eye of the naturalist. This care extended to the humblest of the feathered tribe; the apple-tree blossom, the thorn, the ripe fruit, the gigantic caterpillar, the variegated spider, the interlaced horse-hair, the soft down, the fragrant woodbine, myrtle, and jasmine, the honeysuckle and sweet pea, and a thousand other hints of rural life crowd in profusion the drawings of his birds, until they appear complete pictures, stories perfectly told."

Audubon, in jotting down his thoughts, has sometimes gone beyond the office of ornithologist, and given us glimpses of life in the backwoods that many have deemed exaggerations. Respectable authorities in other matters have cautioned too ready credence to these strange tales, and denied the truth of them, because not in the circle of his favorite pursuit. Let these skeptics come to Louisiana and visit, as we have done, among those who

now remember his habits, and they will admit that Audubon, by his solitary journeys, his long residence in the forests, his keen eyes, and his intense industry, would unfold phases of the great book of creation unrevealed to the less studious mass of mankind.

In the hospitable mansion of W. G. J., in the parish of West Feliciana, if one will look into the parlor, they will see over the piano a cabinet-sized portrait, remarkable for a bright eye and intellectual look. The style of it is free, and there is an individuality about the whole that gives security of a strong likeness. Opposite hangs "a proof impression" of "the bird of Washington," a tribute of a grateful heart to an old friend. The first is a portrait of Audubon, painted by himself; the other is one of the first engravings that ever reached the United States of that immortal series that now make up the great work of the unsurpassed naturalist.

In the family holding these pleasing mementos, the "Audubons" lived for many years. There were evidences of this constantly occurring from day to day. It was with no ordinary interest that I examined a number of rude and unfinished drawings, rough sketches, that formed the practice that finally produced such perfection. Among the many was a charcoal likeness of a great horned owl, whose light ashy plumage and socketless eyes gave it a most ghastly appearance. Masterly as these

sketches were, yet there was an evident want of that strange symmetry and correctness that mark Audubon's finished works. This I mentioned to J.

"Ah," said he, "I watched his improvement almost day by day; and how could it be otherwise with one who was so entirely devoted to his pursuits?" And then were poured forth a hundred reminiscences, alike characteristic, and in the highest degree honorable to the heads and hearts of the "family of Audubon."

And now was developed to me, until then unknown, an incident in the unwritten part of Audubon's history. Here, in the bosom of a refined family, lived for many years his accomplished wife, devoting her time to the education of her own sex. Those thus under her charge are now in the perfection of womanhood, and their superior manners and mental cultivation speak of the care and devotedness of their instructor and friend. Here it was that the wife of the great naturalist bid him go forward with his work, and not only cheered him on, but threw the acquirements of her own industry into the glory of the future. It was her example, and her voice of encouragement, and her power to help that enabled Audubon to triumph; and thus did she identify herself and her sex "with the most splendid work which art has erected to the honor of ornithology."

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS.

BY FRANK I. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE western portion of the State of North Carolina is by no means densely populated even at this day, though much more so than it was half a century ago, the time at which the principal incidents I am about to relate occurred.

This part of the State is remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, its fertile soil, and the salubrity of its climate. The bracing mountain air has brought back the bloom of health to the wan cheek of many an invalid; and rock, and stream, and waterfall have filled many a heart with rapturous delight. The wild deer bounds through the forest, and the hoarse bay of hounds, the encouraging shout of the huntsman, and the shrill report of the deadly rifle are sounds that frequently meet the traveler's ear. As in all mountainous regions, the inhabitants are hospitable and generous almost to a fault. Their doors are ever open to the stranger, and, in many cases, they take the offer of payment for their accommodations as an insult. Most of the nobler virtues are shrined in their honest bosoms; but such is the fertility of their valleys, that very little labor is sufficient to procure them the

necessaries of life, and, as the quantity of labor is everywhere proportioned to the necessity for it, we find them, in general, indolent and careless—rich in that best of Heaven's gifts, contentment. The facilities of this region for manufactures are, perhaps, unsurpassed by any portion of the globe, and, with an energetic and industrious population, it would soon become one of the most flourishing sections of our Union.

But enough of this. I did not intend to enter into a minute description of the country, and almost unconsciously penned the above. I proceed with my story.

Among the mountains, not far from the line which separates North from South Carolina, but on the side of the former State, stood, at the period of which I write, a house built after a fashion still prevalent in that region, and which is called a "double cabin." Two cabins, built of logs, are erected ten or twelve feet apart, and generally two stories high, and then connected under one roof, forming pleasant rooms, and also a cool passage between the cabins, where the members of the family usually spend their evenings during the summer months. In the house above mentioned lived Amos Kelford, a hardy

mountaineer, with a wife and several children, of which Daniel, the hero of my tale, was the eldest.

This Daniel was a strange youth, and, although now only twenty years old, possessed a maturity of mind and a ripeness of intellect rarely to be met with in one of his age. Having been reared among mountains, those master efforts of Nature's handiwork, his ideas, even from childhood, had ever blended with the beautiful and sublime. A glance at his countenance, his broad pale forehead, his large and full blue eyes, and light sandy hair, was sufficient to show to a physiognomist that his intellectual predominated over his physical powers. His form was slight, but perfectly symmetrical, and his features, but for a bold and full developed line here and there, would have been considered feminine.

He had ever been considered an anomaly. From his earliest years, he had loved to sit upon some gray old rock and gaze upon the towering peaks around him, and see their summits glittering in the sun or wrapped in mist that enfolded them like mountain robes. This latter he liked best; for even then, in the sunny days of childhood, at an age when most children care for nothing but romp and play, he leaned to the darker side of Nature, and the blue mist, curling in a thousand fantastic forms, or settling like a pall around the lofty summits of giant peaks, had a charm for him which the sunshine failed to impart. He gazed upon the falling leaves of autumn rather than the bursting buds of spring, upon the gathering shades of night rather than the blushing beams of the morning sun.

As he grew up and learned to read, nothing accorded so well with his disposition as to take a volume and wander off beside some waterfall, or ascend some peak, or, when the sun was hot, to retire into some cave or crouch beneath some overhanging rock, and there read and ponder whole days together. There was a mystery thrown around him, a kind of indifference and a lack of interest in almost everything in which those of his age usually feel interested. His own parents looked upon him and sighed and wondered, but could not fathom the depths of his mind, nor learn the bent of his eccentric genius. He was ever mild, ever ready to render any assistance in his power to those in need, and ever obedient to the commands of his parents and teachers; but he obeyed, as he always acted, with a calm indifference, and without any show of interest. Rarely was he seen to smile; but sometimes, when wrapped in his own reflections and heedless of everything around him, his eyes would kindle, and a placid, but peculiar smile would play about his thin lips, indicating that pleasant thoughts were in his mind; but whether of past scenes or only of future imaginary joys none could tell. And oftentimes this smile would suddenly vanish as you gazed upon him, and a dark cloud would settle over his countenance. His brow would become contracted, his lips compressed, and the expression of his eyes sad and gloomy. Then, as if to seek solace, or a diversion of his thoughts, he would

take up a book and wander off into some secluded spot and read and meditate, occasionally noting down with his pencil certain sentences from what he read, or recording certain ideas suggested thereby.

But there was one being on whom Daniel Kelford looked without his usual indifference, and for whom he felt a pure and lasting affection. This was Elinor Manvers, the daughter of one of the wealthier class of farmers, who resided about four miles from Mr. Kelford's. Elinor was sixteen years old, and as beautiful as the houris that visit the Mussulman's dreams. Her sylph-like form, the classic regularity of her well-defined features, her large and languishing dark eyes, all bespoke a mind deeply imbued with the *spiritual*; but still she was a true-hearted woman, a sprightly and merry mountain lass. She loved to pour forth her wild gay songs, and hear the echoes of her finely-modulated voice among the tall cliffs of the mountains. Her step was as free and agile as that of the untamed deer; and to all except Daniel Kelford she was a lively companion, and could ring forth her clear laugh with all the free exuberance of feeling to which her nature seemed inclined; but when with him she was conscious of a mysterious and undefined awe settling upon her mind, and depriving her of the power of appearing gay and frolicsome. Her true nature was as yet undeveloped and unknown even to herself, and the influence which Daniel exerted over her, and was destined to exert, was the mould by which her soul was to be formed. There was something repulsive and yet attractive about him, and although she shrank from him, she could not deny to herself that she loved him, and the consciousness of her love was mingled with both pain and pleasure. Her feelings towards him were of two kinds, directly opposite to each other, and yet so mingling together that she could not entertain the one without admitting the other. She shuddered when she reflected upon the depth of her love, and yet she would not have torn it from her heart for worlds; for there was a satisfaction and a sense of bliss always blending, confusedly and unintelligibly, it is true, with the horror that darkened through her soul. In his presence, she felt ill at ease, and yet there was a vacuum created by his absence which nothing but his presence could fill. He had spoken to her of love, of its beauty and holiness, of its depth and power but no vows had yet been interchanged; and although she would have preferred death to the certainty that he never would declare his love to her yet she dreaded the declaration, and could not think with calmness on the moment when it was to be made. There was something in the earnest flashing of his eyes when he gazed upon her that startled and almost terrified her; and yet there was a charm in those looks that thrilled her inmost soul with pleasure, and she could have wished he might gaze thus for ever. His words, too, fell with a strange emphasis and a peculiar force upon her ears; but there was a music in them that sank into her heart

and awakened a sense of joy that nothing else could stir.

The hand of destiny seemed to be guiding her to some awful fate, of which presentiment made her fully conscious; but the path to which was strewn with so many charms she willingly, ay anxiously, trod it, and would not have turned back if she could.

CHAPTER II.

DANIEL KELFORD had fitted him up a little study room, in which he spent most of his time. Books were his idols, and he worshiped them with more than a pagan zeal. His table was strewn with antique and curicus volumes, many of them abounding in the wild and marvelous, and in these his whole soul seemed absorbed. The love-sick and sentimental had no charm for him; but he sought rather the abstruse and mysterious, bending all his energies to the comprehension of the one and the unraveling of the other. Vague dreams, as it were, fitted through his mind, highly colored by his diseased fancy, and all wearing a supernatural hue. Metaphysics was his darling study. He maintained that, as every particle of matter is dependent on those surrounding it, and as all are bound and held together by attraction, making one whole, and as it is impossible to conceive of one single particle existing independently and unconnected with any other, so every idea is linked with others forming one mind, and a single isolated idea is as impossible as a single and independent particle of matter; and that as various as are the shapes of objects constituted by the combination of particles, so various are the minds formed by the combination of ideas. And as idea linked with idea rose in his mind, he followed on, weaving a chain as incomprehensible to most minds as the inextricable windings of the Cretan labyrinth, until, at length lost in the mazy whirl of his own thoughts, the eye of fancy grew dim and reason tottered on her throne.

Reader, let me conduct you to that little study-room. We will look in at the window near which Daniel sits. It is night, a calm moonlit night of May, and the mingled notes of various night birds and innumerable insects, together with the chastened scenery of the surrounding mountains, as rock, and stream, and cliff, and waterfall appear in the softened beams, are enough to draw the most devoted of ordinary students from their books to contemplate the mighty book of nature, printed in the type of God, its sublime capitals rendering it legible to every observer. But for Daniel Kelford these things now possess no interest. They are unseen and unthought of; for every power of his soul is centered upon the contents of a small roll of manuscript which lies before him. He bends over it, takes up sheet after sheet, his interest increasing as he reads, until he has but one thought, one desire; and that is to understand and to reduce to practice the strange things

there taught. Beside him dimly burns his untrimmed lamp, for he does not think to bestow any attention upon it. He has found embodied in words thoughts and ideas that have long floated like shapeless visions through his soul, but which he never could grasp, confine, and reduce to language.

The night wears on; it is late; he has read every page of that strange manuscript; but he reads it again and again, unmindful of the flight of time—a wild light sometimes flashing from his large eyes, and a mysterious expression gathering over his countenance. Were the aged man whose hand penned these words now alive, he could fall at his feet and worship him as a god.

But let us turn for a moment, and see from whence he obtained this wonderful manuscript.

Just on the line dividing the States of North and South Carolina, is an eminence called "Cæsar's Head." When, how, or why it obtained this name I have never been able to learn. Over its top now passes a turnpike road; but, at the period of which I write, all over and around it was almost an uninterrupted wilderness. The southern, or rather the southwestern side is nearly perpendicular, and fronts towards the celebrated Table Rock in Greenville District, S. C. From its summit, this rock, as well as many other curious and interesting objects, is in full view. The whole scenery in that direction is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any in the whole mountain range; and, consequently, "Cæsar's Head" was one of Daniel Kelford's favorite places of resort.

One day he went to visit this spot, and, as he approached it, he perceived an old man lying at the root of a tree, or rather leaning on his elbow with his back resting against the tree, and his eyes, over which the film of death was fast gathering, bent intently on the view before him. Daniel went up to him with his usual indifferent appearance, but ready to impart any assistance that might be in his power. As he drew near, the old man turned to him and said—

"You have come at last: I was expecting you"

"And why were you expecting me?" asked Daniel.

"Because I knew that you were coming here at this hour," was the reply.

"And how knew you that?" asked Daniel.

"The means by which I obtained my information," replied the old man, "may one day be familiar to you; but I have not time now to explain them to you. Be content for the present to know that I have, or rather have had, the power to gain information of future events. My time to leave this world is now come, and I cannot look beyond the grave except, as other mortals, by the eye of faith. I have inquired concerning you, and know you better, perhaps, than you know yourself, though you never met my eyes until now. I knew that I was to die at this hour, and that you were to meet me here to see me draw my last breath, and to receive from me this manuscript, which I have prepared expressly for you; for I know your nature, your insa-

tiate thirst for knowledge, your perseverance and enthusiasm, and that you would improve the information herein contained. I have written it in your own language. Take it, it is yours; but do not break the seal that binds it until I am buried."

Daniel took the roll which the old man extended to him, and begged that he might go for assistance.

"No," said the old man; "I want no company but yours. Death is not hard, and I have but a few moments more to live. You see that I am calm; I, who have experienced almost every vicissitude of life incident to both the palace and the mountain cave, can here lay me down and place my hand upon my heart and call my God to witness that I die in peace with all men, and without a single fear or dread. I only ask that you will see me decently interred."

The tears gushed into Daniel's eyes as he gave the promise. The old man perceived it and said—

"Do not weep for me, my young friend, but rather weep for yourself. My troubles are over, but yours have scarcely begun. Ignorance loves to persecute knowledge; but there is one blessing attendant on true wisdom; for it renders its possessor impervious to the darts that are hurled at him, and he rises above the petty animosities of earth and feels an inward satisfaction, a proud consciousness of superiority that the ignorant can never know."

The eyes of the old man, sunken and dim, were turned upon the young man as he spoke, and his wrinkled features assumed an expression of joy rarely seen upon the human countenance, even when in health and prosperity. He was above the ordinary size of men, and his large frame stretched along the earth looked like some mountain god taking his rest. His long white eyebrows arched boldly above his eyes, and his silvery hair was brushed back, leaving his massive brow bared to the gentle sunbeams as they streamed through the dense foliage of the overhanging trees. There was a serenity and an expression of benignity about his countenance that irresistibly attracted the heart of Daniel Kelford, and made him reverence him. He seated himself by the old man, and raising his head leaned it against his bosom.

"Thank you, my young friend," said the aged man; "I shall now die without a struggle. I am in no pain; and, as I yet have a little time left me, I will talk with you about Elinor Manvers."

"Elinor Manvers!" exclaimed Daniel, with surprise. "Do you know her?"

"I have seen her once," said the old man; "and he who has done that can never forget the vision of beauty that has blest his eyes. But I know her well. I know her soul is as pure as her own mountain streams; but it is unformed, and to you is committed its nurture. You can assimilate it to your own, or absorb it within your own, and make it soul of your soul, one and inseparable, imbuing it with the same thirst for knowledge, the same exalted aspirations. She loves you with an intensity never excelled; and already the shadow, or rather the

light, of your spirit is upon her; but she can shake off the influence when you are away from her. Marry her, and be with her all the time, infusing your soul into hers, making her a fit companion to share your joys on earth and your perfect bliss in Heaven. Open to her the treasures of knowledge, and she will twine her affections so firmly about you that even death cannot sever them."

The old man's voice grew weak and husky, and turning his eyes calmly upon the face of his young friend, he said—

"I can tell you no more. Read the manuscript, and you will know enough to enable you to learn all. My time has come, and ALL IS PEACE."

As he spoke, he folded his arms upon his breast, closed his eyes, and yielded his spirit, without a groan or murmur, to his God.

Daniel returned home and told his father of the old man's death, but said nothing about the manuscript he had received. It he carried to his own room and locked within his trunk. Mr. Kelford and Daniel, with two or three of the neighbors, went and brought the old man's body to Mr. Kelford's house, where it remained until the next day, when they buried it, wondering who the stranger was and whence he came.

It was night when Daniel returned home, and, after hastily eating a few mouthfuls, he hurried to his room, brought forth the manuscript, broke the seal, and read it.

CHAPTER III.

THE manuscript was as follows:—

DON RICARDUS CARLOS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND
DANIEL KELFORD.

It may seem strange to you, my young friend, to be thus familiarly addressed by one who is a stranger to you, and one whom you have never even seen as yet; but, although I am unknown to you, you are not unknown to me, neither shall I die without your seeing me. You will see me but once, and that will be just as my soul flutters on the verge of eternity. Yes, you will see me in that blissful moment when I shall launch my bark from the strand of Time upon the ocean of Eternity, and be admitted into Heaven, the great temple of perfect knowledge, where I shall be able to ascend step by step, and endowed with capacity to understand those things which the mind, while confined within its corporeal prison house, can never comprehend. Peruse these pages, and you will know how I know you. Peruse, and be wise as I am, and as few before me have been, and perhaps fewer after me will be.

My name is Don Ricardus Carlos, and I am one of the once royal family of Spain. I say the *once* royal family, for, as you know, the reign of the Carloses has ceased; and I am glad of it. A new era is dawning upon the world, when knowledge shall

be diffused among the people, and they shall see and feel that their hereditary rulers are tyrants who oppress them; and they will rise and hurl them from their thrones. A century from this hour, and the names of king and emperor, of lord and sovereign, will only be remembered as titles *once* applied to certain men whom the fortune of birth gave an imaginary superiority over their fellow men in general, and endowed with a privilege of ruling the temporal destinies of the toiling millions. That era has already dawned in splendor. This very nation is an example of it, and this nation is destined to revolutionize the world; not by the sword, though it be mighty in arms and rich in heroes, but by its example, its peaceful and prosperous course. Man never was made to be forced into measures. The Almighty placed in his heart an aversion to coercion as applied to himself. This is what we call pride; and the same pride which leads him to hate coercion as applied to himself, leads him to desire to coerce others. This is one of the curses of God upon mankind for their disobedience, intended to keep them at strife. Hence arise wars and bloodshed, and the direst scourges that visit the earth. Man must be led by persuasion, must be induced by example to embrace even that which is for his own good; and, as I said, this nation will by its example revolutionize the world. It has deluged France in blood, for its time has not yet come; but it will come, and the land of the vine will yet be free. The throne of England—proud mistress of the sea as she loves to be styled, but as she cannot much longer be styled—will fall. Ireland, long crushed beneath the iron tread of despotism, will arise and hurl her chains from her and take her stand among the republics of the earth. Even my own beloved, but degraded Spain, and sunny Italy, the land of the olive, ruled for a thousand years by the usurper of Heaven's prerogative, will yet be free. The crowns that now, heavy with jewels, adorn the heads of sovereigns, will yet be trampled into the dust by the rough feet of those whose necks their wearers now bow down and trample down. THE PEOPLE is the only sovereign, and when knowledge shall have opened the eyes of the people to the excesses committed by their rulers, and to their own rights, they will turn and exercise their power—the power delegated to them, and to none other, by Heaven. But they must learn; and they will learn by example sooner than by any other means. This continent was reserved for such a glorious purpose—the renovation of society, the upbuilding of the temple of true liberty.

* * * * *

I was instructed in all the lore of my country, both ancient and modern. My eagerness to obtain knowledge, and the facility with which I acquired it, were noted, and the most skillful teachers were procured for me. I was surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of royalty; but these had no charms for me. Every luxury which wealth could procure was at my command, but I cared for nothing

but knowledge. It was the one all-absorbing thought of my mind, and in it I lived, moved, and had my being. I outstripped all my teachers, and they declared themselves unable to teach me any more. I was pronounced by all the ripest scholar of my age; but still I was not satisfied. What I had learned only increased my desire for more, and in vain I sought a teacher more learned than myself. The extent of my knowledge amazed the wisest and most profound scholars among my countrymen; but still there was a vacuum in my soul, a yearning to know more, and I felt miserable because I had nothing more to learn.

But "fickle fortune," as it is generally, but erroneously termed, turned her scale. It was not mere fortune or chance, but destiny; and destiny is the will of God. My family was deposed and forced to flee. Of course, we fled to America—to these United States; for where else do the weary find repose and the oppressed an asylum and a home?

With no inconsiderable fortune, I made my way to the mountains, and in a pleasant valley in the western part of Virginia I built me a cottage, and there determined to reside, and prosecute my studies and researches. My desire for knowledge had not abated by my change of fortune, and I began to cast about me for some new study. Those who had known me in Spain thought I stood upon the pinnacle of the temple of knowledge; but I knew there must be something beyond the height to which I had yet risen, or else my mind would not be so disquiet and so anxious to learn more. I reasoned thus with myself: The temple of knowledge is founded on Earth and Time; but the structure reaches into Heaven and Eternity. I have ascended to the topmost step of the earthly part, and now I must pierce the dividing line and ascend yet higher. I reflected that Heaven was purity, and he that would enter into it must be pure, must lay aside all mere earthly and sensual affections, and become in all his thoughts and actions uninfluenced by selfish motives—in a word, that he must separate his soul from his body, and enter with the former, leaving the latter on earth. This I knew was generally effected by death, and then came the desire to die; but again I reflected that that was a sinful desire, and would retard my progress. If I should take my own life, the very act would debar me from the prize for which I did it.

I commenced schooling my mind and subduing my bodily propensities. I abstained from all food, except just enough to keep me alive and in health. I supplied the wants of nature, but nothing more. I practiced self-denial in almost everything, forcing myself to act directly opposite to the promptings of my carnal mind. I retired now to the wildest parts of the mountains, to fill my soul with awe at beholding the stupendous grandeur of nature; and now to the sunny valleys, the babbling rills, and murmuring waterfalls, to drink in gladness and joy. I visited the poor, bestowing gifts upon them, wandering far and near in search of objects of charity, until my

fortune was exhausted, and I was left with but a scanty pittance for my support. But I gloried in my poverty, remembering that the Scriptures teach that money is a hindrance, the love of it an insuperable barrier, to the perfection of human virtue. Knowledge was all I cared for; wealth sank into less than nothingness when compared with it.

My great aim was to arrive to an exalted state of purity, in order to attain to higher knowledge. I would not suffer myself to think of anything unconnected with the Great Author of its existence. At length I found myself undergoing a gradual change. The thoughts of earth and earthly things became irksome to me, and I could banish them from my mind at pleasure. My thoughts were as much at my command as my actions. I could think upon a particular subject, or leave off thinking on it at will, just as I could put my limbs in motion, or leave them at rest, as I pleased.

One day I seated myself by the side of a little rill, the magnificent white blossoms of the laurel waving over me, and the wild vines creeping with serpentine folds around the boughs of the neighboring trees, forming an arbor above the quiet stream. It was a lovely spot, and might well have been fancied the favorite resort of the mountain genii, when they wished to retire to solitude and indulge in reverie.

Here I determined to try the experiment of *will-
ing* myself a spirit, separate from my body and independent of it. It required some effort for me to do this; but gradually I seemed to lose my bodily form, and to become independent of the laws of gravitation. In a few moments the change was complete; and no sooner was it so than I heard a voice, mild and sweet beyond anything which it is in the power of the imagination to conceive—

"Mortal," said the voice, "behold what the eyes of sinful mortal never saw!"

I turned, and beheld a form bright as the sun; but it did not dazzle my eyes. On the contrary, I loved to look upon it; and as I gazed I felt a joy diffusing itself through my soul never dreamed of before, and so perfect that I was wholly abandoned to it.

"I am thy good angel," again spake the voice; "and thy mind, subdued to thy own control, and exerted in a pure and holy direction, has so far removed the scales with which earthly passions blind the human eyes, that thou art permitted, though still mortal, to see me, an immortal, and hear my voice. Thy desire for knowledge shall be gratified, for thou seekest it not for any evil end. Listen, and I will give thee thy first lesson in a course of study new to and unheard of by thee."

I listened and heard strange yet sweet words, and drank in with eagerness the instruction imparted to me. But, as I only learned a portion at that time, and have continued at different periods since to learn more, I will not here attempt to set down the words then uttered to me, or to recount the particular points on which I was enlightened at the different times; but will throw together a portion of the in-

formation I have acquired during the whole time, selecting such as I shall think most likely to interest you, and to fire you with a desire to obtain more from the same source from which I have obtained mine; for man, even while living on this earth, and consequently mortal, may, through the attributes of immortality, learn much that is incomprehensible to the mere mortal mind.

Every human being on this wide world is attended, from his birth to his death, by two angels, the one good, the other evil. Neither has any power to prompt its charge to action either bodily or mentally, for the will is free to choose for itself; but when once a course of acts or thoughts is commenced, then both have power, and each acts in direct opposition to the other, causing the mind to waver and alternate between good and evil, embracing sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as the respective angels obtain the mastery. If a man's thoughts and actions be good, his good angel endeavors to encourage him to persevere in them, while his evil one wars against them; and if his thoughts and actions be evil, his evil spirit urges him on, while his good one tries to restrain him. Hence the life of man is one continued warfare, the two spirits for ever battling against each other, and each in its turn exulting in victory and mourning over defeat. But, let which may be vanquished, it does not easily abandon the contest. The human will can always decide the strife with regard to any particular thing, and cast the victory on either side it pleases, and, with traitorous fickleness, it fights sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other.

Man, in general, is not sunk to that depth of depravity in which he is frequently represented—a depth so low, so dark, and so wretched as to be wholly incapable, with his own human nature, unaided and left to himself, to think a holy thought or perform a righteous act. If this were the case, the evil angel would ever prove victorious, and the good one would retire in despair, and leave the poor human being the prey of the powers of darkness. Men have much to say about the foreknowledge of God, the predestination and election of the human race, or of a portion of it, and such like. These are fruitful themes of controversy, as unavailing as they are absurd. God does not reckon time, for it is finite and he is infinite. He knows only eternity, in which there is neither past nor future, but an ever-abiding present, without beginning or end. Without freedom of will it would be impossible for man to be an accountable being. If the angels which attend him through life had the power to prompt him to action, then they would have the entire rule over him, and they alone would be held accountable for his course. True, it is possible that either spirit may be subdued, and the mind reduced entirely under the control of the other; but this can only take place where the mind concurs with the victorious spirit, and continues to concur

with it, and willingly yields to its control, and therefore the mortal is still the accountable one, and the one with whom God will finally reckon.

When the good spirit, from a long series of defeats, yields all hope of ever again obtaining the ascendancy over its dark rival, and flees in despair from the soul over which it has watched, then the mind and body of the person become devoted with all their powers to the devil, the prince of the spirit that presides over him. He then receives a kind of supernatural power; but it is not of that kind by which good may be wrought, but seeks to set friends at variance and to array man against his fellow-man. It even endues him, who is subject to its undisputed sway, with the power of working a species of miracles; but the effects of these miracles are always noxious. This is what has usually been termed witchcraft. The spirit of evil becomes visible and audible to him who is invested with this fearful power, and he is no longer regarded by the eye of Heaven as one who may even possibly free himself from the master he serves, and repent and find forgiveness. His good angel is gone from him to return no more; for God hath said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." Beyond this world his doom is irrevocably sealed, and his lot cast among the forever damned.

On the other hand, by deeds of charity and love, and by a life of extraordinary purity, the evil spirit may be expelled, and the soul left to the undisputed sway of the good one. He who is thus freed from the power of his evil angel has the power of seeing and hearing his good one, and of learning things incomprehensible to the generality of his race. To him the fountains of knowledge are unsealed, and he learns, while yet on earth, much that is reserved to be learned in Heaven after we have become a new order of beings, endowed with new intelligence. It is sin only that blinds our sight and darkens our minds, and, consequently, the more effectually we can free ourselves from sin the better are we prepared for the reception of knowledge. Perfect knowledge can only be attained by perfect purity, and hence perfect knowledge is perfect bliss; and the highest bliss of heaven is to perfectly understand all things. On earth, corrupted and polluted as it is by sin, there can be no perfect knowledge, and, consequently, no perfect bliss. And although there are different degrees of knowledge in Heaven, yet every degree is perfect, and affords perfect bliss so far; and, as we ascend step by step up the heavenly temple of knowledge, perfect bliss will be added to perfect bliss, and thus will we go on until we reach the summit and possess ourselves of all the blissful attributes of God himself. The more knowledge we attain on earth, provided it be applied to good, the higher will be the grade to which we will be admitted in Heaven, and consequently the more perfect our bliss there; but if it be directed towards the attainment of an end transgressing the laws of God and furthering evil, the more in-

tense will be the sufferings in the world of punishment.

It is an incontrovertible law of natural philosophy, that not an atom of matter can be annihilated; and it is a law as applicable to the immaterial as to the material world. Every act we have ever committed, every word we have ever spoken, and every thought that has ever flitted through our minds, remains as indestructible as the throne of Omnipotence itself. Here on earth we act, speak, and think, and then forget the deeds we have done, the words we have spoken, and the thoughts we have harbored; but on the day of the final reckoning, when our spirits shall re-enter our arisen bodies, every thought, word, and deed shall recur to us as vividly as though they had taken place at that very instant. Thus every one has his whole life spread before him, takes in all at a glance, and becomes his own judge; and as his conscience approves or condemns him, so is he approved or condemned by God. And although men are accountable, yet this does not exempt their good angels from being judged also. Their course is judged, and if they have been remiss in performing the duties assigned them, and have not watched diligently over the souls committed to their charge, then they receive the reward due to their negligence; and as those souls over which they kept watch are the gainers or losers by their conduct, therefore it is permitted them to judge them, as St. Paul saith, "Know ye not that the angels are to be judged by us?"

By our WILL, as I said, we can always cast the victory on the side of either our good or evil angel, as we choose; and when, by a long series of victories achieved over our evil angel by the combined powers of our will and our good angel, we are entirely freed from our evil one, then the veil of sin and imperfection which obscures our spiritual sight is so far removed as to enable us to behold and converse with our good angel, and to learn much, not only of spiritual matters, but also of the future destinies of nations and individuals. It is thus that I have learned of thee, and of the influence which this nation is to exert over the world, dethroning tyrants, extirpating royalty, and making all men "free and equal." It is thus that I have learned the hour at which I am to undergo that change which men call death.

Remember that purity is what is required—purity, at no matter what sacrifice of inclination. As you read this, your good angel stands at your right side, and your evil one at your left, *nearest your heart*; but both are invisible to you because you are neither wholly pure nor wholly polluted. In the former case your good spirit would be visible, in the latter your evil one. They are striving for you, the one endeavoring to urge you to purity, the other to drag you down to degradation. I am convinced, though even my angel does not know, that you will cast your WILL on the

side of virtue, and go on in your high career of knowledge.

And here I will close. If you avail yourself of the information I have imparted, I have said enough; if not, all that I have said is in vain, and but labor lost. You are very dear to me, and, as I write, you grow still dearer. But I am yet to see you,

and to hold converse with you for a little while; and the reason that I now write nothing concerning Elinor Manvers is that I shall speak face to face with you about her. Farewell.

DON RICARDUS CARLOS.

Mountain Cave, Va., Nov. 20th, 1779.

(Conclusion next month.)

MORAL COURAGE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

PART I.

"Ah, lonely, very lonely, is the room
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the tressels!"—Hood.

Yes, there was death in the house. The closed windows told it to the passers-by; and the crape which hung heavily from the door, tied with a black ribbon, denoted that one in the prime of life was laid low. Strangers looked at it with a glance of curiosity and hurried past, forgetting the next moment, in the bright sunshine and busy avocations of life, that they had received a solemn warning to prepare for a like mysterious change. Acquaintances walked with a slower step, as it caught the eye, and thought of the sad scenes that must be passing within that house of mourning.

Friends said it was "a great blow," and wondered vaguely what would become of the wife and children; and some knelt at night surrounded by unclouded happiness in their own homes, but nevertheless praying with a full heart for those who had so suddenly been left desolate.

The day of the funeral came, and the husband and father was carried from the home that had been almost an earthly paradise to be laid beneath "the cold clod of the valley," and the weeping family clung to each other, and sobbed and prayed as that first dreary night came on, and they recognized all the vacancy of hearth and heart. Such scenes are daily passing; yet the world goes on as ever, and some dance to the music of gay revelry, while others put on the "garments of heaviness" with breaking hearts.

And then the return to actual life! How harassing it is when our thoughts are with the dead and the living claim our care! Mrs. Burton found the sad truth of this as, with well meant, but harsh kindness, she found her brother waiting one morning, scarce a week from the day that had made her a widow, to talk over her future prospects. He had an ungracious task before him; for he was forced to communicate what was galling to his pride, as well as distressing to those more nearly interested in the intelligence. Mr. Burton's affairs were left in almost inextricable confusion; a pit-

tance, a mere pittance, of some two hundred a year was all that would remain to his family; and what was this when their annual expenditure had been thousands? He was luxurious in taste, and had not hesitated to gratify every whim. He was an indulgent father, and had lavished uncounted sums upon his children. He had not intended to be unjust to them or his lovely wife; but he was one of those who seem to think a long life secured to them by present health, and, being in excellent business, thought it time to "lay by" when the children were educated and his boys began to "look out for themselves." Besides, he belonged to one of the oldest, proudest families in the city, and he was not to be outshone by any of them.

But how did matters stand now that, by an unalterable decree, he had been suddenly removed from them? Let us see if he had been "a just man," as was pompously stated in his epitaph. Lucy, the eldest daughter, was but nineteen, beautiful, accomplished, and betrothed to the son of an old friend. She was provided for, said the world, and, of course, their relatives could take charge of the younger children—Grace, ten, Willie and George, the one just entered at a classical school, and the other almost ready for college, although only fifteen. Mrs. Burton would have enough to maintain her, no doubt, and so the matter was charitably settled and quietly laid aside for a discussion of the last opera night by the ladies, or a sudden rise in stocks by the gentlemen, upon whose feeling, sensitive minds it had obtruded itself.

Such a conversation was passing that very morning, as Mrs. Burton sat listening to a hurried account of the pressing liabilities that would sweep away even her own marriage portion when, for the first time in a shielded, prosperous life, care and business anxiety came upon her. It is not strange that she was completely bewildered by the new aspect of affairs. She had thought her domestic loss too great a sorrow to bear up under, and now all this crushing weight added to it! What was to be done? Her brother-in-law had but one thing to propose. Lucy would probably marry soon, and Mrs. Burton would no doubt find a comfortable home with her, and be of great assistance to the young wife in managing her domestic concerns.

The children were to be distributed among Mr. Burton's relatives. He himself would take George into his counting-house. He was old enough to be of some service.

Mrs. Burton was a devoted mother. With all her thoughtlessness, she was both fond and proud of her children, and to have them taken from her was to bereave her of every earthly happiness. And George, with his quick mind and high ambition, to be tied down in a counting-room, when he had talent for anything in the profession he already looked forward to, the law! Willie, proud, spirited, affectionate Willie, and her beautiful Grace, dependents upon the bounty of relatives! She could not bear the thought.

But she was not alone in this. Lucy had been summoned to join the deliberation, and astonished her uncle not a little by the firmness with which she said—

"That never will do, sir!"

"Well, my dear, perhaps you can propose a more feasible plan. Does Mr. Allan intend to 'marry the whole family?'"

The ill-concealed irony and coarseness of this remark brought a flush to the young girl's face, and a fire to her eyes that made her more like her haughty relative than ever, as she answered—

"I have not consulted with Mr. Allan; for I did not know there was any need of consultation. No doubt he still thinks as I did an hour ago, that—my father—that we were still secured a home at least." And her voice faltered; for she could not yet speak that name without tears, and the harshness of their situation was forced upon her painfully.

"Well, leave him out of the question. Something must be done. Creditors are at your very door; harpies that will not be satisfied so long as you are living on Wilton carpets and dining with silver that has never yet been paid for."

Mrs. Burton instinctively turned towards her daughter, as if she could in reality suggest some plan by which everything could readily be arranged. She felt revived by the quick decision of Lucy's tone and manner.

"I have no plans. I can scarcely think as yet," she said, passing her hand hurriedly across her brow; "but to-morrow: at least we can be in peace until then. Only one thing I am certain of, that, so long as I have health and strength, my mother and brothers shall not be dependent on any one."

"Those hands work, indeed!" returned Mr. William Burton, glancing almost contemptuously on the white fingers locked so resolutely together, on which sparkled a ring of great value, the betrothed gift of her lover. "Go to Allan with your resolution, and see what he will say. Come, come now, don't be obstinate and foolish, Lucy. You are poor George's child, and as like him as you can be. I mustn't get vexed with you. I know it's a great shock. I feel it so myself; but we must be brave and put up with what we can't help."

It was with a swelling heart, and oftentimes gushes of bitter tears, that Lucy trod the floor of her room all that long afternoon, while her mother received, in the parlor below, visits of condolence from friends and acquaintances, who came, some because custom required it, and others because they had suffered and sorrowed, and knew how welcome a kindly sympathy had been in their affliction. The children, Grace and Willie, sat reading together with their arms about each other until the twilight came, and they began to wonder what made sister stay away alone so long, and finally deputed George to go "very softly" and see if she would not come down to tea, "as Doctor Howard was still talking to mamma, and they were very lonely."

"Come in," said Lucy, as she recognized her brother's voice; and then she made him sit down beside her, and led him to talk of their future life and what he had intended to accomplish. It had been in the boy's mind all day, and he spoke very earnestly. He would be so industrious after this, and study so hard, and be a great lawyer like Uncle Thomas, and then mamma should come and live with him, when Lucy was married and the children grown up. Ah, how could she damp such fond anticipations and throw the shadow of care over that bright young face, from which she had parted back the clustering locks that she might look steadfastly into those clear, eloquent eyes! So she gave up her first resolve of telling him *all* the truth, but said—

"Dear brother, what if it should be necessary for us to move into a smaller house, and for you to give up study and go into business for a few years until we get rich again, and Willie is large enough to help himself a little?"

The shadow came, after all, and the boy's face lost its eager, hopeful look.

"I knew it would be hard, and that you do not like business; but we all have to bear trials. Think of poor mamma; for her sake, George. And because it would be right," she added, after a moment. "But we will talk more about this some other day; only think of it, brother, and be brave. Ask strength from Heaven to do rightly," and she pointed to her dressing-table, where an open Bible lay, stained with tears.

Ah, how many schemes she revolved in her mind that night, when she could not sleep, and envied the calm repose of Grace, who shared her room, and was lying so quietly beside her. And then she rose and turned to her Bible again, as she had never sought it before, although it had always been dear to her; for she was of those who had "remembered their Creator in the days of their youth." One sentence caught her attention; no doubt she had read it a hundred times before, but she never had known its meaning until now.

"*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.*"

How full of hope and assurance it was! and something like a smile quivered about her lips as she

knelt and laid her heart open to the Father of the Fatherless.

But several days passed before anything like a feasible plan suggested itself. Mrs. Burton was ready to do anything Lucy thought best; but her mind seemed to be paralyzed by the succession of misfortunes. Yet still another trial remained for the devoted girl, and harder to bear, that it came so unexpectedly.

"I cannot do as you wish," she said to her lover, when her resolution was finally taken. "God only knows how hard the struggle has been, and still is. But I cannot despise myself if I turned from one duty to take up another. How could I expect a blessing upon it? We are both young; I but nineteen, you twenty-three. Five years from now we shall still have a long life before us, and then we shall be all the happier for this self-denial. Is it asking too much of you?—too great a sacrifice, James?"

"I cannot understand you, Lucy. Don't speak enigmas."

"Well, then, have I not explained it clearly?—that my labor is necessary to my mother and all of them, until the younger children are old enough to act for themselves; and, even to be your wife, great happiness as it would be to me, I cannot desert them."

"You are a noble girl, Lucy," he said, as you would admire anything that was beautiful in a picture or a statue. And yet she seemed to know that he did not feel with her—"could not understand her," as he had said.

"And do you not think I am right?"

"I can't say that I do—that is, exactly. I can't see that you are bound to waste five years, the best years of life, when the family can be otherwise provided for. You say your uncles have offered to do all that is necessary; your mother would always be welcome in my house." And James Allan actually regarded himself, and had done so for some days, a perfect model of virtuous self-denial in making the proposal, and "going on" with a match that more worldly friends now advised him against. There was a difference between the daughter of the prosperous merchant and the ruined bankrupt.

"You never have had brothers and sisters, James."

"And so shall love you all the better, darling. You will have none to be jealous of."

"Ah, now listen to me. Do not place obstacles in the path of my duty. Tell me, am I selfish towards you?"

She did not think he could say "yes," or feel it. She knew that if the probation had been proposed to her for his sake, she would have consented joyfully, bappy in the power to show how true her love was, and she would have strengthened and encouraged him in every way.

He was silent for a moment, and then he said, slowly—

"And what do you propose to do? Teach, I

suppose." It grated upon his ear to think that any one who would be hereafter connected with him should use time or talent in her own support. He would much rather have given the necessary sum outright; but that Lucy would not listen to.

"No, I shall not teach."

"And what in creation will you do?" he ejaculated, surprised from his accustomed politeness into an abrupt betrayal of native rudeness.

"I am going to learn a trade and work at it, and have a shop, when I can manage one."

"Good heavens, Lucy, you are mad! What has put such an insane idea into your head?"

"Thought, thought—constant, harassing, anxious thought. As a teacher or governess I could do little more than support myself; and I know I have taste and enterprise, and George will assist me, and I feel I shall succeed."

"Never to be my wife afterwards!"

"James!" and she started to her feet, the hot blood mounting to her face. She could not believe she had heard aright, and came back to him, laying her hand upon his arm and looking beseechingly into his face. He was angry now. Pride, and more than pride, vanity, were aroused. What! his wife to have been behind a counter!—to hear it said, in after years, "O yes! Mrs. Allan was a shop girl!" It was not that his treasure would be exposed to rude and unfeeling association; it was not that he would shield her from toil! He shook her from him—

"As true as I am speaking, if you persist in this, I will never marry you!"

"You never shall!"

She turned quietly, but firmly, and went towards the door. There were no tears, no expostulations. It was not her nature. Neither was that deep emphatic tone the voice of passion. But a mask had dropped from the real character of one she had almost revered, who had been invested by the halo of her love with every high and noble quality.

"Lucy!"

No answer; and then the woman triumphed, and she turned her face so that he could see how deadly pale she was, as she said, not raising her eyes—

"God bless you, James, for the happiness of the past!"

He knew that he was forgiven; but he also felt that, outwardly, there could be no reconciliation. In an instant, all her goodness and purity came into his mind. He felt all that he had lost when too late to regain it. But he stifled remorse and regret by pride and fancied injury, as he left the house never to return again.

There followed a wretched, stormy interview with her uncle, whose anger knew no bounds when Lucy told him that her engagement with James Allan was broken, and for what reason. She was called "idiot" and "ungrateful," her scheme was ridiculed and discouraged, until Mrs. Burton even began to take her brother's view of the case, and think that her daughter had acted inexcusably

when, with a little forbearance, she could have retained the care and love of one who had a father's sanction to call her wife. And finally threats were tried to induce her to use her influence to reconcile the family to the first plan proposed; for Mr. William Burton solemnly declared that, if the daughter of his brother disgraced the family by becoming "a milliner's girl," he would disown her, and his children should never recognize her again.

This was a great trial, but a harder one had been borne, and Lucy found a friend to uphold her in her course when she was sorely tempted to abandon it. Dr. Howard had been for many years their family physician, and had watched her from earliest childhood with no little interest. His daughter Mary was Lucy's most intimate friend, and through her he heard of all that was passing in the family of his deceased friend. His little carriage was standing at the door as Mr. Burton left the house, the morning of the last interview, and Lucy, still sitting in the parlor, her head upon her hands, lost in deep and painful thought, was roused by his kindly voice and fatherly manner, to be comforted by his sympathy and strengthened by his approval.

"I know all, my little daughter," said the warm-hearted old gentleman. "As for that James Allan, you've had a lucky escape, and I'd willingly see him"—

"Doctor!" interrupted Lucy, for she could not bear that once loved name spoken of so harshly.

"Well, well, I suppose you were fond of him, or you never could have promised what you did. But we won't think of that part of the subject. Now tell me exactly what you want to do, and then we will see if there's a possibility of accomplishing it."

So Lucy unfolded her plans more fully than she had yet done to any one. Their milliner was a widow lady who had under her direction one of those large work-rooms employing twenty or thirty girls. Her customers were among the wealthiest and most fashionable people in the city, and, as she was very intelligent and a person of excellent taste, they frequently consulted her about an entire wardrobe, and in this way Lucy had often listened to her conversation. Only one month ago, her mother and herself were taking Mrs. Hill's advice with regard to her own *trousseau*, a part of which was already purchased; and while Lucy was waiting for her mother to call for her, she had been much interested in a history of Mrs. Hill's own business experience, resulting from a report that she was thinking of retiring before long. Lucy found, to her amazement, that, in twenty years, she had not only educated her family, but saved enough to make her entirely comfortable. This conversation might have been forgotten, had not a necessity for exertion been forced so suddenly upon her; and knowing, from the salaries of her own teachers, that she could not hope to do more than maintain herself in that way, Mrs.

Hill's success flashed upon her mind as an encouraging precedent.

At first, she scarcely counted the cost, it is true. She forgot that it would make an entire change in her social position, strange as it may seem in a so-called republican country, and, above all, in a city where "all men" were first declared to be "equal." She could not judge, from her own true, affectionate nature, the result such a decision would have upon her future prospects in domestic life. That was the thought which cheered her at first, the beacon star that was to guide her through all toil and self-denial; but it had been quenched, with all else that had made life bright to her. And as yet she knew nothing of actual physical fatigue or deprivation; this was yet to break upon her.

Dr. Howard, like a true friend, pointed out all this, kindly, it is true, but in the strongest colors; and when he found that even then she did not give up her scheme, he patted her glossy curls as he would have done Mary's, and said she was "a little heroine," and he did not doubt that she could succeed.

"Whoever show themselves weak enough to desert you, my child," he said, "you have always a friend in me, remember that; and you must use me whenever you want advice or assistance. Don't hesitate to come to me in all your little trials and troubles, and my house shall be a second home to you."

Then, to have her mind relieved of all anxiety on this score at once, for he saw the sad changes the past few weeks had made in her worn face, he proposed to go at once and consult Mrs. Hill, and see how they could manage time and terms. It seemed a long hour to Lucy before the sound of his carriage-wheels was heard again; but he came at last, his face beaming with pleasure, and told her how heartily Mrs. Hill had entered into her plans, that she would herself direct the short apprenticeship, and engage her services when it was completed. There was a little note from the lady herself, so full of good will and kindness, that the young girl's faith in human nature was revived, and her path seemed indeed "directed" by the God in whom she trusted.

How thankfully she reviewed the events of the day to her mother that night, with a look more like happiness than she had worn since her father's death. And Mrs. Burton seemed, for the first time, interested in it, and was thankful for everything that would keep them all together.

George was enthusiastic, as he always was in everything he entered into, and, throwing his arms about her neck, declared she was "the best sister in the world, and he had no doubt she would make a fortune." The younger children could not, of course, fully understand the case, but knew that something pleasant had happened and they were indebted to Lucy for it. It was the happiest night the Burtons had known since their father's death.



TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"EVERY one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcot."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who,

greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a love-like character.

Still, she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, began, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. Last August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free and easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two-thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the

time came to part company with him, his fellow-travelers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a traveling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and, at the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and piece of the breast"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table

was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed, suddenly, over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman who was looking after number one than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he

instantly recognized as Helen Walcot! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips; a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the dessert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcot—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the traveling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

A HINDOO BELLE.

BY J. E. P.

Come, see Ro Appo, my sweet Hindoo belle;
On Burra deen, a holiday, full dressed,
Glittering with gems, she shineth in the sun,
Superior far to maidens of the west.

Her Dahka veil, light as the fleecy cloud,
Enshrines her form in fairy-like attire
Her every move is made with Eastern grace,
She walks a queen of beauty with her lyre

O'er the Midan, or in the cooler shade
Of scented shrubs or spreading banian grove,
Touching the strings where music sleeps till when
She wakes all into song of joy and love.

See her maunteeka,* with its splendid star,
Throws radiating beauty from her brow,
Where diamond amethyst and emerald beams
Blend with the pride that sparkles from her now.

Her champank necklace, glittering round her neck,
Loose dangles down low on her glowing breast,

* Ornament for the forehead.

Whose rise and fall, as inward passion stirs,
Oft, like the Ganges, drown its zealous guest

See, as she raises slow her tiny hand,
How rich her fingers are in jewels rare!
Her thumb she nears, for in her inah† glass
She loves to see her beauty shining there

Music is in her step, for, as she stirs,
Listen to Paunjeho merry, tinkling bell,
Betaking well the native cheerfulness
Of my sweet-tempered Hindoostance belle.

I love to see thee in thy pride of show;
Thy sable face, illum'd with Eastern smile,
Wins o'er my soul, in spite thy Pagan creed,
To court thy heart and worship thee awhile.

Do off thy dark idolatry, and come,
Be one with me; be married, and deride
Thy parents' wrath, thy Bramin's deadliest curse;
Join Europe and Asia, bridegroom and the bride.

† Small looking-glass worn on the thumb.

DEVELOUR.
A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES K. BLUMENTHAL.

(Continued from page 261.)

CHAPTER IX.

DEVELOUR and his associates left the little house in the Ruelle des Jardiniers and marched down the Rue de Charenton, in order to avoid being seen by any sentinel which the revelers of the Rue Montgallet might have had the precaution to place before the door. Caleb and Develour walked at the head of the troop, followed by Bertram and Filmot with the *père* between them. When they reached the *barrière*, they met with an unexpected interruption from a small body of municipal guards, who stood like statues in the gloomy shade of a temporary guard-house. Their sudden appearance, and the quick and decisive *qui vive* of their brave young Captain St. Leger, disconcerted Develour for a moment; but Caleb whispered to him—

"Halt the men, while I give this young fire-eater the watchword, which he begins to suspect is not in our possession."

Then advancing a few steps, he, in a low tone, but loud enough for the officer to hear, spoke the word "*Philippe and Amelia*;" then immediately resumed his former position, while he said "Pass, guard of the throne." Develour's hand then turned into the Ruelle de Quatre Chemins, and marched up the Rue de Trois Chandelles until they came to an alley, into which they went. About the middle of the alley, they halted before a massive gate, which opened into the garden of Madame Georgiana's *pied à terre*. Here a whispered conversation took place as to the best mode of gaining entrance into the garden. They had expected to find it open; for so their spy had reported it to have been at an early hour of the evening. Disappointed, some proposed to break it down; but this was rejected, on account of the noise which would attend such an effort, and might give the alarm to the revelers. Others proposed to send for a locksmith; but this was considered as consuming too much time, when every moment was of the greatest value. At last Bertram, who, with Caleb, had taken no part in the discussion, said—

"If the *grille* is not surmounted with spikes too large to cross, I will soon have it open. At any rate, I will try. Come, *Père Tranchard*, let us have your ladder."

The silken cords were soon uncoiled, and Bertram, with one dextrous throw, fastened the hooks around the cross-bars between the spikes. He then mounted the ladder, and bade the *père* follow him. Poor *Père Tranchard*, notwithstanding his many

excuses, was compelled to share the perilous ascent. When the two had reached the top, Bertram ordered his frightened companion to crawl along the *grille* to the wall, and there, perched in a very uneasy position, remain a sentinel in the avenues from the house; he then coolly surveyed the ground on the other side of the gate, and, after a few seconds of deliberation, drew the ladder after him, and lowered it into the garden. Not the slightest noise betrayed the presence of a living being, and he congratulated himself already upon his success while descending the lowest rounds, when his progress was suddenly arrested by some one who seized the collar of his coat, without any warning except an inarticulate grumbling noise. The rain and the thick darkness prevented him from seeing his assailant; but, when he turned in order to lay hold of him, he found a shaggy head coming in contact with his face. As soon as he felt the hair brush against his cheek, he gave a low laugh, and said—

"Down, Carlo, down! It is Bertram."

His four-footed assailant, a large dog of the African lion breed, immediately relinquished his hold, and crouched at the feet of his old master.

"Just so," muttered Bertram. "I thought *Jacqueslin* would not like to go the rounds to-night, and would confide his post to thee, Carlo. Come, let us go and hunt for thy new master."

He then walked cautiously towards the house, the lower windows of which opened into the garden, and showed a brilliantly illuminated apartment, in which a table, covered with all the appurtenances of an epicurean supper, was set out. The room was filled with a number of gentlemen in every variety of dress. Bertram, in his approach to the house, took advantage of every tree to conceal his person, in order to get as near as possible without being observed. When he had come near enough to distinguish the persons in the room, he stopped, and surveyed the scene and the ground with the eye of a soldier, and, after a few moments, muttered—

"A precious set of scoundrels, indeed, we have here. Grandan—I suppose come to make converts to socialism; no need of that here; Malin, Sotard, Egal, and Létour, who have no property of their own, are already too willing to divide that of other people. There, too, are Longchamp, Bouchon, and Labotte, and not a woman with them: that is strange, were it not for the wine, which accounts for their presence here. But I must hasten to ob-

tain the key. I wonder where that scoundrel Jacquelin has gone to."

He then gave a low and prolonged whistle. It was answered, after a few seconds, by another from an upper window, and soon afterwards a man came out of the house and looked around in the garden; but the darkness prevented him from distinguishing anything. Bertram repeated, in the mean time, his signal, while he drew off from the house towards a thick clump of trees, to which the man followed, guided by the signal whistle. As soon as they had reached the trees, Bertram seized him in his powerful arms, and, after he had put his handkerchief over his mouth, told him to give up the key of the garden gate. The terrified gardener placed the keys in his hands. Bertram then tied him to a tree, and left the poor wretch, almost frightened to death, exposed to the drizzling rain which now began to fall.

When he returned to the gate, he found his companions impatient to gain admittance, and poor Père Tranchard begging in whispers to be released from his elevated situation, assuring them that it was too dark to see anything or anybody from his post, and that the place was too narrow for him to continue there any longer. Bertram laughed, and told him to come down; that they had no need any longer for his valuable services as a look-out.

When Develour and his companions entered the garden, Caleb, who had hitherto remained inactive, took the command of the little party, and every one obeyed at once, as if it had been expected that he would lead the attack. He divided them into two divisions, one to be led by Develour and Bertram, and the other by himself and Filmot, but told them that they were to separate only when the servants and followers should have been secured in the hall of the domestics. He then ordered them all to cover their faces with the masks, and advance. A few minutes brought them to the very door of the hall in which the domestics and others in the pay of the conspirators were already carousing, and were so completely absorbed in political disputes and drinking wine, filched from the supply for the supper-room, that they did not observe the intruders until they were surrounded. Before they had time to recover from the surprise, they were seized, disarmed, and tied, and instant death was threatened to every one in case of any attempt at an alarm. After the servants and guards had been thus disposed of, Caleb said to Develour—

"Thou and Bertram must now secure the masters. Let Bertram speak; it is better that thy voice be not recognized. Endeavor, above all things, to gain the lower part of the room, and lock the small door thou wilt see there. Here we separate. I leave the men with thee, if thy friend will volunteer to be my companion."

"Willingly," replied Filmot. "Lead the way."

When the two had passed out of the room, Bertram said to Tranchard—

"Now, worthy père, can you tell us how many doors lead out of that supper-room into some of the secret recesses of this rat-trap?"

"Your companion with the broad-brimmed hat seems to know; for he has told you to take care of the lower door."

"Is there no other, worthy père? For, remember, if any of these men escape into a secret hiding-place, I will provide you with a higher perch than yonder wall, and will secure you to it by a rope around the neck."

Tranchard turned pale at these words, and replied, with a trembling voice—

"There is another; but promise me that you yourself will not enter it, and I will point it out to you. Otherwise," he continued, with a firmer voice, heaving a deep sigh, "you may hang before I'll tell you."

"Never fear," said Bertram, with a laugh; "we have no idea—at least not to-night—to trust our heads into any of the traps which this she-devil may have contrived here."

"Well, then, if you touch the golden rose by the side of the large mirror over the Cupid, it will slide aside, and you may enter by a stairs into the cellar underneath the room."

"We will take care of it, but you must now remain by my side, worthy père, till I have tested your veracity."

Then turning to his men, he dispatched two squads to different parts of the house, with directions to secure the two regular places of egress from the room.

CHAPTER X.

THE conspirators, in the mean time, unconscious of the danger which threatened them, were discussing with one another the various topics which were uppermost in their minds. Joubart, who had just joined the party, after listening for a few moments to some remarks from Egal, exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, our situations, our precedents are very different, and our parts are very singular. You are all republicans at all hazards. I am not a republican of that school. And yet at this moment I am going to be more republican than you are. The fact that I am now here is itself a decisive declaration of it. Let us understand one another. Like you, I regard a republican government as the only instrument for the advancement of the general truth which a nation should incorporate in its laws. But I have just come from the chamber, and I fear we are not strong enough, not prepared as yet to accomplish this. I have still misgivings. I am not therefore an absolute republican like yourselves; but I am a politician, and a politician of the highest cast. At these words, smiles were exchanged among the conspirators. "Well, as a politician, I now think

it is my duty to refuse the support you are willing to offer me at this hour."

"Well, refuse and play the part of a coward, if you will; that of a traitor you dare not play," exclaimed Bouchon, in his brutal manner.

"There is no need of falling out by the way," said Grandan. "We need Joubart, and he needs us. That little speech will do very well for the chamber; there it would tell. Here we understand one another. Not one of us will risk his head without a probability of success. Joubart has not seen Delevert; else he would know that the mine is well dug, and will and *must* explode before to-morrow evening. The chiefs of the *Cabet*, *St. Simon*, *Lébut*, *Carac*, *Tuvir*, and five others, whose names I must not mention now, have drawn their followers together to act under the orders of the secret council. The council has decreed a permanent sitting until its object is accomplished; and accomplished it will be at all hazards."

"What can keep Madame Georgiana so long?" whispered Labotte to Longchamp. "She promised to be with us by ten o'clock, and bring with her the fair Louise. It is past ten now, and I told the coachman to draw up before the little door in the wall on the Ruelle des Trois Chandelles."

"I am afraid," replied Longchamp, "that you and Bouchon will get into trouble by your intrigues, and draw your friends also into difficulties. *Diable!* are there no pretty girls in France besides this Louise? and what possessed Bouchon to fall in love with the picture of this American half savage?"

"Hist! hist! Bouchon will hear you. As to his affair, all I can say there is no accounting for taste. Mine is of a different nature. Louise has charms besides those of her person. The happy possessor of that fair devotee will also be entitled to receive an annual revenue of one hundred thousand francs; no trifling consideration. But the girl is not aware that she is heir to such wealth; and, if she were, would not be able to establish her claim without the aid of certain papers, which I alone know where to find."

"Well, there may be some reason in your passion, but I see none in that of Bouchon. However, let us go in quest of our fair hostess. We can do so without any one being aware of our object."

Before they had time to rise from their seats the door flew open, and Bertram, with Develour and his followers, all armed to the teeth, entered the room. Not a word was spoken by either party for a few seconds. The conspirators were speechless from surprise and momentary fear; while the others executed their movements rapidly and in silence, according to Bertram's orders, who wished to surround them before they would have time to alarm the house. M. Trouvier was the first who recovered from his surprise, and, seizing his pistols, was about to rise from his chair; when Bertram, who had now placed himself behind Malin's chair, with his back to the large mirror, leveled a short rifle at his head, while he said, with his deep guttural voice—

VOL. XLII.—30

"Down, sir! down to your seat! Let not a man stir from his place, if he wishes to keep his life!"

"What is the reason of this attack?" inquired Trouvier. "Do you come to rob us? If so, we will give you our purses, and free us from the intrusion."

"Your purses," exclaimed Bertram, with a mocking laugh, "would not be heavy to carry. Joubart's poetry and purse are chaff, easily carried away by a breath. Grandan and Egal might furnish better stores, if they had sufficiently gulled the people to entrust them with their money for a common stock. And you, M. Trouvier, with Sotard and Malin, have enough to do to keep your seditious paper afloat; you certainly have nothing to offer except empty promises to pay."

"Betrayed!" groaned Joubart, as he threw himself back in his chair.

"What, then, is your object in coming here?" inquired Trouvier. "Why are we surrounded by armed men hiding their faces beneath masks?"

"To compel you not to leave this room for two hours from this time; and, to this end, to tie your hands and feet and fasten you to the chairs which you now occupy," replied Bertram, with the utmost nonchalance, when he saw that the men had by this time managed to place themselves behind nearly every chair around the table.

"Never!" exclaimed Bouchon, who was a large and powerful man—"never will I submit to such disgrace while I can defend myself!"

And, with one bound, he sprang across his chair towards Bertram, but dropped almost on his knees when he felt the iron grasp of the veteran upon his shoulders. And that grasp continued until the burly form was bent like that of a child by a man.

Labotte had risen during the confusion which this scene created, and endeavored to escape by the lower door, while others had sought to leave by the ordinary entrances; but Develour stood a fierce sentinel before the only safe passage for escape, and repulsed the miscreant with a bitterness which would have led him to kill the mercenary wretch, if higher obligations had not interposed.

The other conspirators were also met everywhere by leveled pistols and drawn swords. They finally submitted to their fate, and were bound one by one by Bertram and his attendants. When Père Tranchard pretended to assist in tying Létour, he managed to whisper to him—

"In two hours you will be freed. Take care to remove the deposits from the secret chamber underneath; the secret is betrayed."

As soon as they had secured the prisoners, Bertram and Develour locked the outer doors, and then passed through that over which Develour had stood guard into a smaller chamber without any apparent outlet. Bertram ordered Tranchard to show them the means of egress from that room.

"There are two," replied the père, who had managed to lay hold of a bottle of wine before he left the supper-room, and with which he had forti-

fied his inner man. "One, here to the right, leads into the garden, and the other, to the left, opens on a staircase which brings you into Mademoiselle Develour's boudoir."

"Open the one to the left. Quick, quick! Caleb may need help!" exclaimed Bertram.

The père obeyed by touching a spring, which caused one of the panels to slide aside. They all then rushed up the stairs into the room, into which the reader has been introduced in a previous chapter. But the room was now vacant, the windows open, and not a sign of a human being anywhere. Develour, who had hitherto acted in silence, absorbed in his anxiety for the safety of Louise, now broke forth in bitter reproaches to Bertram—

"This, then, is your boasted wisdom! this the end of all your promises of success! Caleb assured me that in this room I should find her, and receive her safely into my arms. Where is she now? Where is Caleb, and what has become of Filmot? Have I lost both Louise and my friend? But here is another door; let us see what it conceals."

Turning the key, he beheld Madame Georgiana lying upon a sofa reading "Indiana," and making notes to it with a pencil. When Bertram saw who the occupant of the room was, he whispered—

"Speak not; she knows your voice. I will interrogate her."

But, before he had time to say a word, she rose and inquired if they had come to release her?

"Release you from what?"

"From the confinement to which a burly savage, a friend of yours, I suppose, has condemned me." She then began to relate what had taken place in that room a few minutes before their entrance.

"And whither have they gone? and how long ago?"

"They left about ten minutes before you entered: as to whither, I do not know. If you have not met them, they must have left either by the window or through the green panel-door, which opens on a passage by which one can reach the Ruelle."

Bertram then compelled the lady to open the panel-door, and after ordering his men to remain for one hour in the house, and to suffer no one to enter or leave it, he accompanied Develour down to the street. When they reached the pavement, they saw a carriage just turn the Rue des Trois Lèvres, and a few loiterers looking after it. Bertram inquired of one of them if that carriage had passed the house? He replied that it had halted there for more than an hour; but that, a few minutes ago, two gentlemen came out with a lady and entered the carriage; that the elder of the two had shown a card to the coachman, and told him to drive *versus à terre* to the Rue des Terres Fortes.

When Develour heard this, he said, hurriedly, to Bertram—

"I must leave you; my work here is accomplished; though I have but half succeeded. I must now fulfil another duty. Before morning dawns, I shall know where Louise is. Farewell, Bertram, but not for ever. When we meet again, I shall be better able to thank you."

"Nay, nay, we may meet again before to-morrow night. Fear not; all is well which Arabacca counsels; all ends well which he undertakes."

With these words, he turned and went into the house, and Develour hastened to the Rue de Burgoigne

(To be continued.)

A SPRING CAROL.

BY MRS. A. A. BARNES.

BRIGHT, balmy Spring! I greet thee now
With a bounding pulse and joyous brow;
Thy dewy breath, pure, soft, and bland,
Seems like a dream of a fairy land;
And open I throw the casement wide,
To inhale the dewy, delicious tide:
The fragrance soft of the budding trees
Is borne to me on the morning breeze;
The emerald turf is gemmed with dew,
That gleams like stars in the vault of blue;
The clouds are tinged with a rosy stain,
As the rising sun illumines the plain.
The early flowers, in their brightest bloom,
Have waked from their dark and cheerless tomb:
Sweet flowers! a halo and grace ye fling
Over the brow of the smiling spring;
Ye gladden the hearts in cottage homes
As freely as those in stateliest domes.
And the birds, the truants I watched for long,
Are greeting me now with carol and song;

From the "sunny south" they breathe to me.
In joyous chirp and wild song free,
The sweetest lays of a summer sky.
Where birds of glossiest plumage fly;
Where flowers are seen of the loveliest hue,
And the bending skies are softly blue;
Where the rippling waves of the dancing stream
Are kissed by the golden sunlight's gleam,
Whose banks are bright with the sheen of flowers
That rarely bloom in this clime of ours—
Blooms gorgeous enough to grace, I ween,
The brow of Oberon's fairy queen.

Sweet friend, I marvel, with skies like these,
Thou e'er shouldst tempt our northern breeze;
Yet welcome thou art as Spring's first green,
Pleasant to me as a bright "day-dream,"
That illumines for a while the sober sky,
And yet, like thee, too soon dost fly.

UNDERSLEEVES AND CAPS.

Fig. 1.

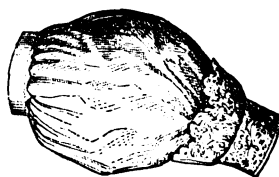


UNDERSLEEVES.

Open sleeves are still in vogue, and being more than ever worn for light summer materials, we continue our cuts in illustration of various favorite styles.

Fig. 1 is of embroidered muslin, intended to come just above the elbow, where it is fastened by a small gum-elastic bracelet, which will be found

Fig. 2.



the neatest support for a demi-sleeve. The wrist has three rows of rich cambric edging, made to fall over the hand. This is more suitable for a spring silk than a lighter dress.

Fig. 2 of plain cambric, with embroidered cuff and band. The edging in this case is made to fall back towards the elbow. It will be noticed that undersleeves are worn as full as ever, and make the most elegant finish to a tasteful toilet

Fig. 3.



CAPS.

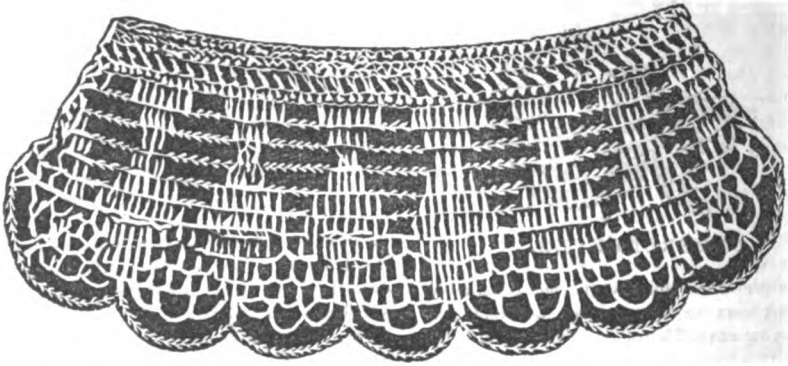
Fig. 3 is a breakfast cap of spotted muslin, with double rows of quilling, arranged in a very graceful roll, extending around the crown. The broad strings are of the muslin, with a delicate edging of Valenciennes lace. Pale violet ribbon may be used instead, and also for the bow on the cap.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 4, also a breakfast cap, is in a similar, though more tasteful style, the bow of rose-colored ribbon in the centre being a novelty, and the square crown preferred by many. The border is closely quilled, as in Fig. 3. Many ladies prefer to quill for themselves, which may easily be done, an iron intended for the purpose being easily procured at a small expense.

ETRUSCAN LACE CUFF.



Use crochet thread Nos. 8 and 9.

Make a chain of 106 loops with thread No. 80; turn back and work in double crochet, always working on one side, commencing at the right-hand side of foundation.

1st row.—Single open crochet, with thread No. 90.

2d row.—Double crochet.

3d row.—5 chain, 7 long; repeat.

4th row.—7 chain, 5 long; repeat.

5th row.—7 chain, 3 long; repeat.

6th row.—5 chain, 5 long; repeat.

7th row.—3 chain, 7 long; repeat.

8th row.—3 chain, 9 long; repeat.

9th row.—3 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 7 long; repeat.

10th row.—4 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 5 long; repeat.

11th row.—5 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 5 long; repeat.

12th row.—5 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 3 long; repeat.

Crochet the ends with double crochet.

13th row.—12 chain, 2 long; repeat. Work this row round each end of the cuff, and work the band in double crochet with thread No. 80, missing every fourth stitch of foundation.

NOTE.—Our pattern has been reduced in size from the original, but by working as above directed the true size will be given.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

PERIWINKLE

Cast on ten stitches with white split Berlin wool.

1st row.—Make one stitch, knit two through the row.

2d row.—Purled.

Fasten on a pale and delicate shade of lavender.

3d row.—Make one stitch, knit three, turn back, purl the same stitches (take a deeper shade of lavender), and continue to work in alternate plain and purled rows (increasing only in the plain rows), until you have seven stitches on the needle.

Now fasten on a still darker shade of lavender in the ninth purled row, and knit and purl alternately six more rows, making one stitch at the beginning of the plain row, and taking two stitches together at the beginning of the purled rows. Cast off the seven stitches, which completes one petal. Break

the wool about a yard and a half from the work, thread a rug needle with it, and bring the wool along the left edge of the petal first made to the next stitches on the needle. Make one stitch, knit three, turn back, and continue exactly as for the first petal. When you have thus worked all the stitches into five petals, cover a wire, by twisting one thread of split lavender wool round it, and sew it round the edges of the petals. Mount the flower on a piece of wire to form a stem, having first placed five short yellow stamens in the centre of the corolla; twist all the wires together, and cover the stem with green wool.

LEAVES.—Cast on one stitch with a pretty bright shade of green split wool.

1st row.—Make one stitch, knit one.

2d row.—Make one, purl two.

3d row.—Make one, knit three.

4th row.—Make one, purl the row.
 5th row.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit two.
 6th row.—Make one, purl the row.
 7th row.—Knit the row, increasing one before and one stitch after the middle stitch.
 8th row.—Purl the row.
 Knit and purl alternately four rows without, and begin decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every row, both knitted and purled, till you come to the last two stitches, which knit as one. Sew a wire

round the edge of each leaf. These leaves must be made in pairs, two of each size; but as several different sizes will be required, this will be easily effected by increasing the second size to nine stitches instead of seven; the third to eleven stitches; and, if a still larger leaf be required, the fourth to thirteen stitches. The leaves must be placed two by two along the stem, opposite to each other, each pair crossing the preceding one. There must be no spring wire for the stem, as the periwinkle is a running plant

• COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

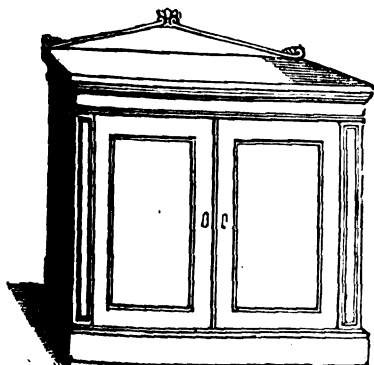


Fig. 2.

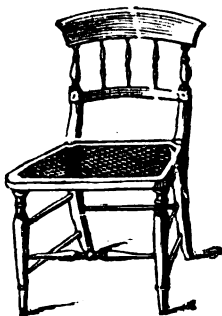


Fig. 3.

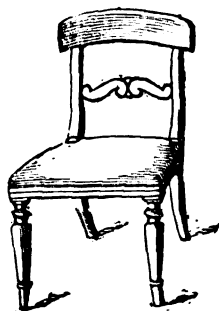


Fig. 4.

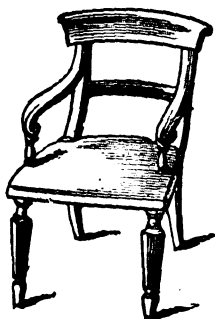


Fig. 5.

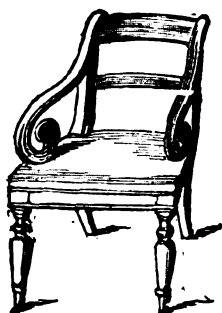


Fig. 6.

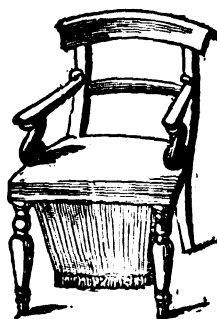


Fig. 1 is a small cupboard-sideboard for an eatly furnished cottage parlor, in which there is not much room.

Figs. 2 and 3 are plain Grecian chairs for the parlor.

Figs. 4 and 5 are parlor elbow-chairs, in the Grecian style.

Fig. 6 is an elbow-chair for the work-room. It has a work-box drawer underneath the seat.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE high-toned chivalry of American men towards the female sex is remarkable, and therefore we were astonished, as well as pained, when a friend brought to our notice the following remarks, inserted in a literary work* of much merit, where we should not have looked for such a violation of truth and manly sentiment as is manifested in this outrageous attack on the character of Madame de Staël. We quote the article:—

"George Sand has written her 'Confessions' in the style of Rousseau, and a Paris bookseller has contracted to give her a fortune for them. The three greatest—intellectually greatest—women of modern times have lived in France, and it is remarkable that they have been three of the most shamelessly profligate in all history. The worst of these, probably, Madame de Staël, left us no record of her long-continued, disgusting, and almost incredible licentiousness, so remarkable, that Chateaubriand deemed her the most abandoned person in France, at a period when modesty was publicly decried in the Assembly as a mere 'system of refined voluptuousness.' Few who have lately resided in Paris are ignorant of the gross sensualism of the astonishing Rachel, whose genius, though displayed in no permanent forms, is not less than that of the Shakspeare of her sex, the forever-to-be-famous Madame Dudevant, whose immoralities of conduct have perhaps been overdrawn, while those of De Staël and Rachel have rarely been spoken of save where they challenged direct observation. We perceive that Rachel is to be in New York next autumn with a company of French actors."

"'Tis a pity when charming women talk of things that they don't understand," is as true as if it had been promulgated by a man, and the author of the above extraordinary statements will perhaps allow that, in a few cases, the same may be predicated of the other sex. Some aspirants for literary fame, before attaining much knowledge of life or of books, are fond of attempting to scarle by deviating from received opinions; they advance monstrous paradoxes in morals, and strive to produce a sensation by differing from the good and the wise. They have heard the vulgar adage that genius and common sense seldom go together, and they begin by rejecting common sense as a part of genius. Common sense would suggest the advantage of knowing something of the history of an illustrious person before describing his or her character; and, as we feel assured no man who has an American heart would wish to advance or maintain falsehoods against a woman, and one over whom the tomb has closed, we take pleasure in giving the writer in the "International" some information about Madame de Staël.

In the first place, he has been grossly imposed upon concerning Chateaubriand. We have lately read the "Mémoires d'outre Tombe," a work we recommend to the author of the article, in which he will find much in-

formation, and, what perhaps he values more, amusement; and, what is to our present purpose, he will find that Chateaubriand entertained the most sincere friendship and the highest respect for this lady, whom he constantly calls "the illustrious," "the admirable." Madame de Staël was the intimate friend of his sister, the charming Lucille; and also she was, as almost every one knows, the friend, mentor, and protector of Madame Récamier. Chateaubriand gives a very pathetic description of the last days of Madame de Staël, to whose dying chamber he was admitted, her name is constantly recurring through his journals, and never mentioned but in honorable terms. In one place he describes her thus:—

"The personal appearance of Madame de Staël has been much discussed; but a noble countenance, a pleasing smile, an habitual expression of goodness, the absence of all trifling affectation or stiff reserve, gracious manners, an inexhaustible variety of conversation, astonished, attracted, and conciliated almost all who approached her. I know no woman—I may say no man—who, with the perfect consciousness of immense superiority, can so entirely prevent this superiority from weighing on or offending the self-love of others."

Madame de Beaumont, a valued friend of the family of Chateaubriand, was taken by some of its members to Italy, where she died of consumption. Madame de Staël wrote to condole with Chateaubriand on this occasion; here are the reflections upon her letter made in his Journal: "This hasty letter, so affectionate and hurried, written by this illustrious woman, affected me extremely. If Heaven had permitted our friend to look back upon this earth, such a testimony of affection would surely have been grateful to her."

If Chateaubriand were "permitted to look back upon earth," what would he think of the vile aspersions upon the character of "this illustrious woman" attributed to him?

There have been many biographies written of Madame de Staël (none of which ever allude to what the writer in the "International" calls her "disgusting and almost incredible licentiousness"). We will advert here to two; one by Madame Necker de Saussure, well known in America for writings of a moral and religious nature; the other by the Duchess D'Abrantes, who thus begins her memoirs: "For a French woman to write the life of Madame de Staël is certainly a happy privilege, since France boasts the honor of her birth, though she is among those minds that belong to the entire world, and her whole sex should call her sister with a noble pride, which they may cherish with perfect safety. Madame de Staël descends to posterity with merits so great and so various, that few besides herself could claim a part of her title. Her fame is spotless, a true child of genius, but free from its aberrations. The love of right, the abhorrence of falsehood, a rare combination of generous affections, constituted the womanly heart which nature, in a happy mood, lavished all the virtues of one sex and all the powers of the other."

It is very well known that M. Rocca, the second husband of Madame de Staël, "a man of high ho-

* The "International Monthly Magazine," &c. New York, Stringer & Townsend, August number, page 71.

and of great intelligence" (Chateaubriand really says so), was unable to survive her loss, and died shortly after her, it was admitted, through grief. The Duchess D'Abrantes says, upon this: "He was of an age when life still offered pleasure, the world glory; but, being hopeless of ever again finding so perfect a being to occupy his heart, he formed no other wish, after closing her eyes, than that of rejoining her. A woman thus loved must have been truly excellent." And, we will add, this love was entirely founded upon and maintained by her moral qualities, as she was then fifty years old and in failing health.

Madame Necker de Saussure observes, "Madame de Staël's goodness was thorough; her noble, generous heart rose to heroism when the interest of her friends, or even of her foes, demanded energy." This was proved by the numbers she saved and concealed during the terrors of the Revolution. In every part of Europe she was courted and esteemed by the best society, and, if time and our pages permitted, we could quote tributes to her merits from a long list of eminent men, whose superiority places them above the petty aim of deprecating female genius by slandering the woman who has well won its laurels. To advert to a few of these memorials: Schlegel, who knew her intimately, said she was "Femme grande et magnanime jusque dans les replis de son âme," which is curiously echoed by the well-known verse, that might serve as a translation—

"Pure in the deep recesses of the soul."

At the time of Madame de Staël's death, Lord Byron commented at length on the event in one of his notes to "Childe Harold." After expatiating on her merits as an author, he goes on—

"But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unbouddedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends and more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Lemna Lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna."

In "Modern French Literature," M. de Véricour, the learned and excellent author, gives an exalted place to the works of Madame de Staël, and to the extraordinary and beneficial influence she had exercised by her

literary supremacy in overpowering the baneful influence of what he calls "the mocking spirit" of French writings, which had injured *morals* as well as good taste. He does not, of course, allude to her private character, because no question of its purity had ever been raised. Who, in describing the excellence of Mrs. Hemans' writings, would think of adding that she was a virtuous woman? But, if Mary Wolstoncraft were named, who would not express their regret, at least, that she had sinned? Thus, M. Véricour does when describing the genius of George Sand. The absence of any shadow of reproach in connection with Madame de Staël is proof that no shadow of reproach existed.

To return to the writer in the "International" (we are loth to believe it was written by either of the editors); as he appears, by the place he gives to "George Sand" and "Rachel," to be profoundly ignorant on the subject of the "intellectually greatest women of modern times," we will intimate to him two or three about whom it might be well for him to gain some information, were it only to avoid blunders. We will not be so exacting as to perplex him with Mrs. Somerville, for we are aware it is not every one who can invent a slander whose mind could appreciate "The Connection of the Physical Sciences;" neither will we refer him to Mrs. Barrett Browning, whose "genius," as pronounced by grave and reverend critics, "is of the highest order, strong, deep-seated, enthusiastic, and loving," because such divine poetry and deep science would be evidently out of his line; but Miss Edgeworth, the author of "Frank" and "Harry and Lucy;" surely he might understand her lessons, if he would read them: these lessons always inculcate *truth*, are sound, improving, and elevating, and the intellect must have been great that could see moral truths so clearly.

The author of the paragraph appears to consider stage-playing as wonderfully intellectual, and his pattern of this greatness in "modern times" is Rachel. Was there not a certain Mrs. Siddons, whose genius in the histrionic art was superior to that of any living actress, and whose character was unimpeachable? According to the best French critics, men of taste and literary fame, who do not write anonymously, but subscribe their articles with their names, Rachel is only good in one line, which is passion or violence. In tender heroines, they say, she fails, and they seem to consider her powers altogether limited; for these opinions we refer the writer in the "International" to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Were Rachel the intellectual prodigy he pronounces her to be, still the poor despised child, who sang in the streets and was brought up without law or Gospel, must have fallen into vice rather from the sad want of training than from having a good understanding, as he, in Irish parlance, intimates.

A similar remark is also true of Madame Dudeney: her intellectual greatness did not plunge her into licentiousness; she fell before she ever wrote a book; and though we do not wish to screen her from the odium her reckless course has deserved, yet it should be recorded in pity that her fine powers of mind were misdirected by a false and frivolous education, that the examples and flatteries of the most fascinating but corrupt society on earth have led her on and sustained her; yet she, by the light which her own high intellectuality has developed, is changing her course, if the examples furnished by her writings are true. Her later works are greatly improved in their moral tone; yet

there is no diminution, but an increase of mental power.

Among the very extensive catalogue of French women justly famed, the selection by the writer in the "International" proves that he takes his views from what he hears;—if he would but read more, and gossip less, he would be amazed as "knowledge unrolled its ample page before him." We will not trouble him with the Reformers of Port-Royal, who certainly did some things greater than acting plays, for, to appreciate these ladies, requires an acquaintance with the theological and political history of their era. We will pass over the exalted patriot and gifted woman, Madame Roland, whose intellectual greatness, unsurpassed by that of any man of her times, or by any woman now living in France, was based on moral virtue; but it seems a pity he should not know of Madame de Sevigné, because even schoolboys have really heard of her. The wit, learning, true sentiment, and graceful style of Madame de Sevigné have won the approval of critics and moralists; intellectually great, she was a model of domestic virtue. In one of her celebrated letters, she says we must distinguish between "*un âne et un ignorant*;"—one is "ignorant" from want of instruction, *âne* from want of brains. Would it not be well for the writer in the "International" to heed this dis-

tingtion? *Æsop* has a very pertinent fable on the living *ass* kicking the dead lion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "My Flowers, my Gem, and my Star," "To Susan," "Halcyon Day," "My Book," "The Coronal," "Perseverance," "My Summer Window," "Reaping," "Sonnet," "The Country Grave-Yard," "To Oliver Perry Allen, U. S. N.," "To Nina," "To Helen at the South."

"A Tale of the Backwoods" would be accepted, were it not for the condition annexed. We should not be able to publish it at present. Will the author inform us if he is willing to wait? The like reason—want of room—compels us to decline a very large number of MSS. this month.

"F. H." is informed that we have returned her MSS. through "Adams' Express." We sincerely hope we may not be again troubled from that source. If any definite direction had been given, it would have been returned long since.

MUSIC ACCEPTED: "The Gondola Waltz," by a lady of Georgia; "A Spring Song," by C. T. P., of Chambersburg. Although accepted, the above cannot appear for some months, as we have many previously accepted musical compositions on hand.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

From GEORGE S. APPLETON, 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LETTERS FROM THREE CONTINENTS. By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the "Louisville Journal." These letters will be found highly interesting to the American reader; the views and reflections of the author, sustained by lifelike and graphic sketches, being in unison with our republican feelings, and illustrative of our free institutions.

From LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia:—

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By Dr. J. H. Kaltschmidt. In two parts. I. Latin—English. This work has been highly recommended by the best classical teachers in the United States.

From JAMES K. SIMON, Philadelphia:—

SCENES AT HOME; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A FIRE SCREEN. By Mrs. Anna Bache. This little work contains nine familiarly written stories on practical moral duties, which the author has very properly dedicated to the young ladies of this country. We hope her dedication will not be overlooked by those to whom it has been made, and that they will duly profit by the good sense and amiable qualities of her book.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

MELVILLE. A Franconia Story. By the author of the "Rolla Books." A most agreeable and instructive book for the perusal of youthful readers, appealing to the highest and purest sympathies of the heart.

FOREIGN REMINISCENCES. By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord

Holland. This is neither a work of history nor a work of romance; but, nevertheless, it is a work which will have its effect on the nerves of retired politicians and superannuated diplomatists. It is made up of such gossip and scandals as were ripe in Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution to the period of the Restoration. They are presented by an English nobleman, who assures his readers that he can only vouch for the anecdotes he has recorded by assuring said readers that he believes them himself. To all such as are willing to receive the author's "impressions" as vouchers, this work will therefore prove very interesting.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION TO THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CONGRESS. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. Vol. I. Administration of Washington. The American public have already been placed under obligations to Mr. Hildreth for the colonial and revolutionary history of this country, and here we have the first volume of a work which promises, as a correct record and review of important events, to be equally interesting to the political, philosophical, and commercial student.

JANE BOUVERIE; OR, PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Sir Edward Graham," etc. The intention of the author of this excellent little volume, as she declares herself, was to develop, through the more attractive medium of a story, the gradual progress of Christian excellence amidst the trials, the duties, and the pleasures of domestic life. Her laudable intentions have been crowned with a success which will commend her work to the consideration of judicious readers of every class.

From R. P. PUTNAM, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE PRAIRIE. A Tale. By the author of "The Deerslayer," etc. This is the fifth volume of Mr. Cooper's revised edition of the "Leather Stocking Tales."

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON. A Romance of Hartz Prison. By Frederic William Shelton, M. A., of St. John's Church, Huntington, N. J. A very interesting little allegory, in which the author has admirably succeeded in his design of illustrating the danger of uttering, or of lending a willing ear to, unkind words and insinuations against the reputations of neighbors and acquaintances. It is peculiarly adapted for the younger classes of readers, and will doubtless have a tendency to establish in their minds the importance of a strict adherence to the principles of justice and charity.

LAVANGRO; the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest. By George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," and "The Gipsies of Spain." Same agent.

From ADRIANNE, SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York:—

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY. A Satire. By Motley Manners, Esq. We were greatly alarmed, not on our own account, but on account of the "Poets of America," when we read the author's first six lines, addressed to an ancient satirist:—

"O thou who, whilome, with unsparring lobe
And scorching satire, lashed the scribbling tribe;
Thou who, on Roman pimp and parasite,
Didst pour the vials of thy righteous spite—
Imperial Horace! let thy task be mine—
Let truth and justice sanctify my line!"

But, after all, the work is by no means so severe as we had anticipated from the threatening apostrophe to the Roman poet. We have read it with pleasure, and greatly admire some of the author's admirable hits. Instead of finding themselves in a "pillory," we imagine that many of the poets named will be obliged to the author for placing them in company with so many excellent writers, against whom and their productions his satire is amusingly harmless.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE: New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller. Designed, like that sterling work of his, "Foot-prints of the Creator," to elucidate the connection between geological science and Revealed religion. This "Old Red Sandstone" has passed through fourteen editions in England, and will doubtless be as popular in America. It is just the book for the people—for mothers to study and talk over to their children.

PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY. By Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould. This is an excellent text-book for students and schools.

From WALKER & RICHARDS, Charleston, S. C.:—

THE POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MARY ELIZABETH LEE. With a Biographical Memoir. By S. Gilmer, D. D. The work is worthy of the eminent clergyman, who has given us the delineation of one of the loveliest characters among the good and gifted of the gentle sex. We commend the book to the young and lovely.

THE CITY OF THE SILENT. A Poem. By W

Gilmore Simms. Delivered at the consecration of the "Magnolia Cemetery." A production of much merit, which does credit to the taste and genius of its distinguished author.

From W. B. ZIEBKE, Philadelphia:—

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT. A work which, if not more wonderful than the romances of Dumas, has a better claim to public favor. It contains some truth in the authenticated memoranda about sea-serpents which ancient and modern lore furnishes. We should observe that the work is written in the *rhymed style* of D'Israeli's "Contarini Fleming."

From DUNIGAN & BROTHERS, New York:—

LYRA CATHOLICA. This work is beautifully bound, and printed in the best style.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: Boston.

MRS. WHITTLESEY'S MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS: New York.

The above are excellent works of their kind. The first named, a weekly, contains admirable selections from foreign journals; the second, a small monthly, intended for the religious instruction of the family circle. Its editor is a lady worthy of high esteem.

SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—"The History of Penderennis: his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy." By W. M. Thackeray. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. This number completes the work.—"Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No. 11. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.—"The Queen's Necklace; or, the Secret History of Louis the Sixteenth." By Alexander Dumas. Translated by Thomas Williams, Esq. Complete in two volumes. Price 50 cents. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street.—"The City Merchant; or, the Mysterious Failure." With numerous illustrations. Published and for sale by Lipincott, Grambo & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), Philadelphia.—"Cruising in the Last War." By Charles J. Peterson, author of "Arnold at Saratoga," etc. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson, publisher, 98 Chestnut Street.—"The Mentor." A Magazine for Youth. Rev. Hastings Weld, editor. Is sustained with great zeal and ability.—"Stanfield Hall." An Historical Romance. By J. P. Smith, Esq., author of "The Jesuits," etc. W. F. Burgess, New York. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"Pictorial Life and Adventures of Guy Fawkes, the Chief of the Gunpowder Treason." By William Harrison Ainsworth. With twenty-four illustrations. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"Wacousta; or, the Prophecy." An Indian Tale. By Major Richardson, author of "Ecarte," &c. Revised edition. Dewitt & Davenport, New York.—"Life's Discipline." A Tale of the Annals of Hungary. By Talvi, author of "Helois," etc. For sale by G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.—No. 34 of "Shakespeare's Dramatic Works." Titus Andronicus. Boston edition. For sale by T. B. Peterson.—"Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." By Henry Cockton, author of "Silver Sound," etc. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"The Howards." A Tale founded on facts. By D. H. Barlow, A. M. Philadelphia: published by Getz &

Buck. This is a very interesting story, intended to enforce the benefits of life insurance.*—"Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane for the Year 1850." By Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D., Physician of the Institution.—"Reveries of an Old Maid, embracing Important Hints to Young Men intending to Marry, illustrative of that celebrated Establishment, Cupicuin House, for Furnishing Young Ladies." Forty-five engravings. Wm. H. Graham & Co., 120 Fulton Street, New York.—"The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review, or Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery." Number thirteen of this valuable work has been received from Daniels & Smith, 36 North Sixth Street.—"Oregon and California; or, Sights in the Gold Region and Scenes by the Way." By Theodore T. Johnson. With a map and illustrations. Third edition. With an appendix, containing full instructions to emigrants by the overland route to Oregon. By Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Delegate to Congress from that territory. Also the particulars of the march of the Regiment of U. S. Riflemen in 1849, together with the Oregon Land Bill. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.—"The Initials." A Story of Modern Life. Three volumes of the London edition complete in one. Same publishers.

MUSIC.—From Lee & Walker, 102 Chestnut Street: "To One in Heaven. Now Thou art Gone." Words by Thomas I. Diehl. Music by R. S. Hambridge. The plaintiveness of the music of this piece is admirably adapted to the deep sensibility which pervades every line of the poetry.

DRAWING.—The publisher, G. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has furnished us with a set of "Easy Lessons in Landscape," by F. N. Otis. These primary lessons in pencil drawing are accompanied by copious instructions, which will be found of the greatest use to beginners in this agreeable accomplishment.

Publisher's Department.

OUR PERFECT MAY NUMBER.—"May-Day Morning," a plate prepared expressly for our cover—it is worthy of a better place; "The Language of Flowers;" "Spring," beautifully colored; and a splendid and truthful "Fashion Plate."

We think our present issue will convince our subscribers that we intend to give them not only the ornamental, but the useful. In this number may be found everything calculated to interest a lady, from the superb fashion plate to the building of cottages, and cottage furniture. An eminent publisher of this city observed to us, "You have been of great advantage to our country in one respect, for the publication of your model cottages has greatly tended to beautify our suburbs and those of other large towns."

OUR MODEL COTTAGES.—Nothing could have given us more pleasure than to find that this original feature of the "Lady's Book" has been duly appreciated by our numerous readers and correspondents. From every section of our country, we have received the most flattering testimonials, as well in relation to the beauty of our designs, as to their great utility in establishing a taste for the erection of convenient and comfortable

homes in the rural districts, or even in the forests that abound in our favored land. We are truly gratified to see the change that has come over the spirit of our designers and builders in our own vicinity, on the shores of the Delaware, since we began to publish our designs, and to suggest plans as well of convenience as of elegant embellishment. This, then, is one of the original features of the "Book," of which we think we may be justly proud; but our readers will readily confess that it is only one of the numerous original features which have rendered the "Book" the precedent in literature, in the arts, and in the cultivation of the useful sciences.

We commend the following sentiment, from the "Michigan Sentinel," to all true Americans:—

"The duty of every American is to support his own country's interest, in every respect, *first*. Our American Magazines have called out and supported an array of talent, in a particular line, of which we are proud, and which we are bound by patriotism to reward."

Here is another from the "Kentucky News Letter":—

"Godey' is on our table. Beautiful! Do you wish to see it? Well, once for all—we will not lend it. Its price is three dollars a year. The copy sent us is reserved for binding, and we cannot afford to have it defaced by lending."

We knew that the January number of "Godey" was a decided "hit;" but our Georgia correspondent seems to have got the tallest kind of a "smite" from one of our fair poetesses. If one can do such execution, what may be expected of a broadside from a whole solid column of such charming contributors as the "Lady's Book" can boast? Hear him:—

"MR. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I did not think to trouble you so soon again, but the singular beauty of the 'sylphs' and the 'sonnets' inspired my muse to utter the following:—

"THE 'SYLPHS' AND THE 'SONNETS'.

"As the sylphs of the seasons tripped their round,
In a sacred grove of laurel trees
Another fair sylph of the season they found,
And they crowned her 'Mary Spenser Pease.'

"So wild, so sweet was her sylvan song,
They, listening, delayed the passing years,
Till, floating away, they bore her along,
To sing her sonnets in brighter spheres.
"La Fayette, Walker Co., Ga., January 22d, 1851."

We are happy to find that the ladies have their husbands' interest so much at heart. Several orders have been received since our last for "Breban's Interest Tables," the advertisement of which appears on our cover.

We have been favored with an engraving representing the "Family Seat of George C. Sibley, Esq.," at Linden Wood, near St. Charles, Mo. It must be a place of exceeding beauty.

CAMEOS.—We have on several occasions called the attention of our readers to the perfect likenesses produced in cameo by Mr. Peabody, whose room is in Chestnut Street near Fifth. One of the most perfect specimens of his cutting, which we recently had the pleasure to examine, is the likeness of GENERAL PAT-

* A more extended notice of this work next month.

YERSON, our well-known fellow-citizen. Heretofore, we fear our friends have not paid sufficient attention to this beautiful art, or given it that encouragement it so richly merits. We hope, however, that the time is at hand when the able and persevering artist will be fully appreciated and rewarded for all his skill and labor in the introduction of these accurate and beautiful memorials of love and friendship.

IMPURE MILK.—A lawsuit was recently brought, in New York, against our friend Howard, of the Irving House, to recover the sum of two hundred dollars, alleged to be due for milk delivered for the use of said establishment. On the trial, it was proved that the milk contracted for was to have been from cows fed upon grass, hay, and grain, and that the milk furnished was from cows fed upon swill, the offal, or remains of the distillery, and that they were tied up in stalls until they died of a loathsome disease. It gives us pleasure to state that the trial resulted in a verdict for Mr. Howard, the judge remarking, in his charge, that the proprietor of the Irving House was "entitled to the thanks of the community for exposing the base fraud." We will merely add that he is deserving also of the confidence of the traveling community for his efforts to minister for the preservation of their health, as well as for their pleasure and convenience.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF CONCORD.—In this number of the "Book" we present our readers with a view of the largest and most magnificent building in the world, erected in Hyde Park, London, to contain the contributions of all nations for the great exhibition shortly to take place. It is 1848 feet long by 408 broad, covering about eighteen acres of ground. Number of columns, 3230. The total cubic contents will be 33,000,000 feet, giving room for eight miles of exhibition tables. There are 282 miles of sash bars and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. The cost has been estimated at £150,000, or about \$750,000. Mr. Hardinge, of Cincinnati, had proposed to cover the iron columns, etc., with a kind of porcelain or variegated enamel, giving them the richness and beauty of the choicest polished marble, and of the most precious stones, such as agate, jasper, &c.

PRISONER'S FRIEND.—Charles Spear, the active and benevolent editor of this paper, has called the attention of his friends and the public to the volume which will commence in September. Mr. Spear's efforts in behalf of suffering humanity have long since entitled him to the consideration and the support of every generous and feeling heart. The journal which he publishes under the title of "Prisoner's Friend," is conducted with great earnestness, but with great propriety, and is calculated, by its peaceful and Christian tone, to elicit the patronage of all parties and all denominations.

LACES, EMBROIDERIES, ETC.—Kimmey's, No. 177 Arch Street, through the industry and attention of its proprietors, has become a favorite store with many of the ladies of our city. The extensive choice and elegant assortment of cambric open work collars and cuffs, cambric ruffings, lace sleeves, embroidered collars and cuffs, elegant style of infants' waists, superior kid gloves, etc. etc., which they have always on hand, have attracted the attention and the patronage of numerous tasty and fashionable purchasers.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO MAKE PRUNE TART.—Scald the prunes, take out the stones, and break them; put the kernels into a little cranberry juice with the prunes and some sugar; simmer, and when cold make a tart of the sweetmeat, or eat it in any other way.

TO MAKE ASPIC JELLY.—Put a knuckle of veal into a small stock-pot, with a knuckle of ham, two calves' feet, and the trimmings of poultry; season this with onions, carrots, and a bunch of sweet herbs; pour into it half a bottle of white wine and a ladleful of good broth; set it over the stove till it is reduced to a light glaze, then cover the meat with good broth, throw in two glasses of isinglass, and let it boil for three hours: then strain, and clear the jelly with white of eggs. When used, it must be melted, and poured just warm over the chicken or tongue.

IMITATION CURRY POWDER.—An admirable imitation of the oriental stimulant, curry powder, can be made by reducing to powder the following materials, mixing them well together, and keeping them in a tightly-corked bottle: Three ounces of turmeric, the same of coriander seed, one ounce of ground ginger, the like quantity of ground black pepper, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, the same weight of cumia seed and of cayenne, and half an ounce of cardamoms.

TO CLEAN WOODSTOCK GLOVES.—Wash them in soap and water till the dirt is out, then stretch them on wooden hands, or pull them out in their proper shape. Do not wring them, as that puts them out of form, and makes them shrink; put them one upon another and press the water out. Then rub the following mixture over the outside of the gloves: If wanted quite yellow, take yellow ochre; if quite white, pipe clay; if between the two, mix a little of each together. Mix the color with beer or vinegar. Let them dry gradually, not too near the fire, nor in too hot a sun; when about half dried, rub them well, and stretch them out to keep them from shrinking and to soften them. When they are well rubbed and dried, take a small cane and beat them; then brush them; when this is done, iron them rather warm with a piece of paper over them, but do not let the iron be too hot.

TO DRESS COLD TURKEY OR FOWL.—Cut them in sizeable pieces, beat up an egg with a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt, some parsley minced fine, and a few crumbs of bread; mix these well together, and cover the turkey with this batter; then broil, or warm them in a Dutch oven. Thicken a little gravy with some flour, put a spoonful of catsup or other sauce, lay the meat in a dish, and pour the sauce round it; garnish with slices of lemon.

HUNTER'S BEEF, as it is called, is a round of beef into which a quarter of a pound of saltpetre finely powdered is well rubbed. Next day, mix half an ounce of cloves, an ounce of black pepper, the same quantity of ground allspice, with half a pound of salt; wash and rub the beef in the brine for a fortnight, adding every other day a tablespoonful of salt. Have ready an earthen pan deep enough to hold the joint, and lay suet an inch deep at the bottom; rub the beef in coarse

cloths till perfectly free from the salt and spice, put it in the pan with a quart of water, some more suet on the top, and cover it with a thick coarse crust. Bake for seven hours, pour off the gravy, and place the meat upon a proper dish; do not cut it till cold.

TO CLEAN BLACK SATIN.—Boil three pounds of potatoes to a pulp in a quart of water; strain through a sieve, and brush the satin with it on a board or table. The satin must not be wrung, but folded down in cloths for three hours, and then ironed on the wrong side.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

EVENING COSTUMES.—Fig. 1. Dinner-dress or robe of richly-embroidered Mantua silk, of delicate rose color, the flowers in white, of a regular and tasteful pattern. A scarf of the same, with broad flowing ends, is knotted a little to the right, and hangs gracefully to the knee. A *jupe* of fine embroidered muslin is worn below this, and a chemisette of the same completes the corsage. The sleeves very loose and flowing, with undersleeves clasped by heavy gold bracelets. The head-dress is of lace, with bouquets of moss-rose buds.

Fig. 2.—Ball-dress of rich white silk, with a deep flounce of French lace, put on with a heading of narrow satin ribbon. The upper flounce, also of black lace, though narrower, is fastened on each side with bouquets of natural flowers. The corsage is plain, with a berthe to match the flounces, also fastened by bouquets. A narrow undersleeve of white lace comes a trifle below the berthe. It will be noticed that the hair is dressed plainly, slightly puffed behind the ear, and in a twist roll at the back of the head. A most graceful style for young ladies.

BRIDAL DRESSES.

As there are always a quota of weddings in the spring, following the Washington campaign, we give an elaborate bridal costume, more as a suggestion than a model, it must be confessed, for those who like novelties.

Fig. 1 presents an evening costume for a bride, the head-dress a wreath of white roses mingled with orange blossoms. The dress itself is white crape over white satin, and the front of the skirt may be ornamented with bouquets to match the wreath. The berthe of the corsage is composed of folds of white tulle.

Fig. 2.—Bridal-dress of rich white satin, with side trimmings for the skirt of lace, headed by narrow satin ribbon. The corsage is high at the back, but sloped somewhat lower in front, over which there is a lace pelerine, which is brought down to a point in front. Sleeves demi-long, and edged with white satin ribbon, undersleeves of rich lace, and bracelets to be worn at taste and discretion. The bridal wreath is of jasmine and orange flowers, and confines a tulle veil very full and long.

CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Early as it is, our ladies are already commencing to think of preparations for the Springs, and of bathing-dresses, in which to enjoy the cool surf of Cape May or Newport. The exquisite gossamer fabrics of Levy's,

Beck's, and Stewart's are now in the hands of the mantuamaker, and very soon we shall hear that the town is deserted. The sidewalks will cease to bluish with the delicate colors of an outdoor spring costume, and the plain ginghams of those of the fair sex who are not like the lilies of the field in the matter of daily toil, take the place of rainbow silks and soft mousselines. At present, Chestnut Street is a scene of enchantment. Not more beautiful the fresh spring foliage of neighboring woods than the delicate emerald tinting of dresses and ribbons that adorn our ladies; and then the pale violet, so suggestive of wood flowers; the blue, as ethereal as the cloudless sky; and, above all, the rose color shading the cheek of the dangerous brunette, who knows perfectly well that it is the most becoming shade she can wear. There is a flutter of scarfs and a rustling of mantillas that call to mind the swaying of the aforementioned foliage, and those dainty straw bonnets, the little brims filled with lace and violets, only too real, of the floating sprays of lily of the valley and the jasmine. We like the cottage bonnet when it is in fashion. There is something marvelously winning in the close shape, teasing you by its very coyness into an admiration; but when they are laid aside, and the brims, like certain stocks, have a tendency to look upwards, we wonder we ever could have admired any other than the coquettish little shape one meets at every turn. It is a fact worth observing and recording that, in proportion to the tendency of gentlemen's hats to narrow, the ladies' bonnets expand; the crown of the one becomes, season by season, more retreating, while the other flares an open defiance. We might moralize were we not sober chroniclers of the court of fashion, and were we not admonished by the envoy from his serene highness, "the printer," now waiting at our elbow, that "the form is almost completed."

So we must leave our gossip for the few hints we are able to gather for our lady readers on the matter of "making up." Loose sleeves, and they vary from a quarter to half a yard in width, as suits the wearer's fancy, are still in vogue. In-doors, no undersleeves are needed for the summer, particularly for young ladies, but for a street costume there is every variety of undersleeves. We refer the ladies to our cuts of two that are especially in favor, and would recommend another for those who like them open at the wrist, composed of alternate rows of rich embroidered insertion (muslin) and Valenciennes lace, quilted closely, the last row facing the edge which falls just at the wrist. An undersleeve for the evening may be made in this manner, but should have only one row of insertion and edging.

Bodices are still worn, and belts and buckles seem going out. The back of the corsage has also a point, which many wear quite deep. We would commend the present fashion of lacing the corsage of an evening-dress, as it gives the figure much more to advantage than the compression of hooks and eyes, but it is too troublesome for a walking-dress.

The hair is dressed quite plainly, although there has been an attempt to revive the tiers of puffs so fashionable some twenty years since. There are few faces which will bear the test, and Grecian braids and bandeaux are much more universally becoming.

Gaiters are worn as ever, and black satin slippers are preferred at evening parties. However, as these are not just at present, we reserve our hints upon evening dress until a future number.

FASHION.

"THE HANDSOMEST PAPER IN THE WORLD."

The Drawing-Room Journal:

A CHOICE FAMILY PAPER.

Devoted to Elegant Literature, the Fine Arts, Society, Fashion, Amusement, Morality
Education, Health, &c.

EDITED BY MANUEL M. COOKE AND CHARLES J. DALMAS.

THE DRAWING-ROOM JOURNAL is strictly moral and elevating in its tone—not a word or a line ever being admitted into its columns that may not be read aloud in the most fastidious family circle. Without being finical or trifling, it is our purpose to render THE JOURNAL gay and cheerful. We endeavor to be found oftenest on the sunny side of life—recording, if at all, very briefly, matters relating to the horrible and the repulsive, and giving that space to wit, sentiment, and poesy, which others might devote to suicides, murders, and executions. We strive to please the virtuous and refined—not the vicious and the depraved. The topics which find especial favor in our columns are such as relate to

THE IMAGINATIVE AND THE BEAUTIFUL,

whether illustrated by Poetry or Music, Painting or Sculpture. We also chronicle, from week to week, such Passing Incidents as may interest or amuse readers of intelligence and refinement; and, from correspondents in the principal cities of the Union, we give familiar and gossiping sketches of events that are transpiring in their respective worlds of

LITERATURE, FASHION, AND ART.

We likewise enrich our columns with original and select Tales and sketches—Historical, Personal, Biographical, Moral and Humorous—from the pens of writers of talent and celebrity, and with choice gleanings from the Periodical Literature of our own country and of Europe.

THE DRAWING-ROOM JOURNAL is clearly printed on bright new type and fine white paper, thus rendering its guise as *recherche* and attractive as the contents of its columns are choice and brilliant. In short, it is our aim to make the JOURNAL

A FAMILY COMPANION,

so elegant and piquant that it may prove a welcome guest in Social Circles and awake the Spirit of the Beautiful in every home; and we feel justified in indulging the confident anticipation that it may ere long make acquaintance with the cultivated and the beautiful in every city and hamlet on the North American Continent.

A single subscription to the DRAWING-ROOM JOURNAL is \$2 per annum; but to Clubs or Circles, the following terms are offered:—

Three copies, one year,	\$5 00	Ten copies, one year,	\$15 00
Six copies, do.,	10 00	Fifteen copies, one year,	20 00

We would respectfully ask those to whom we send Specimen Numbers of the DRAWING-ROOM JOURNAL to compare them with any newspaper in this or any other country.

For further information, address

CHARLES J. DALMAS, Publisher,
No. 32 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

The publishers of this now highly popular and widely-circulated weekly paper for the fireside and home circle are pleased to announce that they have made arrangements for a regular series of articles from the pen of

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,

one of the purest, best, and most interesting of our writers of fiction.

The original department of the "Home Gazette" is as well sustained as that of any magazine in the country. From fourteen to twenty columns of original matter are given every week, embracing a choice variety of subjects. Many of our very best writers are regular contributors.

Nearly everything that the editor writes will appear first in the "Home Gazette," and its readers will be presented with a constant succession of those brief moral stories and sketches that, as a mirror held up to nature, show so accurately the secret workings of the heart, and, from the evils, follies, errors, and mistakes of life, enable men to draw good purposes, and to act more wisely in the time to come. Moreover, in the "Home Gazette" will be published, during 1851, in addition to several original nouvelles by Mr. Arthur, the following copyright novels from his pen, which have never appeared in any newspaper: "*Love in a Cottage*," "*Love in High Life*," "*The Beautiful Widow*," and "*The Debtor's Daughter*." Thus the subscribers to the "Home Gazette" will receive, during the year, from seven to eight of Mr. Arthur's novels.

The publishers of the "Home Gazette" will also give their readers, during the year 1851, A NOVEL by W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.; THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER, a Novel of Western Life, by EM. MERSON BENNET; at least THREE ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES by T. S. ARTHUR, one of which will be a Temperance Story. They will also give a large number of original stories, sketches, &c., including the following highly attractive series of papers: *Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States*, by ARTHUR J. STANSBURY; *Anecdotes of Bird, Beast, Fish, and Rep-* tle, by C. W. WEBBER (beautifully written papers); *Heroic Women of the Olden Day*, by H. W. HERBERT; *The Romance of American History*, by WM. H. CARPENTER, &c. &c.

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on FINE WHITE PAPER, with Large, clear-faced Type, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	\$15 00
Three copies "	5 00	Fourteen " "	20 00
Six " "	10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

One copy of the "Home Gazette," and one of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for four dollars. ☐ All letters must be post-paid.

☐ Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper.

* * * Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our Agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

* * * Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State, where it is to be sent.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION,
AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—MAY, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

THREE ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN THIS NUMBER.—A FIVE PLATE NUMBER.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. MAY-DAY MORNING. An appropriate plate for the month. Engraved by | A. L. DICK. |
| 2. THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. A May plate. Engraved by | W. E. TUCKER. |
| 3. SPRING—beautifully colored. Engraved by | J. B. NEALE. |
| 4. "NOW BE CAREFUL." A most perfect and reliable Fashion Plate for May. Engraved by | J. I. PRASE. |
| 5. THE CRYSTAL PALACE. The building prepared for the World's Fair in London. Engraved by | C. T. HINCKLEY. |
| 6. MUSIC—HOPE ON, HOPE EVER. Words by J. T. FRELIGH, of St. Louis. Music by E. C. DAVIS. | |
| 7. WEDDING DRESSES. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 8. GARDEN ORNAMENTS. Engraved by | M. A. JONES. |
| 9, 10, 11. MODEL COTTAGE. Three engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 12. THE LAST OF THE TIE-WIGS. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 13. PORTRAIT OF AUDUBON. Engraved by | W. CROOME. |
| 14. TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE. Engraved by | J. M. KELLY. |
| 15-18. UNDERSLEEVES AND CAPS. Four engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 19. ETRUSCAN LACE CUFF. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 20-25. COTTAGE FURNITURE. Six engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

The Language of Flowers, by Jno. B. Duffey,	277	Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by Profes-	308
Sonnet, by Wm. Alexander,	277	sor Aiden,	308
Spring—a Ballad, by Mary Spencer Pease,	278	Incidents in the Life of Audubon, by the Author of	304
Ye Come to Me in Dreams, by Nilla,	279	"Tom Owens, the Bee Hunter,"	316
The Tiny Glove—a May-Day Story, by Blanche,	280	The Young Enthusiasts, by Frank I. Wilson,	316
Sonnet, by Mrs. L. S. Goodwin,	281	Moral Courage, by Alice B. Neal,	320
Garden Ornaments,	282	Taking Care of Number One, by T. S. Arthur,	322
Model Cottage,	283	A Hindoo Belle, by J. E. P.,	323
Flowers, by G. H. Cranmer,	284	Develour, by Professor Charles E. Blumenthal,	326
Good for Evil, by Angela de V. Hull,	285	A Spring Carol, by Mrs. A. A. Barnes,	327
Spring, by Fanny Fales,	292	Undersleeves and Caps,	328
Women of the Revolution, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet,	293	Etruscan Lace Cuff,	329
Home; or, the Cot and the Tree, by Robert Johnson,	295	Knitted Flowers,	330
The Last of the Tie-Wigs, by Jared Austin,	296	Cottage Furniture,	332
To A. E. B., or Her who Understands it, by Adaliza	297	Editors' Table,	334
Cutter,		Editors' Book Table,	335
The Judge; a Drama of American Life, by Mrs. Sarah	298	Publisher's Department,	336
J. Hale,		Various Useful Receipts,	336
		Fashions,	336

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsay, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, Alexander R. Laws, and A. J. Smiley.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Travelling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee. Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent, assisted by Wm. B. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, C. S. James, R. S. James, Albert K. Wellington, M. F. Taylor, Thomas Severn, Perrin Locke, E. A. Evans, Wm. H. Schlater, John T. Judkins.

BREBAN'S INTEREST TABLES,

Exhibiting at a glance the Interest on any Sum from One Dollar to Ten Thousand Dollars,

FOR ANY NUMBER OF DAYS FROM ONE TO THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX DAYS,

At from Three to Twenty-Four per Cent.

These Tables form the best Manual of Interest for Capitalists, Bankers, Merchants, Conveyancers, Treasury Clerks, and Men of Business, that has ever been published. The book contains 366 pages. For sale by the Publisher,

JAMES M. BREBAN,

No. 89 South Third Street, corner of Pear, Philada.

A copy will be sent to any part of the United States by mail, on the receipt of THREE DOLLARS, the subscription price, addressed to the Publisher, postage paid.

One copy of the Interest Tables, and one copy of the Lady's Book one year, will be sent for FIVE DOLLARS.

T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

The Postage on this Magazine for 500 miles is 2 cents ; for 1500 miles, 4 cents.—See
Extract from the Law, on third page of cover.

J U N E.

G O D E Y ' S

1851

L A D Y ' S B O O K

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE
&
L. A. GODEY.

VOL. XLII.

PHILADELPHIA
LOUIS A. GODEY

COLLINS,

PRINTERS.

TERMS, \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions for subsequent years, when not paid in advance, \$4.

A BRILLIANT PICTORIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

**GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A RECORD OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL IN ART.**

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form,
A WEEKLY LITERARY MELANGE OF NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE DAY.
Its columns are devoted to

**ORIGINAL TALES, SKETCHES, AND POEMS,
BY THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,**
and the CREAM OF THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS; the whole well
SPICED WITH WIT AND HUMOR.

Each paper is

**BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
WITH A NUMBER OF ACCURATE ENGRAVINGS, BY EMINENT ARTISTS,**
Of Notable Objects, Current Events in all Parts of the World, and of
Men and Manners,

altogether making a paper

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL IN ITS DESIGN IN THIS COUNTRY.

It is PRINTED ON THE FINEST OF PAPER, and with a font of copper-faced
brevier type of the most modern style, manufactured expressly for it, presenting, in
its mechanical execution, an elegant specimen of art. It will form

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it
affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strict-
est and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all
that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the
object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined
excellences.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

One Subscriber, 1 year, - - - - - \$3

One copy of the PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION and one copy of the FLAG
OF OUR UNION, for one year, for four dollars.

Though these two journals emanate from the same establishment, still not one line
will appear in one that has been published in the other, thus affording to those persons who
take both papers an immense variety of entertaining and instructive reading.

The PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION may be obtained at any of the periodical
depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

F. GLEASON, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 151 Nassau, corner of Spruce Street, New York.

A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & Co., North Street, Baltimore.

BAGLEY & FREEMAN, 115 Main Street, Cincinnati.

J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

E. K. WOODWARD, corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis.

JOURNAL

L

TABLE

NAME

TABLE

TABLE

ORS

TABLE

D

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

TABLE

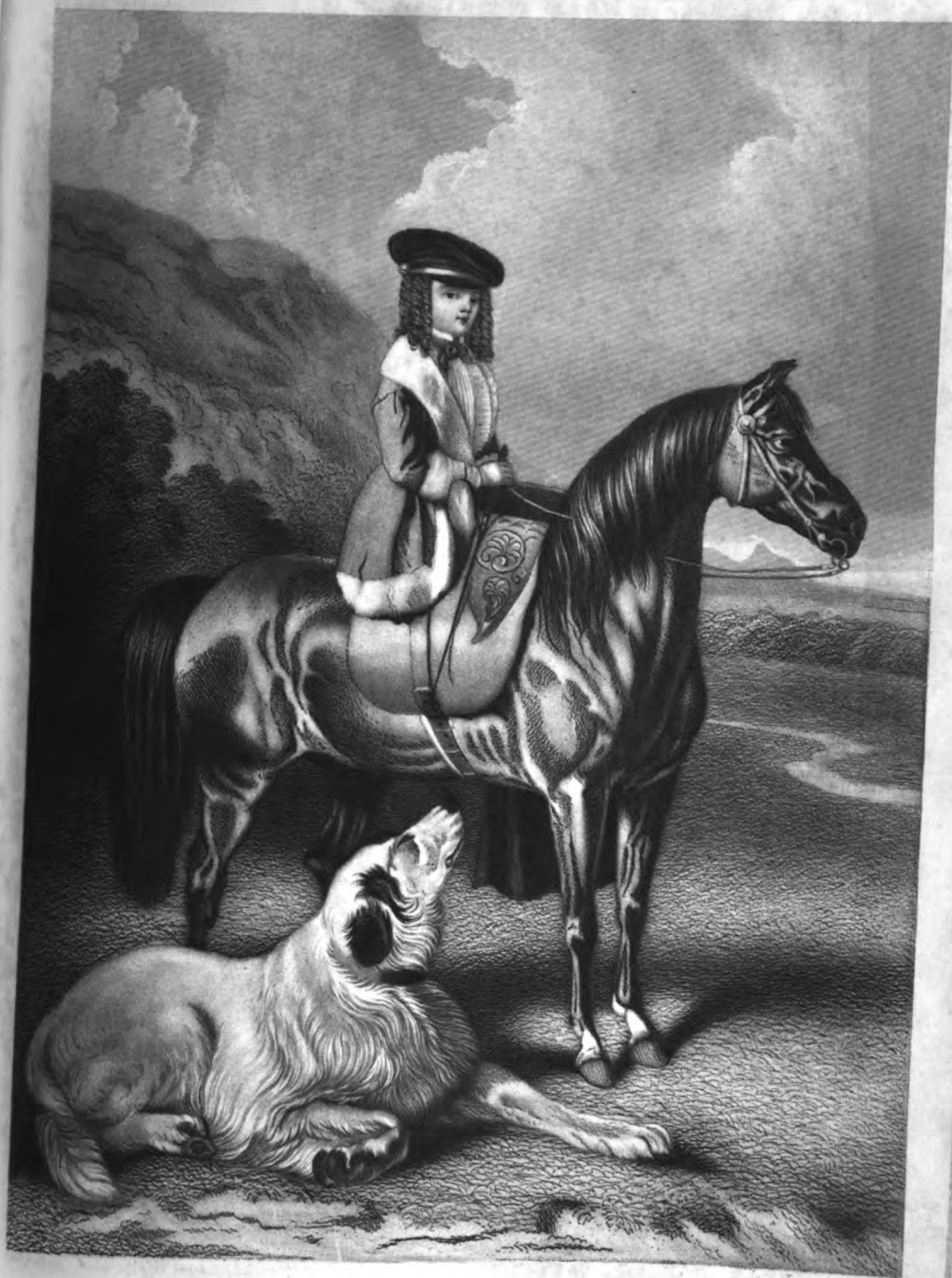
S



PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER.

THE GREAT BRITISH MUSEUM

acquired by the Museum, 1854, from the artist.



THE MORNING RIDE.

Engraved expressly for Godeys Lady's Book by F. Humphreys.





DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



Costumes for June. — See Description.

ALL AROUND, AND ALL ABOVE THEE.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS JULIA A. RUGGLES, (BOSTON.)
BY R. L. HATHAWAY.

Handwritten musical score for the song "All a-round and all-a-bove thee". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is for the vocal line, and the second and third staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked "Andante". The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Andante

All a - round and all - a - bove thee Is the

ANDANTE

ORAZIOSO.

Handwritten musical score for the song "All things woo thee, all things love thee". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is for the vocal line, and the second and third staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked "Ad libitum". The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Ad libitum

hush'd and charmed air, All things woo thee, all things love thee, Maid - on fair! Gentle zephyrs' perfume breathing waft to

Continuation of the musical score from the previous block, showing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Ad libitum".

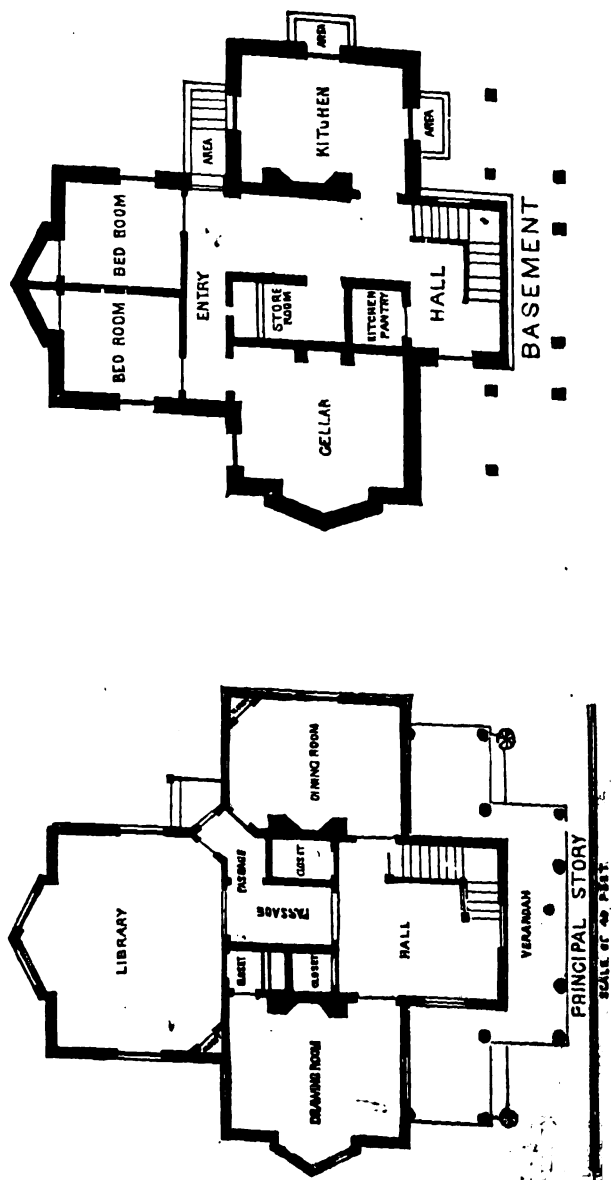
these their trib-ute sweet, And for thee the Spring is wreathing Garlands meet. And for thee the Spring is wreath-ing

Gar-lands meet.

In their caverned, cool recesses,
 Songs for thee the fountain frame;
 Whoso'er the wave caresses
 Laps thy name.
 Greener verdure, brighter blossoms,
 Whoso'er thy footsteps stray,
 O'er the earth's enamored bosom
 Live always.

Whoso'er thy presence lingers,
 Whoso'er thy brightness beams,
 Fancy weaves with cunning fingers,
 Sweetest dreams.
 And the heart forgets thee never,
 Thy young beauty's one delight;
 There it dwells, and dwells forever,
 Ever bright.

PLANS OF THE INTERIOR OF "THE TUDOR STYLE" OF COTTAGE IN THIS NUMBER.



In the second story, the partitions correspond with those in the principal story. Over the library is a bed-room; over the dining-room and drawing-room are chambers; over the hall, a hall and staircase to attic; over the closets, presses; over the passage between the closets is a passage; and over the verandah, a flat.

The estimated cost of this cottage is \$3,200.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1851.

THE STORM

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

(See Plate.)

DURING the lifetime of Martina Herbert, and through the lingering disease that consumed her days, was she the gentle, loving wife, and the tender, far-seeing mother.

The village matrons held up her two modest, pretty-behaved little girls as models to their own refractory children. And the village husbands held up the pious, prudent Martina as an example to their own gossip-loving wives.

And when she died, the white-haired, good old parson, Mr. Gaylord, preached a funeral sermon over her remains that caused the tears, from out the hardest heart within the church, to flow like a river from the eyes. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away," said he, in conclusion. "She, whose only fault was in being too good for this earth, hath gone from where all sin and sorrow is, home to her own father's bosom."

Martina's last words were to her husband, beseeching him that, if he ever felt as though he must give a new mother to their children, he would choose one who would be kind to them, and who would bring them up not to shine in this world except in truth and goodness. Most faithfully did Edward Herbert promise to revere the dying behest of his wife.

A year had passed since Martina was laid down to rest in the little village churchyard. From the desolate heart of the stricken husband the grief that at first refused to be comforted had settled into a calm, deep sorrow, that yielded with holy faith to the inevitable. He felt, by little and little, how utterly lonely he was without the intimate sympathy of a dear wife. He felt also his own insufficiency in training aright his two little orphan girls. That he never could supply the place of the lost, he felt too keenly; but that he might find one who would be a mother to his little ones, and who would make once more a home around him, was what he might do. Edward Herbert was a God-loving and God-

31*

serving man. Duty was the strong principle of his life. However lonely he might himself be, had he not felt that his darlings needed the tender, watchful care of a woman and a mother, it would have been less easy for him to think of taking to his sorrowing heart another love, after having known that of his departed Martina. She had been dead a year, and, for the first time, he cast about him, seriously and prayerfully, who should be his wisest choice.

Why did his heart revert so constantly to Edith Moore? And why as constantly did he crush the rising thought as one that might have been sent him for a temptation by the enemy?

It was true that Edith had been best beloved, of all the village maidens, by Martina Herbert; that Martina had accepted more of her company than that of any other; that she had intrusted to her the care of her little girls when she would leave them with no one else. True, also, that the children clung to Edith after their mother's death, and she to them, as they or she did to nobody else. No one had the power over them in soothing their griefs, or in checking any display of ill temper, as had Edith Moore. All this Edward Herbert saw and felt; yet he felt also that Edith was in years so much a child compared with himself—for Edward was thirty-five, and Edith scarce twenty—that, as Miss Prudence Hook had justly remarked, "she might be the very person to take the entire charge of so important a household, were she not certainly too giddy, or, if not that, most unquestionably too young."

Miss Prudence herself had long outgrown that serious fault, having, by full twenty years, the seniority and superiority over Edith. Then, for the first time, Edward thought of Miss Prudence in person as a mother to his children. The thought revolted him; but, because it did revolt him, he resorted to it again and again, until at last, from its

utter unpleasantness, it began to seem to him his duty to make her the offer of becoming mistress to his household. She had been so very kind to his children; she had taken such a motherly interest in them since his wife's death; she had tried to console him in his grief; and had more than once said, proving her great pity for the children—

"My dear friend, I beg you will take no thought of your dear children that shall trouble you. If your inclinations ever lead you to seek for a partner, one who, upon proof, turns out to be an unworthy mother to them, they will always have a refuge in my home. And I shall be only too happy in working for them as I would for my own."

The children, to be sure, did not seem to love Miss Prudence, appearing rather to shrink from her caresses; "but then," thought he, "they will learn to love her." Had he thought still deeper, he would have recognized the unerring instinct of childhood—before that instinct has been deadened by the policy of the world—as the truest truth.

After thinking thus, his feelings would flow warmly back to Edith, dwelling upon her fresh young face and joyous ways until the heart within him ached with a dull, dreary pain, in its yearning to fold her closely in his arms.

Even then he could see her from his open window, sitting under the old chestnut tree with his two little girls, one upon each side of her, with an arm lovingly around each. And he could hear the soft tones of her sweet voice explaining patiently to them some school wisdom. He could hear their thousand and one childish questions, and her never-wearying and wisely-fashioned answers. The task at last was finished; their morrow's lessons learned.

"Now for a race!" And the patient teacher, so full of sweet, solemn dignity, was off like a streak of lightning, and speeding after her were the merry, shouting children, so full of fun and frolic, who, but the moment before, had been the toiling, docile pupils.

Edward watched them in their airy course until Edith, at last fairly caught and imprisoned, was borne to the ground by the little rebels. She was a willing captive, and so full of laugh, and so tired from her chase, that she let them do with her as they would. It was under the same old chestnut tree, where the wild pursuit began, that it ended. Martina Herbert, the elder of Edward's children, had pulled the comb from the light brown hair of Edith, and, curling, waving in the warm sunshine like threads of gold, it fell in rich luxuriance around her beautiful shoulders. Little Minny ran to gather fresh flowers from the near honeysuckle, and, twining the fragrant blossoms around her head, exclaimed, laughingly and lispingly—

"Thee, dear thither, I've crowned our pretty Edith. Now she it's a queen."

"She does not need any crown, dear little Minny. She is a queen in her own right!" replied Martina, with warmth.

"I had rather she would be my mamma than a

queen on a golden throne. Now play you with my own ownest mamma, and thine me to thleep."

And little Minny nestled close up into Edith's arms, half in sport, and all in love, and laying her smooth round cheek up against Edith's soft white throat, she shut her eyes tightly. Edith, yielding to the child's desire, clasped her arms tenderly around her and sang, in a low sweet voice, a plaintive lullaby.

From his full heart the warm tears came to Edward's eyes, and, giving himself up to the impulse, he wept like a woman. The tears did him good; they watered over the choking, yearning thirst that parched his soul—the thirst for love, for the tender sympathy and love of the gentle, good being before him, who had not seen him, who knew not that he had been watching her.

The tea bell sounding through the house awoke Edward Herbert to himself. He chid himself severely for his long waste of time. For two whole hours had he lost all sight of himself in that long trance-like dream of Edith.

"Where is Miss Moore, Martina?" was his first question, as he entered the supper-room.

"Her mother wished her not to stay to tea. She had need of her."

"Edith is a most dutiful daughter."

"That she is, dear papa. She is better in all things than any one else, and the only one that is at all like my own dear dead mother. I love her better than anybody except you, papa."

"Tho do I," lisped little Minny.

"But she is so young," thought the father, when he was once more alone; "and she may be, perhaps, too giddy, as Miss Prudence says, to take the charge of my children and house." Edith's sweet, serious eyes rose up before him with a gentle reproach in their tender blue. "She *has* dignity, if she is young," still said he to himself; "and, with all her childlike playfulness, is full of womanliness. Oh, that I knew what to do in this sore trial! I will at least advise with Miss Prudence; she is wise and experienced. She can tell me what is right."

On his way to the abode of Miss Hook, he had to pass Mrs. Moore's cottage. It stood next his own more stately residence, and about three-quarters of a mile from the village. Mrs. Moore was the widow of a revolutionary soldier, and she lived alone with Edith, her youngest child left of eight, upon a small pension granted her for life.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." Mrs. Moore was sitting in the door of her cottage, and Edith, close beside her, was reading aloud to her that sermon containing the soul of every sermon that has been uttered since it was delivered.

That low clear voice, in the still summer air, brought those divine words to him with an impressiveness that filled him with love and awe. As Edward, in passing, deferentially saluted both mother and daughter, Edith's face suddenly flushed and as suddenly grew snowy pale. Never before

had she seemed so beautiful as now. His heart beat thick and fast; and an irresistible longing came over him to go and take her hand and tell her how dear she had become to him. With an iron will, he put the temptation from him until he should feel that duty fully justified him in so doing.

Miss Prudence Hook lived on the verge of the village, supporting herself, as she had for years, solely by her needle. She possessed an unequalled reputation for good works, and was generally consulted for her right-judging wisdom. Any one well experienced in character would have read hers more aright than did these simple, truthful-hearted villagers.

With an art that Edward, in his straightforward, unsuspecting nature, did not fathom, she placed Edith in the light of a frivolous young thing, very beautiful; and her beauty she descanted upon, until Edward felt that the winning beauty was given her but to betray all who looked upon it. She spoke of Edith as designing evidently to make use of her charms to ensnare him; also of her great attention to his children for the same purpose. Her mother was old and feeble, and could not live long; with her died Edith's means of support; and it was evident to the mind of Miss Prudence that Mr. Herbert's comfortable home possessed a rare charm to her eyes. Alas, poor Edith!

"My dear sir, should you not be able to resist the temptation which comes to you in the shape of this passing passion, I pray, I beseech you not to sacrifice those dear children that the sainted Martina left with such holy injunction for their welfare. Should you not feel strength given you to overcome this weakness, intrust the dear infants to my care, and I will not betray the trust."

The smooth tones of that insinuating voice dropped into his heart like ice. Yes, Edith *was* a child, too young and inexperienced to be a mother to his children. His feelings for her must be checked. The spirit of his departed wife stood before him, and her last injunction rung in his ear. The plausible words of the artful woman by his side seemed truth to him. And, as he was on the point of asking her to take charge of him and his, the image of Edith rose up between him and the spinster, so pure and holy, that he turned his sentence into an abrupt good-by.

"I can ask her to be my wife at another time," said he to himself, on his way home.

Upon the following morning, the sun rose lazily, not having made up his mind exactly whether he would show his face to the world or not. All nature seemed as indolent. The air was heavy almost to suffocation. The noisy fowls and cattle were huddled together in silent groups under some shelter. A hush pervaded all things. Even the merry birds were mute, as if in wait for some anticipated danger. Heavy masses of black cloud, darkening the thick air, floated listlessly in the heavens, and the far-off thunders were muttering in a low, deep under-tone.

Edward Herbert was sitting in his own room, after breakfast, with a book before him, and lost in deep thought. His door softly opened, and the sunny face of his little Martina appeared.

"We are going to start for school earlier than usual, dear papa, because it looks so much like rain."

"Very well, my darling. Take good care of Minny."

"Oh, no fear, dear papa, but that I will. Give me one kiss; and now good-by."

The door was closed again, and Edward, lost once more in his own meditations, was not fully aroused to the danger his little girls were in, nor to his own want of thought in permitting them to brave such a threatening sky, until there came a flash of lightning so intense that it nearly blinded him, causing him to cover both eyes with his hands. Then followed a peal of thunder, most fearful in its deep stunning roar. It seemed to waken all the echoes for leagues around, and died with them in one lingering, sullen sound. The fast rain was coming down, not in pleasant drops, but in one pouring, rushing stream. Almost the darkness of night hung over the earth, while the wind, like a mad spirit sent abroad for destruction, shrieked and raved, splintering trees and tearing them up by their roots in its angry might. How long it had been storming he knew not; but, with a thick beating heart foreboding ill, Edward hastened down to the old house-keeper.

"How long have the children been gone?"

"Above half an hour, sir. I tried hard to make them stay; but they said they would get to the school-house long before the storm came up."

"Pray Heaven they may have got there; but I fear—I fear they have not. Give me my old hat and thick boots. They *must* have crossed Hemlock Rapids before now. Still I fear for them. Never mind the boots; I will go as I am. No, no!—no umbrella; the wind is too high."

Some fifteen minutes before Edward's rapid strides plashed through the road, that was already more like a river than a carriage-way, Edith Moore, coming into the sitting-room of their little cottage, exclaimed—

"There, dearest mother, I have fastened tightly all the windows and doors. So now the storm can't hurt us, unless it lifts our castle up by its roots, and gives us a ride through the air. How dark it grows, and how the wind howls! There comes the rain. Save us! what sharp lightning! How glad I am the storm has come on before Martina and little Minny started for school!"

"Heaven shield the dear children!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore. "I saw them pass the door full fifteen minutes ago."

"And they have to cross those fearful rapids, always swollen in a storm!"

Edith waited not for another word. Almost before her mother felt that she had left her side, was the cottage-door closed after her, and her light form

was flying, more than running, in the direction the little Herberts had taken.

The school-house was on the edge of the village, and sheltered by a picturesque little wood. It was full three-quarters of a mile from Mr. Herbert's house. The little girls had gone about half the way when the storm commenced. They still went on, sheltering themselves with their umbrella as best they could. At length they came in sight of the rapids. The wind, suddenly rising, shivered their umbrella, and hurled it from their weak hold. Flash followed flash, and peal followed peal. The rain poured down in torrents, and the little girls stood doubting what to do.

A flash of lightning, more fearfully intense than any that had yet been, succeeded at the same instant by a perfectly deafening peal of thunder, caused the children to draw more closely to each other. Martina held the little one tightly up to her, shielding her with a part of her own dress; and little Minny, nestling her head in Martina's bosom, covered her ears with both hands in extreme terror at the dread voice of nature.

"We had best go on, dear Minny; for there is Hemlock River right before us, and we have only to cross that, and we are close to the shelter of the school-house."

"Oh, dear thither, I can't go any farther. I am too afraid, and too tired, and too wet."

"Cheer up, darling, I will help you, and God will not desert us. Cheer up, pet, we will soon be at the nice school-house, and Miss Polly will dry our clothes as soon as we get there."

They had reached the boiling stream, but, to their disappointment, the bridge was broken, and part of it had been swept away.

"Never mind, dear Minny, there are the saw-logs we have been over so many times. I guess we can cross them now."

They were half way across the unsteady logs, when Minny's foot slipped, and into the surging

waters she went, drawing Martina along with her. Martina was the first to catch sight of the flying form of Edith coming towards them.

"Oh, Edith! save her! save her!"

And quicker than thought Edith was in the stream, and, with both the children clasped in her arms, was struggling for the bank. The river at that point was fortunately not very deep, but the onward torrent was so rapid that, when at last she reached the shore, it was at a point much lower down the current, and where the rocks piled so perpendicularly that she found it impossible to ascend. How long she could have resisted those onward raging waters, holding by the willow twigs that grew out of the crevices of the rocks, supporting the almost fainting children clinging to her—how much longer she might have resisted those wild onward rapids, she knew not. Her head began to swim, and she felt that soon she and her dear little friends must be borne away to inevitable death.

"My dear, dear, dearest children! Bless God, I am in time!" And the strong, saving arm was around all three; and all three were clasped tightly and warm to his bosom. "My darlings, thank God, I have you all three safe!"

The fury of the storm was spent. Edward had his three dear ones safely on the bank. He could not be happy enough; he could not be sufficiently grateful. He held them to his heart, and called them again and again his three dear children.

A neighbor's wagon came by. The farmer gladly took them in, and, spurring up his horses, the dripping, half-drowned ones were soon in Edward's warm house.

A messenger was dispatched to Mrs. Moore, to let her know that all were safe.

From that day to this, Edward Herbert has had cause to bless the storm, so fearful in itself, that was the means of giving him such a loving, gentle wife, and his children such a loving, faithful mother.

A SONG FOR JUNE.

BY FANNY FALES.

FIRST-BORN of summer-time, beautiful June!
A sweet poem set to melodious tune;
Azure-eyed pet on the breast of the year,
Flow'r-crowned and peerless one, June, thou art here!

Wild roses scent the balmy air,
Bird notes are trilling everywhere;
The brooklet gushes, with a song,
The flower-enameled vale along;
On glossy-tinted wings flit by
The golden bee and butterfly;
In emerald robes, the forest dim
Sends up to God a grateful hymn.
The lily on the lake is seen,
A pearl upon her breast I ween;
The orchards, in full blossoming,
Upon the air rich odors fling;

The iris by the sedgy stream,
In noon sun nodding, seems to dream.

'Tis pleasant now, in morning hours,
To wander 'mid the dewy flowers,
And list the voices of the wood,
So sweet they make its solitude.
Its solitude? How can it dwell,
When bird, and rill, and zephyr tell
Of Him who filleth earth and air?
Not solitude; for He is there!
'Tis only found within the heart
That hath in joy and hope no part.
The earth is full of song and bloom,
Sunlight and gladness and perfume;
Gifts from our Father's hand divine
To welcome in the summer-time.

THE MORNING RIDE.

BY EDITH HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

THERE are few pleasures so exhilarating and unalloyed as a ride on horseback. To go out in the early morning, when the dew is bright on the grass and wild flowers, and the cool air comes laden with the fresh fragrance of the woods and fields; to give a loose rein to your horse, and let him carry you far out into the very heart of the untrodden hills, into the wild fastnesses of Nature, where "all the dreary intercourse of common life" has not yet penetrated, and there to pause and rest; and, while the sweet influences of our mother earth, fresh from the hands of its Maker, are upon us, while the incense flung from her thousand censers floats around us, mingled with the song of birds and humming of insects, and soft fluttering of the leaves, to let our thoughts wander at their "own sweet will," while our eyes and heart are drinking their fill of beauty, are enjoyments so pure and fresh that I marvel so few are found to appreciate them.

After such an excursion, you come back to your home and its duties with a mind and body equally refreshed and strengthened to perform the one and enjoy the other. The best description of a horseback ride which we remember to have seen is the

one from which the following extracts are taken, from the pen of the ardent and enthusiastic Grace Greenwood :—

"Now we 're off, like the winds to the plains whence they came,

And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame !

On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,

Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod !

Still faster, still farther he leaps at my cheer,

Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear !

Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track—

See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back !

Now a glen dark as midnight—what matter ?—we 'll
down,

Though shadows are round us and rocks o'er us frown.

The thick branches shake, as we 're hurrying through,

And deck us with spangles of silvery dew !

"What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand

Such a steed in the might of his strength may command !

What a glorious creature ! Ah ! glance at him now,

As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow !

How he tosses his mane, with a shrill joyous neigh,

And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play !"

TO HIM WHO CAN ALONE SIT FOR THE PICTURE

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS

If to be free from aught of guile,
Neither to do nor suffer wrong ;
Yet in thy judgments gentle still,
Serene—inflexible in will
Only where some great duty lies
Prone to forgive, or, with a smile,
Reprove the errors that belong
To natures that fall far below
The height of thy empyreal brow !
Of self to make a sacrifice,
Rather than view another's woe,
And, guided by the same fixed law
Supreme, to yield in argument
The bootless triumph that might draw
Down pain upon thy opponent :
In each "hard instance," though severely tried,
Still seen with Honor walking by thy side ;
E'en in those hours when all unbend,
And by some thoughtless word offend,
Thy conscious spirit, great and good,
Neither upborne, nor yet subdued,

Impressed by sense of human ill,
Preserves its even tenor still ;
While 'neath that calm clear surface lie
Thoughts worthy of eternity !
And passions—shall I call them so ?
Celestial attributes ! that glow
Radiant as wing of Seraphim,
Lighting thy path, in all else dim !
Placed on their lofty eminence,
Thou seest the guerdons that to thee belong,
Passed to the low-browed temple, burn intense ;
Standing between thee and the throng
Of noble minds, thy great compeers—
And still the same serenity appears,
Like star in its own solitude,
Setting its seal on thy majestic brow :
If elements like these could give
The record that might bid them live,
The mighty dead—saint, sophist, sage,
Achilles in his tent—
Might claim in vain a brighter page,
A haughtier monument !

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS.

BY FRANK I. WILSON.

(Concluded from page 316.)

CHAPTER IV.

DANIEL KELFORD had always been a strange and mysterious being, but he now became doubly so. The soul of the aged man, whose head he had pillowed on his bosom, and whom he had seen draw his last breath, seemed to have descended and settled upon him. His desire to render some spiritual form visible to his earthly eyes absorbed his every thought. He wandered forth upon the mountains and stood upon their bare summits, gazing around and contemplating the mighty works of God, a wild enthusiasm burning in his heart, and his eyes kindling with an unnatural glare. Like the billows of the ocean before a maddening tempest, so a tumultuous whirl of thoughts rushed through his bosom, almost dethroning reason. Anon, he descended into some quiet vale, and, in musings calm and serene, smoothed down the rage that had harrowed up his soul. Again, he would retire into some dark ravine, horrid with shades and impending cliffs, where the sun scarcely ever shone, and there, in sadness and gloom, would sit and meditate. That strange manuscript was forever about him, and he pored over it until he knew it by heart. He passed whole days with little or no nourishment, his look became wild and haggard, and his voice sounded hollow and sepulchral. He was endeavoring to tear himself from earth, and to make himself a companion fit for angels; and yet the form of Elinor Manvers forever rose before him, whether standing on the mountain heights, or wandering through the silent vales, or seated in the dark ravines. She blended with his every thought, and when he tried to think on Heaven, she came between him and it; and although she appeared to his fancy as a spirit of light and an image of purity, yet he knew she was mortal, and that he never could reach that exalted station to which he aspired so long as she thus shared in all the exercises of his mind.

"I must blend her soul with mine," he soliloquized, "or rather, I must absorb it in mine, so that there shall be but one direction to our thoughts, one aim and purpose to our minds. With her at my side, her soul guided by mine, I can at once attain my object and elevate her to the same height; and oh! it will be a blissful moment when we are both empowered to hold converse with the spiritual essences of God and with each other. But should she reject me! There is madness in the thought, and I will not harbor it. At least I will know my doom, and shape my course accordingly."

346

With this determination, he sought Elinor. As he entered the room in which she sat singing one of her merry songs, a shadow settled upon her soul, and it was with a palpitating heart and trembling voice that she bade him welcome. The change that a few weeks had wrought upon him did not escape her eye, and a wild presentiment told her that the hour for him to declare his love had arrived.

"Elinor," said he, "I have something which I wish to say to you. Will you walk with me?"

With a cold shudder, and yet with feelings akin to rapture, the young girl passed her arm through his, and they wandered forth.

It was one of those calm autumnal evenings when nature, though her gorgeous summer robes are hastening to decay, smiles through the gloom that enshrouds her, affording to the beholder a chastened and melancholy pleasure, perhaps unsurpassed by the gay trappings of spring or the full and flowing dress of summer. The western horizon was crimsoned by the beams of the setting sun, and the lofty peaks looked like gigantic spires tipped with gold.

"Elinor," said Daniel, as they reached an old moss-covered rock, "let us sit down and converse."

They seated themselves, and, as they did so, a solitary raven rose at a little distance from them, and, after wheeling two or three times in circles around them, uttering dismal croaks, alighted on the top of a dead pine which had been blasted by lightning, folded his wings, and was silent.

Daniel was too much absorbed to notice these strange proceedings of the bird, but Elinor saw them, and a deeper shudder ran through her frame and a darker horror gathered at her heart; but still there was a wild joy springing up in her soul as she thought to herself, "Come what may, it will be sweet when shared with him."

"Elinor," commenced Daniel, "do you desire knowledge beyond what is usually allotted to, or within the reach of, mortals?" And, as he spoke, he turned his large round eyes, gleaming with a fearful brilliancy, full upon her.

Elinor knew not what answer to make, and, for a moment, was silent. At length, collecting all her powers for the effort, she spoke—

"You ask me a strange question; but I will answer it sincerely: I do, provided it can be attained without endangering my eternal welfare."

"It is within your reach," said Daniel; "and so far from endangering your soul, it will but fit you for a more exalted seat in the mansions of the blest."

"You speak mysteriously," said Elinor, meeting his steady gaze with one as steady: "explain what you mean."

Daniel turned his eyes away, and looked for a moment on the western sky. He was at a loss how to proceed; and, finding no way by which to come to his purpose gradually, he presently turned his gaze upon her again and said, abruptly—

"Elinor, I love you! Will you be mine?"

It was a fearful sight to see the change that suddenly came over that fair young girl. Her bosom heaved, her eyes swam in tears, and a rigid pallor overspread her countenance; and yet a smile of joy was wreathing her hueless lips. Daniel was frightened at the sight.

"Great God!" cried he, his eyes flashing with the gleam of sudden despair, and the blood rushing to his heart, leaving him as pale as Elinor, "she loves me not!"

But still that smile played about her lips like a mockery of life upon the image of death, and he fastened his soul upon it as the last stay, the only hope that held him back from the abyss of madness over which he hung suspended.

"Elinor! Elinor!" he cried, in piteous accents, "can you love me? Can you link your destiny, a high and noble one, as I can show you, with mine? Drive me not to madness, Elinor! My brain is whirling, and reason totters on her throne! Oh, Elinor! I had rather be dead than mad; then speak to me; tell me you love me—tell me you will be mine, and save me from the gulf of madness that yawns before me!"

"Thine forever!" gasped Elinor, collecting all her strength to enable her to speak.

The raven rose from his high perch, wheeled round and round, croaking hoarsely, rising higher and higher, until his dismal voice could scarce be heard, and then, folding his wings, dropped swiftly through the air and disappeared in a dark valley.

Like a flood of light bursting on darkness were those two words, faintly articulated though they were, upon the soul of Daniel Kelford. But let the moments that succeeded be sacred; in the sight of Heaven they were so, and we will not lift the veil. We will not, with sacrilegious hand, tear off the drapery of celestial fabric that floated around their souls, nor lay bare the workings of their hearts as they exchanged vows of eternal love.

We pass over a few hours. The shades of night have wrapped the earth in its mourning robe, and the night winds are sighing through the forest, bearing off many a faded and withered leaf, and carrying it down to repose on the bosom of the earth. Daniel and Elinor are seated in the parlor of Mr. Manvers's house, alone. Daniel has told her of the legacy left him by the strange old man, of the manner of his death, and of his dying words. Elinor has listened to him with a strange spell upon her heart, and has felt her soul gradually rising and partaking of the enthusiasm of her betrothed. The ill-omened raven darkens over her mind; but still

she reflects, "Come what may, it will be sweet when shared with him!" and in that reflection she finds a solace.

"Read me that wonderful manuscript," said she, as Daniel concluded his account.

He complied, and read it through; and Elinor listened with all her soul, her thoughts and ideas assimilating more and more to his, and the thirst for knowledge becoming stronger and stronger in her heart.

"And now, Elinor," said he, when he had finished reading, "we have but to unite our destinies, soul and body, melt our hearts and minds together, and live with but one aim, one purpose; and that is to reach that state of purity necessary to enable us to see with our mortal eyes, though looking through the medium of immortality, those bright angels which now stand invisible at our sides, and to hear from them the words of eternal wisdom. Let us strive with them to banish those dark spirits of hell forever from us, and the fountains of celestial knowledge will be opened to us. I have tried to attain to this state alone, but you were a portion of myself, your soul a portion of mine, and I could not succeed without you; and if I had, my joy would have lost half its bliss, since it would not have been shared with thee."

"I am ready to share with you in all things," replied Elinor. "Your will is mine, your destiny mine. Together we will ascend the temple of knowledge, and look beyond the dark line that divides time from eternity, and peer into the future; or we will sink together in the abyss of madness, still sharing and sweetening each other's fate, be it what it may."

"Talk not of sinking," said Daniel, almost sternly. "To doubt of success is to insure defeat. Doubts must be thrown aside; the *will* must work free in faith, and a thought of failure must not be permitted to enter the mind. Remember that our evil angels are ever by us, prompting us to doubt, and that we must war against them. They will struggle hard, and it may be long before we are able to expel them; but let us persevere, and success is certain."

As he spoke, his eyes were fixed on Elinor, and they seemed to pierce to the very bottom of her soul.

"Forgive me," said she. "I shall learn to lean my will on yours, and to be firmer. I will ponder only on the new state for which I am striving. I will banish every doubt and fear, remembering that it is your will that I do so. Daniel—for I can now thus familiarly address you—I have looked forward to this period with horror, as dark almost as ever blackened through the heart of a devil when contemplating the proud height from which he had fallen, and fallen without a hope of ever rising again; and yet, at the same time, a joy pervaded my breast as holy and enrapturing as ever thrilled the soul of a sinless angel when viewing the fair fields of Paradise. I can now account for the presentiment that

has so long filled my mind : it was a spiritual dread, infused by the spiritual essence that holds communion with the soul, arousing a nameless terror even without the consciousness of its cause. The fact that my human nature, my mortal part, was to be brought into association with spirits appalled my soul, even though I knew not that that was the cause ; while the fact that I was to arrive at such an exalted state, that my mortality was so far to put on immortality as to render me a fit companion for the pure angels, was sufficient to diffuse a rapturous bliss through all my soul, although I dreamed not that I should ever attain so high a state of purity while in this world. Alone I could not dare confront my mortal body with immortal beings : but with you, my beloved, I can dare anything and everything ; for what would not be sweet when shared with you ? ”

“ Thou art in the right way now,” said Daniel, clasping Elinor to his heart, “ and the spirits, than whom thou art little less pure, will soon be revealed to thy mortal eyes. Let our souls blend and mingle together and become as one, each absorbed in the other, and let us war against every selfish and earthly thought, concentrating all the powers of the mind upon the high and holy things of God, bending all our energies to the attainment of a single object, and soon those bright forms that forever attend us, and whose dazzling brightness would now blind our eyes and consume us to ashes were they rendered visible to us, will be seen, not only without harm, but with a joy unknown to earth. Oh, Elinor ! even the thought of the sight fills me with a bliss allied to Heaven ! ”

The enthusiasm that burned in their breasts gleamed from their eyes, and was visible in their whole countenances, giving them more the appearance of wild maniacs than of rational beings. His soul was on hers with a power that nothing but his absence could expel ; and a delirium of joy, of bliss, was the only sensation of which they were susceptible. Clasped in each other's arms, and each muttering incoherent words, their minds imbued with a species of insanity, they sat for a long time, the thrall of Elinor becoming every moment stronger and stronger.

Daniel at length left, with a promise to return the next day ; and, as he wended his way homeward through the still night, his wild thoughts raging tumultuously, Elinor sought her place of rest, but sleep was banished from her eyes. She could not think ; all was confusion ; she seemed accompanying him to whom she had yielded her heart ; and, by his side listening to his impassioned words, she seemed to glide along without an effort and without any will of her own. Hours pass, and she lies with her cheek pillowed on one soft arm, the ringlets of her dark hair half veiling her beautiful countenance, and yet adding to, rather than subtracting from, her angelic beauty. Her eyelids at length droop, veiling the bright orbs for whose protection they were made, and half-formed visions float

indistinctly before her mental sight. An angel's white robes flutter by, but disappear before they can more than barely be seen ; and then Daniel Kelford suddenly appears, but sinks to nothingness as she tries to survey him. Anon, a cawing raven flies lazily along, but vanishes just as she would look upon him ; and then a pall of darkness settles around, deeper and deeper, a mighty sea of darkness, heaving and swelling for a moment, then gradually growing calmer and calmer, and finally is smoothed to perfect stillness. And thus the maiden sank to sleep. Strange dreams held revel in her soul ; but what pen or pencil could catch their lights and shades, or describe their sudden transmutations, now flying joyously aloft, and now sinking down into awful depths ? We shrink from attempting the task, and leave our readers to imagine them if they can. We pass to other scenes.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, when Elinor awoke from her troubled slumbers, the events of the preceding night seemed to her more like a dream than a reality. She arose and went about her usual avocations, but not with the light step, the merry song, and the cheerful countenance of former days. By degrees, the influence which the presence of Daniel Kelford and his strange looks and language had exerted over her passed partially from her, and again a dark and undefined horror brooded at her heart. She saw more distinctly than ever the abyss into which the hand of destiny was urging her ; but the flowers that encircled its brink were more plentiful and magnificent than ever before, and she felt no wish to escape.

But a few hours elapsed before Daniel again made his appearance ; and no sooner had he come into the presence of Elinor than that same strange spell again came over her, arousing all the wild enthusiasm that had burned in her breast the evening before. She was scarcely conscious of her own identity, for her soul was merged in that of Daniel Kelford, and her WILL was lost in his. Again they talked and planned, and again wild visions swept before their mental sight.

Day after day he visited her, and fainter and fainter grew her power to shake from her the influence which he exerted over her. Even when absent, his power was upon her, and when in his presence she was wholly passive to his WILL. I might have willed her to the realms of bliss, and the joy that ever thrilled a sinless angel would have been hers ; he might have willed her to the woe of woe, and she would have felt all the dark deed and utter torment of a soul forever lost. Oh, a strange and fearfully mysterious power in which one human soul can exert over another ! And yet there are none that are not more subject to this influence. They influence others

are influenced by others. Who can fathom the mysteries of the mind?

A few weeks passed, and Daniel and Elinor were married. There was no bridal feast, no rejoicings and merry-makings. Their parents wished to invite their friends and neighbors, and to have a season of festivity; but they both objected. The priest who solemnized the marriage and a few witnesses were all that were present. It was a strange wedding, and they were strange beings that were wedded.

They retired to a little cottage which their parents had fitted up for them, situated in a sweet valley, and upon the green banks of a romantic little stream. The mountains rose in imposing grandeur around them, and the scene was one of mingled wildness and pleasantness, embracing every variety of mountain region.

Here they excluded themselves almost entirely from society. Together they wandered over lofty peaks or reclined in dark and dreary valleys. Their meals were frugal and simple, and every thought was bent to the attainment of their object. Elinor acted but as the WILL of Daniel prompted. Her soul was so mingled with his as to become a part and parcel of it, indivisible and undistinguishable.

Months passed. Daniel and his bride had endeavored to follow the counsel of the aged Spaniard in all things. They had practiced self-denial, and subjected their will (I cannot say wills) to their reason, or rather to their enthusiasm; and nothing now seemed to be lacking to enable them to banish their dark spirits and render their bright ones visible.

"To-morrow," said Daniel, "we will visit Cæsar's Head, and see if we can expel the evil angels from us. It is a spot hallowed by the death of him in whose footsteps we are treading. Perhaps his spirit may be hovering near to assist us."

"To-morrow!" echoed Elinor, and then was silent. For a moment she seemed to recover some portion of her soul from the dominion of her husband, and once more the blackness of horror encompassed her. Again the ill-omened raven flapped his dark wings and croaked hoarsely before her. Again she looked down into the dark gulf into which she was hastening—down, down into darkness that grew yet more dark as she gazed; but still gorgeous flowers decked her path and bloomed around the mouth of the abyss. The blood rushed from her cheeks, blanching them with the hue of death, and a cold fear seemed to congeal her heart. But it was only for a moment. Again the suspended influence of Daniel's *will* asserted its sway, and these emotions were drowned in its flow. "All will be shared with him, and therefore sweet," was the last thought that flitted through her mind ere she yielded up her will.

With clasped hands they sat in their cottage-door and watched the airy cloudlets flitting over the face of the moon; but both were silent. Daniel was too busy in thought to speak, and, as every emotion

which swelled his bosom heaved that of Elinor also, she felt no desire to speak except when he spoke to her, and *willed* that she should reply.

The morrow came, and they ascended the peak of Cæsar's Head. It was in the early part of August, and the weather was hot and sultry. The low murmur of distant thunder was heard as they reached the summit, and stood hand in hand on the spot where the old Spaniard had breathed his last.

"Now," said Daniel, "we stand upon the hallowed spot from which the soul of him who was permitted to lift the veil and learn things reserved for spiritual intelligences took its flight to Heaven. Here let us bend our efforts to become like unto him—to etherealize our natures, to banish every sinful thought and affection, and to obtain the attributes of immortality. My will is thine, and it is well. Words are useless; the language of the mind most intelligible to Heaven is thought. Then let us be silent while thought communes with Heaven, and the WILL shapes all things to its desires."

He was silent, and commenced *willing* his soul to act independent of his body. And here the will of Elinor rebelled. Thoughts of home, of parents and friends, of childhood and scenes of youth, of love and death, of time and eternity—all, all came crowding on her mind, and that strange shudder again thrilled through her frame. Involuntarily, she raised her eyes in supplication to Heaven, when lo! that raven flapped his wings above her, and uttering one loud croak, that sounded in her ears like a wail of anguish, hastened onward and soon disappeared from her sight. Suddenly, she recollected the purpose for which she stood there, and tried to resign her will to Daniel; but it was in vain; he had left her in the upward soaring of his thoughts, and their minds were separated and could unite no more.

Meanwhile, Daniel was struggling to separate the divine essence of his nature from its grosser part. He was striving for that etherealization which would enable him to look through the medium of immortality and behold the immortal being that was to reveal so much knowledge to him. The scenes of earth gradually faded into darkness, and he seemed to become free and unlimited in the powers of his mind, and suddenly a form of ethereal beauty and brightness stood before him, and thus spake—

"Mortal, the victory is thine, but thine alone!"

Unconscious that his soul had lost its influence over Elinor in the hour of trial, and at the very moment when to lose it was to lose all so far as regarded her, he turned to see if she was not at his side, and he saw her not; for his mortal vision was closed, and with his immortal sight he could not behold mortal things.

"Angel of mercy!" he exclaimed, "exalt her to the station in which I am, and re-unite us in spirituality."

"It is beyond my power," replied the angel, in tones of melody sweeter than any sounds of earth.

"Her evil angel is not yet banished from her, for the things of earth still claim her attention."

Oh, mortal love! strange and inexplicable power! mysterious in thy operations! exalting to the bliss of Heaven, depressing to the pains of hell; wild as the uncurbed steed, yet tame as the playful lamb; vengeful as demons of wrath, yet tender as the angel of sympathy itself; ungovernable as the whirlwind, yet gentle as the morning breeze; watchful as a thousand eyes, yet blind as the darkness of midnight! What painter can paint thee? what pen or tongue describe thee? Thou passion of passions! thou passion to which all other passions are subservient! Thou tyrant, to whom all tyrants bow! Thou invincible, to whom the most valiant yield! Stronger than death, more powerful than the sword, who may stem thy tide? who banish thee from his heart? When thou hast fixed thine arrow in the human breast, who may pluck it out? Though thou dwellest in the bosom of frailty, the strongest incentives both to virtue and to vice have proved too weak to oust thee from thy domain! How many hast thou pulled down from lofty heights! how many raised from the lowest depths of degradation! How many hast thou shown the way to Heaven! how many dragged to the abyss of hell! For thee, Adam disobeyed his God, and entailed sin, misery, and death on all his race. For thee, even angels left their abode of bliss on high, and came down to earth to dwell with the fair daughters of men; and yet who that has ever felt thy power wonders at these things? Great and unintelligible power! if thou couldst cause the sinless to sin, the immortal to associate with mortals rather than their own ethereal race, how can we wonder that thou shouldst have power to recall Daniel Kelford from the prize for which he had toiled, the possession of his fondest desires, the goal of all his aspirations?

"Spirit of beauty!" he cried, "I will return to her."

"Pause," said the sweetly tuneful voice of the angel, "and hear me but for a moment, and then decide. The evil spirit that has just abandoned thee has not yet reached his dark abode, and if thou resumest thy earthly nature before he enters those gates through which he can return no more, he will immediately rejoin thee and strive against me for thy soul; and, if he returns now, he can never more be banished from thee, and on earth thou canst never see me more. Thy bride can never reach the state in which thou now art, for thou canst not again absorb her soul within thine. If thou now givest way, bid farewell forever to all thy dreams of mortal spirituality and etherealization. Now make your decision."

"Angel of light," said Daniel, "I do not hesitate. Ambition is too weak to strive against love. Without Elinor, Heaven were hell to me. I return to her."

"Be it so," said the angel, mournfully. "I pity thee, but am not angry. Mortal has never yet been

found that would sacrifice love for knowledge. Return to thy earthly state; my office will still be to watch over and protect thee."

The brightness of Daniel's spiritual sight, gradually fading, became dimmer and yet more dim, like a cloud intercepting the rays of the sun and casting its shadow upon the earth, until finally he fully resumed his earthly nature, saw with his mortal eyes, and beheld Elinor standing at his side weeping bitterly.

"Oh, Daniel, forgive me!" she cried. "My will rebelled in the very moment of trial; but now it is yours again. I yield it to thee."

"Weep not, love," said Daniel, tenderly. "My dream is gone. I have seen the good angel that hovers over me, but shall see him no more. I do not repine, for thou, love, art still left me, and I was free to choose thee in preference to immortal knowledge."

The cloud from which the distant thunder was muttering when Daniel and Elinor first reached the top of Caesar's Head, had gradually arisen, and was now nearly over them, flashes of lightning almost continually leaping from its black bosom; and peals of thunder, rolling fearfully among the mountains, re-echoed from a thousand cliffs and prolonged into one incessant roar. As Daniel finished speaking, a gust of wind swept by, whirling the leaves and twigs before it, and another lightning flash, still more lurid, ran across the darkened heavens, followed by a thunder peal that shook the solid mountains. Elinor buried her face in her husband's bosom and sobbed yet more violently, her emotions being too powerful for utterance.

"Look up, my love," said Daniel, soothingly; "we must seek a shelter from the coming storm. Come, let us away."

"Oh, my husband," cried Elinor, "from what proud heights have I recalled thee by my rebellious will! I would that I had died first!"

"Be calm, my own sweet one," said Daniel. "I am happy now; happier than I have ever been before. But come away; let us descend to yonder jutting rock, and when the storm is past we will return to our own sweet little cottage; and then I will tell you of the change I underwent and kiss your tears away, and you will smile and be glad; and we will descend the stream of life together, smoothing for each other its ruffled waves."

Daniel wound his arm around the waist of his young wife, and supported her onward towards the rock he had mentioned, some two hundred yards the distant down the declivity of the mountain. The darkness was almost as intense as that of night, the rain was beginning to fall, and the wind whirled around them with increased violence. Trees were uprooted, and their branches flew about before the maddening gale, and twigs and dust almost blinded the eyes of Daniel and Elinor, rendering their progress slow and perilous. Still they pressed on with all possible speed, avoiding the falling timbers as best they could.

Elinor seemed to recover strength and energy, and she begged her husband to release his hold around her waist, as both would then be better enabled to escape the falling limbs. He did so, and, seizing her hand in his, they sped on until they observed a large tree falling towards them, when, as if by mutual consent, each released the other's hand and fled in opposite directions, the tree falling between them. Simultaneous with its fall, a blinding flash of lightning glared on the black heavens, and a thunder crash broke upon the maddened air. Daniel felt himself stunned for an instant, but quickly recovered and turned to look for Elinor.

Oh, heavens! who can describe the sudden pang that shot with electric swiftness through all his soul as he beheld her lying stretched upon the earth? Every sinew was strained to its utmost tension, and every muscle grew rigid as iron. He sprang to her, seized her in his arms, and, with superhuman strength, bore her headlong, regardless of the dangers that beset him, to the jutting cliff.

Sheltered at length by the impending rock, he laid her down, chafed her hands and temples, and did all that he could to restore her; but alas, in vain! The lightning stroke had blasted her life too surely, and the omen of the raven had been fulfilled. Her cheeks were yet warm and wet with her tears; but the image of death was on her countenance. Her features were not distorted, and, as she lay there in calm repose, she appeared more beautiful than ever before. Her arms were folded on her rounded bosom, her eyes closed, and her lips gently parted, as though a calm but deep sleep was upon her. It was the sleep that knows no waking until the graves, at the mighty summons of God, shall yield their dead.

Daniel fell on his knees, and smoothed back a few loose ringlets of her dark hair, that had fallen over her face, and gazed steadfastly upon her, his soul one overflowing cup of bitterness.

It was a wild, a terrible picture. The artillery of Heaven flashing in sheets of lurid flame, and booming with one continuous roar; the wind whirling in fury, and not only tearing trees from their roots, but also hurling loose stones from their beds, and rolling them down the mountain side; the black cloud hovering over head like the pall of destruction; the rain falling in torrents; the fair young wife, in all the bloom and beauty of womanhood, stretched fearfully beneath that mighty rock, which all the fury of the storm could not remove, the hue of life still lingering fondly on her lovely countenance;—ah! these constitute dark and terrible features in the picture, but not the darkest nor the most terrible! for what is the war of elements in all their uncurbed rage, what the convulsions of nature, and even death itself, to the crushed and broken spirit of a once strong and ambitious man? Beside the corpse of that young wife kneels the

broken-hearted husband, gazing upon the still features, DESPAIR stamped upon his face and visible in his look. No tears moisten his sad and stony gaze. Oh, that he could weep! that the anguish of his heart could find vent! but it is too deep for tears. He wipes the moisture from the cheek of his dead bride, his dry eyes fixed upon her until reason wavers and consciousness almost forsakes him. The storm rages unheeded; he has no ear for any sound, no eye for any sight save of his dead wife.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "was it for this I renounced the proud height of mortal immortality to which I had risen? Was it for this I tore the fond dream of human perfection from my heart? that I refused the knowledge that was to be revealed to me by an angel's tongue? Was it for this I sacrificed Ambition, and all the aspirations of my soul, for the sake of Love? What now is left me? A clod of mouldering clay! I clasp it in my arms, but it returns not my embrace; I kiss it with the burning kiss of love, but it knows it not; I speak to it in accents of tenderness, but it replies not—it is DEAD!"

As he spake he threw himself beside the corpse, seized it in his arms, and kissed it again and again, uttering wailings that would have melted a heart of stone to hear. But this paroxysm passed off, and, with the calmness of despair, he sat up and took the stiffening hand of what had been his wife in his. In silent anguish, he sat there motionless, his eyes still fixed upon the face before him, while hours fled. The storm had long since spent itself, and the sun again shone forth in splendor; but he saw it not. At length, he gradually stretched himself beside the corpse, enfolded it in his arms, and murmured—

"Yes, this is death! I feel it stealing through all my veins, and I welcome it with my whole heart. The great aim and object of my life has failed, the object of my love is dead, and life henceforth would be a burden. My soul shall shortly rejoin thine, Elinor, to part no more. May God in mercy, for Christ's sake, save us eternally in the land of perfect knowledge and perfect bliss!"

His eyelids gently closed, and his spirit calmly passed away.

The next day, Daniel and Elinor having failed to return home, search was made for them, and they were found beneath the impending rock, on which a solitary raven silently sat, as though brooding over the melancholy fate of those that lay beneath him. Daniel's arms were still entwined around the body of his wife, and his cheek was leaned against hers. They were both buried in one grave, and the sod that was heaped upon them was moistened with many tears.

Beautiful in life, in death they were parted not!

BLADENSBURG.—A BALLAD

BY THOMAS S. DONOHUE.

"The time that tried men's soles."

It was at ancient Bladensburg—
The weather wondrous hot;
And motionless the tall corn stood
In every garden lot;
And in the shade, supinely laid,
Cats, dogs, and pigs were seen;
And geese went sailing on the brook,
Where drooped the willows green:

Went sailing forth as pleasantly
As nothing were the matter—
Each praising her reflected charms
In most delightful clatter;
They little thought the hour was fraught
With direful charge of ill—
That fast the angry Red Coats came,
Both geese and men to kill!

Sad sight to see as e'er could be
The white-washed village inn,
With none to smoke, and none to joke,
And none to sit and grin!
Now on the counter of the bar
Half emptied was the can;
The whisky tap neglected stood—
To waste the liquor ran!

For fat and jolly John, the host,
Had ta'en his rusty gun—
And so had Sam, the stable-boy,
And every mother's son,
And out they went, with brave intent,
To wait the coming foe,
To strike for ancient Bladensburg,
And lay the foemen low!

Still sometimes here would child appear,
Sage matron, buxom maid,
Crossing in haste the sandy street,
Or whispering, sore afraid;
And busily preparing all
To leave the luckless village—
Their corn and pigs, their ducks and geese,
To fire, and sword, and pillage!

And up the bold militia marched,
From town and country round;
The mighty men of Washington
Came also to the ground:
For higher prize allured the eyes
Of England's martial host
Than Bladensburg, with all its wealth
And old renown, could boast.

"The Capital! the Capital!"
Was still the foeman's cry.
Who for his nation's Capital
Would not with pleasure die?
And so they swore to fall, before
The foeman should prevail,
And pile the field with Britishers
Beneath their hissing hail!

Hence hither, too, our Regulars
Assembled for the fight,
And gay-plumed volunteers—O Mars!
A grand, terrific sight!
And on his steed, to do or bleed,
Our President was here!
And every man did shout "Hurrah!"
And not a soul did fear!

A cloud of dust flew down the street—
A horse and rider in it:
'Twas rather warm to run a race,
But surely he would win it!
Cats, pigs did leap from out their sleep,
And dogs did bark amain,
And children cried, and women screamed,
And geese confessed their pain!

But on the furious horseman rushed,
A soldier, minus hat;
The drops of sweat abundant gushed—
He didn't stop for that!
"They're coming!" were his only words,
Hoarse, choked with dust, "they're coming!"
And on he passed to where, right fast,
Was heard a distant drumming.

He gained the Yankee lines, and shrieked,
"They're coming!" as he fell!
They took him up with instant care,
And begged him further tell,
But vainly: though with brandy plied,
No other word he spoke
Save "Coming! Coming!" while the drumming
Loud and louder woke!

At length, along the turnpike road,
The Red Coats came indeed;
They reached the little bridge—but there
We checked their daring speed.
Whene'er they tried, we swept aside
Their ranks with cannon ball;
Till pity spread throughout our troops
To see so many fall!

In mercy we resolved to run,
Yet were we not afraid;
And lest our kind example should
Unkindly be repaid,
We left the bloody field, and sought
The deep and tangled wood,
Where every man in such course ran
As to himself was good.

The Battle of old Bladensburg!
A scene of honest glory!
Though little of our true desert
Is given us in story.
They say our Capital was lost
Because we wouldn't fight!
Is mercy, then, no grace in men,
Unless they're gainers by 't?

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE dress of Henry the Seventh at his coronation, in 1485, consisted of a shirt of fine lawn, a vest of crimson silk, with an opening in the front; crimson saracenet *chausses*, laced with ribbons to the coat, which was lined with ermine, decorated with bows of gold and ribbon, and trimmed with minever. The mantle was of crimson satin, laced with silk, and adorned with tassels. To this magnificent dress was added a crimson rose made of satin.

The female coiffure of this day, as will be seen by the picture annexed, had greatly changed; it



was three-cornered on the face, and in form not unlike a church porch; it fell over the shoulders behind, and had long lappets reaching to the waist.

But there were many other head-dresses introduced during this reign. The hair usually fell in all its luxuriance down the back, unfettered by comb or fillet; and very beautiful were the long fair ringlets of many of the dames and maidens of Britain. Some of the coiffures are not unlike ornamented turbans; others resemble the capuchon worn by the men; and others, again, are round and pointed, but not high. So various and so strange were many of these head-dresses, that we may almost imagine Fashion was at this time amusing her own fancies at the expense of her votaries, and forcing her followers to render themselves ridiculous, and even ugly, to show her power over them.

32*

The waists of the robes were now made so as to pinch in the figure; they were cut square over the bosom, or reached to the throat, and were confined by a girdle, or belt, with a splendid ornament in front, terminated with a *cordelière* and tassel. The petticoats, or kirtles, were full, but without trains, and usually had a colored border round the bottom. The sleeves were as various as the coiffures; sometimes they were very full, and held in at the wrist by a narrow band, or the fullness confined into two or three large puffs down the arm; some, however, were left quite loose, and hanging, not unlike those worn a few years since in England, and they were not unfrequently trimmed with a border to match the bottom of the robe.

Elizabeth, queen of Henry the Seventh, wore a splendid dress the day before her coronation. It is described in Cotton's manuscript, and consisted "of a mantle of white cloth of gold damask, furred with ermines, fastened on her breast with a large lace curiously wrought with gold and silk, with rich knoppes of gold at the end tasseled." On the day of her nuptials, the same queen wore, according to Leland, her long fair hair hanging down her back, with "a calle of pipes over it."

The exact time when ruffs were first worn is not known. It is said they were invented by a Spanish lady, to hide a wen upon her neck; it is, however, certain that they were much in fashion in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and flourished greatly through this and several succeeding reigns.

The doublet was now worn with slashes and cuts, and the waistband, reaching just below the arm-pits, had eight kinds of skirts appended to it.

In a picture by Holbein of the lovely but unfortunate Anne Boleyn, we see the dress she wore on the day she became Queen of England. It is much the same as the one we have described as worn by Elizabeth. Stowe gives the following account of another, in which she appeared about that time: "Then," says he, "proceeded forth the queene, in a *circote* and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, in her hayre coife and circlet. After her followed ladies, being lords' wives, which had circotes of scarlet, with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice, with barres of pouders, according to their degrees; and over that they had mantles of scarlet, furred, and every mantle had lettice about the necke, like a neckerchiefe, likewise powdered, so that by their powderings their degrees might be knowne. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gownes of scarlet, with narrow sleeves, without traines, only edged with lettice."

353

The hair is gracefully arranged in Holbein's picture. It is drawn back from the forehead in small



curls; a broad plait hangs from the top of the head over one ear; and the crown, placed far back, is held in its place by an ornamented caul and wreath of gold.

In another portrait, Anne is represented with her hair braided over her forehead, and hanging down over her shoulders; on her head is a cap, adorned with precious stones, and a tassel falling behind. Her train is not long, and her sleeves are large, wide, open down the outside, and ornamented with three bows of ribbon. But this cannot be strictly considered the English costume of this reign; for, Anne having passed many years in France, it is likely that she might adopt the fashions of that nation—amongst others, that of wearing lappets.

Under the house of Tudor, no shoe could be fashionable that was not fastened with a full-blown rose; but in shape they were not so extravagantly long as those formerly worn.

Under Henry the Eighth, silk stockings, it is said, were first brought to England. On this subject, however, there seems to be some doubt. Planché, in his "History of British Costume," thus describes their introduction: "Hose or stockings of silk are generally supposed to have been unknown in this country before the middle of the sixteenth century; and a pair of long Spanish hose of silk were presented as a gift worthy the acceptance of a monarch, by Sir T. Gresham, to Edward the Sixth."

The shoes at this time were variously shaped, and richly ornamented. Buskins, slashed like the doublets, were also very fashionable. Some were of satin, some of velvet, and frequently the toes were broad and wide, and the shoe had a strap across the instep.

In the "Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth," we read: "The dress of females of rank was restricted by limitations of a nature somewhat similar to those which restricted the absurdities of male attire, and was less extravagant. The gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged by the rules of etiquette to have a train before and behind, which she hung upon her arm, or fastened in her girdle; the baroness, and all under her degree, were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matrons were distinguished from unmarried women by the different mode of their head-attire; the hood of the former had recently been superseded by a coil, or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon."

Frontlets and lappets now came into fashion; also hats and bonnets. The lappets often fell below the shoulders, and were frequently made of velvet, studded with precious stones. Some were very broad, others broad near the face, and tapering towards the ends. Sometimes they turned back, and fluttered in the breeze like streamers.

Embroidered petticoats and gowns were now much worn by the female sex. The latter were frequently made open in front, so as to show the satin kirtle beneath; an embroidered apron, flowered in gold and colored silks, was also greatly admired. The bodice, or, as it was formerly called, the *surcoat*, was generally of a different color from the rest of the dress, and had a richly ornamented stomacher. "Gowns of blew velvet, cut and lined with cloth of gold, made after the fashion of Savoy," are named by a writer of the day, who also describes the dress worn by Anne of Cleves, which consisted of "a ryche gowne of cloth of gold, raised, made round, without any trayne, after the Dutch fashion."

Ladies' head-dresses were various: sometimes they wore a velvet cap, adorned with jewels, and a long-flowing veil; others adopted a *caul*, a *coif*, or a French hood; and Stowe speaks of three-cornered caps. They were, he says, white, and three-square, and the peaks full three or four inches from the head. Frontlets were also worn, before bonnets were introduced.

ELLA MASON; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY EFFIE EVERGREEN.

"And so, Ella, you think it impossible that there can be any romance in a second marriage?" And the speaker, a fair and gentle-looking woman, no longer young, but with a countenance whose placid beauty Time could not destroy, looked pleasantly into the bright eyes of the lovely girl who sat on a low ottoman beside her.

"Not one particle of romance, Aunt Hetty, either in the marriage itself or in the hearts of those who contract it. All freshness of feeling must be gone before such a thing can be thought of; and I believe a second marriage is always a mere matter either of calculation or convenience."

"But even allowing the unfortunate individual, who a second time enters the married state, to have lost his freshness of feeling, as you call it, and to be incapable of loving again with all the ardor of his first love, may he not be twice *loved*? And may there not be as much romantic devotion to him in the heart of his second partner as in the first?"

"Impossible, aunt! 'A heart requires a heart, nor will be satisfied with less than what it gives.' He would have only the shadow of love to offer, and therefore could not receive the substance in return."

"And so poor Sidney, rich, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable as you own him to be, has been rejected simply because he has loved before? It is hard, indeed, if he must pass the rest of his life alone, because he had the misfortune to lose the object of his first choice, to whom he was united when little more than a boy. Dying, as she did, in less than a month from their marriage, that early attachment must seem to him more like a pleasant dream than a reality."

"It is a dream to which he still clings most fondly, aunt. I have seen him show far more emotion when speaking of his dead wife than he ever did in expressing his love for me."

"And that emotion, Ella, should have taught you how deeply he can love, and the worth of the heart you have thrown from you. I fear me you may live to repent this foolish fancy."

"Never, never, aunt. I could not love Mr. Sidney; and I would sooner die than marry one I did not love. I respect and esteem him; but I will never accept a divided heart—one filled with the memory of a former affection. I shall never love but once; and if I cannot receive in return the freshness of a first and only devotion, I will do as you have done, and remain single."

"We shall see," replied her aunt, smiling, though half sadly. "You know but little of life yet, Ella.

I, for one, shall not be surprised if, after all this romance, you commence the realities of life by uniting yourself to a widower with half a dozen children, not half so attractive or interesting as George Sidney."

"Aunt Hetty!" commenced the girl, indignantly; but she really loved her aunt dearly, and meeting her now playful smile, the angry flush upon her cheek subsided, and, tossing the curls back from her fair brow, she concluded the conversation with, "You are too bad, aunt; I will go and talk to Fido: I really believe he has more sentiment than you" And she was soon bounding through the garden with her favorite spaniel at her side.

Ella Mason was the eldest daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents. Lovely and interesting, though not strikingly beautiful, she had many friends, and had as yet known nothing of the realities of life. The pride of her parents, and of the aunt who had superintended her education, and the idol of her younger brothers and sisters, she had glided through the world for eighteen years, sheltered from its trials, with no wish ungratified, no fancy crossed. Suitors had gathered round; but she was still, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." George Sidney, whose offer and rejection gave rise to the conversation with which our tale begins, was the only one whose attentions she had ever encouraged, and this was but from her ignorance of his *true* feelings towards her. She esteemed him as a friend, almost a brother, but to think of him as a lover and a husband—oh no! she would be no man's second wife; and, with this firm resolve, she turned to her birds and flowers, and dreamed of a future as bright and cloudless as the past and present.

But clouds were gathering in her sky, although she saw them not; and, before she had passed her nineteenth summer, the sun of worldly prosperity was shining on her way no more. One of those sudden convulsions which sometimes shake the commercial world destroyed her father's fortune in a day. Everything was swept from them; their beautiful house passed into the hands of strangers; and they found themselves dependent upon their own exertions for support. It was a terrible blow, and, at first, seemed more than they could bear; and, but for Aunt Hetty, a sister of Mrs. Mason, who had shared their prosperity, and still clung to them in their adversity, they might have sunk into hopeless poverty. Her cheering words roused, first the parents, and then Ella, from their stupor; and a little exertion procured for Mr. Mason a clerkship, which would secure them at least from absolute want;

while his daughter sought, and, by the assistance of her friends, obtained, a situation as governess in the family of a clergyman in a neighboring city.

It was a sad trial to the young girl to leave those whom she loved so dearly, and go out among strangers; but she knew it to be necessary, and, encouraged by Aunt Hetty, and supported by the hope of contributing to the comfort of her parents, she went cheerfully. And, though she wept long and bitterly through the first nights passed away from home, she became gradually reconciled to the change, and, after a time, warmly attached to the little ones under her charge, and the parents who had confided them to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, into whose family she had entered, were still young, and they soon learned to regard Ella rather as a sister than a stranger, and she sometimes forgot, for a little while, that she was not at home. To the children she gave the warm affection of an elder sister, scarcely second to that bestowed upon her own; their mother filled a place in her heart never before satisfied, kind and thoughtful as her mother or Aunt Hetty, yet so near her own age as to render their intercourse perfectly familiar and sisterlike; while to Mr. Grant, she soon learned to look up as something almost more than human. He was, indeed, a rare character; in purity of life and calm dignity of manner, just what we imagine a minister of the Gospel should be, yet gentle and cheerful, and, in the family circle, affectionately joining in every plan that could give pleasure to the humblest member of his household, with as much apparent interest as in the loftier duties which claimed his first attention.

And here Ella, for the first time, saw the beauty of religion, and the charm which it can cast over even the everyday transactions of life, and was led to seek and find a participation in its blessings. No wonder that she loved those who had been the means of leading her to a happiness of which, in the brightest days of her prosperity, she had never dreamed!

But, holy as seemed the happiness of that little household, it was not destined to last. Mrs. Grant's health, always delicate, began to decline; and, though no means were left untried which the most devoted affection could suggest, she sank, after many weeks of suffering, into an early grave.

It was a few hours before her death that, rousing from a heavy slumber, or rather lethargy, into which she had fallen, she desired her children to be brought to her. They were soon gathered at her side; the youngest, a babe of six months old, nestling in Ella's bosom; while the next in age, a lovely boy of three years old, his father's image and namesake, clung round her, frightened by the darkened room and the labored breathing of his dying parent. The others, old enough to understand something of the scene, turned, sobbing, to their father for the comfort which he sorely needed for himself. He drew them to their mother's couch, and, taking their little hands in hers, already cold and clammy with the dew of

death, she spoke a few brief words of counsel and of blessing. Then, motioning for Ella to come closer to her side, she whispered, in tones now scarcely audible—

"Promise me you will not leave them when I am gone."

For an instant, she did not reply; tears choked her utterance, and, before she could command her voice, the dying mother, taking her silence for denial, murmured again—

"Ella, my friend, my sister, you will not refuse my last request? you will not leave my children to the care of strangers?"

Her husband had bent down to catch the whisper, and he turned a look of such appeal on Ella that, had she wavered, it must have decided her. But hers had not been the silence of hesitation, but of uncontrollable emotion; and, by an effort repressing the sobs which almost suffocated her, she uttered—

"I will never leave them—never!" and, bending her head over the infant in her arms, yielded to a fresh burst of tears.

"I am satisfied," murmured the sufferer, faintly, and her face was bright with a lofty faith; "God will take care of them, and you will not forsake them. Lift them up, Henry, that I may kiss my children once more."

The father raised the older ones to receive the parting embrace; but the babe lay on Ella's bosom, and, as she bent down to place it for an instant in its mother's arms, Mrs. Grant, raising herself with sudden energy, clasped both the child and her who held it to her breast—

"You will never leave it, Ella?" she repeated; "you will never forsake my child?"

"Never, as I hope to meet you in a better world!" answered the weeping girl.

"God bless you, dearest, and give you strength to perform your promise;" and, releasing her, she pressed her cold and quivering lips upon her infant's brow, and sank back exhausted in her husband's arms.

Ella hurried with the children to the nursery, and returned to watch beside her dying friend. A brief period closed her earthly existence; but not till she had again, almost unconscious of having done so before, asked and received Ella's promise never to leave her little ones while they needed her care.

And the vow made at that sad hour of parting, and again renewed as she stood alone beside the cold form of her who had been to her as a dear sister, was faithfully kept.

A year had passed since the death of Mrs. Grant, and Ella, or Miss Mason, as every one but the children called her, was still the presiding genius of the bereaved family. She had never left them for a day, scarcely for an hour. Her father's efforts had retrieved his affairs, and he had more than once urged her return to a home which, though less luxurious than her early residence, was far more splendid than the comparatively humble one she

occupied. But, though the affection which she bore her early friends and her own dear family was neither changed nor lessened, she could not leave what she felt to be her post of duty, nor did she wish to do so.

Mr. Grant never urged her stay. He had alluded only once to his wife's request, and that soon after her death—

"I have nothing to offer which can tempt you to remain," he said; "for my home will not be now what it was when she was here. Yet you know how much, how very much my children need you; and if you can feel willing to stay for their sakes, and that of her who asked it, I shall be most grateful, and God will bless you for the act."

An earnest assurance of the pleasure which she felt in being permitted to watch over the children, and, in any degree, to minister to his comfort, satisfied him; and, from that time, the subject was no more alluded to. Indeed, very little conversation of any kind took place between them; for Mr. Grant seemed now to shun the family circle as carefully as he had once sought it. The greater portion of his time was spent in retirement and study, and he appeared to have lost all taste for social enjoyment since she, who had brightened every scene to him, had passed away.

Miss Mason had taken, almost as a matter of course, the whole direction of the household, and he felt no anxiety for worldly things. He saw his children well and happy, improving in their education; and, though he superintended a part of that education, the general conduct of it was left to their fond and efficient governess.

And what had Ella, the once gay and brilliant Ella, who for more than eighteen years had sported through life, scarcely conscious of the existence of such a thing as care—what had she to reconcile her to a life of constant watchfulness and never-ceasing thought? She had the smiles of an approving conscience, the affection of the little ones for whom she lived, and the hope of being one day permitted to present them, in the world above, to the mother from whom she had received the charge. And, as she watched their growing intelligence with almost a mother's pride, or felt their little arms twined round her neck, and their warm lips pressed to her cheek, she thought herself fully repaid for every hour of anxiety, every feeling of responsibility and care. The weight, too, had come gradually upon her, and was therefore less heavily felt. At first, she was simply the teacher of the little ones; then, as Mrs. Grant's health gave way, one duty after another was assumed to relieve the invalid, until, long before her death, she had under her direction the entire charge of the domestic concerns, and, when that took place, she became the nominal, as she had before been the real, head of the family. But this was too peaceful and happy a state to remain altogether undisturbed; and rumors, for some time in circulation in the congregation of

which she was a member and Mr. Grant pastor, began to reach Miss Mason. She had always looked upon her minister as a being apart from the rest of the world, one not to be spoken of lightly, nor approached with even the shadow of disrespect; nor had a daily and comparatively familiar intercourse with him ever removed this impression from her mind. Words would fail to express her grief and indignation at hearing, from one whom she had deemed a friend, that the name of this honored being had been coupled with her own in light words and lighter jests, and that his comparative seclusion from his people had been attributed to other causes than grief for the wife he had so tenderly loved, so deeply lamented.

"An angel from Heaven would not escape censure from those who would speak thus of Mr. Grant!" she exclaimed, unable to restrain the expression of her indignation. "If ever there was a being on earth whose life might challenge the closest scrutiny, it is his."

"I have no doubt *you* think so, Miss Mason," said her gratified informant, smiling maliciously; "but others!"—

"Others!" she interrupted, impatiently. "And who knows Mr. Grant so well as I?"

"No one, certainly; but I was only going to observe that they would scarcely think you a disinterested witness."

A withering reply rose to the lips of the excited girl; but she felt that it was worse than useless to prolong the conversation, and, suppressing her feelings, directed it into another channel; and the lady visitor, having succeeded in the object of her call, and obtained fresh material for gossip, soon took her departure, leaving Ella to thoughts sad and agitated beyond any she had ever known before. And yet it was rather feeling than thought, for of thought she was just then scarcely capable; but the emotions awakened by what she had heard were too powerful for control, and, leaning her head on the arm of the sofa where she was sitting, she wept unrestrainedly and bitterly.

From this indulgence of her feelings she was roused by the voice of Mr. Grant, inquiring, in tones of surprise and concern—

"My dear Miss Mason, what is the matter? What has occurred to distress you?"

She looked up in much agitation; but too highly excited to make any attempt at concealment, she said, in broken tones—

"Mr. Grant, I must go home."

"Go home! You have had bad news from B., then. I am very sorry. Are your parents ill? Or what is it that requires your presence?"

"It is not that I am needed at home; but I cannot stay here any longer. Do not ask me why," she continued, weeping; "but I must leave you."

"Leave us! go away altogether! Nay, then, I must ask you why. I must know what has caused this sudden determination." And seating himself

beside her, he, after a time, succeeded in drawing from her the tale which had induced both her emotion and the resolve she had expressed.

The account was no less surprising to him than it had been to herself, and caused scarcely less pain; for he had never imagined that a wrong construction could be put upon the seclusion which his deep grief had induced. He sat for some time in pained and gloomy silence, thinking only of what he had heard, and forgetful of the effect it would exert on his domestic comfort should it drive Ella from his house; until, drying her tears, she said, more calmly—

"It will be better for me to go home as soon as possible, Mr. Grant. If you can procure some one to take my place"—

"To take your place, Miss Mason!" he said, starting from his reverie. "I cannot believe that you are serious. I cannot think that you will allow an idle tale like this to deprive my children of your care, and turn them a second time motherless upon the world."

"Do not urge me to remain," she replied, sadly; "it is not right for me to stay. God only knows how fearful a trial it will be to me to leave you all; but I *must* go."

"And why?" he asked. "I would willingly make any sacrifice to save you from the pain which has been so wantonly inflicted; but to go away will not silence the slander. Believe me, the best way will be utterly to disregard it, and it must ere long die of itself. If you leave us, you punish the innocent for the guilty; and what would my little ones do without you? You have been a mother to them since they lost their own, and none could take your place as you have taken hers."

"Let them go with me, then," she said, the tears again gushing from her eyes. "Let Anna and Henry at least go with me. The older ones will not miss my care so much; but give me Anna and Henry."

"You would take my children from me," he said, reproachfully, "the only objects which bind me to earth! No! no! my little ones shall never be separated from me but by death; and if you leave them—but I cannot think you will," he continued, earnestly. "Have you forgotten their mother's last request, and your own solemn promise to her who is now an angel in the world above? Forgive me," he added, in much emotion; "I had never thought to remind you of this; but I am pleading for my children, and every other consideration must give way to their welfare. Did you not promise my Anna never to forsake them? And can the wickedness of others absolve you from that vow?"

"I have thought of all this," she replied; "and, were the evil spoken of me alone, I would bear it all, though their words were sharper than arrows, sooner than forsake my trust. But they are slandering you; and, when the minister of God is defamed, the cause of Christ suffers. And you have stood so high, so far above suspicion, I cannot bear

that a single shade should fall upon your name. Do not interrupt me," she continued, gathering energy as she proceeded; "I know what you would say: that even this consideration does not absolve me from my promise. But I act as she would have me act to whom my word was given. Her first thought was always for you; her first care to save you from sorrow or reproach; her greatest pride your spotless name, your extended usefulness. Do you suppose she would wish me to remain with her children at the expense of these? Oh no! I am confident she approves the course I am about to take, and knows the pain it costs me. If you will not let me take the children," and again her voice lost its firmness, and her countenance its composure, "if I am forced to break the letter of my promise, I will be true to its spirit; and God will not bring me into judgment for acting as I believe my duty to them, to you, and to the dead requires."

Mr. Grant listened in silence; and, as she concluded, and burying her face in her hands, strove in vain to conceal the tears which found their way between her slender fingers, he said, in a subdued tone—

"Your resolution is taken, then. It is useless to say more. And when will you go?"

"As soon as possible," she replied, without looking up or removing the hands which concealed her face.

With no further remark, he left her; and Ella, finding herself alone, gave free vent to the grief she had been trying to restrain. She was sobbing so bitterly, that she was not aware that any one was near her, until she felt herself encircled by the clasping arms of the children, and heard their words of childish surprise and sympathy.

Henry, her especial pet, had sprung upon the sofa, and, throwing one little arm round her neck, with the other drew away the curls which fell over her face, while Albert and Emily, the elder children, caught each of them a hand in both of theirs, exclaiming, "Do not go away, Aunt Ella!—don't leave us, Aunt Ella!" and little Anna, now almost two years old, was struggling in her father's arms and crying, as she strove to reach Ella, "Take Annie, Aunt El! take Annie!"

"Why did you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as she tried to release herself from the children's embrace. "It is cruel to add to my distress. Why *did* you bring them?"

"To bid you farewell," he replied, "if you will leave us."

"No! no!" cried Henry, clasping both arms round her, "Aunt Ella sha'n't go away!"

And Emily, a warm-hearted, sensitive child, threw herself across Ella's lap and wept loudly.

"I can bear this no longer!" she exclaimed, and, extending her arms, she received the baby from its father's embrace and hid her face amid its golden curls.

"Stay with us, Miss Mason," said Mr. Grant, in tones that would falter, despite his self-control;

"my children cannot live without you. For their sakes, and that of her who confided them to you, stay with us."

"I will!" she answered, with a sudden resolve.

"You have conquered, Mr. Grant. I will not leave you, darlings. Dry your tears, Emily; Aunt Ella will not go away."

And, as she bent to raise the sobbing child still lying in her lap, Mr. Grant's hand was laid for an instant tenderly upon her head; and, for the first time in his life addressing her by that name, he uttered, fervently, "God bless you, Ella! God forever bless you!" and turned hastily from the apartment, to conceal the emotion he could no longer repress.

Left alone with the children, her assurances that she would stay with them soon quieted their fears, and changed their tears to smiles; and, after seeing them again in the nursery pursuing the happy employments which their father's hasty summons had interrupted, she retired to seek in solitude the strength she needed for the present and the future.

Weeks and months rolled on, and the slanderous reports which had so deeply pained Ella had, as Mr. Grant predicted, died of themselves. But their effect upon her had not ceased. Others might have forgotten them, but she could not forget; and a nervous dread of their renewal would, but for the determination with which she turned from it, have made her very miserable. All seemed as it had done, it was true, but the feeling of security which had made so large a portion of her happiness was gone; and, though to others she might appear as tranquil as before, there was a restlessness, a vague fear ever fluttering about her heart which she could not still.

Alas, poor girl! the agony caused by those tales, and by the thought that she must part with him, had shown her in the depths of that heart a feeling unsuspected by herself before, and had forced her, though with bitter tears and self-upbraidings, to acknowledge that she loved Mr. Grant as she had loved no other—as woman *can* love but *once*.

She never dreamed of a return; she believed that he would never love again; and her only thought was how to conquer, or at least disguise, her own deep affection. Yes, Ella Mason, once so certain that a second love, if it existed, could call forth no return, so positive that *her* heart could only be given in exchange for one which had enshrined no other image, now loved, with all the warmth of her nature, the widowed husband of her dearest friend.

"Yet not with earthly love, Father!—oh, not with earthly love!" she exclaimed often, as, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she knelt before her God. "Yet is he dearer than a thing of earth should be! Oh, strengthen me to overcome this feeling! aid me to conceal!"

Some months had passed in this way, when, one evening, as she was retiring with the children at their usual hour, Mr. Grant said—

"Will you return to the parlor, Miss Mason, when

you are at leisure? I wish a few moments' conversation with you."

Startled by the request, she merely bowed an assent; and, after seeing her little charge at rest, returned with trembling limbs to the parlor, where Mr. Grant awaited her. As she entered, he came forward to meet her, and led her to the sofa.

"Miss Mason," he said—"Ella, have I offended you?"

"Offended me, Mr. Grant! Oh no! Why should you think that you have offended me?"

"I have fancied that you were less frank and cordial in your manner, Ella, for some time. You have not talked to me so much nor so freely as you once did, and I feared that I had, I knew not how, grieved or pained you. If so, forgive me."

"Never, at any time or in any way, Mr. Grant. If I have given you cause to think so, it is I who should ask your forgiveness. I have been dull, perhaps, for I am not altogether well, and, for the first time in my life, am somewhat nervous; but offence in your house I never had cause for, and, I do assure you, never thought of."

"It is well," he said, musingly. "I am glad that it is so."

And a silence of some moments ensued, which to Ella seemed interminable, yet which she dared not break. At length Mr. Grant rose, and commenced walking the room; and, gathering courage, she, too, left her seat, saying—

"If you have nothing more to say to me, I will retire."

"No, Ella, sit down again. I have much more to say to you—much which I scarcely know how to begin." Then, taking her hand in his, as she still stood where his words had arrested her, he said, "Let me come to the point at once. You have long been as a mother to my children: Ella, will you be my wife?"

He paused; but Ella could not answer; her heart throbbed so that she could not speak, and she sank upon the sofa and covered her face. He sat down beside her, and gently strove to soothe her agitation—

"It is but a little while, Ella," he said, "since I deemed it possible to love any but my sainted Anna. At the time when you spoke of leaving us, I was most indignant at the idea of another ever taking her place. Even now it is but the first place in a widowed heart that I can offer you; one that will never lose the memory of its early love. Yet I love you fondly, Ella; better than aught else on earth; and, if you will be mine, will strive earnestly to make you happy."

Still, Ella was silent; and, when he spoke again, his tone evinced much emotion—

"I fear I have pained you," he said; "I ought to have remembered that you were still too young to give your heart's first warmth of love to one who has so little to give you in exchange. Forgive me, Ella. If you cannot love me, at least forgive my folly. I will leave you now," he continued.

"Stay," she murmured; but so faintly that, in

his agitation, he did not hear it, and had left her side, when, raising her head, she exclaimed, more clearly, "Stay, I implore you. If I hesitated," she continued, rapidly, as he returned, his usually calm countenance much agitated—"if I hesitated, it was from no doubt of my own feelings, but of yours. Do you, indeed, love me?"

"Do you doubt it?" he replied, almost indignant. "Why should I profess a love I did not feel? Do you think I would deceive you, Ella?"

"No! Oh no, I am sure you would not! And yet I cannot realize—it seems like a dream that you should love me." She pressed her hand over her eyes for a moment, and then placing it in his with something of the childlike confidence of former days, she said, though her tone was low and tremulous, "Mr. Grant, the least and lowest place in *your* heart is more valuable to me than the undivided love of any other!"

"Ella! dear Ella!" he said, as, overpowered by this simple acknowledgment, he clasped her in his arms, "as much as I can now love anything on earth I love you. You will be mine, then, Ella? I am no longer alone!"

No answering words were needed now; for, in that hour of joy, spirit communed with spirit, and each felt how deeply and sincerely the other loved.

"Ella," said Aunt Hetty, with a quiet smile, after the first congratulations were over, and when, the bustle attendant upon the arrival of the bridal party having somewhat subsided, she and her niece were conversing a little apart, "George Sidney was married again last week."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Grant, smiling and blushing as she met her aunt's significant look, and recollected her own words in relation to second marriages. "I hope he may be very happy."

"Happy! But are you not sorry for his wife? Is not a second marriage always a matter either of calculation or convenience? Must not every spark of romance or freshness of feeling be extinguished before such a thing can be thought of? Does not a heart require?"

"Aunt Hetty! Aunt Hetty!" interrupted her niece, in some confusion, "pray do not bring up all the nonsense of my girlhood against me. I was very silly then."

"And have grown wiser now, under Mr. Grant's auspices. Ah, Ella, was not I a true prophetess, dear?"

"To some extent you were, dear aunt. I have given my whole heart in exchange for a second love, and I am more than satisfied; but—there are very few men like Mr. Grant, and—and—please do not tell *him* how foolish I used to be."

SUSAN CLIFTON; OR, THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

(Concluded from page 305.)

CHAPTER XIX.

A LARGE concourse attended the funeral of Richard Clifton. The memory of his father was precious, and the pure heart and benevolent life of his mother caused many to shed the tear of sympathy over one of whose personal history they had but little knowledge. They knew that he had been successful in the struggle for wealth on the world's broad theatre, and that he had come home to his birth-place to die. When the preacher stated the grounds for hope that the prayers and instructions of his pious parents had not been lost upon the deceased; when he reported his testimony to the fact that all his experience of worldly success had not yielded true happiness; that he had at last found it by returning, like the prodigal, to his heavenly Father, there were tears of joy in many eyes.

Susan leaned upon the arm of Horace Larned, as the procession moved to the last resting-place of the dead. When the "dust had been committed to dust, ashes to ashes," they walked homeward in silence. Horace declined the invitation to enter the lonely homestead, though it was given with an earnestness

which rendered the non-compliance an act of unkindness, at least such was its effect upon Susan. She would have all she loved by her side as she returned to the place whence one very dear to her had been borne to return no more.

In the course of a few days, the confidential legal adviser of the late Richard Clifton made his appearance. It was found that all the business relations of the deceased had been left in the most perfect order, and arrangements made, in anticipation of his decease, which rendered the task of settling the estate one of great simplicity. By his will, he had left to Mrs. Larned a sum sufficient to secure her from want, and to enable her to educate her son. With this exception, his whole fortune was bequeathed, in trust, to his brother Henry. One-half was to be paid over to Susan as soon as she was married, or became of age; the other half to be disposed of according to his brother's discretion.

Time passed on, but no change seemed to take place in the habits of Horace. He continued his mingled toils and studies. His visits to Susan were not less frequent, but he was silent in regard to his future purposes. A feeling of reserve and distance

began to take the place of that perfect intercourse of spirit which had, since their engagement, subsisted between them. This could not but deeply affect one whose nerves were so tremulously strung as were Susan's. She endured it in uncomplaining silence for a time; but one evening, as they were walking alone, she, with great effort, remarked—

"We do not seem to be to each other what we once were."

It was some moments before he replied—

"Can you not understand why I am now less free with you than I was before you became the mistress of unbounded wealth?"

"I cannot, certainly."

"It is strange that you cannot."

"I do not think so. I did not know that wealth had anything to do with affection. If the position in which I am placed, by no act of my own, leads you to desire that any thought which has passed between us should be"——

"Susan," said he, interrupting her, "you know as well as you know that you are alive that I would sooner part with life than with the hope you have permitted me to entertain."

"Why, then, this distance and reserve which have sprung up between us? It is most painful to me. You do not wish to make me unhappy?"

"I need not answer that question. I have long since ceased to seek for terms expressive of the full measure of my love for you. I have felt what you have alluded to. You may be sure it has not failed to cost me pain. But I care not for that, provided you are happy. I have never concealed a thought or feeling from you, nor will I now. I was never worthy of you. I did not mean to make known the irrepressible emotions you had inspired, till I had, by toil, and self-denial, and unwearied effort, lessened somewhat the wide distance which lay between us. Recent events have increased that distance, and though I know that you remain the same"——

"Horace Larned, stop! Let me utter for you the exact truth. I may give you pain—but it will be better for you than to utter that which your own heart, if you will consult it, will tell you is not true. The trouble lies not in your humility, but in your pride."

"If it be pride, it is a feeling which it would be despicable not to possess."

"I do not think so. When hearts truly meet, all distinctions, even if they previously existed, are removed. There must be an essential equality ere two hearts can blend. You are in reality influenced in no small degree by the world's judgment, though you profess to scorn it."

"You admit that some regard is to be paid to that opinion?"

"Due regard is to be paid to it, but I would give it but small authority in matters of the heart."

"Susan, you have once saved me from despair and madness, and you shall do it again. I will

submit wholly to your guidance as my guardian angel. I will do whatever you bid."

"I bid you, then, yield to the promptings of your heart, and not to those of pride and mad ambition."

"What would you have me do?"

"I would have you cancel, whatever pecuniary sacrifice may be necessary, your present engagements, and enter at once, under the most favorable auspices, upon a course of study adapted to secure the end you have in view."

He made no reply.

"I will tell you," said Susan, "what is in your thoughts. You wish to work your own way."

"I confess I do."

"If you were sick, you would allow me to smooth your pillow; if you were in affliction, you would allow me to weep with you?"

"I would. There is not an angel whose presence would be so welcome, whose sympathy would be so precious."

"But I must not be even the occasion of aid to you in the work of education!"

"I will, without delay, do what you have suggested."

The lovers were at once restored to their old familiar footing. They wandered on, forgetful of time, discussing various plans for accomplishing the object immediately before them. When they separated, both felt that it was impossible for reserve or distance again to arise between them.

CHAPTER XX.

A few days after the interview recorded in the last chapter, Horace bade Susan farewell, and departed to avail himself of the advantages of a celebrated seminary of learning. He gave himself to the pursuit of learning with characteristic energy, and soon outstripped all his competitors. He was recognized as a young man of decided talent and of excessive ambition. As his end was pursued by honorable means, he was regarded with profound respect, though, concentrated as were his affections on a single object, no one knew the warmth of feeling which glowed within his bosom.

His letters to Susan were frequent and long. While they bore evidence of his intense affection, they also, ere long, gave indications of unhealthy excitement. This was detected by the quick eye of affection, and was followed by earnest entreaties to moderate his zeal and relax his energy. The desired assurances were made by him; but it was soon seen by those around him that he had, in some degree, lost his self-control; that all the energies of his mind were drawing, at a fearful rate, in one direction. He had become unconscious of danger, and seemed to take a wild delight in straining his mind to its utmost tension.

Not long after Horace's departure, a gentleman

from the city, a friend of the late Richard Clifton, called at the homestead. His bearing was that of one who was to be held in reverence, for he was the possessor of a large amount of the soundest stocks in market. The pride of successful enterprise gave a dignity to his step, and the consciousness of ample possessions a smoothness to his brow, befitting a young man, though a few gray hairs were sprinkled upon his temples. He was introduced to her parents by Susan, and he passed the evening with them, politely distributing his conversation among all present, yet making the impression that he was on terms of intimacy with Susan. Ere he took his leave, he communicated the information that he should spend several days in the village.

"You have met Mr. Holton before this?" said Mrs. Clifton to her daughter.

"I have," was the reply.

"Frequently, I should judge from his manner."

"Rather frequently."

"I never heard you speak of him."

Susan was silent, till she saw an expression of uneasiness and pain steal over her mother's countenance. No remark was made by Mrs. Clifton, but her silence seemed to say, "My daughter is not wont to practice concealment towards me."

"I did not mention his name, because there was nothing pleasant or interesting connected with it—nothing which you would feel interested to know. While in the city, I saw him a number of times; he was disposed to be somewhat attentive; but I had no desire for his attentions, and the more so, because he seemed solicitous to keep them secret."

"You do not know how much you may have lost by discouraging his attentions. He is now the owner of your late uncle's house, it seems. You may have lost your only opportunity of becoming the mistress of a city mansion."

"May the mistress of that house be happy!"

"Perhaps he is now in pursuit of one."

"If so, he has strayed widely from his appropriate hunting-grounds. But please, mother, let us say no more about him."

Mr. Holton renewed his visit at Mr. Clifton's, and attempted to make himself agreeable. The next day but one, he made Susan an offer of his hand, with an indefinite propriety in a certain muscle, "deemed and taken" to be his heart, both of which were courteously and firmly refused. It was not till he had received this unexpected answer that he learned, what an earlier inquiry might have informed him, that Susan was engaged to Horace Larned. This fact being known, the whole matter assumed a highly satisfactory shape. He called and made an apology, pleading his ignorance of the contract aforesaid, and returned to the city, regretting merely the loss of so much time.

CHAPTER XXI.

News came of the alarming illness of Horace Larned. Mr. Clifton was by his bedside as soon as possible after the intelligence was received. He found him delirious from a brain fever. The fever at length abated, and his reason returned, but there was an entire prostration of his nervous system, which rendered his recovery extremely distant, if not altogether doubtful. As soon as was practicable, Mr. Clifton caused him to be brought home. Mrs. Larned took up her residence, for a time, with the Cliftons, and shared with Susan the labors connected with the illness of Horace.

Many a weary month passed ere he gained strength enough to leave his chamber. Spring opened her flowers, summer and autumn ripened their fruits, and winter threw his winding-sheet over the face of nature, and still the aspiring scholar lay, as helpless as an infant, upon his bed. For a long time Susan feared daily, lest the voice of impatient complaint should be heard from his lips, lest his mounting spirit should chafe and destroy the tenement that connected him with earth. But no such voice was heard. There was nothing in his conduct to justify her fears. His gentle and submissive spirit, which at first was ascribed to physical and mental weakness, was found to result from another cause. It was with unspeakable joy that Susan became convinced of the fact that the severe affliction had been sanctified to the sufferer, that in all docility he had received its lesson.

When at length he was able to walk forth, it was in the midst of harvest time. Leaning on Susan's arm, and supporting himself by a staff, he succeeded in reaching the seat underneath the walnut-tree, in whose shade so many pleasant hours had been passed by the occupants of the homestead.

"My love," said he, in that whispered tone which his weakness compelled him to use, "I shall never be able to resume my studies."

Susan was less pained by the announcement than surprised by the coolness with which it was made. Her only reply was a look of sympathy and affection, which he could fully appreciate.

"My hopes of distinction are at an end," continued he, in the same calm, passionless tone. "I worshipped ambition as truly as the Hindoo worships his idol."

"And your idol has been removed," said Susan.

"Yes, it is effectually beyond my power to enter the lists of competition."

"The thought does not give you pain?"

"Not if you can bear the thought."

"I promised to love you," said Susan, with a smile sweeter, in the opinion of Horace, than he had ever seen before, "on condition that you became a learned and distinguished man, did I?"

"No."

"What were the conditions?"

"I recollect none; but still, you did not expect to marry a nameless, feeble useless man."

"I expected, and still expect, in due time to marry Horace Larned, unless he should grow weary of me, and desire to be released from his engagement."

A smile lit up his wan features.

"I advise that gentleman to think well of the matter before he applies for a release, for in that case one of his nurses may have a bill for service to present."

"How can I ever repay you!"

"Be easy on that score till the bill is presented."

Seeing that he spoke in deep seriousness, and was not in a mood to sympathize with her sportive humor, she changed her manner—

"Horace, the day has gone by in which we could talk of obligations and payments: we are one."

"I cannot say that I am disappointed at the view you take of the matter. I knew your self-devotion. I knew you"—his voice failed him. She completed the sentence by adding—"would do what any true woman would do."

"I may be an invalid for life."

"You will need one as healthy as I am to take care of you."

"I can do nothing but submit myself to your guidance."

"You could not have a more affectionate guide; and as to wisdom, we will club our stock, and I dare say shall get along very well."

"We must seek wisdom from above."

"True, and I thank you for the reproof. In that remark, I find a greater ground of hope for our future earthly happiness than in all your high purposes and surpassing energy."

"My purposes are cut off, and my energy has become weakness."

"And yet you have been enabled to submit to the dispensations of Infinite Wisdom! I count this of

far greater value than the realization of your loftiest earthly hopes. All fears for our earthly happiness are now removed. While those purposes remained, I feared (and it seems justly) for your health and your life; and, further, I feared lest in time ambition might even eat out a portion of your heart."

When he returned to his chamber, it was with a heart perfectly at rest. Never before had he rendered so fervent a thanksgiving for the treasure he possessed in the affections of his betrothed.

A few months subsequent to this conversation, a few of the nearest neighbors were called in to witness the ceremony of marriage between Horace Larned and Susan Clifton. It was a union satisfactory to all, though some wondered that, with her property, she should not look higher; and others, that she could marry one who was not only poor, but likely to be an invalid all his days.

Soon after their marriage, they sailed for Europe, and spent a year in the successful pursuit of health. On their return, they took up their abode in the homestead, which was somewhat enlarged, while its general character remained unchanged. An adjoining farm was purchased, and Horace, so far as his strength would permit, entered upon the labors of a practical farmer. As, under his direction, and with the abundant means at his command, his fields put on a new appearance, his constitution acquired new vigor. The means of self-improvement, now so fully within his reach, were not neglected.

Before the meridian of his life was passed, he was called to offices of trust and honor, which brought him into association with the most eminent of the land. This distinction, for which in life's morning he panted, and for which he was ready to make any sacrifice, came unsought in the regular performance of duty.

MATRIMONIAL REFLECTIONS.

BY J. WM. WEIDEMEYER.

They tell me I should marry;
They ask why long I tarry!
I seek the maid who has a heart,
And scorns to take her charms to mart;
For her I'd breathe devotion—
Pour out of love an ocean.

To call a beauteous maid my wife—
To pledge to her my very life;
Our hopes, our cares all one to be—
Our fate alike eternally:
The thought were heaven! But, happy dream,
Thou'rt poesy—things are not what they seem!

For beauty's eye is not asleep—
It looks into my purse—how deep!
To please I am to play the fool;
For coquetry will have its rule;
Oh, miserable game!
That puts our noblest feelings all to shame.

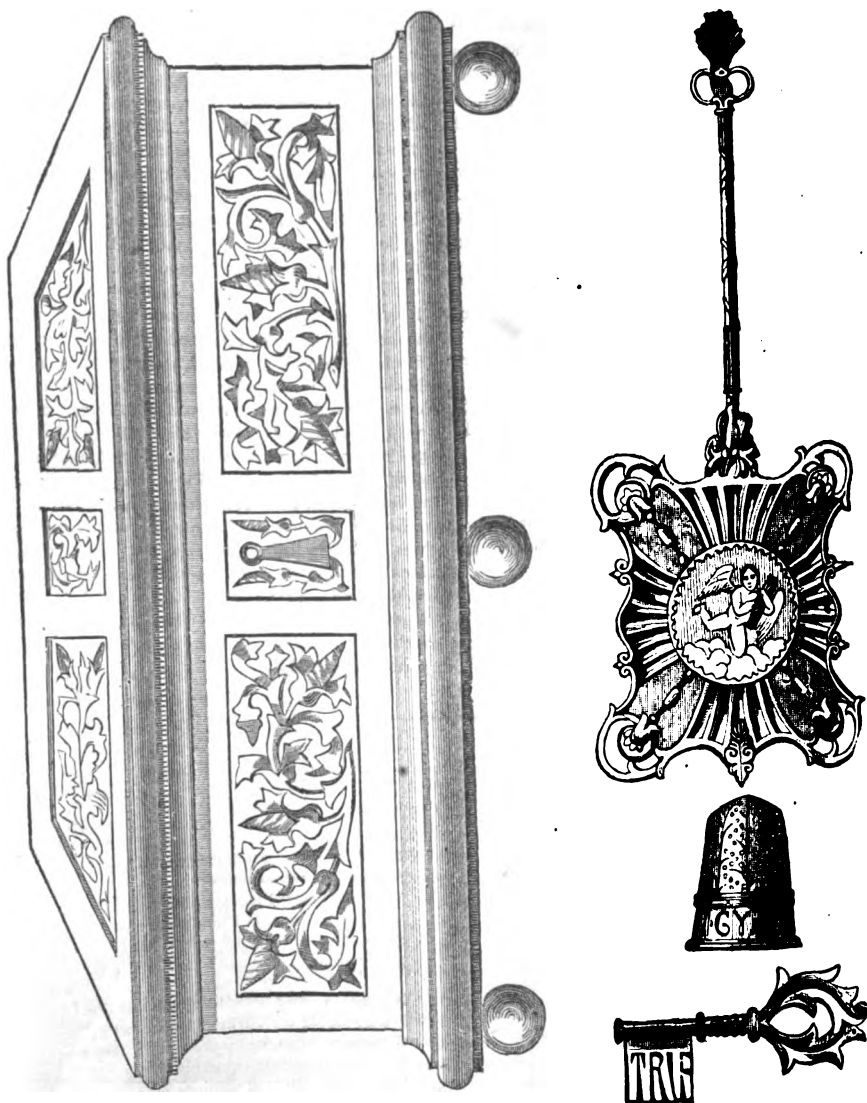
But if my hopes of bliss prove folly,
I'll not grow melancholy;
Wherefore must I pluck a flower,
When I can dwell in Flora's bower—
Sip nectar like the honey-bee—
Hover around every bud I see?

Nor must I live a hermit through this life:
I'll go among the Turks and buy a wife;
Circassian dames are meek and fair, they say,
And I can try a new one every day.
Woe to the belle that won't behave—
Next day I'll sell her as a slave!

* * * * *
But, maiden, list: Soon fade all lovely things;
Each new-born year a rich profusion brings:
Three summers only bloom to captivate;
Use well thy charms—it soon may be too late!
The dew evaporates, and sunshine fades the flower—
The bloom and fragrance last an only hour.

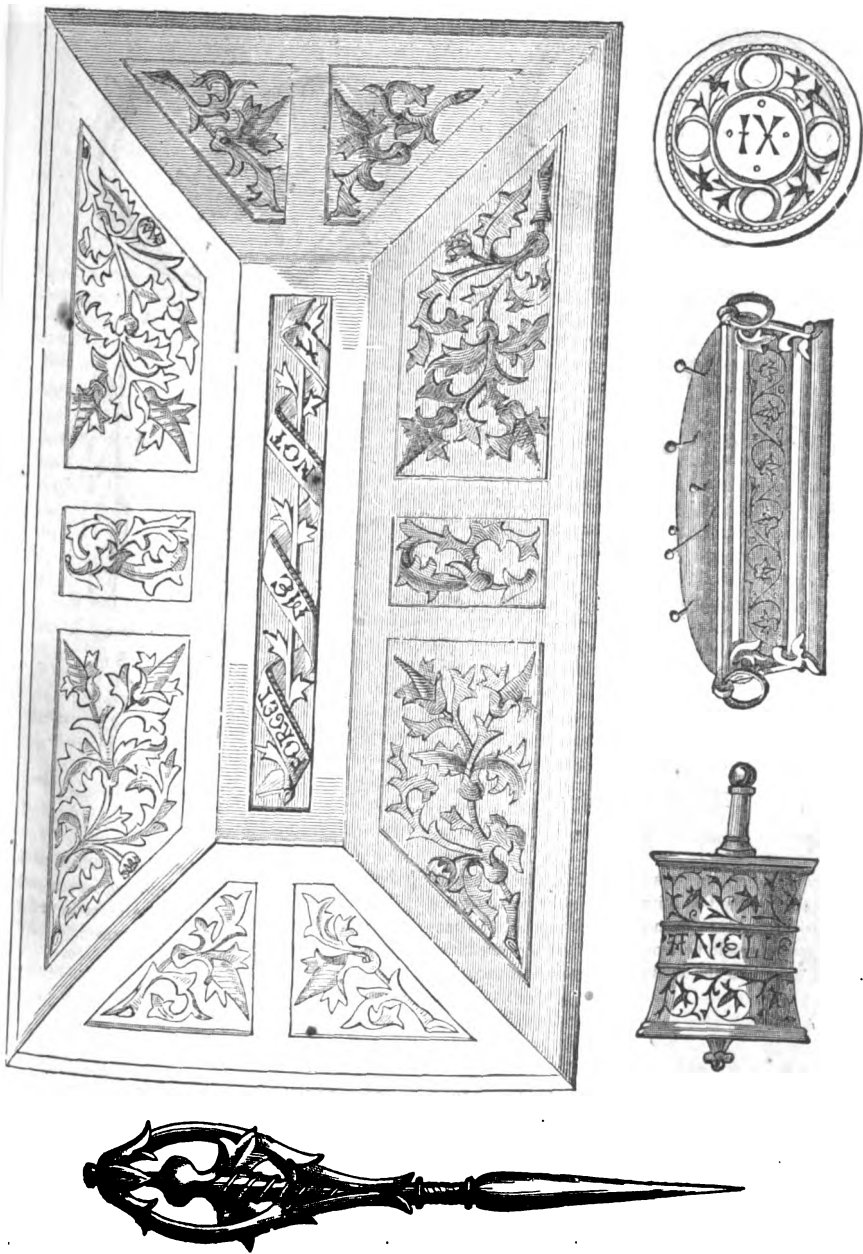
APPLICATION OF ANTIQUE FORMS TO MODERN ART.

DESIGN FOR A LADY'S WORK-BOX.



In this tasteful work, the artist has combined some beautiful forms, borrowed from the antique, and applied to the work-box and its furniture. We give a front and top view of the work-box. It may be produced in carved wood, gutta percha, stamped

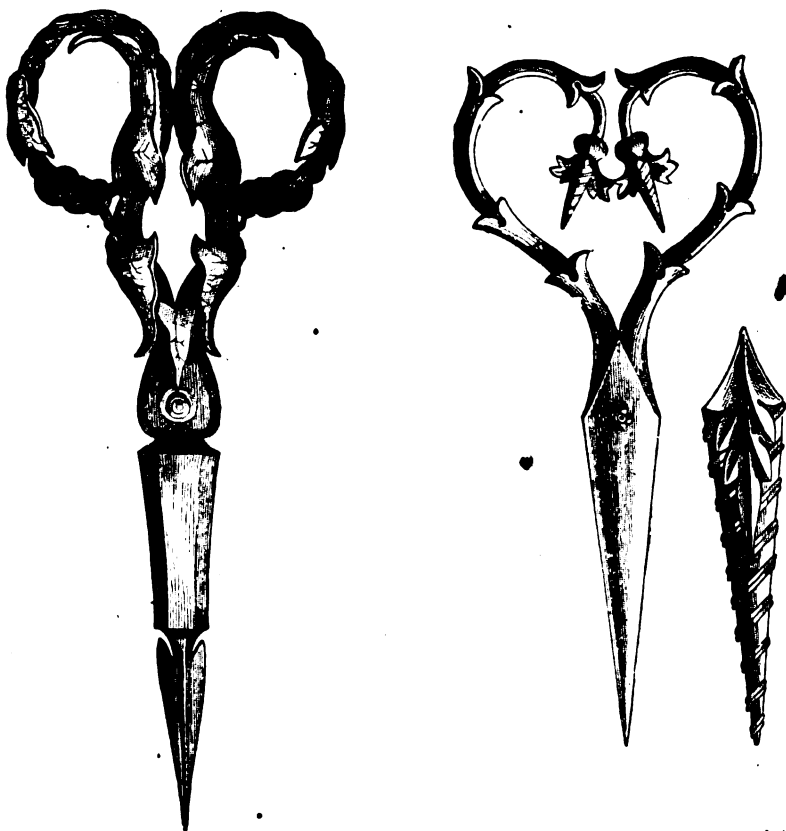
leather, or any of the substances generally used for such purposes. The foliage is of a type well known to the students of historical ornament as being frequent in the wood-work of English, Flemish, and German churches about A. D. 1500.



The articles to be contained in the case will speak for themselves, and would, of course, be brought out in keeping with the materials of the box itself; that is, in more or less costly metals, according to those adopted for the handles, scutcheons, &c. The artist has ventured, in some of the objects, to introduce inscriptions, which always add to the interest, and may often be made singularly appropriate.

33*

Thus, on the box is seen, with the idea of its being a gift, the old phrase (not, however, less often used or less expressive) "*Forget me not*;" the wards of the key form the word "*True*;" and the thimble bears the motto "*I guard well*;" each thus expressing the services rendered to its possessor. One of the chief merits evinced by the design before us is the unlimited and unbroken harmony which pervades



the whole, uniting, by an easy link, the elaborate sculpture of the box with the simplest instrument it enshrines; and we cannot help feeling that the manufacturer would be amply repaid in the execution of a work like the present, precisely as it is placed

before him. We may, however, add that, as isolated undertakings, the stiletto and scissors might be produced with considerable effect in wrought steel, or combination of steel and silver.

SABBATH LYRICS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

DAUGHTER OF CHALDEE.—ISAIAH XLVII.

THE Lady of Kingdoms no more—
Oh! Virgin of Babel, thy fate
Is now in the dust to deplore
With the kingdoms that honored thee late;
Thy pride, which in luxury shone,
Even lovely for worship, shall be
Degraded to toils which shall leave thee undone,
The pity of all who shall see.

Thou Daughter of Chaldee, in vain
Shalt thou dream of the sway of thy sires;
Thine eyes may not witness again
The glory that filled thy desires;

Thou wast proud in thy treasures of dust—
Thou wast glad that the earth was thine own;
And the pride and the shame of thy lust
Left thee reckless and leaves thee o'erthrown.

Where now are thy magic, thy spells,
The enchantments that came at thy call?
The sorcerers, whose art never tells
Of the fate ever ready to fall?
Let the magicians who counseled thy ways,
And spoke with the stars, each by name,
Now save thee the death of these days—
They save not themselves from the flame

MORAL COURAGE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

PART II.

"My heart's sympathies go with the woman who labors for herself. Through all the difficulties, the prejudices, and the disadvantages of pushing on her own course through life—who yet does it bravely and in sincerity—such a woman is a heroine."—*Letter from MARY HOWITT.*

We all know how occupation will divert the mind from its greatest sorrows, and even Mrs. Burton felt this, as the preparations for removal were speedily made. It was constant pain, it is true, to look around upon the rooms so sacred to the memory of her happy domestic life; the very furniture was endeared to her by a thousand recollections, and she knew that no home could be to her what this had been. Lucy had many a pang at giving up her beloved pictures; a superb piano, a birthday gift from her father; and the many elegant trifles that her taste had gathered about her. And she, too, had inured the ashes of a buried past, and the living sorrow was, at first, almost as great a weight as any that had fallen to her lot. It is no light thing to tear the heart from the object all its love has been centered on for years, to stifle every remembrance of past hope and confidence, to check its yearnings for a return of this sunshine, and resolutely close every avenue to its warmest sympathies. There was not an hour without something to remind her painfully of her lover. There were his gifts; and her eyes were blinded with thick gathering tears as she looked her last upon the pictured semblance of his face, and then bound them all together to be returned to him. The rich silks and delicate laces already purchased for her bridal must be disposed of; and, as she laid them aside, one by one, she could scarcely believe the miserable change real that had so suddenly darkened her life. Ah, it is hard to see such heavy sorrow falling on one so young and lovely, without questioning the All-Wise Providence of our Father in Heaven!

There, too, the children were to be consoled for the loss of many things that they had never known the want of. George must give up his horse, the companion of many a happy holiday, and his boyish heart suffered in the parting. Willie and Grace, it is true, were so delighted to be of use that, after a few tears, they were quite cheerful again, and chose the books they liked best from their large juvenile library, and packed them and the playthings they were to retain with a great show of being bustling and industrious.

At last everything was ready for a removal; and Lucy needed all her strength and fortitude to sup-

port her mother and reconcile her to the new abode, the best their limited means would allow them. It was one of those neat small dwellings that have lately been planned for the comfort of those in moderate means, with a cheerful-looking parlor, furnished with the plainer articles of their old home, a few choice engravings, and Lucy's guitar, which was all that she would take beyond the actual necessities of life. It was in a back street, it is true, and far from all former associations; but this was rather in its favor, Lucy thought, and she did not care for neighbors, so they were honest and respectable people.

Mrs. Burton drew down the blinds the instant they were in the carriage; and Lucy and George, each unknown to the other, vowed in their hearts that, if their hopes were realized, their first act should be to restore the home of their early childhood to the mother who now felt the parting so bitterly. Many days, and even weeks, passed, before any of the family could become accustomed to the new life that they had entered upon. The rooms seemed so small, and the services of one domestic were not sufficient for the many demands that at first were thoughtlessly made upon her time. Then there was the watching the actual outlay of dollars and cents, something Mrs. Burton had never been accustomed to in the lavish expenditures of her former home, and she missed the daily excitement of visiting or receiving visitors—the idle morning drive—the lounge at Levy's counters. As for visitors, not a single card was left for more than a month after their removal. Then there were a few scattered callers from among those they had been most intimate with, some of whom lifted their rich dresses almost contemptuously as they entered the narrow street; but, after a time, even this was ended, and the Burton family, save a few dear friends, truly so, were buried to most of their acquaintances—as little missed or remembered in the circle where they had once been courted and caressed, as their dead father from the eager barterers upon 'Change, where he had lately held so influential a position.

And, all this time, Lucy's own experience had prepared her for the change, and to spare her mother's feelings as much as possible when she complained of this heartlessness and neglect. She had only waited until they were settled in their new home to carry out her designs, for immediate action was necessary. The annuity of which we have spoken—two hundred a year—paid their rent. The sale of the furniture had also been secured to them, and this, together with a not inconsiderable sum

realized by parting with the ornaments which Lucy, as well as Mrs. Burton, had been plentifully supplied with, would keep the family from want for a year or more. Meantime, Lucy hoped to be able to be independent in her earnings, at least if resolution and patient industry would achieve the object.

Who could describe the dreary, sensitive shrinking with which she entered upon her first day of toil? She had never found herself in the street at such an early hour before; and, after a hurried walk, she was ushered into a large work-room, in which some twenty girls, of all ages and appearance, were gathering. They eyed her curiously, for some of them had seen her in the show-room, and had envied her perchance as she stepped from the carriage dressed in a tasteful and elegant costume. Now she was attired more like themselves, in a plain dark mousseline, with a ribbon or an ornament. It seemed as if Mrs. Hill would never arrive; for Lucy felt all the impertinence and vulgarity of their gaze; and the half-whispered remarks, and bursts of laughter which now and then came to her ear, she had no doubt were aimed at her, as they glanced at her white, ungloved hands and delicate figure. Mrs. Hill's entrance was like a ray of sunlight. Her welcome was most cordial, and the girls instantly saw that the new-comer was to be treated with consideration and respect. It was quite a relief, after this ordeal, to be sitting quietly in a pleasant corner of the room with her first task in her hand, the intricacies of which she was occupied in conquering; and yet we must confess that her step was heavy as she returned home, with thought and weariness, and her walk was lengthened by more than one square, so that the traces of involuntary tears might disappear from her face. The prospect of constant contact with natures so foreign to her own disheartened her, and shadows like the sun-clouds that rise in the west on a dreary winter's evening seemed to close around her.

It was difficult to throw aside this despair, or rather to conceal it, as she entered her mother's room; but Mrs. Burton looked up with an animated face, for she began to feel how much Lucy had sacrificed, and was resolved that she would conquer her foolish aversion to the plan which promised at least domestic peace. Besides, there was good news. Dr. Howard had just called in to tell her that he had secured a place in a counting-house for George, with what was, for the first effort, a liberal salary, quite enough for his own maintenance and to pay Willie's school bills.

Grace was to study at home; and as Lucy sat that evening, with her darling sister's bright face raised to hers in eager inquiry upon the lesson she was industriously preparing, and watched the happiness of George and Willie talking over some favorite scheme at the window, she felt quite repaid for the day's annoyances, in the thought that all these dear ones were secured the comfort and independence of their own home.

Yet many a cold, dark morning her heart sank

within her, as she mounted the long flights of stairs to the work-room, and saw those same dull or impertinent glances, that she had shrunk from at first, watching her entrance. By and by, she became to distinguish them apart, and to know who she could turn to for the assistance or instruction that was sometimes necessary in the absence of their direct- or; for they were not all coarse or ill-natured, and she soon began to exchange kindly greetings with many of them as she encountered the laughing, sauntering groups coming to their daily tasks. When they found that she did not hold herself coldly aloof, they became more kind and gentle; and, though she never gossiped or jested with them, and, though she never gossiped or jested with them, they soon came to love her and show a consideration she had not expected from them. Mrs. Hill's quick eyes soon discovered the influence of her quiet, industrious example in the work-room, and felt how much she and her apprentices were losing when the daudgery of Lucy's probation was over, and she resolved to remove her to a more congenial atmosphere.

The young girl had never felt the same delight and triumph on hearing her magnificent voice and execution praised in a crowded drawing-room, as she experienced one morning in holding up for Mrs. Hill's inspection some tasteful article of dress she had completed.

"See, Mrs. Hill, is not the effect of that trimming charming?" she said. "It just occurred to me, the idea, and it is quite my own."

"Finished neatly, too," said her good friend, well pleased at the success of her *protégée*, as she noticed the color mount to Lucy's face in her eagerness, "in the most workmanlike style. Why, we shall have nothing to teach you soon, Miss Burton."

That same afternoon, she joined Lucy on her walk homewards, and told her that her assistant in the show-room was to be married in a few weeks, and, although there were already several applicants for the place, she would offer it to her first of all. "The wages"—she did not even conceal realities under the more gracious term of "salary"—"would be nearly double those she could otherwise receive; her duties would be lighter and more varied."

Of course, you will say she could not hesitate to accept so kind an offer.

I do not think she did, or that she was ungrateful to Mrs. Hill for her kindness; and yet it was a moment or two before she spoke, and then her voice trembled as she thanked her employer. But hurried thoughts passed through her mind that another ordeal, and one even more repugnant to her feelings, was about to commence. Actual contact and association with those she had once met under what different circumstances! It may be thought weakness in one who had already shown so much resolution; but it was a sad evening, the more so that Willie was smarting beneath the taunting words of a schoolmate, who had called him "beggary," in

a boyish quarrel, and George seemed brooding over the hopes that necessity had compelled him to relinquish.

The path of duty, even where smoothed by patient self-denial, has, after all, its harsh and rugged passes.

It was only the bursting out of a bright flame from the hearth—so slight a thing—that restored Lucy to her wonted cheerfulness. And then she thought, "How very happy I ought to be!—how very ungrateful I am!—when so many of those poor girls go to comfortless homes or lonely lodgings, and here is mother with her loving face, and Grace's dear head upon my knee, and this bright, cheerful firelight dancing upon my books, dear unchanged friends! And there is my poor neglected guitar." So she rose and threw its dark ribbon across her shoulder and played a lively air, that set Grace and Willie to dancing, and made poor dependent George forget his melancholy and echo their merry bursts of laughter.

Mrs. Burton had not remained unchanged while all this time was passing. You would scarcely have recognized the pale, tearful widow in the busy, contented housekeeper, that now not only overlooked her servant's duties, but shared in the details of domestic life. She found a willing and active assistant in Grace, who was too young to be troubled by the world's neglect, so that Effie Howard came frequently to see her. After all, it was as happy a little household, taking every circumstance into consideration, as could readily be found, and much more than it could have been had they been able to indulge the constant gloomy recollection of the loss of their father, surrounded by objects that would have recalled him every hour in the day, and with no necessity for exertion pressing upon them.

Lucy's new duties commenced with the Spring opening. She had assisted to prepare the beautiful things that were displayed upon the various stands in their most tempting light, and now her first experience as saleswoman was at hand. She glanced about the room, and could but remember how often she had entered it with a heedless, careless heart, on the errand of a purchaser, paying sums, that now seemed enormous to her, for the fashion of a day, without a thought; and how she had been flattered and complimented upon her exquisite taste—that taste which was now made subservient to the caprices of others—by her generous father, or the admiring lover, who was never weary of dwelling upon the beauty of his betrothed. She was startled from her reverie by the depth of a sigh which rose from her own heart; and kind Mrs. Hill understood it all, and placed her hand encouragingly upon Lucy's shoulder, as she said—

"Remember, it is better to have the worst first."

So Lucy was brave and calm, and self-possessed, when one after another of the giddy throng she so well remembered came crowding around Mrs. Hill's dainty caps and bonnets, some starting when

they saw her thus, and others assuming a cold unconsciousness that they had ever met her under other circumstances. For her story was well known, and had been talked over and wondered at, and she had been ridiculed and misinterpreted in various ways, for the amusement of those who had once called themselves her friends. They could not be openly insulting, when they looked in her calm, self-respectful face, while making their idle comments on the novelty or grace of the fashion she was recommending to them. She returned the distant bows vouchsafed to her as coldly as they were given, and felt her native dignity increased by every rudeness she experienced. And who would dare to say that she was not the equal of those giddy creatures, reared in expensive idleness, without an aspiration above dress and fashion, or a dream of life's responsibility? They were clothed, and warmed, and fed without a thought on their indebtedness to the parent who was toiling with anxiety, if not with labor of the hands, for their enjoyment; they were blind to the beauty of unselfishness, and deaf to the claims of the suffering and needy upon the income they recklessly squandered. And Lucy knew all this; and the contempt of such as these could do no more than call a flush to her brow.

Sometimes she would turn quickly to answer a familiar voice asking, "What did you say was the price of this?" and an involuntary smile of recognition would for a moment play upon her lips, to fade as quickly; and again she could scarcely conceal her contempt, as some one who had fawned upon Mrs. Burton in her days of affluence for an invitation to her parties, or an introduction to her set, would inquire, with drawling, patronizing tone, "Ah, how is your mamma, my dear? Where has she buried herself?"

But this morning, like many another that had seemed interminable, drew to a close, and Lucy, wearied with the inane conversation, and watching the hollowness of many whom she had never suspected of hypocrisy before, laid aside the glittering ribbons and silks she had been surrounded with, thankful to Mrs. Hill for calling her away to take the address of some of the customers. As she bent over the desk, turned from a group that had last entered, a familiar name fell upon her ear, making her hand tremble so that the lines were scarcely legible, while she listened spell-bound.

"It's true," said one of them, gayly; "I had it direct. It makes as much talk as breaking his engagement did last year. Wasn't he a noble fellow to offer to provide for all that family! and what an ungrateful creature Lucy Burton was to refuse him, when he begged and pleaded, I'm told! No wonder her uncles have cut her. I saw her cousin Isabel only last Tuesday, who says her father won't even allow them to speak since."

"What ever became of her? She was reduced to a governess, or something of that sort, wasn't she?"

"Oh, worse than that. Why, I've certainly

been told that she's one of Mrs. Hill's sewing girls. Perhaps she made this bonnet, who knows? Pride must have a fall! But about James Allan?"

"Oh, only he's engaged again to Florence Fisher—the blue hat, if you please—and both families are delighted. It's a splendid match in every way, and I expect they will have a superb wedding. I never could see, for my part, how he came to fancy Lucy Burton."

"Nor I—what a lovely color that ribbon is!—I guess he was not broken-hearted. I met them together in Walnut Street yesterday. I knew her velvet cloak—isn't it sweet?—and I'm told he has ordered diamonds for a wedding present."

Ah, little thought the speaker, her beautiful mouth

"Curv'd, like the archer's bow,
To send the bitter arrow out,"

the effect of this idle gossip upon the object of their comments, who rose, and then sat down again, covering her face with her trembling hands until they had passed from the room. Then she finished her duties mechanically, folded the laces, and laying aside the beautiful flower wreaths, so mocking in their loveliness to her heavy eyes, all the while with a pang of pain in her heart, worse than she had suffered since the first agony of separation. It was something she had not counted on; and she was so unprepared for it! Shut out from her former associates, she was not in the way of hearing the prevailing gossip which ushers in an engagement in certain sets. Mary Howard was the only one who could have known it, and, by a tacit agreement, the name of James Allan had never been mentioned between them since the day of their separation. It was only natural, only what she might have expected, she said to herself many times that afternoon. What was he to her, after all?—and yet the old tenderness for a moment bowed her spirit, and it was hard to know that another had so soon claimed the fond attentions with which he had once surrounded her.

But not even to Mary did she confide what she had learned; nor did Mrs. Burton know it until, some two months after, the announcement of the marriage caught her eye under its appropriate head in a morning paper. She was surprised and indignant, and exclaimed—

"Why, Lucy, James Allan is married! and, of all things, to that naughty Florence Fisher you disliked so much!"

She wondered still more, and was deceived, as many a careful mother has been, in thinking that her daughter had conquered any feeling she might once have had; for Lucy put her cup quietly on the table and said—

"Yes, I have known of the engagement some time."

Ah, there was much truth in Mrs. Hill's homely comforting, "It is better to have the worst first;" and Mrs. Burton never knew that Lucy had encountered the bridal train at the very church door

had seen the fond devotion of the newly-made husband, and the proud beauty of the bride. Still more, she had met the gaze of James Allan for the first time, as he stood with his hand on the carriage-door giving some directions to the coachman; for the first time since that gentle appeal to his truth and honor, when he had shaken her off so rudely; but her cheek did not blanch, or her gaze betray any recognition, though he started, as if from a sudden thrill of pain, and, in a moment more, the carriage had borne him away. She wondered how she could be so calm as she pursued her walk; but it was the calmness of a heart set upon a higher than earthly love—one that "knows no variableness, nor the shadow of turning."

Afterwards, she frequently saw them together, driving or walking, as she went more cheerfully to what had become a pleasant occupation, and she often heard ladies speak of Mrs. Allan's superb parties, or the gay and brilliant life she was leading at her watering-places. Lucy never envied her; for she felt in her inmost soul that no pleasure could be purer than that which she now enjoyed in the happiness of her beloved home, and the faithful discharge of her duties. She was a favorite with every one in the work-room, and many of them came to her as a friend and counselor in their trials and discouragements. She possessed Mrs. Hill's unbounded confidence, and the respect of those whose good opinion was worth caring for.

She was older now—far older in appearance than years. There was a gentle thoughtfulness in her face that made her more lovely than ever, Dr. Howard declared; and Mary, now settled in her own happy home, and Mary's husband, regarded her as a dear friend and sister. Finally, Mrs. Hill's long talked of resolution to give up business was put into effect, and every one seemed to consider it exactly right and proper that Miss Burton should succeed her; and thus, five years from the time she first entered the establishment, she became its head, an active, energetic woman of business.

In these days of constant discussion upon the rights and duties of women, I am afraid my heroine has but favor in the eyes of those opposed to so-called social reforms, by my last assertion. But Lucy Burton had not stepped out of her sphere in the prosecution of her scheme. There was nothing coarse or bustling in her activity; western merchants involuntarily took off their hats on entering her presence, and fashionable ladies were, for once in their lives, civil to a "shopwoman." There is nothing in promptitude and regularity of accounts inconsistent with good breeding, nor do taste and the ability to make it available border upon masculine assumption. No one would have dreamed of inviting her to address a "Woman's Rights Convention," though she had her accounts at bank, and with many a flourishing French importer. Nor do we mean to say that this firmness and dignity of character were achieved at once, or without many a heart-burning, many a struggle with herself, and

oftentimes fearful despondency. But then there was the bright side of the picture, prosperity attending all their little plans, health, pleasant intercourse with a few dear friends, and, withal, that "peace which the world cannot give." She was now able to place Grace at an excellent school, where her companions gave a new interest and variety to the young girl's life; and the thought of "sister Lucy's self-denial," which she now began to appreciate, and the approbation which awaited her, quickened ambition and excited industry. Willie had assumed, with hearty zeal, the place vacated by George in the counting-house, while the student took up his books again with far more resolution and success than if he had never been parted from them. So we leave the family five years from their father's death, to meet them again when five—yes, fifteen more have flown.

It is in the old parlor of her early home that we find Lucy Burton once more. Still Lucy Burton, though her fair hair is not so abundant, and her figure has long since lost the grace and slenderness of girlhood. It was a dreary autumn evening without, but all within was peace and happiness. The room was plainly but tastefully furnished; a heaped-up fire was glowing through the bars of the grate, and the soft spell of the red twilight brought dreams of the past to the musers at the fireside. It was her birthday. Thirty-nine years since she came to be "a well-spring of pleasure" in that very house. She looked around the room; it was associated with her first recollections. How she had bounded through the door when her father's footsteps sounded in the hall; had sat at her mother's feet and wondered at the baby-beauty of her little brother. But the scenes grew darker as they came before her eyes; and then she turned to the long, long years she had been exiled thence. How could she ever be thankful enough for the kind watchful care that had led her to the fulfilment of her dearest earthly wishes? The prosperity which had enabled her so recently to restore their mother to her old home, the happiness of Grace, now the wife of one she loved as a brother, Willie's patient gentleness when that sad illness checked all his hopes and made him a sufferer for life, and the wonderful success of George, who had also realized many a day-dream. How could she ever be thankful enough? "And if I have trials still in store," she thought, "still direct my paths." But what trial could come?

Was there no unsatisfied yearning in her heart? no wish for closer sympathy than that of mother or sister? no regret for what might have been?

True, society was open to her now. She was wooed where she had once met insult; for it was said she had won not only competence, but fortune, and that was magic where her beauty of character and intelligence had not prevailed. And she had the gift to love her friends aright, to distinguish between the tares and the wheat in the great field of the world. She was happy in knowing that she had won much true sympathy. But was there not

a dearness wanting to that earnest, affectionate heart?

What thought brought that growing mist before her eyes, as her hand shaded them from the fire-light? Ah, it was here also that she had known her first and last love-dream. There she had often seen him stand—did you think, ye worldly ones, that years could have retained that memory so vividly? And now he *also* was alone. The dust of death had long since settled on the beautiful eyes of Florence Allan, and—

She turned with a quick, startled movement. There was a stranger ushered into the room: no, not a stranger, for his feet were familiar to the threshold; and, though changed by years, with dark locks whitening slowly to silver, James Allan could not be mistaken.

"Lucy!"

And he came near to her, so near that she almost felt his breath upon her forehead, and would have taken her hand; but she drew back coldly, and asked him to be seated, as if he had been a common acquaintance—as if her heart had not held his image when he entered.

"No, let me kneel to you rather, Lucy; kneel and ask your pardon, though years have passed since I wronged you so deeply. I cannot think of courtesy; I cannot commence cautiously and gradually upon what I have to say. *Lucy—will you not speak to me?*"

How strangely it thrilled her, even then, to hear that voice speak her name!

"Mr. Allan," she answered, still standing apart, "you are forgetting yourself."

"Forgetting everything, Lucy, but those old days and *you*. I could never forget you, though I have striven, and shut you out from my heart for another love; but no, I could not shut you out; you were always there, good and pure and beautiful."

She leaned upon the mantel and covered her face with her hands; she made no motion, spoke no word to check him.

"I was young and proud; and, God forgive me, I have suffered!"—

"I forgive you, then, James!"—

There seemed hope in her words; at least in the lingering accent of his name she had hesitated to pronounce. He came still nearer.

"Will you not believe me?—will you not listen to me? As I came from the altar, I met you like a calm accusing spirit. I have never forgotten that look. It has haunted me ever—ever; and now I am free once more, and let me hope—will you not let me hope that I may yet win your confidence—your love—here, where you once promised to be my wife? I am a desperate wooer, Lucy."

She looked at him in amazement. The proud, worldly man was bowed by a torrent of uncontrolled emotion. She could but feel that it was unfeigned. It was the same passionate impetuosity she so well remembered of old.

"Is it that so many years have passed, time has

changed me so, that you will not see I am pouring out my heart at your feet? I know my words are more befitting a rash boy; but I was ever hasty, and let that plead for me. Ever wild and ungovernable. But I am not old—you are not old. Speak to me, Lucy!"

"You cannot forget," she said, slowly and sadly, "that here, in this very room, I said 'God bless you!' when we parted. Since then there has been scarce a day that I have not asked for that blessing upon you and yours."

"Thou angel!"—he murmured rather than spoke.

"You have no forgiveness, then, to sue for. What more would you have me say?"

"Much more: that you have loved me through all; that all this dreary past shall be forgotten; that you will be my own even yet, Lucy! Oh, you must remember how very happy we were then! how we planned and dreamed of the future! All this can yet be realized; there are many years left for the expiation!"

He saw that she was moved. With all his vehemence, he could feel that *the past* was still a spell of mighty power.

"I would have spared you this," she said, again speaking sadly. "I feel intensely all the pain I must inflict. Yet you have mistaken me. I loved what I fancied I saw was noble in your heart and life; my idol became clay before my face. It was no light word when I said I would never be your wife."

"But you have never given my place to any one; you have been and are free, Lucy."

"Because I have feared another awaking. I have cherished no love dreams, but not that they have

been shut out by tenderness for you. I cannot separate love from unbounded confidence and respect. It is not my nature to trust when once betrayed. No, by the sorrows of the past, as you have invoked its happiness, I will be your true friend as ever; nothing more."

That strange, stormy interview was at an end. She stood where he had left her, bewildered by the suddenness, the wildness of what had passed. She had rejected that love for which her affectionate nature yearned; had put aside all thoughts of that shielded domestic life she had often coveted. But she knew she was right in this; for, as she had said, with her respect and love were inseparable, and she could not respect one who had once so betrayed his manhood. Ah, this was the trial! and she could not doubt that she had received the direction she had prayed for.

There was a patter of childish feet upon the stairs, and a beautiful little girl came dancing into the room, tossing her light curls in affected anger at her nurse, and springing to Lucy's arms.

"Dear Aunt Lucy!" said the little fairy, laying her bright head in an affectionate, loving caress upon her shoulder. And Lucy pressed her closely—her brother's child—and felt that there was many a dear tie to life, though the love of husband and children were denied her. So she went on her beautiful way, more humbly perchance for that last trial, but still thoughtful for others, and still grateful for the many proofs she had received of the loving kindness of her Father in Heaven.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he will direct thy paths;" for what is here written has its noble counterpart in real, actual life.

GARDEN DECORATIONS.

In our last article on this subject, we spoke of fountains, and now we shall try to turn the attention of our readers to another subject equally important in the decoration of a country seat, namely, bridges. There are many country places in which a little sparkling stream runs through a deep romantic glen, and where a bridge of brick and mortar, or even of stone, would look wretchedly out of place; and yet where it is almost necessary to have some mode of passing from one rock to another. In such situations, nothing can be more appropriate than a rustic bridge, such as that shown on the following page, which can be made by any village carpenter who can contrive to put wooden planks firmly together; while the materials for the decorative part will be found in the woods on the estate.

The principal thing to be attended to in making a bridge of this kind is to make it, as the carpenters say, stronger than strong enough; and care should be taken to give it sufficient abutments on each side, observing, however, that they are entirely

concealed by ivy and other creeping plants, as well as by shrubs. The rustic work should be made of pieces of wood with the bark on, which may be varnished to prevent the bark peeling off, a dead, dull-looking varnish being used, as a shining appearance would materially injure the effect of the bridge. In the bridge shown, there is an elevated part just in the centre; but this may be omitted if not liked; or a seat may be placed on the bridge at that part, and ivy trained on a frame over it, so as to hang down and form a kind of rustic arbor. Of course, this would only be appropriate where the view of the bridge was particularly fine, and the ivy and framework would require to be very skillfully and tastefully arranged; the ivy might be mixed with the Virginia creeper, both plants being grown on the banks from which the bridge springs, and being carried along the railing so as partially to shade the whole bridge.

If preferred, the planks which form the foot-path of the bridge may be disguised by laying short



pieces of wood, of equal lengths, across them, like what the Americans call "corduroy roads;" but this is unpleasant to walk on, and gives a feeling of insecurity to the foot-passenger. It must be observed that a rustic bridge of the kind described is most suitable in wild romantic scenery, and that, when

used over a quiet stream, it should not be near, or even in sight of, the house. In such cases, particularly if the house chance to be an Italian villa, with stone terraces, and other architectural ornaments, the bridges should certainly be of stone.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.—FLORENCE.

BY FERDINAND COXE.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of perest ray; and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without; all is enchantment. 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and, in turn,
Each has the mastery."

No description can do justice to the beauties which burst upon the eye, as the traveler approaches the famous city of the Medici. This large, flourishing, and beautiful city forms but one part of a lovely panorama in the valley of the Arno. The towers and domes of the city are finely contrasted with the villages, villas, gardens, groves, and olive woods rising gradually upon the sides of the hills, and approaching the very summit of the Apennines. For an inland view nothing can surpass it.

But, as this article is intended to let our numerous readers know something of what is to be seen in a place they have all read and heard of, but few will ever see, let us enter the city by the gate nearest

the railroad depot, where our passports are examined by Austrian officials; and, this humbug completed, let us drive to our hotel, D'York or Gran Bretagna: there are several very good ones, and you are well taken care of in all.

The most prominent object in the city, as it is the largest, is the Duomo, or Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore (St. Mary of the Lily); and here sight-seers generally commence their labors. This magnificent pile was commenced in the year 1298, and was not completed for a century and a half. The dome is a masterpiece of Brunelleschi's genius. This dome was the object of Michael Angelo's greatest admiration; and, when he was leaving Florence to repair to Rome to build the dome of St. Peter's, he turned in his saddle to take a last look at Brunelleschi's monument, and said, as he resumed his journey, "Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso."*

* "Like thee I will not build one; better than thee I cannot."

The great charm of the interior of the Duomo consists in its simplicity, severe, almost to nakedness. None of the meretricious ornaments which are everywhere found in the Italian churches are to be seen here. Its immense size is lost in the perfection of its proportions. A fine old portrait of Dante hangs upon the wall, where it was placed by order of the Republic in 1465. Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman, one of the most famous leaders of the Condottieri, who, in those days (like the Swiss of later times), offered their swords to the highest bidder, is also commemorated here by an equestrian monument, erected by order of the State he served so well.

Close to the Cathedral is the Baptistry, whose chief merit consists in its gates of bronze, made by Ghiberti, and pronounced, by Michael Angelo, worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Beside the Cathedral stands the famous Campanile (or Bell Tower), designed and partly finished by Giotto. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind in Italy. Built of various colored marbles, in which white predominates, and elaborately worked, it has been thought worthy, from delicacy of outline and richness of workmanship, to be placed among the finest specimens of art. A fine view of Florence and the environs may be had from the top.

A more singular medley of old clothes and old things of every sort cannot be found than is paraded in the Piazza of San Lorenzo. This place has been, from time immemorial, devoted to the sale of antiquities, and many a fine old painting has been bought here in former days. In the rear of the Church of San Lorenzo, is the famous Chapel of the Medici, in which all the greatest of that family are to be deposited. It was commenced on so magnificent a scale that it is still far from complete, and much money will yet be needed to make it so. The dome is large, and is adorned with the finest frescoes in Italy. The sides of the chapel are to be entirely coated with the richest marbles (they are so now partially), and in each of the pilasters are inserted, in precious stones, the arms of one of the cities of Tuscany. Adjoining this chapel is the Sacristy, in which are preserved Michael Angelo's unfinished statues of Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, works full of that great master's genius. Lorenzo de Medici, Duke d'Urbino, is buried here, and has a statue of himself, by Michael Angelo, for a monument. He was the worst of that family; but, of all the evils he wrought upon mankind, his worst was begetting Catherine de Medici, who worked evil enough in her time for a whole century. The statue is generally known as "Il Pensiero." It is a little larger than life, and, in attitude and expression, is altogether unique. He is sitting.

"He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic."

In the Church of the Annunciation is Andrea del Sarto's celebrated fresco of the Madonna del Sacco, which he is said to have painted for the monks for a bag of meal. He and John of Bologna are both buried in this church.

The Church of Santa Maria Novella is, outside, one of the most beautiful churches in Europe, and contains much which merits close observation. To readers of romance, and particularly of Italian literature, it is interesting as the spot where Boccaccio lays the first scene of his "Decameron," whose heroes and heroines, after enduring for some time the horrors of the plague which, in 1348, swept away 100,000 inhabitants of Florence,

"Assembled there at matin time;"

and, after making their arrangements,

"While vice reveled, and along the street
Tables were set; what time the bearer's bell
Rang to demand the dead at every door;
Came out into the meadows; and awhile
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
Sat down in the high grass, and in the shade
Of many a tree sun-proof—day after day
Relating, in a ring, to banish care,
Their hundred tales."

The Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, dates from the fourteenth century. Like many other churches in Europe, its façade is still unfinished. Here are found the tombs or monuments of Italy's greatest and best: Michael Angelo, Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli (whose tomb bears the proud assertion, "Tanto nomini, nullum par elo-gium"), Aretino, and, greater than all, Galileo. In a side chapel lies the Countess of Albany, widow of the young Pretender (the last of the Stuarts), and the mistress first, and afterwards the wife of Alfieri.

The Palazzo Vecchio, or old palace, in the Piazza del Gran Duca, is a heavy, sombre, battlemented building, erected in the thirteenth century, and the residence, in turn, of the Gonsalvoni and the Medici. The shape is somewhat irregular, as the architect was crippled by instructions which prevented his building beyond certain limits, to avoid coming upon the ground which had once served as foundation for the demolished houses of the Ghibelines. This palace is associated with all the most important history of Florence. The Chapel of the Gonsalvoni is still well preserved: the grand saloon is filled with frescoes illustrating the life of the great Cosmo, and many relics of Lorenzo de Medici are still preserved in one of the apartments—curiously-carved ivory and amber ornaments, of great value. Opposite one corner of the palace, is the Loggia dei Lanzi, an open gallery, where some fine specimens of statuary in bronzo and marble are preserved.

Connected with the old palace, by a gallery which passes over a street, is the Royal Gallery in the Palace of the Uffizii. Here are to be seen many of the finest specimens extant of the best masters of painting; here, too, is the famous *Tribuna*, an octagonal

room, draped with red, and with its dome inlaid with mother of pearl. Here is the Venus de Medici, about which statue so much has been said both in prose and verse. It would be very presumptuous, at this day, to question the merits of this statue; but I am sure that most persons who see it have had their expectations so much raised by what they have read, that they are very much disappointed with the *mignonne* goddess, who is only four feet eleven inches tall. What a comfort to short ladies to know they have so illustrious an example! Close by the Venus, are the antique statues of the Aretino, who has borne so many characters, viz., Julius Cæsar's barber, a slave about to flay Marryas, and a slave overhearing the conspiracy of Catiline, all very absurd, especially the first. The dancing fawn, the wrestlers, and the Apollino, are all celebrated.

The paintings in the Tribune are all celebrated. Andrea del Sarto's Madonna has the place of honor behind the Venus. On either side of this picture hangs a Venus by Titian; one of them the Venus which is so much spoken of. It is a compound of beauty in drawing, richness in coloring, and extreme indecency in the treatment of the subject. Raphael, Guido, Guercino, Vandyke, &c., are all well represented here.

Many rooms are appropriated to the several schools of painting, among which the Flemish pictures are worth a close inspection. Among the fine collection of bronzes is the famous Mercury by John of Bologna, which is considered the most exquisite work known in bronze. The Hall of Niobe contains a number of figures in marble, placed round the sides of the room, and having no apparent connection with Niobe herself, who, with one child, is the only really interesting figure in the room. The others might as well be called anything else as the children of Niobe.

Some of the very old pictures are very curious and amusing. One of them represents the delivery of Andromeda by Perseus. The lady is tied to a tree in the foreground, with her father and mother close by, and "the people all mourning round," while an enormous monster (who takes up a large part of the picture) is making tracks on top of the water towards his victim. On the back of the monster, Perseus is performing a *pas seul*, and amusing himself with digging his sword into it, all very much to his own satisfaction, and not much to the annoyance of the animal or fish, for it would be difficult to say what it is. In the vestibule is the celebrated antique boar, so well known by the many small copies of it which are sold.

The Pitti Palace was built, in the fifteenth century, by Luca Pitti, a distinguished Florentine, who, being jealous of the Medici, determined to eclipse them in the splendor of his palace. As he was eventually ruined, however, his palace became the property of his rivals. From its immense size and the (artificially) rough character of the stones used in building it, it has, at first, the sombre ap-

pearance of a prison or a fortress. This impression gives way on a farther acquaintance, and the more it is seen, the more its fine proportions are admired. The apartments are very large and finely proportioned, the ceilings are covered with frescoes of great merit, and the walls are covered with the finest productions of the great masters. The eye is fairly surfeited with beauty, and the continued daily visits of a month could not

"Stale its infinite variety."

Nothing in this gallery is commonplace: all is excellent. Raphael shines pre-eminent above all, and his Madonna della Seggiola is the gem of the collection. Murillo's Madonna and child claims a high rank. Guido's Cleopatra is a splendid picture, with the exception of the arms and hands, which would disgrace a sign painter; and yet, because Guido painted them (which is hardly probable), all copies of the picture retain the deformities. Salvator Rosa, Titian, *et id genus omne*, are here in their best. Canova's Venus has a room to herself, and is greatly admired, though an anatomist can discover very great faults in her proportions. The large tables which are in every room are among the beauties of the collection. Their tops contain the finest specimens of Florentine Mosaic, and the value of these tables is said to be enormous.

The private apartments of the Grand Duke are very handsome and very extensive. In his bed-chamber, at the head of the bed, hangs a most exquisite Madonna by Carlo Dolci, which the duke himself evidently prefers to all his other Madonnas. It is said that he never goes traveling without carrying this painting with him in his carriage. The same story is told of the Madonna della Seggiola; but I believe it is true of neither.

The Museum of Natural History, close to the Pitti Palace, is one of the best in Europe. The several collections of minerals, animals, birds, plants, &c., are very extensive and well arranged, and the wax specimens in botany are most truthful copies of the plants and flowers they imitate. The wax representations of the human form in every possible detail are very perfect, and offer fine facilities to the student of anatomy. Three small representations of the Plague in Rome, Milan, and Florence, are most disgustingly perfect, and charm as much as their subject will admit of.

In a part of this building, a chamber is dedicated to the memory of Galileo. Here are preserved some of his instruments, his first telescope among them. In a glass case is a dried-up finger, which they say is Galileo's. A fine statue of the philosopher is at one end of the room; and, on the walls, frescoes represent important events of his life, the discovery of the pendulum, &c.

An admirable feature in this, and the galleries and museums of most European countries, is that they are open daily to all classes of people, free of expense; and the poor, as well as the rich, can study and admire the treasures which have been

accumulating for centuries. A continual association with the fine arts, however, does not seem (as is frequently said) to soften or civilize the dispositions of those who are surrounded by them. The people of Italy, who enjoy more than any other these treasures of art, have not shown, in their recent disturbances (they are not worthy of the name of revolutions), that the humanizing influence of the fine arts has by any means improved them. Atrocities worthy of the darkest ages in the world were repeatedly perpetrated in their warfare.

A fresco by Raphael has been opened to the public within a short time. Discovered, a few years back, in a carriage-house, and covered over with plaster and white-wash, the discoverer bought it for \$3000; and, after cleaning it, and finding it in perfect preservation, sold it to the Grand Duke for \$12,000, and it is now a free exhibition. It represents the Last Supper; but in a totally different manner from the one by Leonardo da Vinci, with which we are all familiar. The picture is a remarkable one, and an engraving of it is now being made.

• Amusements are plentiful and cheap in Florence; four or five theatres open every evening, and opera (such as it is) at all. I saw, at one theatre, the "Lombardi" for *ten cents*; and, at another, saw an opera and a grand ballet for *five sous*. This is certainly music for the million; but five sous, to a working man here, is quite as large a sum as fifty cents to a similar workman with us.

The Cascine is a beautiful drive just outside the city, where all the beauty and fashion of Florence airs itself. The drive is a delightful one, through finely shaded roads, with large forest trees on either side, and, at intervals, views of the surrounding country, which are superb. The yearly races are held here.

One of the most pleasing features of Florence is the flower-girl. She is found in the neighborhood

of the *cafés* and hotels, on the Cascine and at the railroad depot. She is one of the first to welcome you, which she does with a sweet smile, and pushing a small bouquet into your coat or vest. You may pay her for her flowers every day, when she gives them to you, or you may pay her for all when you are about leaving; for she never appears to miss the railroad at the times of departure.

Florence, like most of the cities of Italy, is now under the rule of bayonets: and the Austrians have taken her in hand for the Grand Duke, who is a nonentity, and a mere puppet in their hands. He is content with the shadow, while they have the substance of power.

The revolution failed in Tuscany, as it failed elsewhere, from there being so much jealousy among the leaders, both of each other and of the other republican governments. Each was jealous of the other, and all of the King of Sardinia, who, nobly and in the spirit of chivalry, threw down the gauntlet to Austria, naturally expecting that Lombardy and Tuscany, whose quarrel he was assuming, would give him their support. He was disappointed in both. The demagogues of Lombardy and Tuscany could declaim very forcibly against Austrian tyranny, but had a holy horror of Austrian bayonets and bullets; and Charles Albert, deserted by the people *for whom alone he was fighting*, was, of course, overwhelmed by the superior power of Austria, who then quietly subjected all the neighboring States, one after the other, meeting very little resistance from any of them, and has them now under a more despotic rule than ever.

The descendants of the old republicans have miserably degenerated, and the time appears still far distant "when the foreign yoke shall be broken, when a second Prociada shall avenge the wrongs of Naples, and when a happier Rienzi shall restore the good estate of Rome."

A R E V E R Y.

BY J. A. S.

From those deep, unfailing fountains,
Fed by springs of memory,
Shadowed only by the mountains
That stoop o'er eternity,
I have plunged a goblet golden,
Pressed it to my burning lips,
Quaffed the joys of memory olden
As a bee his banquet sips.

But the shadow of those fountains,
Looking on eternity,
Darker falls upon the fountains
Fed by streams of memory:
Dash the poisoned cup of pleasure!
Look beyond the mountain goal,
Tune thy harp a mournful measure,
Sing the passage of the soul.

Oh, there is a sunless sea—
Hear ye not its waters moan?—
Sunless sea of agony
To the shrinking soul alone;
And the eye hath seen no morning
Breaking o'er its sullen wave;
Mortal night were brighter dawning,
Closing eyelids in the grave.

Then surcease thy dream to waken,
Life's red wine hath turned to tears
So thy lips at last have taken
Blest relief from hopes and fears;
And the dim hemoaning ocean
Warns thy 'plaining soul away,
And that soul, with love's emotion
Looks beyond night-ending day.

DEVELOUR:

A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

(Conclusion of Part I.)

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Develour had reached his friend's lodgings in the Rue de Burgoigne, he went up to his apartments, not doubting that Filmot had already arrived before him. But he met only David, whom he found sitting before a table covered with ham, fruit, bread, and several bottles of claret, with which that faithful guardian of his master endeavored to indemnify himself for past privations. David had, however, not neglected to provide himself with the means for defence in case of any sudden attack. Armed to the teeth, he partook of the luxuries from his master's store. In a girdle around his waist he had inserted several revolvers, while a large bowie-knife by his side displayed its shining blade without a scabbard, and a musket, charged with ball and shot, was supported by his left arm. As soon as the porter opened the door for Develour, David rose and presented his gun with a formidable "*Halt!*" which caused the poor porter to take to his heels. Develour surveyed the valiant defender of his friend's premises for a second or two, and then said—

"What does all this mean, David? Why are you so heavily burthened with arms? and why do you level that gun at my breast?"

As soon as David perceived who the intruder was, he lowered his gun, and looked somewhat puzzled, while he replied—

"Oh, ish tat you, Mishter Devilyoor?" And, after a deeply-drawn sigh, he continued, "I tinks it wash one of tiose pad men agin, come to rop my mashter, and I wash for shooting pefore he comes in and takes my mashter's money and my pread and vine."

"But where is your master? I expected to find him here. Has he not returned yet?"

"My mashter ish gone to te barty."

"To what party, David?"

"I does not know. He tole me to tell any pody what comes in tat he pe gone to te barty."

"And when did he say that he expected to be back?"

"He doesn't say at all. He says he pe gone to te barty when any pody comes."

Develour perceived that it would be impossible to gain from the man any information as to Filmot's whereabouts. He concluded, therefore, that it would be best to go in search of him. But, before he had reached the anteroom, he was met by Filmot, who had entered his apartments unperceived by his

friend or his servant. As soon as Develour saw him, he drew him back into the anteroom and asked—

"Where is Louise?"

"In the Rue des Vieux."

"In the Rue des Vieux!" exclaimed Develour. "And with whom?"

"With Jean Demars and his wife Pauline."

"How came she there? The very place to which I intended to carry her?"

"So said Caleb, and therefore conducted her to that place. The old people seemed to have expected her, and received her with a joy and devotion which led me to believe that they were no new acquaintance, and that they were very much attached to her."

"But tell me, how did you find her? and how came it that I missed you afterwards?"

Filmot then related to him how he had penetrated with Caleb into the boudoir of Mademoiselle Develour, and finally induced her to leave the house.

"As soon as we had left the house," he continued, "Caleb hastened us into a carriage, which we found stationed at the side door. The driver, finding that we were not the men who had engaged his services, at first made objections; but Caleb whispered a few words to him, which made him immediately as docile as a lamb. We drove, without any further accident, to the Rue des Vieux, and halted before the house of Jean Demars. Caleb, who had thus far remained deaf to all the questions addressed to him by Mademoiselle Develour and myself, now spoke for the first time since we left the Ruelle, and told Louise that you had made all necessary preparations for her in this house, which she must enter only with me. He said that he had urgent business, which required his presence in another quarter of the city, and that he must therefore now take leave of us. He then requested me to conduct the young lady into the house. As soon as we had descended from the carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive *entre à terre* to a place, the name of which I have forgotten. The good people of the house received Mademoiselle Louise in the manner I have told you before. Monsieur Jean then handed me two notes, one without a signature. In it I was urged to hasten home, where I would meet with you: the other I consider as much addressed to you as to me; it has a signature, but I cannot read it; neither do I precisely understand the meaning of the note. Here it is."

Develour took the paper and read—

"Hasten to the Rue de la Calandre. There only can you discover the place where Marianne is concealed. The papers from the police will aid you. Be wise, be cautious, but be firm."

The signature was in Arabic.

"It is strange!" he said. "I know that signature full well. But how could Av Arca have ascertained the place where I intend to conceal Louise? How has he so correct a knowledge of the still more dangerous secret of the Rue Calandre? And, if he has it, why does he not use it to destroy our efforts? Does Av Arca know this? And yet he must know it; for he, too, is a master at the fountain. But I forget, my friend, that I am talking in riddles to you. However, the place which is here named we must now visit. This is a privilege which I could not offer to you, had I not received express permission from Delevert, who told me to give you the pass when about to start for the place of rendezvous. The pass-word is 'Wait, but strike;' and now let us go. We are both sufficiently armed; we need therefore no further preparation. Hark, already the midnight hour is past."

"To what place do you intend to conduct me?" inquired Filmot. "And from whom is the information concerning my sister to come?"

"We are now about to visit the most secret resort, and the head-quarters of the conspirators; and, though I may conjecture, yet I cannot say precisely who will be the person from whom I shall learn where your sister is concealed. But trust the writer of this note; he is never mistaken in his assertions."

Filmot then went to his desk and took from it a bundle of papers, which he showed to Develour, and then concealed them under a board of the floor in his apartment. Then turning to his friend, he said—

"You know now where to find the documents. If anything should happen to me, secure them and hand them to the rightful owner. Now I am ready to accompany you."

The two friends then left the room in charge of David, and walked down the Rue de Lille. An unusual silence pervaded the streets. Nothing but the distant tramp of men, who appeared anxious to conceal their movements, was heard. Guards marched by in silence, or noiselessly removed the vestiges of barricades. As they drew nearer to the *cité*, they met more frequently small detachments of men who seemed to belong to the bourgeoisie; they also passed in silence and unarmod. But it was the silence of an atmosphere charged with electric fluid just before a thunder storm. When they had reached the Rue Dauphine, they found that barricades had risen again as if by enchantment. There they met also bodies of men of darker countenances, and armed; all seemed to belong to the lower class, but were led and commanded by men who were evidently veterans and accustomed to the work. They were several times challenged with "What is the hour, and what the work?" To which they invari-

bly replied, "Wait, but strike." No other words were exchanged, and they were permitted to pass on.

When they entered the *Ile de la Cité*, they met with sentinels at almost every corner, who started forth like apparitions from angles and shadows of walls and porches, challenged, and disappeared again as suddenly as they had appeared. They finally reached the Rue de la Calandre. After passing down the street till they were nearly opposite the Rue St. Eloi, Develour stopped before a rather dilapidated building, with a large projecting porch. Stooping down, he removed a small flag, and took from beneath it a wooden mallet, with which he gave seven distinct blows upon a plate fastened to the door. Immediately a small window above the door was opened, and a person from within asked—

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

To which Develour replied—

"Two brothers of right; two masters of all."

"Whom do you seek at this hour of the night?"

"Him who has waited; those who will strike."

"Him who has waited; those who will strike."

"Whom will you have for guide and for leader?"

"Let our guide be a brave, our leader we have."

The door then flew open, and a man started forward armed to the teeth, who bade them follow. Though thick darkness prevented them from seeing anything in that passage, yet Filmot thought that he could hear the whispering of many men and a sound like the clashing of arms. Develour took Filmot's arm, and both followed the footsteps of their conductor, who led them through a long passage or corridor to a flight of steps, which they ascended, and then through another corridor to a door, at which he knocked seven times, and asked admission for his charge. All questions having been satisfactorily replied to, the two friends were admitted into the hall of the conspirators.

CHAPTER XII.

THE hall in which they now found themselves was a long and low room, the walls of which were covered with black cloth and decorated with Phrygian caps, swords, and reversed crowns. Chairs, with small stands before them, were ranged all around the room, in the centre of which stood a rude altar covered with a black cloth, upon which were displayed a skull, a dagger, and chalice, surrounded by seven burning candles. Along the upper part of the room was a platform, occupied by the president and leaders of the conspirators. A crowd of desperate and resolute men were already assembled when Develour and Filmot entered, and they took their seat almost unobserved, except by the piercing and ever-vigilant eye of the president. A man with a low brow, but a keen twinkling eye, full of cunning and selfishness, was addressing the chair in vehement language, urging the necessity of a total abolition of all the existing forms of society,

and appealing to the wildest and lowest passions of his audience.

"Who is that speaker?" inquired Filmot of Develour.

"He is one of the most intelligent leaders of the ultra republicans. Egal came to Paris when quite a youth. Poor and friendless, he obtained the situation of a *petit-clerc* to an attorney; this he soon exchanged for that of assistant teacher in a school; and finally turned journalist. He is now the oracle of *La Réforme*, the most ultra socialist paper in Paris. The man who sits next to him, though of still lower origin, wields a wide-spread influence among his own class. His name is Martin; but he has cast that off, and is now only known as Albert. He is bold and cunning, and yet, withal, fanatical; a compound which will gain for him a high place, if they succeed in a general revolution."

"They succeed?" inquired Filmot, in a whisper. "Why do you not say *we*? Are *you* not one of the conspirators?"

"With them; not of them now. My eyes have been opened of late to things which would not have remained hid from me for so long a time if I had not wilfully divested myself of abilities which would have enabled me to judge more coolly and justly. But I am bound by obligations which I now may not cast off. The man next to Martin is Bouchon; you have already seen him before. He is the son of conspirators and conspiracy. He has been everything in turn, and now belongs also to *La Réforme* in the capacity of an agent. His large stature, and coarse appearance and manners, correspond well with his coarse and vulgar mind, and his intemperate and sensual habits. Closely connected with him are the two men who sit directly opposite him, Longchamp and Labotte. The first a young shoemaker, the other a literary man. Both are ready to support his utmost extravagance of doctrine, and to join his most immoral schemes."

"But where is that fine-looking man I saw this morning? Joubart I believe you called him."

"Joubart," replied Develour, with a smile, "is not deemed safe enough to be admitted here. Joubart is a gentleman of considerable literary acquirements, more so than any of these gentlemen here; he has also vanity enough to compromise him in any scheme which promises fame and fulsome flattery; but he is *weak*, as they would call it here. He is not had enough to suffer his interest to blind him to the wickedness of a thing, nor stern and uncompromising enough to adhere to an obligation when taken, as it is done by the better portion, who intend to make use of the others for pure republican principles. Hark! the president's bell is ringing, and Bouchon is about to speak."

Bouchon, who had risen, now addressed the chair in his reckless style of speaking—

"Mr. President, I do not know, for my part, why we have been temporizing during this whole day. We have two thousand armed men ready to do our

bidding without question or hesitation, and here they have been lying all day, murmuring at their not being permitted to take part in the movement against that dotard upon the throne. We are told that we must respect the prejudices of citizens less enlightened than we are; of men who still hold a belief in the antiquated doctrines of the Christian world. I say the best mode of converting these people is to force them to adopt our doctrines, liberty and equality, and equal rights in all things. No more aristocracy of birth, money, or private property whatever, or in anything. The wide world is ours, and belongs to all alike. Let us proclaim these principles boldly, and at the point of the bayonet, and we shall soon have all Paris filled with our disciples. Above all things, let us proclaim the republic without any further hesitation; and, as soon as proclaimed, we shall have it. What matters it if even at the expense of a few thousand heads, or a few hogsheads of blood? And when we once have it, we shall be able to keep it; better than our fathers were able to do. Let us be up, then, and doing; now is the time, and this the hour."

A murmur of applause from one portion of the room followed this bold and impious speech. In this none were louder and more vehement than Longchamp and Labotte, though the former was evidently ill at ease. As soon as the noise had subsided, the president rose and said—

"Citizen Bouchon is right when he thinks that more active measures must be taken in order to secure our object; and already have the select council issued their orders. A collision may therefore be expected in the morning. But our temporizing has been by no means without its beneficial effects. The people will now no more be taken by a sudden surprise; they have this day learned to face the troops and danger; the National Guards are gained over—by the respect we have shown the very prejudices which the citizen would have us disregard. And we have secured two leaders among the workmen, who are worth a host in themselves: Charles Le Bon and Lagrange are ours." A murmur of applause which followed indicated that these names were well known to many of the conspirators. "If any one present has any further remarks to make upon our enterprise, we shall be happy to hear him; but he must be brief, for the council will shortly hold its secret session, and issue its orders and distribute the plan of attack for to-morrow."

After a brief silence, Filmot rose in his seat. All eyes were immediately directed to him; for to many of the conspirators he was wholly unknown. Unaccustomed to speak in public, Mr. Filmot commenced in a hesitating manner, but grew bolder as he proceeded—

"Mr. President, though a foreigner, my being here by your permission will be a guarantee to these citizens that I am an uncompromising republican; and when I add that I am an American, a citizen of the United States of America, I say at once that I sympathize with every republican move-

ment on the face of the globe. But permit me also to state the opinion entertained among us concerning the true basis of a republic. We hold, as a people, that all true liberty—that liberty which will confer the greatest good upon the greatest number—must be based upon the Bible. Without religion, it is impossible to prevent democracy from degenerating into anarchy; without laws founded upon the laws of God, no republic can withstand the attacks of its internal and external enemies. All the great generals and true patriots of our republic were conscious of these truths, and acted upon them; and all true lovers of our country at the present time try to impress and uphold them. It was therefore with pain that I have heard the citizen who spoke last advance doctrines which, if carried out, must either cause you to fail in your present enterprise, or, what would be worse, make you overthrow, with the present government, all the pillars upon which the welfare of the community rests. I will not detain you any longer from the important business to which you alluded, and close therefore with the prayer that you may never be accessory in sowing seeds for which posterity may curse your memory."

When Filmot took his seat, he was greeted by mingled murmurs of applause and disapprobation; but the former outnumbered the latter. Several members came up to him to shake his hand and thank him for his fearless remarks in favor of truth and religion. Among them were Trouvieur, the aged Cobart, and Malin.

The president now announced that the meeting would close, and ordered all the members to come in their turn to his desk and receive their orders for the coming day. This done, he dismissed the members, with the exception of those belonging to the secret council. Develour, who was one of them, requested permission to be absent, and offered, as his substitute, Filmot, for whom he pledged himself, and who was to transmit to him his orders. Permission having been granted, he withdrew hastily, after whispering to his friend—

"I'll meet you at your rooms. I must now find out where Marianne has been secreted."

The space of this article does not permit us to lay before our readers the inmost secret springs of the revolution and its connecting links, as they now became known to Filmot. We may, at some future period, lay these papers in another form before our readers, and then incorporate in them all we are now compelled to omit. We will now follow Develour in his search after Miss Filmot.

CHAPTER XIII.

As soon as Develour had left the hall, he hastened down the stairs, and succeeded in meeting Longchamp, whom he was in search of, in the lower passage. Taking his arm, he whispered to him—

"Come with me; I have matters of importance to communicate to you."

"From whom?" inquired Longchamp.

"From the police," answered Develour. And taking his companion's arm, which he perceived began to tremble, he drew him out into the street, and turned with him down the Rue de la Cité. The two walked for some minutes, in perfect silence, side by side; for Develour wished to let his words work upon the fears of the conspirator. When they had reached the Pont d'Arcole, he stopped. "Here," he said, "upon this bridge, consecrated, in 1830, by young Arcole's blood, when he died for liberty with the flag of his country in his hand—here let me ask you how you dared to present yourself in our midst with the price money of a spy in your pocket? You need attempt no equivocation; nay, no lies with me; I have the proofs in my possession, and was almost tempted to lay them before the society. It will avail you nothing to feel in your pocket for your weapon; a single exclamation from me will bring the Guards of Right to my side, and consign you to instant death."

"What, then, is your object in making known to me that you are possessed of my secret? It cannot be to denounce me, or else you would have done it already," stammered the conspirator, with trembling lips.

"To denounce thee or not, according to the answers thou wilt choose to give me," replied Develour.

"What is it you wish to know? I will answer every question, if you spare me. And you may do so with a good conscience; for I am truly now a conspirator, and have not reported anything to the government for the last two days."

"I know that, or else thou hadst been no longer a living man. Now tell me, how has that brute, Bouchon, learned anything about that young American lady? What are his intentions, and where has he concealed her? Thou needst make no attempt at concealing anything from me; for the first lie, or the first proof that thou attemptest to play me false, will be thy death-warrant."

"I will conceal nothing from you so far as I know anything about the matter. A short time ago, when Lebour returned from his mission to England, among other things, he mentioned also that he had fallen in with a party of Americans who were coming to Paris. Among them, he said, was a young lady, whom he reported to be immensely rich and of very great beauty. We teased him about his falling in love with one of the half-savages of that country, until he became excited and showed us a daguerreotype likeness of her, of which he had possessed himself in some way or another. When Bouchon saw it, he became fairly frantic; he swore that he had never beheld anything so beautiful, and that he would marry the original at all hazards. We endeavored to show him the absurdity of such an undertaking. But you know the man, and that he is perfectly ungovernable when under the control of his passions. He immediately took measures to get her in his power; and, by the aid of

his guards, as he calls them, had her abducted in Calais and conveyed to the city. Here he has already offered himself to her with his brutal straightforwardness; but was, as a matter of course, rejected. She is now confined in this city, and carefully guarded by twelve of his men under arms. He hopes, in the course of this revolution, to obtain such a position as he thinks will enable him to plead his cause successfully with his little savage, as he calls her."

"The base brute!" murmured Develour; and said, aloud, "Where does he keep her confined? And what means of access can be had to her?"

"She is in a house not far from here, in the Rue St. Antoine, under the care of a cousin of his; but I do not know of any means by which to approach her."

"Bethink thee well: thou must find the means of introducing me, and that forthwith, or else!"

"Be it so. Come with me; thou shalt see her, if thou wilt promise to protect me against Bouchon. But, remember, the guard is always either in her room or in that adjoining it."

"I will protect thee. And now let us go."

Develour now took again the arm of Longchamp, and accompanied him to the Rue St. Antoine. At the corner of the Rue des Barres, a man with a slouched hat ran up against Develour, and, as he passed, seized his hand and said, "There are friends in the Rue de Burgoigne." But before Develour had time to inquire what he meant, he had already disappeared in the adjoining street. Arrived in the Rue St. Antoine, Longchamp led the way to Bouchon's house and rang the bell. Instead of the portress, the door was opened by an armed man, who inquired whom they wished to see? Longchamp told him that he had a commission for the young lady, and ordered the man to conduct him to her.

"And who is that with you? Is he, too, to speak with her?"

"Yes; he is to accompany me. He is the *orfèvre*, whom I have brought with me in order to supply the lady with the ornaments which she is to have."

"If he is an *orfèvre*, pray where is his box with rings and jewelry?"

"And do you think a man with the least grain of common sense would trust himself out in the streets with gold and jewels at such a time as this, particularly into a house guarded by Gros Jean and his comrades?"

"Well, well, it is none of my business whom you introduce here; for that you are responsible to the captain. Come, I will lead the way."

He then bolted and barred the door again, and conducted the two friends to an upper room, where an elderly woman was busy reading *La Réforme*.

Opening the door, he said, in a very loud tone—

"Here, Dame Martine, M. Longchamp and an *orfèvre* wish to see the young lady."

The woman eyed Develour very closely, and then shook her head, while she said—

"And so you are an *orfèvre*? Since when, pray tell!"

Develour gave her no time to finish the sentence; but bending down, as if examining the golden cross on her neck, he said, in a low tone—

"La Trousse, remember Ormond and the Père la Chaise!" And, when he saw her tremble and turn pale, he continued, in a louder tone, "Do you not remember, good dame, that that cross was bought when I stood behind the counter? Why should I not be an *orfèvre*, and take the orders of the young lady?"

"Oh, I have no doubt that you are a right honest dealer, and I have no objection to your seeing the lady. You may go in; but you will excuse me if I cannot accompany you."

Longchamp, surprised at the conduct of the woman, looked from one to the other, and was just about to insist on her company, when Develour said—

"Just as you please. You may stay here. I think that I may be sure you will not leave this room till we return, when I tell you it is *my* particular request."

As he turned towards the door and knocked, the woman murmured—

"That man must either be Satan or one of his imps!" and then crossed herself with a trembling hand.

"Enter!" exclaimed a voice which Develour would have recognized amidst a thousand, and the two stood in the presence of the fair American.

Before Marianne had time to recognize her friend in his present disguise, he said to her, in English—

"Marianne, pretend not to know me; betray no surprise. I have come to release you; but I must first sound this man—what his intentions?"

"Do not distrust me," interrupted Longchamp. "Though I do not speak English, I can understand it sufficiently to make out what you say. But you may rely upon me, if you can devise a plan by which to evade the watchfulness of the guards with which the house is filled."

Marianne, who had risen from her seat, now stood before Develour, with folded hands and tears in her eyes, and exclaimed—

"Oh, save me, Mr. Develour! Save me from these horrid people! You do not know what I have suffered. Oh, if my brother only knew where I am, I am sure he would not rest until he had rescued me!"

"Calm yourself, my dear Marianne," replied Develour, while he led her to a seat; "before the morning dawns you shall be free and with your brother."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Develour! Pray let me go now with you. I am strong, I can walk. Anything but stay here."

"Listen to me, Marianne; and listen calmly. You cannot go with me now. This house is filled with your persecutor's followers. Some preparations are necessary to overcome the obstacles. I must go and gather some friends together; and I

will also inform your brother. But in one hour, at the latest, we will return and take you with us."

"Go, then, and hasten back as soon as possible. I will, in the mean time, pray that He who watches over the distressed may protect you and me."

"One more request, Marianne, before I go: let that light remain near your window. If nothing strange occurs, let it burn alone in that position; but, if they remove you from this room, extinguish it; and, should anything unusual occur during my absence, place another light by the side of this. Longchamp, you must accompany me. Good night, Marianne. In an hour or two, I expect to be here again."

Marianne covered her face with her hands, and sank down upon her knees, with her head bowed down upon the chair.

Instructed by Develour, Longchamp informed the porter that the lady had ordered some articles which his companion would bring in an hour or two, and directed that he be admitted.

The two then went to the Rue de Burgoigne. When they reached Filmot's apartments, they heard David in loud and boisterous conversation with several persons. Develour, surprised to find the rooms occupied by strangers, hastily opened the door, but could hardly trust his eyes when he saw Captain, or rather now the Rev. Mr. Sanker and his fair spouse, our old friend Harriet.

The first greeting and expressions of surprise over, Mr. Sanker informed Develour that, after Miss Filmot's abduction, they had hastened to Paris to recover her by the aid of the police, and that they had put up at the Montmorency; but they found that, on account of the fearful state of things in the city, they could obtain aid nowhere, and were already despairing of finding either of their friends, when, about three hours ago, a tall, stout man, with another in a Quaker dress, called upon them and told them to pack their trunks, that the two had been sent to conduct them to Mr. Filmot, where they would also find Miss Marianne. They at first hesitated; but the Quaker-looking man had so much the appearance of, and spoke so much like an American, that they concluded they would go with them. The two men then took them in a carriage and brought them to this place, where they did not find their friends, but only David.

"Thanks to thee, Av Arca!" exclaimed Develour. "Would that I could implore thy aid in this other matter! but I dare not. Well, be it, then, all my own work." Then turning to Mr. Sanker and his wife, he said, "Though it would give me pleasure to welcome you in Paris, and to enjoy your company, yet I fear I must make myself appear very cold and indifferent; for I have already to leave you before I have had hardly time to shake hands with you. But the cause will plead my excuse. It is only in order to restore to you your lost friend, Miss Filmot."

"Do not mind us," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. San-

ker. "Think only of dear, dear Marianne, the poor, dear girl!"

Notwithstanding all his anxiety, Develour could hardly suppress a smile at the comical affection of his two friends, when they threw up their arms, as if in concert, while David stood behind them, still armed like an Italian brigand, imitating all their gestures, which he considered the most approved mode for expressing sympathy.

"Do not leave this room till I return; and, if Mr. Filmot comes home, tell him to wait for me."

He then wrote a note, which he requested Longchamp to carry to M. Le Bran, at the office of the *National*, and enjoined him to return to Mr. Filmot's rooms in the course of half an hour. M. Longchamp hastened to fulfil his commission, to prove to Develour, in whose hands he knew himself to be, his zeal and faithfulness. Develour, in the mean time, returned to his own lodgings, and, after selecting, from among various weapons, a brace of quaint-looking pistols and a crooked dagger, he opened a little sandal-wood box, and took from it two balls of different sizes and a vial, which he carefully inclosed in a leather case. To these things he added, after considerable hesitation, a small card. These preparations made, he went to a livery stable and hired a carriage, with which he returned to the Rue de Burgoigne.

When he arrived there, he found not only Filmot, but also Longchamp, with twelve armed men. He explained to them, in a few words, the nature of the expedition and the plan of attack. All then proceeded, in perfect silence, to the Rue St. Antoine. As they passed along near the *cité*, they heard everywhere the sound of axes and the falling of heavy materials thrown together to form barricades.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY arrived, however, unmolested opposite the house of Dame Martine. Develour, who looked up to the windows in Marianne's room, perceived that two lights were now burning instead of one, and concluded immediately that some one had entered the house who was not there an hour ago. He now told Filmot to go with him in the capacity of an attendant, while Longchamp, whose fidelity was guaranteed to him by the papers which he had in his possession, was to lead the men through a side door, the key of which he had procured, and overpower the garrison, and then hasten to his assistance. The driver of the carriage was ordered to wait on the opposite side of the street. When the two rapped at the door, they were admitted with a readiness which created a suspicion in Develour's mind that they were betrayed. To guard, therefore, as much as possible against treachery, he told Filmot, when they had gained Dame Martine's room, to remain with the woman until he should call him

Filmot, who took a seat opposite the dame, endeavored to enter into a conversation with her; but she was evidently too nervous either to listen or to reply to his remarks, and at last left the room, evidently to escape a conversation which her companion appeared determined to force upon her.

In the mean time, Develour had entered the room in which Marianne was confined. He expected to have found her guarded, and was therefore surprised to see her alone. As soon as she perceived him, she pressed her finger to her lips and said, in English—

"Speak low, and in English. I fear we are watched."

"What has happened, Miss Filmot? And why are the two lights burning?" inquired Develour.

"I do not know what our enemies have been doing. But I am sure that, since you left, suspicion has been aroused, and additional men have been introduced into the house. I know this to be the case from the frequent calls which I have had, and from having heard the tramp of a great number of men passing above, below, and around my room."

"So be it, then: let it be war to the knife. I am prepared for it. By this time, Longchamp must have disarmed the guards, and will be ready, in a few minutes, to help us to force our egress through the front part of the house. Come, take my arm, and let us join your brother in Dame Martine's room."

"My brother! And why is he not?"—
Before she had time to finish the sentence, two doors, concealed by tapestry, opened behind them, and twenty men, armed with pistols and daggers, entered and cut off every retreat from the room. The leader approached Develour and said, in a tone of mock politeness—

"Sir, I regret very much that I must deprive you of this young lady's society, and that I shall be compelled to confide you to the care of my followers."

But Develour had not been idle, brief as the time was allowed him for reflection. As soon as he had perceived the superior force brought in against him, he placed a little vial in Marianne's hand, and whispered, "Open it." He now turned to the officer, and replied, slowly, in order to give his companion time to unscrew the stopper—

"I do not know by what right you claim to do either, and I shall resist your power thus."—
At the same time, he took one of the glass balls out of his pocket and threw it on the floor. The effect was perfect and threw every living being in that room fell down as if suddenly deprived of a breath drawn down as if—

"Not a groan was heard, not a cry uttered, not a filmot drawn."—
Filmot, who was anxious to see his sister, had been impatient at the long delay, and wondered why Develour stayed so long. He watched and was only restrained from following him by the fear that his leaving his post might endanger the safety of his

friends. But when he heard the noise caused by the sudden falling of the twenty-two persons in the room, and perceived that it was followed by a silence like that of the grave, he could endure the suspense no longer. He rushed into the room, and almost stumbled over one of the bodies of the prostrate men. Appalled at the sight which he now beheld, he leaned against the wall, unable to stand without a support. At last his vaguely wandering eyes fell upon the bodies of his sister and his friend. This seemed to infuse new life into him. He flew to his sister and lifted her up in his arms, but she was cold and stiff; then gently laying her down, he seized Develour's hand, but it was like seizing the hand of a tenant of the tomb. Letting it fall again, he exclaimed, in despair—

"Dead! dead! Would I had never entered this cursed land, where the life of man is only a tool in the hands of the ambitious, or sacrificed at the bidding of the wicked! This Delevort, or Av Araa—but hold! did I not receive a note and a little flask from the good Av Arca, to be used in the hour of imminent danger? This must be the hour; and, happily, I have them about me."

He then took the note from his pocket, broke the seal, and read, "Pour three drops of this essence upon the lips of your friends." He quickly drew forth the little flask, unscrewed the stopper, and carefully dropped the prescribed quantity of its amber-colored contents first upon the lips of his sister, and then upon those of Develour.

Both immediately opened their eyes, and, drawing a long and deep breath, looked around them as if awaking from a profound sleep. Aided by Filmot, they got up, and found themselves, to their astonishment, wholly free from the effects of the noxious vapor.

A hasty explanation now took place. Develour told Filmot how, when he found himself surrounded by a superior force, he had had recourse to the paralyzing balls, after first directing Miss Marianne to use the antidote. That Miss Marianne neglected opening the vial; and that, even had she opened it, it would have proved only of partial effect; for that he, by mistake, had broken a ball far too large for so small a room.

Filmot then related to them what had induced him to leave his post and come into the room, and how Av Arca's note and flask had saved their lives. When Develour heard what Filmot told him of the note and the flask, he became pensive, and, after a few seconds, said, as if talking to himself—

"Has Av Arca, indeed, foreseen this? May I not, then, after all, have acted rashly in joining Av Araa's bold undertaking? But, no matter, the die is cast." Then, addressing his friend, he continued, "We have already tarried too long. We must now hasten to leave this dwelling, before our enemies are aware of what has taken place."

The three now passed through Dame Martine's room, and were going down the stairs, when their attention was attracted by groans proceeding from

an adjoining closet. Develour left Miss Marianne with her brother, and entered the place from which the sound seemed to come. There he saw Dame Martine lying on the floor, with her hands and feet tied, and a handkerchief fastened over her mouth, which almost prevented her moanings from being heard. When he had released her, she told him that Longchamp and his men had been overpowered, and were lying tied in an adjoining room; and that the leader of Bouchon's band, mistrusting her also, had ordered his men to lock her up, to prevent her from giving any alarm.

Develour proceeded immediately to the room pointed out by the woman, where he found his men as she told him; and, after releasing them, hastened to the carriage, which he found still waiting on the opposite side of the street.

When they came to Filmot's apartments in the Rue de Burgoigne, they found, to their surprise, that another person, known only to two among them, had been added to its inmates. Louise, for it was she, threw herself into Develour's arms, and told him that a tall, rough person, but who seemed to be well known to her old friends, had come to her with a message from him, requesting her to repair immediately to the Rue de Burgoigne. That, urged by Jean and his wife, she had accompanied him; but was much distressed when she found herself, at her arrival, in the midst of strangers.

"And now," she added, "you will not leave me again, will you, Louis?"

Develour was prevented from replying by David, who had come in, and stood now before him with a package, which, he said, a tall man had brought, who was waiting in the antechamber for a reply, which he said he must have without delay.

Develour kissed Louise, and then broke the seal

of the package, which was addressed to him. He found in it five passports, and the following note:—

"Your American friends must leave immediately, if they do not wish to be exposed to still greater danger. Louise will be more secure in accompanying them. Bertram is in waiting with a carriage to convey them to Calais, which they can reach in time for the steamer Angola. To-morrow it will be too late. I inclose the passports.

(Signed)

"AV ARCA."

When Develour read the note to his friends, they agreed to the propriety of the advice, and professed their willingness to leave. But Filmot, who had remained silent, now said—

"But, if we go, we must not go alone. You must accompany us."

"That cannot be," replied Develour, with a sigh. "I am pledged, and must remain until the present struggle is over."

"Then," said Filmot, "I, too, must stay. I dare not leave you; for that which I witnessed to-night has convinced me that my duty is by your side. I, too, must abide until the fate of this kingdom is decided. My sister will go to London under the protection of Mr. Sanker and his wife, and will there wait until I join her in a few days."

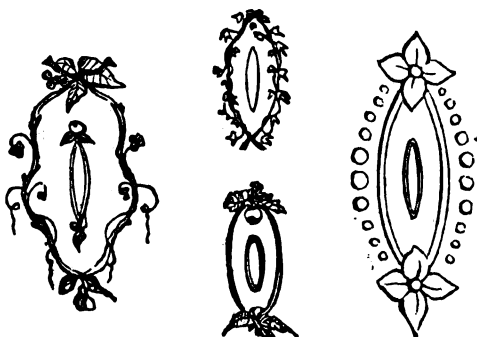
"And Louise?" inquired Develour.

"Will do whatever you think best," replied the fair girl.

"Then go with our friends, and I, too, will meet you in London."

All things being thus arranged, Mr. Sanker, as his wife, with Miss Filmot and Miss Develour, left the French capital under the guidance of the true Bertram.

THE AUTOUR-BOUTON.



This new application of embroidery to set off that pretty piece of jewelry, the stud, which is now alike worn by ladies and gentlemen, needs little explanatory or descriptive text. The larger patterns are for a *chemise*, the smaller for a *chemisette*. The

work must be very firm and bold in relief, it is recollected that a transparent ground is impossible since at least four folds of the cambric are necessary to the fastening of the stud on the hem or band.

When the *autour-bouton* is worn, the stud

should not be chased, nor the metal in any way embroidered, but consist of a pearl, a diamond, &c., in a plain gold or enamel setting, with an unbroken outline of frame. Nor does the ornament admit of embroidery employed in any neighboring parts of the *chemise* or *chemisette*. They should be arranged in any form of fold which may please the fancy, care being always taken to proportion these to the width of the band on which the *autour-bouton* is

worked; this same band, if he or she be wise, being calculated with reference to the bulk of its wearer. Thus employed alone, the effect will be as rich as it is new, while, if it be accompanied with flowers or flourishes of the same kind, an overloaded tawdriness will result.

For the finest cambric or muslin, Evans's embroidered cotton, No. 80, may be used; or No. 70, if the fabric be somewhat coarser.

THE MATINEE.

Thus illustration represents an article of dress newly introduced. It is called a *matinée*, and is intended to be thrown on in the early part of the morning, and worn during breakfast. It is composed of jaconet or mull muslin, and is trimmed with frills of needlework. The make is similar to that of the ordinary lace or muslin *pardessus*, except that it is somewhat longer in the skirt. It opens in a point in front, and is fastened at the waist by a bow of blue satin ribbon with long ends. The *matinée* is finished at the bottom with a full flounce of muslin cut out in small vandykes and edged with button-hole stitch or braid. Above this edge there is a double row of braid or satin stitch, following the direction of the vandykes. A plain row of this frilling, set on with the points inwards, trims the two fronts and the neck. The sleeves, which are demi-long and full, are edged with a frill like that at the bottom of the *matinée*, and are gathered up at the inside of the arm by bows of blue ribbon with long ends. Attached to the back of the neck is a hood, edged with a vandyked frill, and drawn by a blue ribbon tied in a bow in front. This hood is intended either to fall back or to be drawn over the head, serving as a cap at pleasure.

VOL. XLII.—35





FANCY COSTUME.

THIS elegant dress, which is from Watteau, is by no means difficult to imitate. It consists of two skirts of two different colors. The bodice is of the same color as the outer skirts, and it must be fastened in front, the fastening being entirely covered by the stomacher, which is composed of white drawn silk, sarcenet, or satin, trimmed with a quilling down the middle. The trimming on the under side is of quilled ribbon, and that on the outer skirt may be either of ribbon or lace; if it be of the latter, it must be confined in the centre by a narrow rouleau of ribbon. The sleeves are composed of two rows of full lace on a silk sleeve reaching to the elbow, but by no means fitting tightly to the arm.

It is almost impossible to state the colors for the dress; pink and blue are, however, colors extremely appropriate to the period, and often very pleasing in

themselves; but so much depends on the shade of pink and the shade of blue to be placed together that, without the assistance of color, it is almost useless to give any advice on the subject. The body is made square both in front and at the back; but at the back the opening is neither so low nor so wide as in front.

The hair is simply taken back off the face, allowing a few curls to escape at the back and fall on either shoulder. The hat, which is of a very pretty shape, should be cut out in stiff bonnet buckram, and covered with silk, satin, or velvet, of the same color as the trimming of the dress, or of some other color that will harmonize with it. A wreath of flowers is placed round the crown. Narrow black velvet, tied round the neck and the wrists, gives a very appropriate finish to the costume.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

THE ROSE.

THREE rounds, each containing five petals, are required to form this flower.

Begin with the smallest sized petals.

Cast on one stitch in a deep shade of pink split wool; knit and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch before and one stitch after the middle stitch in the knitted rows, till you have eleven stitches on the needle. Then knit and purl four rows without increase, and begin decreasing in the knitted rows by slipping one stitch before the middle stitch, then

knitting two stitches together as one, and drawing the slipped stitch over them; continue thus till seven stitches only remain, and cast them off.

FOR THE SECOND SIZE PETALS.—Take a lighter shade of pink wool, and cast on one stitch; knit and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch before and one stitch after the middle stitch in the knitted rows, till you have fifteen stitches, then knit three more increasing rows, decreasing at the same time one stitch at the beginning of each row, both plain and purred; this will preserve the roundness of the edges, without increasing the width of the petals;

continue to decrease at the beginning of each row, without increasing in the middle, till eleven stitches remain. At the beginning of the next plain row, decrease one stitch; knit five, turn back, decrease one stitch, and purl four; turn back again, and cast off three (one stitch will still remain on the right-hand needle); pick up one stitch on the left edge of the division just made, and turn the first stitch over the new one; then pick up one loop between the stitches on your left-hand needle, and the one on the right-hand needle; knit this loop and turn over it the stitch before it on the right-hand needle; knit one stitch of the left-hand needle, turn over it the knitted loops, and knit plain the remaining stitches. Next row, decrease one stitch, purl what stitches remain, and cast off in the next plain row.

The third and largest size petals will require a pale, delicate shade of pink. Cast on one stitch, knit and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, and also before and after the middle stitch in the knitted rows, till you have fourteen stitches. The next row, which will be a purl one, increases one stitch at the beginning; but after that, increase only before and after the middle stitch in the knitted rows, till you have twenty-one stitches on the needle. Knit and purl five alternate rows without increase, and begin to decrease one stitch at the beginning of every row, till but seventeen stitches remain; then decrease one at the beginning of the next plain row; knit seven more stitches, turn back, decrease one, and purl six stitches; turn back, decrease one, and knit five; turn back again, and finish off exactly as the second-sized petals.

The calyx and sprays require four needles. Cast on ten stitches, three on each of two needles, and four on the third.

Knit three plain rounds.

Fourth round.—Make one stitch and knit two throughout the round.

Knit six plain rounds.

Eleventh round.—Make one, knit three, throughout the round.

Knit six plain rounds.

Eighteenth round.—Decrease one by taking two stitches together, and knit two throughout the round.

Knit four plain rounds, then knit three stitches, turn back, purl them, knit and purl the same stitches once, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row. Knit and purl alternately three stitches, now five in number, which will make twelve rows; then decrease one stitch, knit the remainder of the row, purl one row, knit one row, decrease one stitch, purl the row, decrease one stitch, knit one row, two stitches will remain, purl them together as one, knit that one stitch, then increase one, purl the next row, increase one, knit the row, purl the row, when you will have again three stitches.

Take the first stitch and knit it three times, as if you were casting on, pick up three stitches along the left side of this little chain; cast off the stitch which was on your needle, and successively also those made by the loops first picked up, till you come to the first of the two stitches remaining on your left-hand needle (work this stitch and the next exactly in the same manner as the first, making the chain of the middle one one or two stitches longer), then break off your wool at some length from the work, bring it to the three next stitches of the round by sewing it neatly along the left edge of the spray. Work the second spray exactly like the first; then the third, fourth, and fifth.

Now take a piece of wire, cover it with one thread of the split green wool, and sew it round the first spray, following the edge of each division, and pass the two ends of the wire through the calyx. Repeat the same for each spray.

In order to mount the rose, you must make a tuft of yellow sewing cotton, with a little pale green cotton in the middle; fasten the petals round this, place the stem of the rose in the calyx, twist the wires of the sprays and petals together, and cover the whole stem with green split wool.

Buds.—Two buds will be required to form a nice branch; the smaller one must be of a deeper shade of pink than the larger.

Cast on eighteen stitches on three needles, six on each; knit ten plain rounds; knit one round, decreasing one stitch in the middle of each needle, by taking two stitches together, then two plain rounds, one plain round, taking two stitches as one at the beginning of each needle; then two plain rounds, one round, taking two stitches as one at the end of each needle, and finish with one plain round. Break off the wool, and gather the stitches on it with a rug needle. Make a tuft of cotton wool, of the size and shape of a rose-bud, fixing it by twisting on a bit of strong wire; cover this tuft with the bud you have just knitted. Knit a calyx as for the rose, but with shorter sprays, and not divided at the top. Fix the bud in the calyx, twist the wires together, place the sprays round the bud, and cover the stem with green wool.

LEAVES.—Cast on one stitch.

First row.—Make one, knit one.

Second row.—Make one, knit two.

Third row.—Increase one at the beginning of the row, and one before and after the middle stitch; continue thus until you have nineteen stitches; then begin to decrease, by taking two stitches as one at the beginning of the row, and knitting again the same stitches. Knit plain to the end of the row.

Next row.—Purl two together, purl again the same stitches, and purl plain to the end of the row. When two stitches only remain, finish off by knitting them together.

POETRY.

SONG OF THE DYING KING.

BY L. J. W.

It is said of a celebrated Danish king, that, after a life of great military glory, he was at last made prisoner and condemned to die. He drowned the acute feelings of his sufferings by singing a chronicle of his exploits, believing that this would ensure him a happy entrance into the Paradise of Valhalla.

Oh! strong was my arm in the battle's strife,
And valiant my sword in fight!
When the demon of carnage around me was rife,
I cowered not in my might!
Though the arrows flew thick round my helmeted head,
And the javelins fell like rain,
Still pressed I on through the battle's din,
Still scorned I the victor's chain.

The war-horse bent 'neath my steady aim—
The rider reeled at my blow;
The foeman came in his martial pride,
But my right arm laid him low!
I laid him low in his boasted strength,
As the wild wind blasts the flower
And little dreamed that the conquering king
Should slumber in Ælla's power.

But the banquet of Oden is spread for the brave—
The hero shall quaff the red wine;
The maids of Valhalla shall wreath my brow—
Immortals shall kneel at my shrine!
And **REIGNER**, who lived as the brave should live,
Shall die as the brave should die;
And enter the hall of the god of death
With a smile, that his bliss is nigh!

THE HEART'S VISITANTS.

BY CILIA.

PURE gentle thoughts, with childhood's sinless faces,
Like angel bands, come wandering through the gloom,
Then slowly fade, while memory sadly traces,
Once in your heart these visitants had room.
And a low wail comes sadly, slowly swelling
Through the lone chambers of the stilly night,
From them, the lost ones, who had once their dwelling
Where now are darkness and unchanging blight.

Exiled forever—there is no returning
For those companions of the heart's first years—
Though day by day the spirit, faint and yearning,
Steals to the past, with eyes all wet with tears,
And lingers o'er each old remembered winding
Of flowery wood-paths, trod by childish feet,
In the vain mocking hope of haply finding
Again those dreams that made life's morning sweet.

And there are others—forms of light and gladness—
That, all unheeding, mockingly sweep by;

388

Youth's glorious hopes, sent forth in grief and madness,
The heart's lone exiles on the waste to die.
Oh! fearful are they in their wondrous beauty,
These phantoms stealing through the heart's dim
halls!

We call the spirit to life's sterner duty,
But still their shadow on its pathway falls.

And then the dead—the lost beyond recalling—
Steal to my side with whisperings of the past;
I see again life's glorious sunlight falling
On brows with beauty and with love o'ercast.
Phantoms! Ah yes, for they indeed are sleeping,
And yet I fancied they were here but now;
But I have naught save grief and bitter weeping,
And a calm *seeming* for my burning brow.

THE WATCHER'S VISION.

BY FRANCIE FLOREVALE.

'Twas night: o'er the earth a dark mantle was cast.
And the scar leaves of autumn were mournfully fall-
ing;
The owl shrilly screamed as he swiftly flew past,
Each legend of dread to the timid recalling.

There stood a lone cottage, embosomed in trees,
Whose half-beraved branches were drearily sighing,
And wailing aloud in the chilly night breeze,
As if to the muttering storm-cloud replying.

Within, on its pillow, a stricken babe lay,
The dampness of death o'er its fragile limbs creeping;
Like the frost-withered bud, wasting sadly away,
While beside it a mother her love-watch was keeping.

She gently bent o'er him, and murmured, "He sleeps."
Then, his infantile form in her fond arms enclosing,
O'er her frame a soft languor unconsciously creeps,
And nature exhausted is calmly reposing.

In dreams she yet knelt by her perishing love,
And still passed before her the scenes of her waking;
When suddenly music, like choirs from above,
Filled the chamber of death, its dread solitude break-
ing.

Her eyes, when she raised—lo! a glorious band
Of spirits beatified gently descended;
Their wings the pale cheek of the sufferer fanned,
As he lay on his couch of affliction extended.

With fingers transparent they touched him, and smiled:
Like them he arose, crowned with beauty endearing:
The mother sat watching her cherub-like child,
As he waved his adieu, till afar disappearing.

Then, starting, she woke—all was pensively still—
Her babe to her breast she was ardently pressing;
It sent to her heart a sensation of chill—
She gazed—'twas a corpse she was fondly caressing!

THE FOREST STREAM.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

Its pranks are many and sadly wild,
 (Nay, say not I only dream,)
 For sometimes it leaps like a playful child,
 And gayly it dances—and, oft beguiled
 By its wayward wiles, I have wept and smiled
 On the banks of this forest stream.

There the ducklings wild in the silver tide
 Now dip 'neath the sunshine clear;
 They're skimming the wave, they near my side,
 Nor turn, nor fly, for their instinct guide
 Hath whispered, "Ye need not fear!"

The crow caws loud in the tree-top high,
 With his glossy sable vest;
 And a "crake" sounds harshly, as, wheeling nigh
 O'er the giant woods, with his herald cry,
 The crane's coming down to rest:

To rest, and to seek in the glancing wave
 A meal for his awkward young;
 And well as a fisher the saucy knave
 Knows each curling eddy, where bright fins lave,
 With the green willow leaves o'erhung.

How checkered and bright the warm summer light
 Through the thick forest woof comes down!
 Here it quivers all day where the clear waters play
 Round the elm roots, all ragged and brown.

Right pleasant and safe was the gray squirrel's home
 In yon cleft of the sycamore tree,
 Where many a one of the merry wood-folk,
 Well pleased with the tales of my dear gossip brook,
 Doth sit down and listen with me.

"IN EVERY HEART CARE BUILDS HER
NEST."—GOETHE.

BY CHRISTOPH DURANG.

Even as the bird its nest uprears
 Amid the embow'ring leaves,
 So every heart within it bears
 Some thought on which it grieves.

First like the tiny thread it floats,
 Swayed by each pulsing wind,
 Until upon some friendly mote
 It may a fastening find—
 Then, straw by straw, and thread by thread,
 It builds itself a lasting bed.

Time may pass by with slimy hand—
 Tears may enclose the builded nest—
 Hope may spread out her glitt'ring wand—
 The heart still holds its guest:
 Oft you may drive the thought away,
 But still that nest of care will stay!

There's many a face upon it bears
 Some token of the nest within;
 And, oh! there's many a heart that wears
 That sorrow none has seen:
 Oft, oft with joy they try to fill
 This heart-nest, formed with so much skill.

35*

THE DYING CHILD.

BY LLEWELLYN.

In the casement's cooling breeze
 The happy mother sat at rest;
 A little child stood on her knees,
 Gazing towards the glowing west.
 Her eye grew large, and very bright,
 As the great sun went out of sight—
 And when she found her "pretty star,"
 She cried with joy, "Good night, mamma!"

The solemn night had flung its shade
 Around the cradle where she lay,
 And when she saw the brightness fade,
 Her little hands forgot their play.
 She felt her quiet hour was near,
 And whispered, while there fell a tear,
 Watching the crimson clouds afar,
 "Good night, mamma—good night, mamma!"

She heard the sparrows sing at morn,
 And climbed her chair to watch them well—
 The mist float off the fields of corn,
 And the bee come out of the opening bell.

* * * * *
 But on her cot she lies again,
 And a leaden cloud is on her brain;
 The noon grows dark as evenings are—
 Trustful, she cries, "Good night, mamma!"

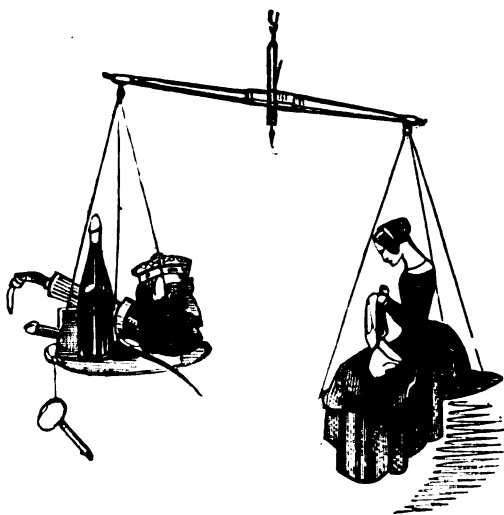
The angel Death stood by and smiled—
 His shadow rested on her eyes;
 He'd come to lead the wondering child
 Up the long pathway through the skies!
 Her purple lips are moving still,
 Though almost sealed in silence chill,
 And murmuring, as they stand ajar,
 "Good night, mamma—good night, mamma!"

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE OPENING ROSE.

My love is like the opening rose
 That hangs so graceful from its thorn,
 Its leaves yet sparkling with the dew
 That fragrant fall at early morn;
 Her eye is like the evening star,
 Soft gleaming in its marble skies;
 Her voice is like some plaintive air,
 That o'er the moonlit water flies.

My love's as wild as Love set free;
 Her step's as light as mountain air;
 Her face is like the tranquil sea,
 With shade of heaven mirrored there.
 To Love I'll tune my rustic song;
 Her glances shall my heart elate;
 Her lips shall be my Helicon;
 My Muse shall be the gentle Kate.

The sun will kiss away the dew,
 And time will turn the green leaf scar;
 And time will touch the maiden too,
 For he was never known to spare.
 As down the stream of life we glide,
 Upon my breast she shall repose;
 As rivers at their mouths grow wide,
 So love is strongest at life's close.



THE BALANCE OF HAPPINESS.

BY CARA

My pipe is of no use at home,
 For my wife "can't bear the smoke,"
 Nor yet "endure the coarseness
 Of a wine-inspired joke."

One who finds his "way to happiness"
 In a "jockey of a ride,"
 Or "a man who *chets* TOBACCO!"
 "Her highness" "can't abide."

And why I "need a dead-latch key,"
 Or "don't walk on my feet,"
 The woman really "cannot see,"
 Does she think I like the street?

Now suppose *she* took to smoking,
 I'm sure *I* could not bear
 A "tobacco reminiscence"
 In her soft and sunny hair.

And if she really *liked* champagne,
 The charming little gipsy!
 Why, bless my heart! I *might* come home
 And find the "angel" *TIPS*!!!

Then I know that I should think her
 The "*last*" kind of a match,

If she thought that *she* must have a key
 To open the dead-latch!

This *meerschaum* always makes me
 So *extremely* "light of head,"
 That I think I could endure her
 If she "talked" a "pound of lead."

And champagne always makes my brain
 Such a noisy set of whirle,
 That, when folks talk great nonsense,
 I think they're "talking pearls."

When my dashing gray can trot again,
 I declare upon my life!
 I think 'twould be the "tallest touch,"
 To ride out with one's wife!

And now I recollect it,
 'Twas but the other day
 That she welcomed me to *dinner*
 In a *home-like* sort of way:

So, just to please my "wifey,"
 I believe I'll stop and see
 If the darling's home to *supper* calls,
 And "take a cup of tea."

SONNET.—CARAVANSERY

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Joy yields the Caravansery to all
 Poor friendless comers from far foreign lands!
 Anearth its friendly roof the pilgrim stands,
 Nor feels himself forsaken. Its fountain's fall,
 By sweet reverberation, would remind
 The inmates—but "wayfarers for a night!"—
 Of peace and love. Fraught with supreme delight,

Is this their casual meeting. Soon, they find,
 When shines the morning's light, they must depart,
 To see each other's countenance no more—
 No selfish joy or boon do they implore—
 In cheerful circle each would joy impart,
 Till day return, when all must bid adieu,
 And homeward wend, or desert-march pursue.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE season of roses has come, at least for the South, and we commend the taste for gardening as one of the prettiest "passions" which a young lady can cultivate. If you live in the country, we hope you have many precious "loves" at this charming season. How pleasant to watch the plants we have set, unfolding leaf after leaf, green as emeralds, glossy as satin, and having that higher perfection, gem or robe never reached, life! And then the little brown or black seeds we scattered in the dull, dead mould, these are now instinct with life, and each day increases the size and beauty of the stalk, on which each small bud is swelling with the loveliness in its heart. "The mere aspect of a bud or flower, without a higher association, is so pure and soothing to the lover of nature, that it repays the glance which bends over its daily growth; and I envy not him who can look coldly on a blade shooting from its unsightly seed into verdure, the sacred and startling emblem of that mortal which is to put on immortality. And how much of the poetry of life springs from flowers! How delicate a pleasure is it to twine the orange-blossom and japonica for the bride, to arrange a bouquet for the invalid, to throw simple flowers into the lap of childhood, and to pull rose-buds for the girl of whom they are the emblem!" Thus says the Southern Matron in her reflections on her bridehood; but she gives the reverse of the picture, and so cleverly, that we will quote it under the head of—(a pretty alliteration)—

GARDEN GRIEFS.—"Gardens are not all poetry: witness the long-drawn countenance of the lady whose delicious geraniums are crumpled to yellow weeds by the frost; witness the housewife, whose imagination has sprung forward to the moment when her savory cabbages shall enter on her dinner-table, as fit companions to boiled pork or beef, when she visits her garden and finds that a hard-hearted fowl has deliberately picked the plants up by the roots, rifled their green leaves, and left only withered relics; witness the gentleman who has watched his figs and grapes with such interest that even the daily paper has been laid aside to note their development, when he finds that the insects, with keener instinct than himself, have seized upon the ripe subjects and rifled their very cores!

"There are other mortifications, that seem petty in detail, but which inflict a real pang on the florist. How often have I spent hours of culture on a rare blossom, and presented it as a valuable gift: seen it received with smiles and thanks, and then observed the thoughtless recipient crumple up the leaves in her fingers, or pull and throw them on the floor, or deliberately *chew* them!

"Sometimes individuals have visited my garden and gathered flowers which have cost me not only time and labor, but heavy pecuniary sums, as unconcernedly as they would a blade of grass; sometimes, when I have cherished a little slip until it has shown signs of independent existence, a considerate lady has begged me for a cutting!

"Other vexations, too, occur, on which the florist does not calculate when she yields up her heart to

flowers. An Englishman presented me with four seeds, on the envelop of which was written an almost unpronounceable name, long and imposing. I was never selfish, and, in the warmth of my heart, gave two to botanists. I planted mine, and watched them day by day. At last they came up, and, with the pride of a florist, I called my friends to see the first leaves. At length they grew, they budded, and blossomed—and, behold, they were common four o'clocks!

"A botanist from Georgia favored me with two fine bulbs of the delicate *Iris Persica*. I valued them highly for their giver's sake as well as their own, and planted them with care and hope. A few mornings after, a little negro waiting-boy ran into the house, exclaiming—

"Oh, missis, de cat pull you inion out de jar!"

"A friend of mine, however, was still more unfortunate in having a dish of Prince's best bulbs boiled for dinner!

"Yet all these things will not rebuff the true lover of flowers."

THE following beautiful and pathetic poem is appropriate in connection with the buds and blossoms of June.

THE MOTHER AND THE ROSES.

BY D. E. WILSON.

Thou loveliest of roses! why droops the sweet head
In tears that betoken deep sorrow?
The sun, though his smiles for a moment have fled,
May gladden thy cheeks by to-morrow.

Ah, no! I now see, by the wound in thy breast,
A bud has been torn from thy bosom;
And the rent in thy heart where the bud was impest,
Shows 'twas death to you both to unloose them.

Thy bud possessed beauties that never can die,
Though its ashes to earth may be given;
Its colors the rainbow will hold in the sky,
And its fragrance ascend up to heaven.

Sweet emblem of love! thou hast waken'd a chord
That bound my fond soul to another:
My own lovely bud, that I fondly adored,
Death snatched from the heart of his mother!

Like thine, my heart's tendrils around him were wove,
And he clung to this bosom that bore him;
So full was my soul of a mother's deep love,
I would gladly have died to restore him.

But Hope points her finger to Heaven, and shows
The gorgeous rainbow appearing,
And Faith whispers, "All that those glories disclose
Are naught to the splendor he's sharing."

A LETTER from a very earnest searcher after truth, asking a definition of that much-used-and-little-understood-word, "transcendentalism," reminds us of the remark in one of the English periodicals, viz., that

Mrs. Child had given the most intelligible and satisfactory definition the reviewer had ever seen. We subjoin it :—

"TRANSCENDENTALISM.—All who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that all knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses; and thence passes to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding.

"The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest, and therefore most universal truths, are revealed within the soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the understanding. To this pure reason, which some of their writers call 'the God within,' they believe that all perceptions of the good, the true, and the beautiful are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the understanding, with its five handmaids, the senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws."

OUR "Book," though designed for American ladies, has its kind friends across the water; and, not unfrequently, the voice of commendation and encouragement comes to us from the Old World. The following gem of original poetry was lately sent us by an admirer of the "Book":—

SAINT MARY'S BELLS.

The bells of old Saint Mary's, how soft and clear the chime

That peals from out yon square gray tower strange tales of olden time!

So soft and so harmonious ye break the morning air,
As if some spirit of the past breathed forth its teachings there.

A thousand Sabbaths ye 've proclaimed, as ye proclaim it now,
The merry festal gathering, the solemn dirge of woe;
The bridal throng, the mourner's train, ye both have welcomed here—
The babe to the baptismal font, the dead upon his bier.

So long your wonted voices, like loved familiar things,
Have peopled hill and dale and bower with airy whisperings,
That all the summer landscape, responsive to the strain,
In nature's silent ecstasy, gives back your notes again.

Of all the pleasing memories the bosom treasures long,
Of England's proud baronial towns, her ancient seats of song,
The first will be the golden note, where recollection tells
Of a sweet Sabbath melody of old Saint Mary's bells.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Old Church-Yard," "Our Hopes," "The Bride," "Sketches of Society," "I Culled a Flower," "A Portrait," "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness," "Castle Car," and "The Homestead."

"Leaflets of Memory," as far as No. 10, have been received. We never republish articles which have appeared in other periodicals or in papers. A few of the original "Leaves" we may find room for; but not soon. The author must learn to wait as well as to work.

The author of "Basket of Pekans" had better send the articles to their original destination. Our drawers are filled with MSS. waiting for room.

"Spring's Morn" did not come to hand till the June number was made up, so was not in season.

We beg leave to state that all accepted articles are published in the state they are in when accepted. Our time will not permit us to look over the mass of poetry we have on hand to make corrections; and we again request all who send us poetical articles to keep a copy. We will not undertake to return them.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

FROM BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

F. LIVII PATAVINI HISTORIARUM LIBERI I., II., XXI., XXII. This edition of the first, second, twenty-first, and twenty-second of Livy, forming the first of a classical series, is edited by Drs. Schmidt and Zumpt, and is well worthy the attention of classical teachers and scholars.

WILLIAM PENN. *An Historical Biography from New Sources. With an extra Chapter on the "Macaulay Charges."* By William Hepworth Dixon. This is a most valuable and interesting work, and has made its appearance at a time when it will be highly appreciated. It not only presents the character of Penn in a new and more brilliant light than ever, but ably vindicates his reputation against the vindictive expressions of his enemies, and the blunders of former biographers.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY

AND OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By Elias Loomis, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, author of "A Teacher of Algebra," etc. etc. This work, as the author informs us, constitutes the fourth volume of a course of Mathematics, designed for Colleges and High Schools, and is prepared upon substantially the same model as the preceding volumes.

WALLACE. *A Franconian Story.* By the author of the "Rollo Books." We gave a favorable notice of this instructive little volume in a former number of the "Lady's Book."

THE MOORLAND COTTAGE. By the author of "Mary Barton." A domestic tale, familiarly written, instructive and elevated in its moral sentiments.

NOTES OF A HOWADJI. The author of this work has kindly informed his readers that "Howadji" is the universal name for traveler. So far as we have been able to comprehend these notes, the great merit of the

traveler will be found in his new descriptions of old and familiar scenes in Egypt. Many of these new descriptions, however, are either oppressively solemn or poetically obscure. Nevertheless, they are sufficiently attractive to hold the attention of the reader, and to add something to his fund of information.

MARY ERSKINE. *A Franconian Story*. By the author of the "Rollo Books." This is another of those excellent stories, which are so well calculated to make a deep and virtuous impression on the minds of young and susceptible readers.

MOUNT HOPE; OR, PHILIP, KING OF THE WAMPANOAGS. *An Historical Romance*. By G. H. Hollister. This work is intimately connected with the scenes and the events of the early settlement of New England, and will therefore prove highly interesting to the American reader.

MARY BELL. Another of those entertaining "Franconian Stories," by the author of the "Rollo Books," several of which we have already noticed in a favorable manner, and of which the present is as deserving as any of the series.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—
BERTIE; or, *Life in the Old Field*. A humorous novel. By Captain Gregory Seaworthy, author of "Nag's Head." With a letter to the author by Washington Irving. We find the following sentence in the letter referred to in the title of this work: "You have depicted scenes, characters, and manners which were, in many respects, new to me, and full of interest and peculiarity." This is one of the best American novels of the day.

LITERARY AND HUMOROUS AMERICAN WORKS. With illustrations by Darley. The volume now before us of this amusing and popular work contains "Polly Peablossom's Wedding," and other tales, by the Hon. J. B. Lamar, Hon. R. M. Charlton, and the authors of "Major Jones's Courtship" and "Streaks of Southern Life." Edited by T. A. Burke, Esq., Editor of the "Horn of Mirth." The authorship and the editorship of this work will be the best guarantee for its amusing and frolicsome character.

THE MAID OF CANAL STREET, AND THE BLOXHAMS. By Miss Leslie, author of "Mrs. Washington Potts." Complete in one volume. Price 25 cents. The readers of the "Lady's Book," in times past, will require nothing from our pen in commendation of Miss Leslie's genius and literary acquirements. The stories in this volume are among the most graphic sketches of life and character that have ever been given to the public by an American writer.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON; or, *Sights in the Golden Region and Scenes by the Way*. By Theodore F. Johnson. With a map and illustrations. This is a third edition, with an appendix, containing full instructions to emigrants by the overland route to Oregon, by Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Delegate to Congress from that Territory. Also, particulars of the march of the Regiment of United States Riflemen in 1849, together with the Oregon Land Bill.

From S. ROBINSON, No. 6 Sansom Street, Philadelphia:—

THE COMIC NATURAL HISTORY OF THE

HUMAN RACE. This, as the cover informs us, is a quaint, quizzical, and satirical work, from original designs by Henry L. Stephens, of Philadelphia. What ever amount of gratification the reading public may find in the perusal of Mr. Stephens' work, we think there are certain individuals in the community who will "demur" to the liberty he has taken with their peculiarities, and consider themselves unnecessarily "pun"ished by an "illegal," though, for all we know, very witty, tribunal.

From T. B. PETERSON, 88 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER, in Six Lessons: ALSO, GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER, in Six Lessons. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., author of "Spanish without a Master," "Italian without a Master," and "Latin without a Master." As the languages treated of in these separate works have become almost necessary attainments in business and commercial men, and especially so in writers and readers, we think that our friends cannot do better than avail themselves of lessons here prepared for them at the low price of twenty-five cents a course.

LOUISE LA VALLIERE; or, the Second Series and Conclusion of the Iron Mask. One of Dumas's most delightful volumes.

From GETZ & BUCK, Philadelphia:—

THE HOWARDS. *A Tale Founded on Facts*. By D. H. Barlow, A. M. We promised in our last number to make a more particular notice of this little work than we then had time to accomplish. We refer to it therefore again with great pleasure, as well on account of its intrinsic merits as a beautifully written and affecting tale; as for the reason that the author ably enforces a duty upon the consideration of husbands and parents which, under almost any circumstances, it is folly and cruelty in the extreme for them to neglect. The duty thus ably inculcated is that of persons in all grades of society taking advantage of the indisputable benefits resulting from "Life Insurance." In the course of the tale, the subject is argued *pro* and *con* with great earnestness and effect; but the justice and propriety of the duty are made so manifest by argument, as well as by mournful examples of penury, distress, and sorrow in widowhood and in orphanage, that we think no reflecting person will rise from the perusal of the book and not determine to attend to its admonitions without a moment's delay. Get a copy of "The Howards," good, sensible reader, and judge for yourself of its merits.

From F. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE FREEMASON'S MANUAL. *A Companion for the Initiated through all the Degrees of Masonry. from the Entered Apprentice to the Higher Degrees of Knighthood, embracing Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, Master Mason, Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, Royal Arch, Select Master, High Priesthood, Knights of the Red Cross, Knights Templars, Knights of Malta, the Ancient Constitutions of the Order, etc.* Embellished with upwards of one hundred engravings, illustrating the emblems and symbols of the order. By Rev. K. J. Stewart, K. T. Should any of our lady readers feel disposed to search this book for the secrets of Freemasonry, we assure them, beforehand, that they will be disappointed; but if they desire to know something of the history, and of the legends of

the order, and are curious to look into its moral and religious foundations, this work will probably prove altogether satisfactory to all such inquirers.

A TREATISE ON THE HISTORY AND MANAGEMENT OF ORNAMENTAL AND DOMESTIC POULTRY. By Rev. Edmund Saul Dixon, A. M., Rector of Intwood-with-Kisurth, Norfolk. With large additions, by J. J. Kerr, M. D. Illustrated with many original portraits, engraved expressly for this work. From the second London edition. As poultry has become very popular of late, in this country as well as in England, so much so, indeed, as to attract the attention of persons of the highest professional acquirements, we anticipate for the volume before us a ready sale, and for the render a valuable remuneration for his labor of investigation. The work will be found especially useful to farmers.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Third Street, Philadelphia:—

THEORY OF PNEUMATOLOGY; in reply to the Question, "What ought to be Believed or Disbelieved concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions, according to Nature, Reason, and Scripture?" By Doctor Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling. Translated from the German, with copious notes, by Samuel Jackson. First American edition. Edited by Rev. George Bush. This is the title of a work, the professed object of which is to overthrow the system of materialism and infidelity, and is therefore supposed to be of universal interest.

THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH; or, Secrets of the Life to Come, Revealed through Magnetism, wherein the Existence, the Form, and the Occupations of the Soul, after its Separation from the Body, are proved by many years' Experiments, by the means of Eight Ecstatic Somnambulists, who had Eighty Perceptions of thirty-six Deceased Persons of various conditions; a Description of them, their Conversation, etc., with Proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World. By L. Alph. Cohagnet. First American edition.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA BY HERNANDO DE SOTO. By Theodore Irving, M. A. In the compilation of this agreeable and highly interesting work, the author has availed himself of everything worthy of note in the narratives of persons who were engaged with De Soto in his hazardous expeditions and chivalrous exploits. The author tells us, however, that he has discarded many incidents which appeared hyperbolic, or which savored too strongly of the gossip of idle soldiery, and that his great object has been to present a clear, connected, and characteristic chronicle of De Soto's proceedings, and in this, in our opinion, he has been admirably successful.

THE CHILDHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke, author of the "Concordance of Shakespeare." This is the title of a series of fifteen tales, in which the author designs to trace the probable antecedents in the history of some of Shakespeare's female characters. We have looked over No. 1 and No. 4 of the series—*Desdemona and Portia*—and have found them full of amusement, and of matter for the employment of a romantic fancy. Price 25 cents a number. Since writing the foregoing, we have been favored with the second and third numbers.

THE WING-AND-WING; OR, FEU-FOLLET.

A Tale. This is the latest volume published of J. Fenimore Cooper's revised edition of his works.

From J. W. MOORE, 193 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE THEORY OF EFFECT: embracing the Contrast of Light and Shade, of Color and Harmony. By an Artist. With fifteen illustrations by Hinckley. This little work, as the author avows, is intended as a companion to those who are learning to draw, to aid them in their endeavors to acquire a knowledge of the art. As far as we are able to judge of its merits, we think that the design of the author will be fully accomplished by those who shall take the pains to examine his theory, and to follow his excellent practical rules.

SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—"London Labor and the London Poor." By Henry Mayhew. With Daguerreotype engravings by Beard. Part 1. Price 12½ cents. Harper & Brothers, New York; Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.—"The Ladies' Science of Etiquette, and Hand-Book of the Toilet." By Countess De Calabrella. Also, "Gentlemen's Science of Etiquette, and Guide to the Usages and Habits of Society." By Count Alfred D'Orsay. These works may be had at T. B. Peterson's, 25 cents each.—"Shakespeare's Dramatic Works." No. 33. Containing "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Same agent. The present number is embellished with a beautiful engraving.—"Time, the Avenger." By the author of "The Wilingtons," &c. No. 153 of "Harper & Brother's Library of Select Novels." Also, No. 12 of "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," with an appendix, in completion of the first volume, and an introduction to the second.—"Tom Raquet and his Maiden Aunt." With numerous illustrations. An amusing work. New York: H. Long & Brothers, publishers. Price 50 cents.—"Knowlson's Complete Farrier, or Horse Doctor, the Result of Seventy Years' Practice." T. B. Peterson, publisher, 95 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.—"London Labor and London Poor." Part 2. Price 12½ cents. Harper & Brothers, New York; Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.—"The Catholic Pulpit: containing a Sermon for every day in the year, and for Good Friday." Murphy & Co., Baltimore, publishers; Peter Cunningham, 104 South Third Street, Philadelphia. A valuable selection, treating of great Scriptural truths. Price 25 cents per number.—"Latin Without a Master: in Six Easy Lessons." By A. H. Monteith, Esq., author of "French," "Spanish," "German," and "Italian Without a Master." T. B. Peterson, publisher, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

Publisher's Department.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—A periodical must be, like liberty, sustained by "eternal vigilance." We are successful, but have never yet slept on a bed of roses, or had leisure to swing on a gate during summer. In short, we work; and, though not quite ready to subscribe to Carlyle's transcendental opinion, that "work is worship," we feel it disposes us to thankfulness, first to the One who alone can give success, and then towards our kind friends who wish us prosperity. We cannot always write to thank these individually, and so we take this way of responding, collectively, to all. And we may be pardoned if we give a few extracts,

from time to time, selected out of such a mass of letters as would require half a dozen extra clerks in a government office to examine: and *we* read them all.

Extract from a correspondent of the State of New York:—

"We have always taken your charming magazine. For the last month, I have missed its smiling face, and it really seems as if some of my household had deserted me. It has been growing better and better—if, indeed, such a thing can be—and I must have it at any rate. I am opposed to borrowing, having had several beautiful numbers shorn of their leaves, and spoiled for binding.

"CATE."

Letter from Connecticut:—

"I have made a thorough examination of all the three-dollar magazines, and a number of others. After which, I take pleasure in saying that I consider your work at once the *cheapest* and *best* published. I cannot do without it; and, believing that the only true way to enjoy such a thing is to pay for it in advance, I herewith send you three dollars, the receipt of which you will please acknowledge by sending 'Godey's Lady's Book' for the year 1851, commencing with January.

"JULIUS NICHOLS."

Letter from Kentucky:—

"You will put me down as a life-subscriber. If I fail to make my appearance before the close of a year, or directly after the commencement of a new year, please publish my obituary, and say, 'Died during last year,' or, worse than dead, 'unable to raise three dollars for the Lady's Book.'

JNO. B. GRUBB."

CONGRATULATION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—After July 1st, the charge on "Godey's Lady's Book," if the subscriber pays three months postage in advance at the office where he receives it, will be but a half cent per ounce under five hundred miles, and one cent per ounce for fifteen hundred miles. As the "Lady's Book" just weighs four ounces, the postage, therefore, for five hundred miles, will be but two cents, and the postage for fifteen hundred miles four cents. This is a great reduction, and should increase our mail list very much. Those wishing to subscribe, by writing direct to the office of publication, 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, will receive the "Book" some two weeks in advance of any other way.

Our friends of the country press will now receive the "Book" free of postage. This is also a subject for congratulation.

Our energies will now be redoubled to continue to make the best "Lady's Book" published in any country; and, as we have some forty thousand dollars invested in engravings of all kinds—Scriptural, historical, domestic, and others—our subscribers may expect that a good time is coming. The next number commences a volume, which will be of unusual beauty and magnificence.

FANCY DRESSES IN THIS NUMBER.—We give them in good time, to enable those who intend visiting the Springs this season to have them made up. We have heard of very many for children's parties made from patterns we have formerly given. This number also contains a beautiful design by Watteau.

OUR JULY NUMBER.—We intend to give to the next number of the "Lady's Book" an entirely new feature, and such a feature as will commend it in a peculiar manner to the approbation of our lady friends. It will be embellished with two colored plates, one religious picture, and several fancy plates, all of which will be creditable to our artists. But the most pleasing and gratifying feature of the "Book" will be found in its literary contents, which will be exclusively from the pens of lady authors and contributors of the first rank in our country. We are desirous of placing before the reading public, at one view, a combination of female talent in the several departments of literature, which shall be alike honorable to the reputation of our female writers and to the progressive energies of our country. This we have made the fullest possible arrangements to accomplish; and our readers may be assured that our July number, the first of a new volume, will exceed any number which has hitherto been issued.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE NEEDLES?—The perplexing question was some time since propounded in the "Lady's Book," "What becomes of the pins?" Many answers, as our readers will remember, were elicited from highly ingenious correspondents, several of which, if they did not prove altogether satisfactory in disposing finally of the important inquiry, were, nevertheless, of a very discursive and agreeable character, at once entertaining and moral in their reflections. Here, then, is a question somewhat similar in importance, but still affording a newer and a wider field for the speculations and the researches of an amiable class of correspondents, to whom the needle is a cheerful, and, of course, a welcome companion in their hours of retirement, and in their solitary domestic labors. What becomes of so quiet a little friend, when its spirit throws off the "mortal coil"—when the thread of its existence has been snapt forever, and the bright twinkle of its clear eye has been rudely broken in death? This would, indeed, seem to be a far more interesting subject of inquiry to the ladies than the solution of that other great mystery which still envelops the fate of the pins.

MISS DIX.—A most honorable and gratifying testimonial was given to the generous and benevolent exertions of this lady in behalf of suffering humanity, near the close of the late session of Congress. In compliance with a proposition made by Miss Dix, a bill was introduced into the Senate, and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, appropriating ten millions of acres of the public domain, the proceeds of the sales of which to constitute a fund for the relief of the indigent insane throughout the United States. What a proud national compliment was this to the heroic virtues of a single woman, who has labored for years, almost alone and unaided, in the cause of a numerous class of unfortunate beings, against whom nearly all the avenues of public and private sympathy have heretofore been heartlessly closed! Let those of her sex who are toiling in useless and visionary reforms be admonished by the example of this noble-hearted woman, and turn their attention to such ameliorations of our human code as may be honorable, practicable, and charitable, and, our word for it, their reward will be great here, and blessed hereafter.

GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—We were pleased to notice, in a late number of this able paper, an article from our friend, the editor, on the wonderful and general im-

provement of the country press. We agree with Major Freas on this point; and, while we unite with him in complimenting his contemporaries, hundreds, we might say thousands, of whom are our intimate friends, we must not hesitate to award to his own modest merits that need of respect which they so universally receive. We know of no weekly paper in the country that has a wider moral and intellectual influence than the "Telegraph," and of no paper, that is not exclusively devoted to agriculture, horticulture, etc., that is more interesting or useful to the farmer and the gardener. The articles on these subjects are generally original; and these, we repeat, with the excellent selections and independent strictures from the pen of the editor, form, altogether, one of the best family papers in this or any other vicinity.

STEAMBOATS ON THE DELAWARE.—The quiet attractions on the shores of our beautiful river are such, at this blooming season of the year, as afford the purest enjoyments to that class of our citizens who are fond of rural scenery, and desire to behold fields and gardens in the highest state of cultivation. Fortunately for all who feel disposed to participate in these healthful and inspiring excursions, the opportunities to do so are numerous and safe. There are, indeed, many splendid boats plying on the Delaware; but we think we will be sustained by the approval of very many of our citizens, when we say that there is no boat, not even the Trenton, that can vie with the John Stevens in beauty, swiftness, and splendor of accommodations. These peculiarities, together with the fullest confidence entertained by the passengers in their perfect safety, are manifest in all the arrangements provided by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company for the convenience and the pleasure of the traveling public, whether by railroad or steamboat. To Mr. Gatzmer, the agent, as well as to Captain Kester, of the John Stevens, Captain Hinkle, of the Trenton, and to their gentlemanly clerks and orderly crews, the citizens of Philadelphia and those resident on the Delaware River should feel under many obligations, especially when they consider that the fare to and from the several points is merely nominal.

THE GIRLS IN THE MANUFACTORIES.—It would, perhaps, surprise some of our readers, were they to be made acquainted with the amount of patronage extended to the literary publications of this country by the female operatives in some of our manufactories. We say it would surprise some of our readers; but really we know not why it should surprise them in the least, were they for a moment to reflect upon the inquiring and independent character of the American mind. Happily, in the true American heart, there is no abatement or suppression of aspirations for those refinements which have a tendency to elevate and improve. We are gratified in being able to point, in an especial manner, to the liberal and literary spirit of our friends in Cheney Brothers' silk-mill, Manchester.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BLACK CRAPE.—Boil a handful of fig-leaves in two quarts of water until it is reduced to a pint; strain it from the leaves, and, when cold, sponge the crape, and stretch it to dry. To clean, dip in warm water and ox-gall, and rinse in fair water

in which a bit of gum Arabic is dissolved. A decoction of logwood is said to improve the color, if crape is steeped in it.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY is increased by dividing the roots, which are very numerous. It requires rather a dry soil, which should be tolerably light; and, though it is generally supposed to like the shade, it will not flower well unless it has plenty of light. The safest time for transplanting perennial plants is after they have well ripened their seed in the autumn.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

FANCY COSTUMES FOR THE WATERING-PLACE BALLS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of a Roman peasant-girl, a short crimson skirt, with a border of velvet, and robe of white cambric falling above. The large sleeves of the robe give a beautiful effect to a fine arm, while the plaits of the *corsage* beneath the bodice are equally becoming to the figure. The bodice is of velvet, embroidered with gold; a necklace with golden clasps. The head-dress is striking and tasteful. The hair in simple braids, entwined with vine leaves and cluster, which are looped by a golden band.

Fig. 2.—In striking contrast, we have the costume of a court lady of the olden time. The skirt of wide-striped taffeta, green and purple, with a rich shot silk dress. Sleeves demi-long, and a fall of heavy black lace from the elbow, black silk mitts almost meeting it. The hair rolled back and powdered upon the temple, surmounted by a small cap with crimson ribbons. *Bouquet de corsage* of roses and geraniums.

Fig. 3.—Dress of a Swiss mountaineer, of plain blue stuff, made very short, to display the foot and ankle. Apron of spotted muslin, the lace ruffle headed by a narrow blue ribbon; white lace mitts upon the hands and arms. The cap is of a peculiar conical shape, surmounted with a fine lace cockade and lappets. The ornaments are a necklace and large hoops, for ear-rings, of gold.

We give the above costumes for those ladies who prefer to arrange their dresses for themselves, and can do so the more readily before leaving town for the Springs; a fancy ball being the established close of every watering-place season of late. Either of these costumes may be worn with all delicacy by any American lady, which, of itself, is a recommendation; and by any person of taste, they can be arranged without the assistance of a *modiste*.

WOOD-CUT.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of mode-colored *solitaire*, the trimming being points of the same over an inserted piece of a darker shade, a favorite style of the season. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, and trimmed in the same manner. Full undersleeves of cambric, with a triple ruffle about the wrist. Chemisette with plaited frills. Bonnet of mode-colored silk, with edge of satin points.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of richly embroidered muslin, with three flounces scalloped in the embroidery. The upper one is fastened by a superb bouquet of field flowers. The corage is Grecian, an old, but most becoming style revived, with bouquets upon the shoulder. Hair dressed simply, with a wreath to correspond.

CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS
FOR JUNE.

There is still a flaunting of bright ribbons and a glancing of pretty faces upon the *pavé*. The shops of the mantuamakers and milliners are not wholly deserted, for "all the world" does not leave town until July. The openings are at an end, however; and, as there are some in northern and western latitudes who have not yet completed their summer wardrobes, we will renew the principal items of dress and fashion for their benefit.

BONNETS.—Fancy straws are, as they have been for some years past, the staple in this article. They are of every variety, and the shape is becoming to most faces, being a short flat crown, and narrow open brim. There has been an attempt to revive the cap and melon crowns; but things not in themselves graceful will never have a run simply on account of novelty, and we do not think they will be seen after this season. The trimming is very light and pretty. A broad, rich ribbon, folded across the bonnet as simply as may be, with a cape and strings of the same, or straw gimp with cords and tassels. Broad and narrow ribbons of the same pattern are not unfrequent, and narrow checks or bars are among the favorite styles; as blue and white, green and purple, etc. Blue, purple, green, and fawn are the prevailing colors, in every variety of shade and material. Straw and rose colors, of the faintest possible shades, are seen in drawn silk hats, and crêpe is a favorite material. For the inside of the brim, all hats are lined as full as possible, whether with lissé, crêpe, or silk. This leaves little need for flowers or a cap; but, if either is desired, the best taste is light field flowers, a single spray, surrounded by tulle to soften the effect. *Noads* of ribbon are, in some cases, still worn. Bouquets for the outside of the bonnet are mixed with ribbon or lace, and should be of the finest quality, or else they add nothing to its grace or beauty. A summer hat should be as light as possible. Traveling bonnets are of coarse straws, or drawn lawns, or muslins, to suit the color of the dress. Straws have the advantage of looking quite fresh with a new ribbon, while, on the other hand, a drawn bonnet is not easily disordered.

MANTILLAS.—We were present at the opening of Stewart's mantillas, which do not differ materially from those exhibited by Levy and others of this city. They are principally of silk, the neatest pattern not very different from those worn last year, except in the arrangement of the trimming. The colors were mode, lavender, and black, also dark green and blue. Embroidery is almost too heavy for a summer cape or scarf, and the same fault applies, in a measure, to mohair or worsted lace, which is, however, a neat and not expensive finish. Ribbon seems to us the most suitable, and is more easily matched. It is imported quilted in various ways, some of them being very novel and tasteful. A plain narrow ribbon, in box or single plaits, laid in bunches with plain intervals, is the most common style. The scarf mantilla has long floating ends, some of the imported ones being chain-stitched in an elaborate pattern, like the cashmere scarfs of the past winter. A mantilla should be of a color that can be worn with anything, as it is likely to be used in every variety of costume; it is for this reason that the range is so limited.

Besides the varieties given above, Miss Wharton has introduced, from Paris, the *Talma cloak*, or, as some

call it, *cardinal*. It is quite a novelty, and not so heavy a style as might be imagined from its name. It is most easily described as a large circular cape of silk, without a lining, and may be worn with openings for the arms, or folded over them, there being two paterus very nearly alike. There is a style of fringe manufactured almost expressly for them, very wide, with a netted heading. This is decidedly the novelty of the season.

WALKING-DRESSES.—We believe we have already chronicled every material of any consequence used for walking or evening dresses; and we most heartily wish, for our own sakes as well as that of our readers, that something decidedly new would be brought out in the way of making up. As it is, we will describe several belonging to a large order, which Miss Wharton has recently completed for the West.

A mousseline, of neat pattern and spring colors, purple and green predominating. The sleeves are flowing, rather wider than they have been worn, and edged with a green and purple ribbon, in ordinary plain plaits, each of which was fastened in the middle and folded back, a kind of "herring-bone" pattern. The same trimming extended up the front of the dress from the hem and around the throat, the corsage being arranged that it could be opened for a chemisette if desirable.

A dress of blue and white cross-barred silk, a very small bar, and suited for a young girl. The trimming was of the silk, finished and arranged with plain silk of the shade of the blue thread or bar. This is a favorite style for silk dresses.

Green and white silk, of a medium width, gingham stripe, also extremely neat. This dress had an elaborate trimming of silk, finished by hyacinth buttons, which are pendent, and of a very pretty form. The name is taken from the shape and not the color, having some resemblance to the bell of the hyacinth. A *Talma cloak*, of the same material, was trimmed with green and white fringe nearly a quarter of a yard in depth.

A light and elegant grenadine, of one of the styles we have described from Levy's counters. The corsage was plain, demi-long in bodice, and intended for a belt. The lining was cut out in the neck, leaving only the thin shade of grenadine. The trimming light puffs of the same, with an extremely narrow ribbon, having the appearance of being waved through. This had also open sleeves, with caps, so that they could be removed at pleasure.

EVENING-DRESSES.—There were two evening-dresses worthy of notice. The first, white tarleton, with a double skirt, trimmed with a narrow braid of straw above each hem, and the same on the very short sleeve. The skirts were looped up by bouquets of field flowers, poppies, vetches, and sprays of oats, knotted together, as it were, and encircled by threads of the golden straw, with a careless and delicate effect. A similar *bouquet de corsage* and wreath was provided.

An evening-dress of simple white tulle, with triple skirt, the hems edged by narrow white silk braid or ribbon. The waist is over white silk, and the dress is to be worn with a *jups* or skirt of the same. Its principal charm was the graceful arrangement of the bouquets looping the skirts; there were five in all, we think, besides the *bouquet de corsage*, of garden flowers, in which the delicate sweet pea was conspicuous, and the foliage was carelessly and naturally arranged. These dresses were by no means extravagantly expensive, their style being the effect of the exquisite taste of the celebrated *modiste*.

FASHION.

A TRULY AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, THE BOOK OF BEAUTY AND OF THE NATION!

A NEW VOLUME.

THE fact is now established that "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK" is the *ONLY BOOK FOR THE LADIES OF AMERICA NOW PUBLISHED*. Did our space permit, we could insert the testimonials of most of the papers published in the United States that it stands

AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF AMERICA.

OUR BEAUTIFUL SCRIPTURAL PLATES, FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

have won the admiration of all; while our other plates, engraved for us, and from designs made expressly for the "Lady's Book," challenge any competition that may be offered either by magazines or annuals.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES,
Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Embroidery, Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady finds its appropriate place in the Lady's Book.

AMERICAN LITERATURE,

(PAID FOR, NOT TAKEN FROM BRITISH WORKS.)

BY THE BEST AUTHORS IN AMERICA.

TERMS FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1851.

ONE COPY six months, from July to December, inclusive,	.	.	.	\$1 50
TWO COPIES "	"	"	"	3 00
FIVE COPIES "	"	"	"	5 00
TEN COPIES "	"	"	"	10 00

And an extra copy six months to the person sending the club of ten.

TERMS FOR ONE YEAR.

As the work is stereotyped, the back numbers from January, 1851, containing the most beautiful Scriptural and other plates, both plain and colored, ever published, can be furnished.

Single number 25 cents.

One copy, 1 year,	.	.	.	\$3	Five copies, 1 year, or one copy 5 years,	\$10
Two copies, 1 year,	.	.	.	5	Ten copies, 1 year,	20
One copy, 2 years,	.	.	.	5		

And an extra copy one year to the person who sends the club of ten.

- ☞ No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.
- ☞ We do not take unpaid letters out of the post-office, except those from known correspondents.
- ☞ Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

The law passed at the last session of Congress has greatly reduced the postage on periodicals. Those who wish the "Lady's Book" will now find it to their advantage to send directly to the publisher; they will then receive the work at least two weeks earlier than through agents or dealers. The postage, under five hundred miles, will only be two cents; under fifteen hundred miles, four cents.

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent, and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. For 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for the 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for the 1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year, and we will not send them, if so wished, until after the 30th of June, when they can be received at the reduced rates.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

The publishers of this now highly popular and widely-circulated weekly paper for the fireside and home circle are pleased to announce that they have made arrangements for a regular series of articles from the pen of

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,

one of the purest, best, and most interesting of our writers of fiction.

The original department of the "Home Gazette" is as well sustained as that of any magazine in the country. From fourteen to twenty columns of original matter are given every week, embracing a choice variety of subjects. Many of our very best writers are regular contributors.

Nearly everything that the editor writes will appear first in the "Home Gazette," and its readers will be presented with a constant succession of those brief moral stories and sketches that, as a mirror held up to nature, show so accurately the secret workings of the heart, and, from the evils, follies, errors, and mistakes of life, enable men to draw good purposes, and to act more wisely in the time to come. Moreover, in the "Home Gazette" will be published, during 1851, in addition to several original nouvelles by Mr. Arthur, the following copyright novels from his pen, which have never appeared in any newspaper: "*Love in a Cottage*," "*Love in High Life*," "*The Beautiful Widow*," and "*The Debtor's Daughter*." Thus the subscribers to the "Home Gazette" will receive, during the year, from seven to eight of Mr. Arthur's novels.

The publishers of the "Home Gazette" will also give their readers, during the year 1851, **A NOVEL** by **W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.**; **THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER**, a Novel of Western Life, by **EMERSON BENNET**; at least **THREE ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES** by **T. S. ARTHUR**, one of which will be a **Temperance Story**. They will also give a large number of original stories, sketches, &c., including the following highly attractive series of papers: **Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States**, by **ARTHUR J. STANSBURY**; **Anecdotes of Bird, Beast, Fish, and Rep-tille**, by **C. W. WEBBER** (beautifully written papers); **Heroic Women of the Olden Day**, by **H. W. HERBERT**; **The Romance of American History**, by **WM. H. CARPENTER**, &c. &c.

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on **FINE WHITE PAPER**, with Large, clear-faced Type, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	- - - \$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	- - - \$15 00
Three copies "	- - - 5 00	Fourteen " "	- - - 20 00
Six " "	- - - 10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

One copy of the "Home Gazette," and one of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Burtain's Magazine, will be sent for four dollars. ☐ All letters must be post-paid.

☐ Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper.

* * * Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our Agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

* * * Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State, where it is to be sent.
Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLII.—JUNE, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

SUPERB AND ORIGINAL EMBELLISHMENTS. TWO BEAUTIFUL MEZZOTINTS!

1. THE STORM. Engraved, from the original, by	T. B. WALCH.
2. THE MORNING RIDE. " "	T. HUMPHREYS.
3. MODEL COTTAGE IN THE TUDOR STYLE. Engraved by	W. CROOME.
4. FANCY DRESS FASHIONS. Designed by	DALLAS.
5. COSTUMES FOR JUNE. Engraved by	J. FROST.
6. MUSIC—ALL AROUND AND ALL ABOVE TREE. Music by	R. L. HATHAWAY.
7, 8. INTERIOR OF TUDOR COTTAGE. Two engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
9, 10. COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS. Two engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
11-22. DESIGN FOR A LADY'S WORK-BOX. Twelve engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
23. GARDEN DECORATIONS. Engraved by	M. A. JONES.
24-27. THE AUTOUR-BATON. Four engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
28. THE MATINEE. Engraved by	W. CROOME.
29. FANCY COSTUME. Engraved by	J. M. KELLY.
30. THE BALANCE OF HAPPINESS. Engraved by	J. FROST.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

The Storm, by Mary Spencer Pease,	341	The Matinée,	
A Song for June, by Fanny Fales,	344	Fancy Costume,	
The Morning Ride, by Edith Hervey,	345	Knitted Flowers,	
To Him who can alone sit for the Picture, by James W. Simmons,	345	Song of the Dying King, by L. J. W.,	
The Young Enthusiasts, by Frank I. Wilson,	346	The Heart's Visitation, by Celia,	
Bladensburg—a Ballad, by Thomas S. Donoho,	352	The Watcher's Vision, by Francis Floravola,	
Costumes of all Nations—Second Series,	353	The Forest Stream, by Emily Herrmann,	
Ella Mason; or, The Romance of a Second Marriage, by Effie Evergreen,	355	"In every Heart Care builds her Nest," by Christian Durang,	
Susan Clifton; or, the City and the Country, by Professor Alden,	360	The Dying Child, by Llewellyn,	
Matrimonial Reflections, by J. Wm. Weidmeyer,	363	My Love is Like the Opening Rose,	
Design for a Lady's Work-Box,	364	The Balance of Happiness, by Care,	
Sabbath Lyrics, by W. Gilmore Simms,	366	Sonnet, by Wm. Alexander,	
Moral Courage, by Alice B. Neal,	367	Editors' Table,	
Garden Decorations,	372	The Mother and the Roses, by D. E. Wilson,	
Leaves from my Journal.—Florence, by Ferdinand Coxe,	373	Saint Mary's Belts,	
A Rivery, by J. A. S.,	376	Editors' Book Table,	
Develour, by Professor Charles E. Blumenthal,	377	Publisher's Department,	
The Autour-Bouton,	384	Various Useful Receipts,	
		Fashions,	

OUR TRAVELING AGENTS will please notice the alteration in the POSTAGE on the LADY'S Book, put on the third page of cover. The reduction of postage will assist them materially in procuring new subscribers.

J. G. & J. B. MOREY, of Jackson, Mi., are not alluded to in our article denouncing the acts of R. Morris.

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Traveling Agent for the Western States.
by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsay, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, and Alexander R. Laws.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Traveling Agent for the States of Alabama and T.
Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our General Traveling Agent, assisted by Wm. I.
John Collins, James Deering, C. S. James, R. S. James, Albert K. Wellington, M. F. Taylor, Perrin Locke, E. A.
Wm. H. Schlater, John T. Jenkins.
JUSTUS WHITE is our Collector in the State of New York, and is authorized to receive pay for new subscribers.

BREBAN'S INTEREST TABLES,

Exhibiting at a glance the Interest on any sum from One Dollar to Ten Thousand Dollars, for any number of One to Three Hundred and Sixty-six Days, at from Three to Twenty-four per cent.

These Tables form the best Manual of Interest for Capitalists, Bankers, Merchants, Conveyancers, Treasurers and Men of Business, that has ever been published. The book contains 368 pages. For sale by the Publisher,

JAMES M. BREBAN,

No. 89 South Third Street, corner of Pear, Phila.

A copy will be sent to any part of the United States by mail, on the receipt of THREE DOLLARS subscription price, addressed to the Publisher, postage paid.

One copy of the Interest Tables, and one copy of the Lady's Book one year, will be sent for FIVE 1

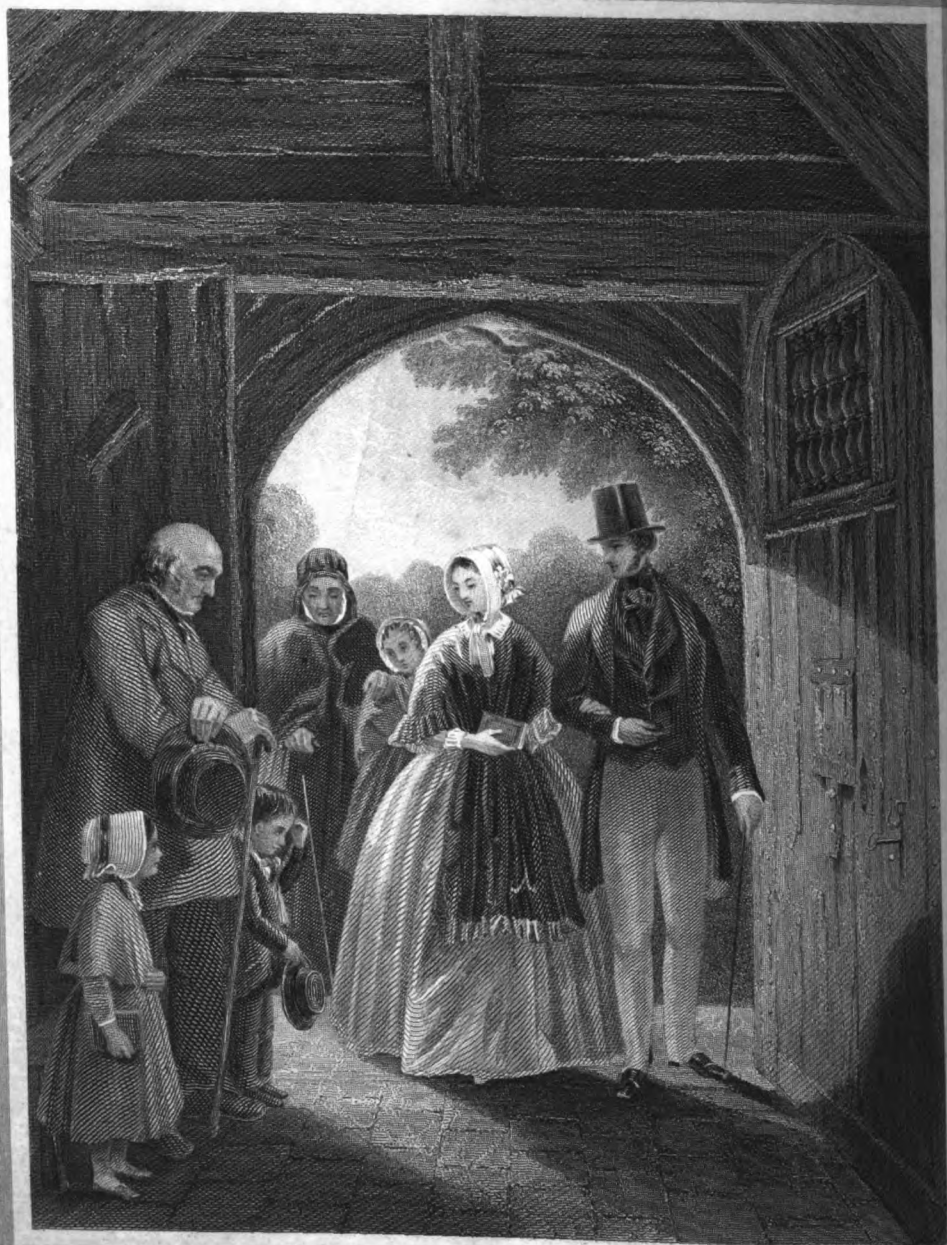
[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS]

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. XLIII

A Descriptive Account of the Picture of Mig- non and her Father by Scheffer,	69	Garden Decorations,	30, 105, 146, 237
A Farmery in the Old English Style,	157	"God Bless you," by <i>W. Wallace Shaw</i> ,	242
A First Size Infant's Dress Crochet Slipper,	52	Hamilcar Leading Hannibal to the Temple, by <i>Edward J. Porter</i> ,	241
A Knitted Walking-Dress for a Young Lady from Six to Nine Years Old,	52	Harwood Hall, by <i>Mary Davenport</i> ,	273
An American Song, by <i>William Ross Wallace</i> ,	240	Heaven in View, by <i>Clara Moreton</i> ,	305
An Apostrophe to Memory, by <i>Virginus Hutchen</i> ,	178	Hope, by <i>Mrs. M. A. Bigelow</i> ,	269
A Night Hunt up the Cungamunck, by <i>C. W. Welber</i> ,	147	How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles, by <i>Mary S. Moreton</i> ,	5
A Night in the Mosquito Territory, by <i>F. N. Zabriskie</i> ,	108	How can an American Woman serve her Coun- try? by <i>Kate Berry</i> ,	362
A Plea for Equestrians, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	27	Hugh Evans; or, the Young Statesman, by <i>The Author of "Wreaths and Branches."</i>	228
A Prayer for Life, by <i>Mary A. Fay</i> ,	55	"I culled a Flower," by <i>Helen C. Lewis</i> ,	55
A Pretty Crochet Neck-Tie, with Cuffs and Muff to correspond,	120	I Love Thee, by <i>Miss A. D. Woodbridge</i> ,	150
Aspasia and Cleomene, by <i>Ann E. Porter</i> ,	38	Independence, by <i>Mrs. Charlotte Hovey</i> ,	48
Astrology, by <i>Ida Baldwin</i> ,	240	Infant's Knitted Lace Cap,	182
A very pretty Baby's Hood and Comforter,	371	"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy Likeness," by <i>Miss E. R. Cable</i> ,	177
A White Violet in Autumn, by <i>C. B. B.</i> ,	304	Katrine—A Simple Tale, by <i>Mrs. E. L. Cush- ing</i> ,	212
A Word more of Draperies,	368	Knitted Baby's Boot,	246
A Word to the Wise, by <i>Caroline C.</i> ,	116	Knitted Lace Collar,	307
Aunt Tabitha's Fireside, by <i>Edith Woodley</i> ,	31, 106, 263	Knitted Lace Stomacher, Waist Band and Edg- ing, for an Infant's Robe,	120
At Sea, July Fourth, by <i>Fritz</i> ,	115	Lament for a Wife, by <i>Mrs. Jane B. Pierce</i> ,	242
Berlin Worsted Work.—Blue Water-Lily and Coral,	183	Leaves from my Journal—Schiller, by <i>the late Miss Harriette J. Meek</i> ,	267
Blessed be God that I was Born, by <i>J. Clement</i> ,	116	L'Esprit, by <i>Joseph Merrefield</i> ,	272
Boarding-House Politics, by <i>The Author of "Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Land- ing," etc.</i> ,	94	Lines on a Grecian Temple in Mount Auburn, by <i>J. C.</i> ,	341
Braiding.—Sofa Cushion and Slipper,	309	Lines on the Monument of a Greek Girl, by <i>D. Strock, Jr.</i> ,	296
Charity, by <i>Alph. of the Manor</i> ,	114	Lines—Thou askest, Am I happy? by <i>Marga- ret Kerr</i> ,	180
Chemisettes and Caps,	306	Literary Notices,	58, 123, 186, 250, 311, 372
Collar and Cuffs Embroidered in Colors on Muslin,	53	"Little Emily," by <i>Abby Allin</i> ,	56
Confessions of a Dreamer, by <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith</i> ,	29, 111, 174, 209	Loneliness, by <i>George W. Weeks</i> ,	113
Correspondence between Elisha Boudinot and George Washington,	237	Lucy Cameron; or, Honesty's Reward, by <i>J. M. Evans</i> ,	268
Costumes of all Nations,	155, 207, 281, 360	Mantle and Undersleeves,	368
Cottage Furniture,	54, 118, 184, 248, 371	Mary's Smile, by <i>Juliet H. L. Campbell</i> ,	7
Counsel—The Evil and the Good, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	261	Memory, by <i>John Duffey</i> ,	200
Editors' Table,	57, 122, 185, 249, 310, 372	Miss Job, by <i>Caroline Chesebro</i> ,	43
Ellen Litchfield, edited by <i>Miss Meeta M. Duncan</i> ,	76	Minna and Brenda,	71
Fairy Glen, by <i>Marie Rowan</i> ,	348	Model Cottages,	4, 117, 157, 196, 260, 342
Familiar Recollections of the Times of the Em- pire, translated from the French by <i>J. M. Sanders</i> ,	333	Modern Aristocrats, by <i>Haddie Lane</i> ,	342
Fashions,	63, 127, 191, 255, 315, 377	Morning Dress and Caps,	181
		Morning Robe and Undersleeves,	245
		My Family and Home, by <i>"Mary Neal,"</i>	117
		My Flowers, by <i>Martha G. Withers</i> ,	116
		My Flower, My Gem, and My Star, by <i>A. J. Requier</i> ,	114

The Church Porch.



"How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts."

Designed & Engraved Expressly for Goddys Ladies Book by W. E. Tucker.



DESIGNED BY J. M. MILLER

ENGRAVED BY RICH. E. KITTING

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD



DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



THE GIRL FEEDING THE RABBITS.

DESIGNED BY J. H. B. & C. 1793.

THE GIRL FEEDING THE RABBITS.

THE GIRL FEEDING THE RABBITS.





DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



Dresses for Children, and Morning Dress.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

THE MUSING HOUR,

a Quartette,

POETRY BY THOS. WELLS, ESQ.,

MUSIC COMPOSED BY AND. W. BLOOMER.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

Tenor.

Alto.

Treble.

PIANO.

1. At mu - sing hour of twi - light gray, When si - lence reigns a - round, I love to walk the church-yard way, To me 'tis ho - ly ground.

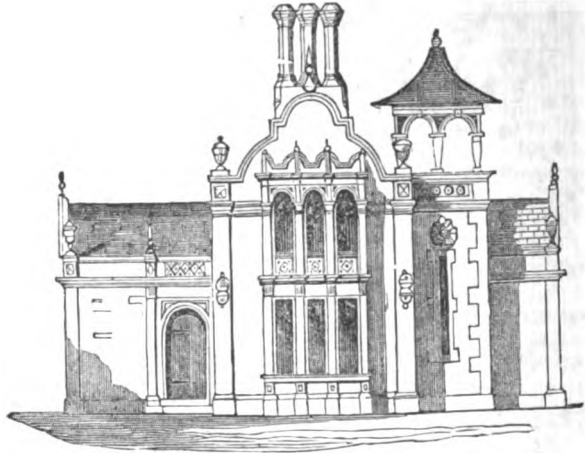
To me, con - gen - ial is the place Where yew and cy - press grow;

I love the moss - grown stone to trace, That tells who lies be - low.

And, as the lonely spot I pass
 Where weary ones repose,
 I think, like them, how soon, alas!
 My pilgrimage will close.
 Like them, I think, when I am gone,
 And soundly sleep as they,
 Alike unnoticed and unknown
 Shall pass my name away.

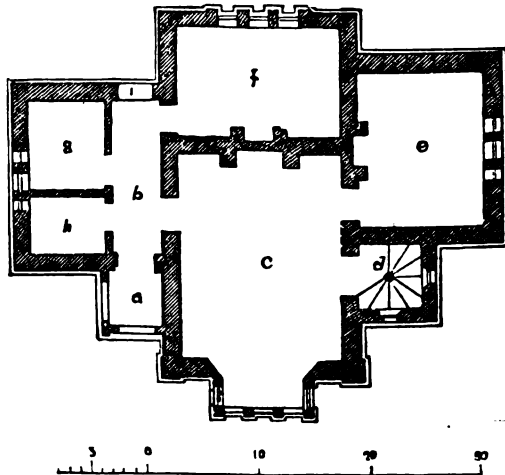
Yet, ah!—and let me lightly tread!—
 She sleeps beneath this stone,
 That would have soothed my dying bed,
 And wept for me when gone!
 Her image 'tis—to mem'ry dear—
 That clings around my heart,
 And makes me fondly linger here,
 Unwilling to depart.

A COTTAGE.



Accommodation.—The plan shows a porch, *a*; passage, *b*; living room, *c*; staircase, *d*; bed-room, *e*; scullery, *f*; dairy, *g*; pantry, *h*; back-entrance, *i*.

The design is chiefly remarkable for the elevation, which is surpassingly handsome.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1851.

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES!

PSALM LXXXIV.

BY MARY S. MORTON.

(See Engraving.)

On, Lord of Hosts! how cheerful
Thy Tabernacles are!
My longing spirit fain beneath
Their shelter would repair.
My heart and flesh in Thee rejoice,
On whom the humblest rest:
Yea—e'en the sparrow in Thy house
Securely builds her nest.

Continually Thy praises
Within Thy walls resound;
And blest are they whose life is there,
Whose strength in thee is found:
The bitter waters of the vale
Their hearts with comfort fill,
And hope from sorrow springs to those
Who do their Father's will.

From strength to strength proceeding,
No enemy they fear;
In Sion to the God of gods
They every one appear:
He is their light and their defence,
And will no good withhold,
But worship give, and grace to those
Who walk within His fold.

In heavenly peace abounding,
One day within thy walls
Is better than a thousand days
Where specious pleasure calls:
A waiting servant's lowly place
Within thy house to gain,
Is better than a lordly seat
Where sin and folly reign.

MY SUMMER WINDOW.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Oh, how sweet is the twilight hour!
So calm and holy too;
Its wings are folding round the flower
As gently as the dew.
The eye of day is closing now,
As if it needed rest;
Sweetly as sleep comes o'er the brow
The sun sinks in the west.

How beautiful are day and night!
No rivalry they know;
Brother and sister in their light,
As hand in hand they go.
No strife nor discord, as they glide
In quick succession by;
The laws of order they abide
Which God has fixed on high.

Oh yes, the flowers and all obey
In every shade they wear;
They close at night, or in the day,
As taught, they scent the air.
Each leaf and stem unfolds aright,
In form and color too,
And on each stem and petal bright
Are lessons there for you.

In early spring some ope their eyes,
Amid surrounding snow;
They fear no ill, but promptly rise,
When called from earth to grow.
Oh, why not *man* obedient be,
And God's command *fulfil*?
What discord and deformity
Since *he first broke His will*!

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

BY KATE BERRY.

(See Plate.)

"AND pray, Mr. Mervin, where have you left Matilda?" said that gentleman's better half, as he entered the parlor, one pleasant June morning; and, while she turned the pages of the last new novel, a somewhat sorrowful look was bestowed on his dusty habiliments.

"Out with the rabbits, my dear," he briefly replied, throwing his goodly person, with a nonchalant air, into a rocking-chair, and beginning to cool himself by means of his broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Forever with those vile rabbits," said Mrs. Mervin, sitting upright with a motion of unusual energy. "The child will be entirely spoilt. It's not half an hour since Bridget braided Matilda's hair and dressed her for the day, so that she need not be the fright which, thanks to you, she has been at this place. I am ashamed to have her seen by company."

"What harm will it do if her dress does get a little disordered?" inquired her husband, in a provokingly quiet manner.

"What harm, Mr. Mervin? Why, just this; that she is becoming a perfect romp, and cares more for boys' play than for anything else. What progress, I'd be glad to know, is she to make in her music this summer, when she has no teacher, and must practice at least six hours a day, if all her mornings are spent in this idle way?"

"Not much progress, I dare say," he replied, "in polkas and waltzes on the piano; but I think she will perform a few in the fields and garden that will give her such a stock of health as shall carry her through a city winter."

"Those old-fashioned, countryfied ideas of yours over again! I never could train her as I wished in the city; and, now that we are fairly out here, you must have it all your own way, and make her as coarse as a dairy-maid. I do wish that you would remember she is not to be brought up like a backwoods girl, and forget, at the same time, that you are a farmer's son." Mrs. Mervin was evidently getting excited.

"There is no prospect of my forgetting what my father was; you are so obliging as to remind me of it too often for that." And Mr. Mervin continued to keep quite cool, both in the outer and inner man; the former process being facilitated by a gentle fanning. "And bring Matilda up as a backwoods girl I shall—that is, if I can have my way. I would much rather she should never know a note of music, or take a stitch of—what do you call it?—crochet, than grow up, as most young ladies do nowadays with round shoulders and a pale face."

"And I, sir," said the wife, waxing warm, "prefer to have her accomplished and refined, like those in whose society she is expected to move."

"And so she must spend six hours a day at the piano, which she fairly hates, trying to learn an accomplishment for which she has no taste, and will forget before she is twenty-five; that is, if she marries. Do I understand you, my dear?" And Mr. Mervin glanced, in a mock inquisitive manner, towards the lady.

"There is no use in arguing with you," she exclaimed; and, ringing the bell, she desired Bridget to bring Miss Matilda to the house.

Let us follow Bridget to the rear of the garden, where, in a green inclosure, surrounded by rabbits of all ages and sizes, sits the unconscious subject of her parents' bickering, occupying herself infinitely to her own satisfaction. She is feeding a juvenile member of the family with a tender cabbage leaf, suited to its infant powers of digestion, while the more advanced inhabitants of the pen are regaling themselves on carrots, manifesting greater attention to the maxim of "each one for himself" than comport with politeness. She feeds, fondles, chases, and scolds each one by turns, gladly oblivious of music and crochet work, till the voice of Bridget calls her from that pleasant little world of her own to a sense of the trials and vexations that await a return to the house.

"Plase, miss, yer mother wants ye just to step into the parlor."

"Dear me!" cried the poor child, "I was hoping ma wouldn't find out, in ever so long, where I was." And she looked with affright at her soiled muslin dress, then thrust her fingers through her shining brown hair, and asked Bridget if any of the corn-colored bows were lost out of the braids?

Bridget assured her that "niver a one was gone;" at which piece of information Matilda declared herself highly rejoiced, "Ma would scold so if she should drop them off in the rabbit-pen." Then, hugging and squeezing her mute companions all round, she reluctantly followed the lengthened strides of the servant through the garden. Before reaching the house, her downcast countenance lighted up with a gleeful expression as she recollected that her father did not go to town that day; and, running to overtake Bridget, she told the sympathizing child of Erin that "her pa would take her part, she knew he would."

Mr. and Mrs. Mervin sat moodily, as we left them, when Matilda made her appearance, at first peering timidly in at the door, then, taking courage

at the sight of her father, she entered gayly and began an animated account of the various performances in the rabbit-pen, with a description of the peculiarities of some individual members of the little community. She was interrupted by her mother—

"And a pretty condition you are in to be seen in the parlor, after your play! Just look at those grass stains on your dress!"

"Sure enough," said Mr. Mervin, advancing to the door; "and we'll see something green besides those, and stand a chance to have them extricated by briars: so come, Matty." And, desiring her to fetch her sun-bonnet, they sallied forth on a long ramble in the wood.

Such scenes as the above were of almost daily occurrence at the summer residence of the Mervins; and, as now, the husband usually had the last word, the wife giving in, with a sullen, ungracious acquiescence, to the plans of one who generally had sense and reason on his side, and always an indomitable will. So that the youthful Matilda, while gaining a vigorous physical constitution under the tutelage of her father, and subject incessantly to the absurd opposition of her mother, stood a very fair chance of losing that most sacred guard of a daughter's moral well-being, the sentiment of respect for the latter parent.

Mrs. Mervin had been reared in the city by a weak but very "genteel" mother, and, before the age of twenty, had married her father's head clerk, now so prosperous as to be the owner of a country house. I cannot say, though I fully endorse his views as to the employments of growing young ladies, that he was as considerate as he should have been towards his wife's failings, or that he made himself sufficiently persuasive by a judicious blandness, when sustaining an argument with a woman whose errors were the result of a false education. He was not different from the majority of men in the lack of these qualities. And here I am tempted to moralize, as reflections on the unhappy influence of such differences between parents upon the hearts and minds of their children are suggested. But I forbear indulging them at present, beyond a passing allusion, and will proceed with our story, which, after all, as the reader will discover, is not much of one, having, as we in the north say, "no nub."

Left to herself, Mrs. Mervin, after giving audience to some uncharitable thoughts on the departed pair, whom she had no desire to accompany, considering it a bore to walk in the country, returned to her novel, and soon forgot all petty annoyances in following the fortunes of its hero and heroine.

Meantime, Matilda, at her father's side, wandered far away into the old wood, tearing her dress and losing her corn-colored ribbons, quite to his satisfaction.

"Pa," said she, "when I am a woman, my little girl shall play with rabbits, and run in the fields just as much as she likes."

To which expression of her intentions as to her

future course, Mr. Mervin gave a hearty assent. It is to be hoped that Matilda will not forget to act upon her childish resolution.

As fervently, too, will we hope that Mr. Mervin's strong sense and kind heart will shortly lead him to adopt a more coaxing way towards the not unimpressible woman who is his wife, and that a summer in the country will have so modified her views that, when another spring arrives, she will not only provide stouter dresses for Majilda's rural plays and rambles, but will herself share in and encourage them. By which means, she will not merely add to her own health and contentment, but regain the lover-like attentions of her first wedded days, as well as secure that hold upon her child's affectionate heart that a sensible, though not sufficiently discriminating, husband has unwittingly assisted in weakening.

So, for the present, we will leave the young mistress of the little family, trusting that, when she reaches that period where (most truly womanlike) her expectations point, the sky may be as fair and the flowers bloom as brightly in her path as now while she frolics with her pets. But, as her lot is woman's, and therefore one of trial and anxiety, as outward prosperity cannot make her sunshine, nor a world's praises strew her way with flowers, pray we that her sunshine may be the inward "light of holy thoughts;" that her blossoms may be found in fadeless affections and undying truth; that, with a heart unchilled by worldliness or fashion's ways, she may move, self-forgetful as now, among the flock that will look up to her fair face to read the love-smile, and to her gentle hand for guidance.

MARY'S SMILE.

BY JULIET M. L. CAMPBELL.

I HAVE met you in festival hours,
Surrounded by brilliant and gay,
When time seemed to float over flowers,
And exhale, like their odors, away.

You were decked with peculiar care,
And the toilet's rare treasures you bore;
But the radiant beams of your smile
Outdazzled the jewels you wore.

Then I followed its beautiful light
From the precincts of pleasure away,
Where it beamed with a brightness unchanged,
And undimmed by the lustre of day.

It was sunshine illumining home,
Where infancy basked in its light;
It was cheering to manhood in gloom,
As a star to the wand'rer at night.

Then smile, ever smile, lady fair,
At morn, and at noon, and at even;
'Twill brighten thy pathway on earth,
Nor fade on the portals of Heaven.

THE BROKEN MERCHANT.

BY MRS SARAH J. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISCLOSURE.

"Here 's a sudden change."

"ARE you ill, Charles?" said Mrs. Carlton, laying down her pencil: she had been sketching.

Her husband did not answer; but, seating himself heavily on the sofa, he pressed his right hand on his forehead.

His young wife arose gently, there was a slight suffusion on her cheek, but it was not wounded pride that her question had been unheeded. She leaned over the arm of the sofa, and tenderly laid her hand on his forehead:—

"Is there much pain in your head, my love?"

"Yes, deep, terrible. Emily, you cannot relieve it."

"Let me try my skill at Mesmerism," said she, as she playfully ran her fingers through the clusters of his hair, and, lifting the dark locks from his temple, pressed her rosy lips on the swollen and throbbing veins. Her kiss was so soft and still that, had a jealous lover been watching beside her, he would not have heard a sound. Real and pure affection is always quiet and delicate in its attentions; and no man of refinement can long love a wife whose demonstrations of attachment are obtrusive and importunate.

Charles Carlton scarcely heard the kiss of his wife, but he felt its thrill through every pulse and nerve. It was the pledged affection of a loving and true heart. His hand trembled, fell, and his eyes, as they met hers, filled with tears. Emily's heart sank within her, as the fear of some terrible calamity rushed upon her mind; but she strove to sustain herself, and, taking her husband's hand in both of hers, she sat down by his side.

"Charles, dear Charles?" said she, inquiringly. "Emily"—

"My dear husband, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he, calmly.

"Nothing! Oh, do not say so! Let me comfort you, at least. Tell me—tell me, what has happened?"

"I will tell you, Emily; for you must know. I am ruined!"

"Ruined! How? Why?"

"I am a bankrupt, Emily. I have *failed*—lost all my property—all!" and he again covered his face.

"Well, my dear husband, if it be lost, let it go. There are a thousand ways to live by industry; and I can do a good many things."

"But, Emily, you do not comprehend this at all. I am a broken merchant. I shall not be trusted with business. I owe thousands that I cannot pay. I have nothing—nothing left!"

"Yes, my love, you have what you have often called your dearest treasures—your wife and little Henry. We will be your treasures still." And she twined her arm around the neck of her husband, and tenderly drew his head upon her shoulder.

"Bless you! bless you, my own Emily—my wife!—you have comforted me!"

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDS.

"Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear."

"ANY news this morning, Mr. Halford?" said John Folsom to the gentleman who entered his counting-room. He was a tall, pale man, with a commercial-looking face; that is, bilious and rather care-worn; but the keen glance of his eye was tempered by a benevolent smile, and, when he raised his hat, the high, broad, smooth forehead bore the unequivocal stamp of a warm heart and a good conscience.

"The only news of the morning is that Carlton has failed," said Mr. Halford.

"Yes, I knew that last evening," replied John Folsom.

"Is it a total failure? Or will he be doing business again in six months?"

"Radical: a thorough failure. Given up all."

"That is rather an unusual course," remarked Mr. Halford. "Most of our broken merchants contrive to secure a share for themselves. You are his friend: why did you not advise him better?"

"Your pardon, sir, I never advise my friends; it only offends them. Throw physic to the dogs as soon."

"I heard that the failure was caused by signing for Cogswell & Co. Was that true?"

"Partly so. Carlton lost about twenty thousand dollars by that firm; but then he might have gone on in business for some months, and perhaps have got over his embarrassments entirely, if he had not been so very squeamish."

"Squeamish! How do you mean?"

"Why, he applied to old Colonel Dillis, to whom he was owing a considerable debt, and told him

how matters stood, and the reasons he had for believing he might retrieve his affairs, if he could obtain a loan of ten thousand for a few months; and he offered Dillis good security for the money: but the old colonel knows how to manage. He would not loan the cash, unless he could have his debt likewise provided for in the security. This Carlton thought would not be doing the honorable by his other creditors, and he refused; and Dillis immediately levied an attachment."

"Carlton should have applied to his other friends: he ought to have many, for he has been a very obliging man. I think there must have been some who would have remembered his loans. Did he not once assist you, Mr. Folsom, materially?"

"Yes, yes, his name was of some service at the time my creditors run me so hard; but I have paid him."

"There are benefits which the mere value received never pays," remarked Mr. Halford, dryly, as he left the store of the dashing merchant. He walked hastily up Chestnut Street. "I will call on Carlton," said he to himself, as he went on. "Perhaps I can hit on some plan to put him again in business. He has a lovely young wife, and it must sorely try the spirit of a man who loves his family to see them destitute. He owes me; but it is no matter. I find he has been honest, even under the hard temptation of bankruptcy. He has acted honorably, and he shall be sustained."

CHAPTER III.

THE PARTING.

— "Partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts."

It was June, the "bright and leafy June," and such a glorious day! There are mornings when it seems as though the angel at Heaven's portal had purposely left the "adamantine gates" ajar, that our cold earth and callous hearts might be revived and purified with the hallowed tide of light, and life, and love. We idly talk of Nature as of a goddess, and say she renews her youth and beauty, and puts on the green robe of Spring, and the flowery mantle of Summer, and Autumn's rich sheafy crown; but the energy of Nature is only the breath of the Almighty, the Creator; her beauty is but the reflection of his benevolence; and her bounty the overflowing of his ever-during love for the creatures he hath made. Rely on him, and thou wilt never be forsaken, never destitute, never in despair.

"We will trust in God, my dear husband," said Mrs. Carlton, as she wiped the tears which, all unconsciously to herself, had, for minutes, been raining from her eyes on the fair forehead of her babe, as he stood at her knee, looking up with an earnest gaze at his mother. He had never before seen her face in sorrow: it seemed to astonish, almost petri-

fy him. "Dear Henry," she continued, clasping him to her bosom, "how I wish you could speak! You should tell papa that we will think of him and love him every hour he is gone. But you will soon learn to talk. Charles, I shall have nothing to do but teach Henry and write to you; and Paris is not quite to the end of the world."

Charles Carlton kept his station by the open window. A stranger, who had only remarked the rapid glance of his eye, as it wandered from earth to heaven, might have fancied him a poet in the ecstasies of inspiration. Alas! his musings were of a sterner quality than poet's dreams. He felt the reality of struggling with himself. There are few occasions that more deeply try the soul of a man than parting with the only being he feels sure loves him. He is Adam, going from his paradise *alone*.

Emily suddenly started up with her infant in her arms, and stood by her husband's side. "She had caught the sound of coming wheels, and she knew he must go. There is no indulging in sentiment when a rail-car or steamboat is waiting. But love, ay, real affection, is as deeply expressed in one word as in twenty.

There was such a look of love, of unutterable affection in the tender smile which dimpled her pale cheek, as she held the babe to her husband for his farewell kiss, that it quite overcame the heart it was intended to encourage. Had she wept or complained, Charles Carlton would have rallied his manly fortitude to comfort and sustain her; but now he only felt that he was obliged to leave all he held dearest on earth, *he was the sufferer*; and, clasping his dear ones to his bosom, his kisses were the only farewell his lips could frame.

"And is he gone?" On sudden solitude,
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
'Twas but an instant passed, and here he stood!
And now without the portal's front she rushed,
And then, at length, *her tears* in freedom gushed."

CHAPTER IV.

GOSSIP.

"The love of show, alas, that it should warp
Our kindest feelings by its selfish pride!"

"So your beautiful friend, Mrs. Carlton, the brightest star in the galaxy of fashion, has been shorn of her beams, they tell me, and has left Philadelphia, and buried herself somewhere in the shades of Germantown," said Mr. Mears.

"Say rather, she is ruralizing in Germantown. I cannot endure to think of such a total eclipse for poor Emily," said Miss Arabella Folsom, affectedly sighing, as she clasped her jeweled fingers in a manner to display all the most costly and sparkling rings.

"Have you visited her since her retirement?" inquired Mr. Mears.

"Oh no! It would pain me so excessively to meet poor Emily under a sense of her altered fortune. Indeed, I fear my emotion would be uncontrollable, and thus afflict her. I would not spare myself," said the young lady, again sighing deeply.

"Bell is so devotedly attached to Mrs. Carlton, that this misfortune has nearly broken her heart," said Mrs. Folsom, the mother. "I wish she had not so much sensibility."

"Why, it is rather an unpleasant affair to fail in business," remarked Mr. Mears; "but it is not very uncommon; and I don't see as it is likely to do Carlton any serious injury. He has gone out to Paris, agent for Halford & Co., a good firm; and I hear he is allowed to do something besides for his own benefit. Perhaps, in a few years, he will return rich enough to flourish as gay as ever."

"I think, Bell, you had better ride out to Germantown, one of these fine mornings, and call on Mrs. Carlton," said Mrs. Folsom.

"I would, mamma, with all my heart, only she lives with her odd old aunt, the Mrs. Eaton whom I used to detest so much. What made Emily endure her I never could imagine; perhaps it was that she might have a friend in time of need."

"Mrs. Carlton was incapable of such calculating selfishness, I am sure," said Mr. Mears, warmly, forgetting, in his zeal for the injured absent lady, that he was dissenting from the opinion of her particular friend.

"Oh, I dare say you are right, Mr. Mears," said Miss Folsom, with an air of pique. "Emily had a most sweet and winning manner, and really she was very amiable, and always appeared to love her aunt; but that was no good reason why others should also adore the old lady. Really, to me she was disagreeable. Why, she was always prosing about the influence of woman, and her duties, and moral improvement, and all such obsolete stuff. She is a walking lecture; and I wonder how Emily can endure to live with her."

"You would not, Bell, I am very sure," said John Folsom, as he entered the parlor.

"No, indeed, brother, I could not submit to such a humdrum life. Out of fashion, out of existence for me."

"Bell, how wildly you talk!" said the mother. "I am really astonished. I never heard you so unsentimental before. Reverses sometimes happen to the very rich; and you are not certain of always being among the fortunate. To be sure, I do not know what I could do if John should fail!" and she elevated her large lace handkerchief with a swell of importance.

"I know; I would die at once!" cried the young lady, vehemently.

Her brother bit his lip, and Mr. Mears, politely bowing, bade the ladies good morning.

CHAPTER V.

MATRIMONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all."

FROM Mr. Carlton to his wife:—

PARIS, Sept., 1832.

* * * * *

"You see, then, dearest, that my business, or rather that of Halford & Co., goes on bravely here; and all that disquiets me is my separation from you. I often compare my former ideas of 'gay and sunny France' with the desert-like feelings that now oppress me, whenever I visit, as I do occasionally, its scenes of fame and its places of amusement. I feel little interest in these things, except as I can combine the new objects presented with your image in my heart. 'I will describe this to Emily, I will tell this to Emily, I will keep this for Emily,' is the language of my soul when I see, hear, or obtain anything that pleases and interests me. In the hurry of business your idea is constantly present, encouraging me to exertion, and I really enjoy my toil; but when I go to the solitude of my own chamber, and find no Emily to welcome me with a smile and a kind word, I am desolate and sad.

"I wonder how any man can endure life who only lives for himself! Dearest Emily, do write often, and tell me everything about yourself and little Henry. God bless the boy!"

* * * * *

FROM Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

GERMANTOWN, Oct., 1832.

"I have a precious piece of news for you, my dear husband. Henry can speak a whole sentence. What do you think it is?—but don't guess. I want to tell you the whole story. Every morning, after breakfast, I have taken him to my chamber, and there shown him your miniature, and I say to him, as he kisses it, 'It is papa. Henry loves papa.' I wanted he should be in the constant habit of remembering and loving you; and this morning he said it himself, of his own accord: 'Henry loves papa!' Oh, I never was so happy! I laughed and wept, and caressed and kissed him, and he was wild with joy, because he found he had delighted me so; and he said, fifty times over, 'Henry loves papa!' How I wish you could hear him!"

"This incident, my dear Charles, has awakened a train of serious and happy reflections in my mind. I am quite a convert to my good aunt's theory, that happiness is always found in the path of duty; and then she has another apothegm, which I hope I shall find as true, that adversity has deeper and purer pleasures than prosperity.

"Had we, my husband, continued in our prosperity, I should probably have lost this dear and precious pleasure of hearing my child's first sen-

tence. Perhaps, too, instead of having his first accents imbued with filial love, and his heart strengthened in its pure feelings by his mother's caresses, he might have given expression to some angry passion or selfish appetite, that would have defiled his sweet lisps, and might have given an evil impulse to his feelings which could never have been corrected. Oh, it is strange that woman can think so much of jewels from the mines of earth, when she holds the key of the heart's treasures! I ask myself, what amount of wealth would have given me the unutterable transport which my babe's first simple sentence has done? I can answer before God, that no amount could have made me so happy."

* * * * *

From Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

"GERMANTOWN, July, 1833.

* * * * *

—"How do I pass my time this summer?" is your question. Well, as you seem to rely so confidently on my confession, it shall be frank and full; though somewhat abridged, for patience over a long letter is not, I am told, the virtue of man.

"First on my list of doings I rank my maternal duties—pleasures I call them; and if you could see little Henry—he is not *little* now—and hear him talk—his voice is sweet as a bird's—you would think I was a good mother. And is not that something in my favor, Charles?

"Then I assist my kind aunt in her housekeeping, and in her charities, too; for, though she has no great store of worldly goods, she is rich in good works. Do you wish to know what I *contribute*? My sympathies, my attentions, kind words, and encouraging smiles; and really, Charles, I never received so expressive, and, as I think, so sincere gratitude for all my bounteous gifts (you know we did give largely in Philadelphia), as I now have showered upon me for my good will merely. Charity of spirit towards the poor is more popular with them, and more beneficial, too, than charities in money.

"But amusements; ah, I have them in plenty; I walk, ride, read, and botanize. If you could see Henry and me out gathering flowers, and hear his glad laugh when he finds one, and I laugh as loud as he, you would think it was amusing to botanize. Then my music is a delightful pleasure; because then, Charles, I feel as if my spirit was communing with yours. Thank you a thousand times for your last collection, the pieces are all charming, and I can perform that 'divine air,' as you style it, charmingly; at least, so says Monsieur D—; and you used to think him the standard of taste in music. Seriously, I do think I have made great proficiency in music this last year: send me the songs you prefer, and when you return you will hear me sing like a *Prima Donna*."

* * * * *

From Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

"GERMANTOWN, July 4th, 1834.

* * * * *

"You can hardly imagine, my dear Charles, how happy your last letter made me! And you think that, in one year more, you will be able to return, with sufficient to pay your creditors. And then we will celebrate our independence, Charles. What a happy day it will be; and how different, too, the sources of our happiness from those which I once foolishly thought were the basis of enjoyment!

"I will tell you why I write with such warmth; you will, I know, be glad to learn that one debt is paid. About three months ago, a poor woman came from Philadelphia to our neighborhood in search of employment. She called at our house; and, aunt being out, I went down to see the woman. She looked wretched; and, when she saw I pitied her, she went on to tell me a long story of troubles, how she had lived in the city, kept a confectioner's shop, been unfortunate in her customers, till finally she had to give up her trade; and her husband, for her debts, had been sent to jail.

"I asked her why she was unfortunate in her customers? 'Oh,' said she, 'they did not pay me;' and she went on to name a number of ladies, who were foremost among the fashionables when I was in town, as delinquents. And then, Charles, she 'named my name' among the rest. 'There was that pretty Mrs. Carlton'—(I give her own words)—'she owed me a hundred dollars when her husband failed.'

"My face was crimson, I believe: the woman started to see my agitation, and then she recollected me. I do not think she had before any idea who I was. Don't think, Charles, that I am wofully altered. She had never seen me dressed so plainly; and shall I tell you the compliment? She said she had never seen me look so handsome—so very handsome; 'for,' said she, 'I never saw you have such healthy, rosy cheeks before.'

"I remembered purchasing confectionery of her the last winter we were in town; but I had never thought of it since. One hundred dollars! and the articles were nearly all furnished, she said, for our last grand party. Of the 'dear five hundred friends' I then invited, only five have ever shown a wish to continue the friendship since our failure.

"One hundred dollars! The poor woman said it would release her husband from jail. I sold my pearls, Charles, and paid her. And the pride and pleasure I felt that first evening I wore them, when you whispered they became me, was nothing to my exultation when I had sent the poor creature to release her husband."

* * * * *

From Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

"GERMANTOWN, January, 1835.

"MY DEAR CHARLES: I have sad, sad news. Poor John Folsom is dead; shot himself last Friday night! He left a note, stating that his property was

gone; and that he trusted God would have more mercy for his sin than the world would for his poverty. Mistaken man, to fear the world's contumely more than the law of his God!

"Oh, how I do pity his mother and sister! Poor Bell! I once loved her like a sister; she has entirely neglected me since my retirement, and so I thought but little of her; but now I feel my affection all revive. Poor girl, how I wish I could comfort her! If they had only lost their property, it would have been nothing. I could have told them that there are a thousand sources of happiness independent of wealth and fashion; pleasures which may be enjoyed without money; but what can I say now? What should I have done? How been, if you, oh, my beloved husband—how thankful I feel that God has sustained us in our reverses!"—

* * * * *

From Mr. Carlton to his wife:—

"PARIS, April, 1815.

"What shall I say, love, respecting the sad news? I am greatly distressed. Poor Folsom! he was much to be pitied. You do not, cannot know his temptations to the rash and wicked act; but my acquaintance with his character, and with the mania of his mother and sister to be among the fashionables, has led me to most painful reflections on his unhappy fate. He was ambitious, but naturally generous and enthusiastic; and, had his pride been rightly directed towards useful and noble objects, he would have made a noble-minded and useful man.

"But his mother and sister thought only of show and *éclat*; and they bound down his spirit to the circle of the world of fashion. In their esteem, he was the greatest man who could keep the most expensive establishment, and afford the ladies of his family the most costly array. It was their reproaches and complaints which poor John dared not meet. He could have braved the world; but there was for him no rest at home.

"Do not think I am placing all the sins of my sex to the account of yours. We have a long and dark catalogue of our own: but I do think that, in our country, it is in woman's power, if she would rightly exert her moral influence, to call forth our virtues, and even to make our more impetuous passions subservient to great and glorious purposes. But if American women worship wealth, the men will sacrifice their souls to gain it.

"A thousand, thousand blessings on you, my love! You have sustained my spirit by your cheerful affection, and your example and counsel are every day strengthening in me the determination to be worthy of such a wife. Pray for me, that my heart may be purified from all sinful and worldly affections, and kept from those fierce temptations which only heavenly grace can enable us to overcome. Your husband,

"CHARLES CARLTON."

CHAPTER VI.

NEWS.

"Ill-favored is the bearer of ill news."

"THERE is a gentleman below who has a letter for Mrs. Carlton," said the domestic.

"Why did he not send it up?"

"He said it was not to you, madam; but he had brought it for you to read, and he wished to make some explanations."

"Did he give his name?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Cole."

"Cole—Cole—I do not recollect any person of that name. It is not a very elegant name, Cole;" and Mrs. Carlton, as she hurried to finish her toilet, endeavored, by dwelling on the name, to keep from her heart the agitating dread of some impending evil. What evil could she fear, except as connected with the fate of her husband? She had not heard from him for several months.

"Mrs. Carlton, sir."

Mr. Cole started at the announcement. He had not anticipated seeing a solitary wife looking so like an angel. She was arrayed in a pure white robe, no ornaments; angels never wear them.

"I have received a letter from my French correspondent, making kind inquiries respecting Mr. Carlton, supposing him in Philadelphia, madam."

"Well, sir?"

"Mr. Halford wished me to ascertain if you had heard from your husband of late."

"It is some time since; about—about"—and a burning blush rushed over her cheek, and then as suddenly ebbing, left her face white as new-fallen snow.

"How long did you say, madam?"

"Nearly six months;" and her voice sank with the suffocating sensation at her heart, as she thought, "how long!"

"Mr. Carlton, it seems, left Paris about four months since."

"Just the time he named in his last letter that he should embark for home. Oh, what has happened! Where is he? Can you not tell me? The letter!"

"Be calm, madam; pray be calm," said Mr. Cole, in a most soothing tone. "Nothing has happened that we can ascertain. Mr. Carlton was highly respected at Paris, and this letter—you may see it—only speaks in general terms of his departure. Be calm, Mrs. Carlton; pray do not afflict yourself. What! ho! help! the lady has fainted!"

"Strange she should faint! I never thought a wife cared so much for her husband. I wonder who would grieve if I should be lost? I'll marry, that's settled; I'll marry." So thought Mr. Cole as he rode homewards.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

"Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears."

"DOCTOR, how do you find my poor little niece, Mrs. Carlton, this morning?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"No better, no better; heart sick, Mrs. Eaton. Medicines do little good in such cases."

"You still recommend traveling?"

"Yes, madam."

"A sea voyage?"

"I should say it promised to be beneficial."

"To France?"

"Yes, take her to Paris; let her see the friends of her late husband, and hear their praises of his character. Such things awaken the current of life and its thoughts; if you can arouse these, the mother will triumph in her heart, and she will strive to become reconciled to the dispensation of Providence, and to life for her child's sake."

"A Christian should always be reconciled," remarked Mrs. Eaton.

"True; but Christians need motives to obedience; and, in cases of severe affliction, these motives should be placed in the most touching light. Pardon me, madam; I know I am only repeating your sentiments; those, indeed, which I have learned from your own lips and life."

"Oh, doctor, you have probed me to the quick! I am the selfish one, the unreconciled. I did not repine that the affections of my niece were given to Mr. Carlton. I felt that she ought to love her husband better than any other earthly friend. But I cannot bear that the whole heart of my precious child should be buried in the grave of her husband; I want her to turn to me."

"And so she will, madam, as soon as this torpor of grief is, in some measure, removed."

"Dear Emily!" said Mrs. Eaton, greatly moved. "She shall go to Paris. I will conquer myself. I will talk to her of her husband; he was an excellent man, and worthy her love. There! there! Is not that he? Merciful Heaven, my prayers are heard! It is Charles!"

* * * * *

"I sent you a long letter the day before I left Paris, detailing all the reasons which induced me to go to Constantinople; and stating also the probability that you might not receive another letter, or hear from me, till I had the blessed privilege of thus assuring you of my health and happiness;" and Charles Carlton alternately kissed the pale lip of his wife and the rosy cheeks of his boy, as they were both encircled in his arms.

"The letter never reached me; and, Charles, you cannot know how this silence distressed me."

"I see it, I feel it too well, my own love. If I had anticipated your affliction, not all the bright prospects held out by Mr. Dupin would have weighed a feather. I would have come to you."

"Oh, never think of it, Charles. It is over; you are here, and I shall soon be well; and then how happy we will be! You must not leave me again."

"Never, never! I have money enough, besides paying all my creditors, except Mr. Halford, who has voluntarily relinquished his claim, to begin business again for myself. We shall know how to estimate our blessings, how to enjoy them. We will live for domestic happiness, for social improvement, for religious duties."

"But never again, my husband, for fashionable display."

"Never, Emily."

THE FATE OF A FLIRT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

LOOKING over a Philadelphia magazine, published in 1791, I was somewhat amused by an article therein, censuring severely the indolence and finicky manners of the women of that day, and contrasting the enervating habits of modern refinement with the simplicity, frugality, and industry of their grandmothers. At the present time, we look back with regret to the good old times complained of by that same censor, and regard the very matrons whom he stigmatizes as idle, vain, and frivolous, as models of excellent housewifery and industrious management—in short, as the very realization of Solomon's ideal picture. No doubt, as we recede into the past, we shall find, in successive generations, similar examples of veneration for a bygone age at the expense of the present; similar

2*

instances of contrast, in which the verdict is always in favor of those who have passed from the stage of action. In the next age, probably, we matrons of the present day shall have our turn of being held up as ensamples for the imitation of our juvenile descendants; shall serve to illustrate the virtues of a past generation, to be emulated, though scarcely equaled, by those who shall come after us. Praises lavished upon us shall then give point to the lectures of busy reformers, who reprove the faults of the female world. It is according to the established rule of things that so it should be.

Now, although much of this is certainly to be attributed to the universal propensity to prize to the worth that which is gone, rather than that which is in possession, it cannot be denied that, in some re-

spects, the world does degenerate as it grows old. It would require a philosophical dissertation, with no little historical and statistical knowledge, to point out all the matters in which we stand lower than our ancestors, and in which those who "catch the manners living as they rise" are ready to acknowledge that society deteriorates day by day. I shall not undertake the task, in which the experience and observation of each individual would be a more reliable guide in forming a judgment. An incident, however, which throws a strong light upon the manners of the olden time, may have a bearing on the question, and suggest inquiry to the philosophical as to the effect of luxury and refinement on the manners of a community. The story was related to me almost upon the spot where the occurrence took place, and is confirmed in all its particulars by the recollection of "the oldest inhabitant."

Some eighty years ago, the now flourishing town of E—, on the Delaware, was but a small settlement in one of the remote and comparatively wild portions of Pennsylvania. At the present day, the compactly built town fills the space between the mountains and the two rivers that here form a junction, while their banks are lined with busy manufactories and the dwellings of men. The lofty hills that rise abruptly from the plain, or overhang the waters, are cultivated in spots; and the patches of woodland here and there seem spared for the purpose of adorning the landscape, and affording secluded walks to the wanderers who love the beauty of nature. At the period to which our tale carries us back, the scenery of this beautiful region was not less enchanting, though far more wild and savage. A dense forest then covered the mountains to their rocky summits, and bordered the rivers for many miles; the valley, through which flows a sweet stream to mingle with the Delaware, was dark with the shadow of primeval woods, and the waters, untroubled by the different manufactories for the uses of which their streams have since been diverted, swept in calm majesty along their time-worn channel, scarcely knowing the difference of seasons. Not far from the Delaware, a double row of low-roofed, quaint-looking stone houses formed the most populous part of the settlement. Other dwellings, scattered about in different directions, were built in the same style, and evidently inhabited by the same sturdy and primitive Dutch population. Many of these houses are still standing, and give a character to the appearance of the whole place. It has been often remarked how unchangingly, from one generation to another, the habits of the Dutch people are preserved by their descendants, giving a monotony to their life and manners, while their more mutable neighbors are yielding themselves, day by day, to the law of progress. This inveterate attachment to the old order of things, and aversion to innovations, peculiar to their nation, kept the ancient inhabitants of E— in the same condition with their forefathers, notwithstanding

ing the improvements introduced from European cities into other parts of the colony. Philadelphia, though at that time but a village in comparison to what it is now, was looked upon as a place of luxury and corruption dangerous to the morals of youth. Few of the families composing the settlement at E— had ever been there, or had visited any other of the provincial cities. They sought no intercourse with the world's great Babel, content with the information that reached them regularly once a week with the newspapers brought by the post-boy, which were loaned to the neighbors in turn by the few who received them. Now and then, it is true, when the business of the day was over, a number of men might be seen seated in the large sitting-room of the old stone tavern, or on the veranda, wearing their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, smoking their pipes, and discussing events of which the rumor had reached them, when there were more stirring than common. But these discussions were always conducted quietly, and without the exhibition of any feeling of partisanship. They were terminated at a very early hour, all thought of political matters being usually dismissed with the last puff of their pipes, as the worthy mynheers took their way homewards.

As little did the love of change prevail among the good *frans* of that day. They were of the class described by a distinguished chronicler, who "stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore frocks." They wore the same antiquated quilted caps and parti-colored homespun gowns, that were in fashion in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller; their pockets were always filled with work and the implements of industry, and their own gowns and their husband's coats were exclusively of domestic manufacture. In cleanliness and thrifty housewifery, they were excelled by none who had gone before, or who came after them. The well-swept stoops and entries, fresh and immaculate every morning, attested the neatness prevailing throughout the dwellings. The precise order that reigned within, in the departments of kitchen, parlor, and chamber, could not be disturbed by any out-of-door commotion. Cleanliness and contentment were the cares of the household. The tables were spread with the abundance of the good old time, and not small was the pride of those ministering dames in setting forth the viands prepared by their own industrious hands. It must not be supposed that all their care and frugality were inconsistent with the dear exercise of hospitality, or other social virtues usually practiced in every female community. If the visits paid from house to house were less frequent than in modern times, there was the same generous interest in the concerns of others, and the same desire in each to save her neighbor trouble by kindly taking the management of affairs upon herself, evinced by so many individuals of the present day. In short, the domestic police of E—, at that remote period, was apparently as remarkable for

vigilance and severity in hunting out offenders as it has proved to be in times of more advanced civilization.

The arrival of new residents from the city was an event of importance enough in itself to cause no small stir in that quiet community. The rumor that a small house, picturesquely situated at the edge of a wood some distance from the village, was being fitted up for the new-comers, was soon spread abroad, and gave rise to many conjectures and surmises. The new furniture that paraded in wagons before the astonished eyes of the settlers was different from any that had been seen before; and, though it would have been thought simple enough, or even rude, at the present day, exhibited too much of metropolitan taste and luxury to meet their approval. Then a gardener was employed several days to set in order the surrounding plot of ground, and set out rose bushes and ornamental plants; the fence was painted gayly, and the inclosure secured by a neat gate. A few days after, a light traveling wagon brought the tenants to the abode prepared for them. Within the memory of a generation, hardly any occurrence had taken place which excited so much curiosity. The doors and windows were crowded with gazers; and the younger part of the population were hardly restrained by parental authority from rushing after the equipage. The female, who sat with a boy on the back seat, wore a thick veil; but the pleasant face of a middle-aged man, who looked about him and bowed courteously to the different groups, attracted much attention. The man who drove had a jolly English face, betokening a very communicative disposition; nor was the promise broken to the hope; for that very evening the same personage was seated among a few grave-looking Dutchmen who lingered at the tavern, dealing out his information liberally to such as chose to question him. The new-comer, it appeared, was a member of the Colonial Assembly, and had brought his family to rusticate for a season on the banks of the Delaware. This family consisted of his English wife and a son about seven years old. They had been accustomed, he said, to the society of the rich and gay both in Philadelphia and in Europe, having spent some time in Paris before their coming to this country.

The information given by the loquacious driver, who seemed to think the village not a little honored in so distinguished an accession to its inhabitants, produced no favorable impression. The honest mynheers, however, were little inclined to be hasty in their judgment. They preferred consulting their wives, who waited with no little patience for the Sabbath morning, expecting then to have a full opportunity of criticizing their new neighbors.

They were doomed to disappointment; none of the family was at the place of meeting, although the practice of church-going was one so time-honored, that a journey of ten miles on foot to attend religious service was thought nothing of, and few even of the most worldly-minded ventured on an omission.

The non-appearance of the strangers was a dark omen. The next day, however, the dames of the settlement had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Winton—for so I shall call her, not choosing to give her real name—as she came out to purchase a few articles of kitchen furniture. Her style of dress was altogether different from theirs. Instead of the hair pomatumed back from the forehead, she wore it in natural ringlets; instead of the short stuff petticoats in vogue among the Dutch dames, a long and flowing skirt set off to advantage a figure of remarkable grace. At the first glance, one could not but acknowledge her singular beauty. Her form was faultless in symmetry, and her features exquisitely regular; the complexion being of a clear brown, set off by luxuriant black hair, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes. The expression of these was not devoid of a certain fascination, though it had something to excite distrust in the simple-minded fair ones who measured the claims of the stranger to admiration. They could not help thinking there was a want of innate modesty in the bold, restless wanderings of those eyes, bright as they were, and in the perfect self-possession the English woman showed in her somewhat haughty carriage. Her voice, too, though melodious, was not low in its tones, and her laugh was merry and frequently heard. In short, she appeared, to the untutored judgment of the dames of the village, decidedly wanting in reserve, and the softness natural to youth in woman. While they shook their heads, and were shy of conversation with her, it was not a little wonderful to notice the different effect produced on their spouses. The honest Dutchmen surveyed the handsome stranger with undisguised admiration, evinced at first by a prolonged stare, and on after occasions by such rough courtesy as they found opportunity of showing, with alacrity offering to her any little service that neighbors might render. The women, on the other hand, became more and more suspicious of her outlandish gear and her bewitching smiles, lavished with such profusion upon all who came near her. Her charms, in their eyes, were so many sins, which they were inclined to see her expiate before they relented so far as to extend towards her the civilities of neighborhood. The more their husbands praised her, the more they stood aloof; and, for weeks after the family had become settled, scarcely any communication of a friendly nature had taken place between her and any of the female population.

Little, however, did the Englishwoman appear to care for neglect on the part of those she evidently thought much inferior to herself. She had plenty of company, such as suited her taste, and no lack of agreeable employment, notwithstanding her persistence in a habit which shocked still more the prejudices of her worthy neighbors—of leaving her household labor to a servant. She made acquaintance with all who relished her lively conversation, and took much pleasure in exciting, by her eccentric manners, the astonishment of her long-queued

admirers. She was always affable, and not only invited those she liked to visit her without ceremony, but called upon them for any extra service she required.

It was on one of the brightest days in October that Mrs. Winton was riding with her son along a path leading through the forest up the Delaware. The road wound at the base of a mountain, bordering the river closely, and was flanked in some places by precipitous rocks, overgrown with shrubs and shaded by overhanging trees. The wealth of foliage appeared to greater advantage, touched with the rich tints of autumn—

“With hues more gay
Than when the flow'rets bloomed, the trees are drest;
How gorgeous are their draperies! green and gold,
Scarlet and crimson! like the glittering vest
Of Israel's priesthood, glorious to behold!

“See yonder towering hill, with forests clad,
How bright its mantle of a thousand dyes!
Edged with a silver band, the stream, that glad,
But silent, winds around its base.”

It can hardly be known if the romantic beauty of the scene, which presented itself by glimpses through the foliage, the bright calm river, the wooded hills and slopes beyond, and the village lying in the lap of the savage forest, called forth as much admiration from those who gazed, as it has since from spirits attuned to a vivid sense of the loveliness of nature. The sudden flight of a bird from the bushes startled the horse, and, dashing quickly on one side, he stood on the sheer edge of the precipice overlooking the water. The next plunge might have been a fatal one, but that the bridle was instantly seized by the strong arm of a man who sprang from the concealment of the trees. Checking the frightened animal, he assisted the dame and her son to dismount, and then led the horse for them to less dangerous ground. In the friendly conversation that followed, the Englishwoman put forth all her powers of pleasing; for the man was known already to her for one of the most respectable of the settlers, though he had never yet sought her society. His little service was rewarded by a cordial invitation, which was soon followed by a visit, to her house.

To make a long story short, not many weeks had passed before this neighbor was an almost daily visitor; and, to the surprise and concern of the whole village, his example was in time followed by many others of those who might have been called the gentry of E—. It became evident that the handsome stranger was a coquette of the most unscrupulous sort; that she was passionately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and was determined to exact the tribute due her charms even from the sons of the wilderness. She flirted desperately with one after another, contriving to impress each with the belief that he was the happy individual especially favored by her smiles. Her manners and conversation showed less and less regard for the opinion

of others, or the rules of propriety. The effect of such a course of conduct in a community so simple and old-fashioned in their customs, so utterly unused to any such broad defiance of censure, may be more easily imagined than described. How the men were flattered and intoxicated in their admiration for the beautiful siren, and their lessons in an art so new to them as gallantry, how the women were amazed out of their propriety, can be conceived without the aid of philosophy.

Things were bad enough as they were; but when the time came for Mr. Winton to depart and take his place in the Assembly, the change was for the worse. His handsome wife was left, with only her son, in E— for the winter. Her behavior was now more scandalous than ever, and soon a total avoidance of her by every other female in the place attested their indignation. The coquette evidently held them in great scorn, while she continued to receive, in a still more marked and offensive manner, the attentions of the husbands, whom, she boasted, she had taught they had hearts under their linsey-woolsey coats. Long walks and rides through the woods, attended always by some one who had owned the power of her beauty, set public opinion wholly at defiance; and the company at her fireside, evening after evening, was well known to be not such as became a wife and mother to receive.

Should this history of plain, unvarnished fact chance to meet the eye of any fair trier, who has been tempted to invite or welcome such homage, let her pause and remember that the wrath of the injured wives of E— was but such as nature must rouse in the bosom of the virtuous in all ages and countries; and that tragedies as deep as that to which it led have grown from the like cause, and may still do so at any period of civilization.

The winter months passed, and spring came to set loose the streams, and fill the woods with tender bloom and verdure. But the anger of the justly irritated dames of E— had gathered strength with time. Scarce one among the most conspicuous of the neighborhood but had particular reason to hate their common enemy for the alienated affections and monopolized time of her husband, so faithful to his duties before this fatal enchantment. Complaints were made by one to another, and strange stories told, which, of course, lost nothing in their circulation from mouth to mouth. What wonder was it that the mysterious influence exercised by the strange woman should be attributed to witchcraft? What wonder that she should be judged to hold intercourse with evil spirits, and to receive from them the power by which she subdued men to her sway?

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the early part of June, two or three of the matrons of the village stationed themselves near the wood by which stood the house of Mrs. Winton. Not far from this was a small pond, where the boys amused themselves in fishing, or bathed during the heats of summer. The spot once occupied by this little body

of water is now the central portion of the town, and covered with neat buildings of brick and stone.

The women had come forth to watch; nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. They saw Mrs. Winton, accompanied by one of her gallants, dressed with a care that showed his anxiety to please, walking slowly along the borders of the wood. The sun had set, and the gray shadows of twilight were creeping over the landscape; yet it was evidently not her intention to return home. As it grew darker, the two entered the wood, the female taking the arm of her companion, and presently both disappeared.

"There he goes!" exclaimed one of the women who watched, with fierce anger in her looks, for it was her husband she had seen. "I knew it; I knew he spent every evening with her!"

"Shall we follow them?" asked the other.

"No! no! let us go home quick!" was the answer.

Such a scene as the night witnessed was never before enacted in that quiet village. At a late hour there was a meeting of many of the matrons in the house of one of their number. The curtains were closely drawn; the light was so dim that the faces of those who whispered together could scarcely be discerned. There was something fearful in the assemblage, at such an unwonted time, of those orderly housewives, so unaccustomed ever to leave their homes after dusk. The circumstance of their meeting alone betokened something uncommon in agitation. Still more did the silence, hushed and breathless at intervals, the eager, but suppressed whispering, the rapid gestures, the general air of determination mingled with caution. It struck midnight; they made signs one to another, and the light was extinguished.

It was perhaps an hour or more after, when the same band of women left the house, and took their way, in profound silence, along the road leading out of the village. By a roundabout course, skirting the small body of water above mentioned, they came to the border of the wood. Just then the waning moon rose above the forest tops, shedding a faint light over hill and stream. It could then be seen that the females all wore a kind of mask of black stuff. Their course was directed towards the Englishwoman's house, which they approached with stealthy and noiseless steps.

A few moments of silence passed, after they had disappeared, and then a wild shriek was heard, and others fainter and fainter, like the voice of one in agony struggling to cry out, and stifled by powerful hands. The women rushed from the wood, dragging with them their helpless victim, whom they had gagged so that she could not even supplicate their mercy. Another cry was presently heard—the wail of a terrified child. The little boy, roused from sleep by the screams of his mother, ran towards her captors, and throwing himself on his

knees, begged for her in piteous accents and with streaming tears.

"Take him away!" cried several together; and one of their number, snatching up the child, ran off with him at her utmost speed, and did not return.

The others proceeded quickly to their mission of vengeance. Dragging the helpless dame to the pond, they rushed into it, heedless of risk to themselves, till they stood in deep water. Then each, in turn, seizing her enemy by the shoulders, plunged her in, head and all, crying, as she did so, "This is for my husband!" "And this for mine!" "This for mine!" was echoed, with the plunges, in quick succession, till the work of retribution was accomplished, and the party hurried to shore.

Startled by a noise as of some one approaching, the disguised avengers fled, leaving their victim on the bank, and lost no time in hastening homeward. The dawn of day disclosed a dreadful catastrophe: Dame Winton was found dead beside the water. There was evidence enough that she had perished, not by accident, but violence. Who could have done the deed?

The occurrence caused great commotion in E—, as it was but natural it should; but it was never discovered with certainty who were the perpetrators of the murder. Suspicion fell on several; but they were prudent enough to keep silence, and nothing could be proved against them. Perhaps the more prominent among the men, who should have taken upon themselves the investigation of the affair, had their own reasons for passing it over rather slightly. It was beyond doubt, too, that actual murder had not been designed by the actors in the tragedy; but simply the punishment assigned to witchcraft by popular usage. So the matter was not long agitated, though it was for many years a subject of conversation among those who had no interest in hushing it up; and the story served as a warning to give point to the lessons of careful mothers.

It was for a long time believed that the ghost of the unfortunate Englishwoman haunted the spot where she had died. Nor did the belief cease to prevail long after the pond was drained, and the wood felled, and the space built over. A stable belonging to a gentleman with whom I am acquainted stands near the place. I have heard him relate how one of his servants, who had never heard the story had rushed in one night, much alarmed, to say that he had seen a female figure, in old-fashioned cap and white gown, standing at the door of the stable. Another friend, who resides near, was told by his domestic that a strange woman had stood at the back gate, who had suddenly disappeared when asked who she was. Thus there seems ground enough to excuse the belief, even now prevalent among the common people in E—, that the spirit still walks at night about that portion of the town.

THE SPORADES: A HISTORICAL LEGEND OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MRS. S. H. WADDELL.

TO THE READER.

THE writer of this trifling production approaches the arena of taste and letters with the spirit of one who was once desirous of becoming a disciple of Pythagoras: he repaired to Crotona, and, entering the assembly, indicated his wishes by signs; the silent audience filled to the brim a vase with water, to evince that the fraternity was crowded to overflowing, when the aspirant disappeared, and returning, placed upon its surface a *single rose leaf*.

With the hope these *simple leaves* may meet with a faint part of the encouragement which that of classic memory received, the writer most respectfully wishes all happiness to those who can endure a journey over "The Sporades."

CHAPTER I.

"Mirror of ancient faith!
Undannet worth."—*DRYDEN*.

THE Island of Rhodes formed one of those gems of the silver sea known as the "Sporades," and, in common with other countries over which Time spreads the mist of ages, caused much cavil as to its etymology and geological origin. Pliny contended that it sprang from the sea, and that the Cretans (who were its first inhabitants) fled the island and left it desolate, in consequence of their astronomical investigations having proved to them this approaching catastrophe. The etymology varied not so much, an opinion being prevalent that it derived its name from the Greek word "*rhodon*," signifying a "*rose*," in consequence of the islands being fragrant with indigenous flowers of that genus. Bochart denies this, by insisting that the Phœnicians, Syrians, Arabians, and Chaldeans called Rhodes "Gisirath-Rod," i. e. "Island of Serpents." However this may be, we are taught that the Sporades, whether Venus-like springing from the foam of the sea, or more ferociously from the volcanic eruptions of Vulcan, was entitled to the respect which mankind intuitively evince for antiquity, for the mingling of past time with eternity—that indefinable something which rivets the mind moodily to the shattered remains of antiquity, and sends the soul groping into the long night of vanished ages. So stands the savage at the base of an aged and noble oak; he surveys its position in the earth, casts his eye upwards to its branching and darkly-clothed summit, and then downwards to its base-moment; and again he gazes above, he sighs, and is thoughtful; some crude ideas of the Great Spirit

visit his wild soul, and the hand is enervated which was raised to lay it low.

Rhodes, in accordance with ancient customs, chronicled her various political compacts, and, although varying from the original form of government which historians accord to man, the Patriarchal, yet her first civil institution being monarchical might be accounted for by surveying her location; the Patriarchal must exist where there is a limited and primitive people; she was surrounded by Greece, Egypt, and Asia, all of which were highly improved and populous countries, of undoubted antiquity, the latter being the country of Eden.

After the destruction of the country (already alluded to) by the Cretans, the Heliades, grandsons of *Phabus*, colonized Rhodes; and, being learned men, they gradually improved the island, which was governed for them by a son of *Heracles*. At the termination of the Trojan war, the Darians were their supplanters. We must now descend to *mortality*, in the form of the Peloponnesian war—Mr. Hobbes has said, "a state of nature was a state of war"—and find the government changed to an aristocracy, which was overthrown by Mausolus, King of Caria, who ruled the island until it became tributary to Alexander the Great. At his death, the Rhodians drove out the Macedonian garrison, and established a republic; and, assiduously setting themselves to work in commercial and other improvements, became the most opulent state of the age; so much so as to defray the expenses of a naval war, in which they were allies of Greece. During this period, the most advantageous trade of the *Rhodians* was derived from Egypt; but, a misunderstanding occurring between Ptolemy, King of Egypt, and Antigonus, King of Greece, the islanders were entangled in a long and tedious war, which ended in their becoming a province of Rome, that moral polypus, whose thousands of colonies grew beyond the parent strength, and who, while nourishing her offshoots, was, imperceptibly to herself, her own destroyer.

In the year A. D. 1291, Calil, Sultan of Egypt, swore to his dying father that he would leave no effort untried which could extirpate the Christians. They had now been deprived of every province except St. John D'Acre, which, after a desperate and gallant resistance, was captured on the 13th of July, A. D. 1291. Thus one hundred years' possession of the western nations in the east was lost with this stronghold. Only a few knights escaped in boats; those of the order of the Temple departed for their possessions in Europe, while the Hospitallers landed

at Limisso, in Cyprus, and from thence fought their way to the possession of Rhodes, which was held in vassalage by Andronicus. The fleet of the Hospitallers was headed by their grand master, Fulk de Villaret. They saw that the island was of little value to the emperor (indeed, almost a nuisance, from the character of its inhabitants), and they craved the investiture; but, meeting with a refusal, and foreseeing that it was a fair position for combating the heathen, the Hospitallers laid siege to the capital of the island, and, on the festival of the blessed Mary (15th of August, 1340), carried their victorious standard to the castle of a Roman prætor, who governed the island; and, driving the inhabitants out of Rhodes, took entire possession. A few years after this saw them masters of Telos, Syme, Cos, Leros, Nesyros, and Calymne, comprising nearly all of the sprinkling around and about the Cyclades, known as the "Sporades." From their manors, amounting to nineteen thousand in different parts of Christendom, the Hospitallers received an income which enabled them to command from the Florentine bankers large sums, at a short notice; with this, and their "*caravans*," as they called a species of civil piracy, by which they amassed riches, they were possessed with resources of much improvement, and the grand master lost not a day in fortifying the islands, and in adding to the skill of the islanders in ship and boat building.

CHAPTER II.

"Thus even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."—MACBETH, *Scene 7th*.

DURING this period, one of the boats alluded to in our last chapter, called a felucca, touched the shores of the harbor of Rhodes, and two individuals, stepping out, assisted each other to fasten the chain (secured by an iron ring) to a stake driven in the strand. They appeared hale and cheerful, and the younger of the two so joyous that he would break off from the boat, and, bounding like a stag, fall into the steps of the Romaica, return again, leave the chain, and perform the same feats again and again. The elder commenced laughing, until he was constrained to hold his sides. At length, this burst of merriment somewhat subsided, and, turning to the Romaica dancer, he said—

"Thou art, indeed, a Mercury this evening, and hast wings to thy heels. I pray thee keep them from thy shoulders, for there is yet a boat-load of wines and sponges to be brought from Syme. Look at thy capote, Abas."

The bright, spirited Symean ceased his *felicité*, and, holding off the folds of the garment, saw, for the first time, that the sheep-skin of which it was made was worn into innumerable apertures, the largest of which would not admit the extremity of his little finger.

"Well," he remarked, with uninterrupted good humor, "I may thank the crags for this, after lighting the signal fires for their workshops, the Hospitallers; but I would lose many a bran capote to serve them." He next examined his loose blue trowsers, then his gay shawl, which answered as a girdle, now his morocco boots, and last his close red cap, ejaculating, as he finished each scrutiny, "Marry, and it's well."

They now left the boat, after securing it, and set forth in the direction of the fortifications, reared by the talented and enterprising Fulk de Villaret. It was a noble and formidable pile, the *ensemble* strongly impressing the beholder with ideas of feudal power and defiance of all attempt at access, unless by the hand of gentle courtesy.

The castle was of vast dimensions, moated and dyked, with drawbridges, bastions, and battlements. Within the fortifications, a wide street, bordered by the cells or inns of the knights, ended in a cathedral of Gothic architecture. The marbles and cedars composing these edifices were furnished by the islands, where nature, indeed, had planted every necessary material for the action of enterprising and ingenious thoughts, whether projected in scientific forms, or in the multitudinous varieties of the artisan's square. From a double wall, hedged by wide and deep ditches, rose five powerful bulwarks and thirteen towers; these formed the posts of the knights, according to their various nations, or "*languages*," as they were termed.

Our Symeans had been admitted by the sentinels into the fortifications, and were far beyond the lilies of France, the eagle of the Germans, and the lion of England, when they halted at the vestibule of the Chapel of St. Mary of Victory, and inquired for his worshipful reverence, Prior Giles.

The prior was not long in presenting himself. He was of Herculean figure, with a countenance almost the color of bronze.

"The statue has fled the Jew and his nine hundred camels,"* whispered the elder boatman to his young companion, whose risible faculties, becoming immediately convulsed, stood before the incensed prior a reanimated Democritus.

"Hast lost thy wits? Has Satan sent a legion into thy brain to be exorcised, after thou hast undergone a severe fast and been shaven?"

The youth grew grave, and stood respectfully aside from the moment he heard the words "severe fast;" and the prior, drawing his girdle more closely around his long black robe, adjusted the eight-pointed cross on his breast, and, unknitting his brows, addressed the elder islander—

"Well, Bias, thou hast called on the business of the wines, hast thou? Bring thee yet from Syme, or from thy more favored neighbor, Cos?"

* It is said that the statue of Rhodes was broken to pieces, after its overthrow by an earthquake, and sold to a Jew, who conveyed it away upon nine hundred camels.

"Craving your reverence's pardon," answered Bias, "I trust your reverence will not give the wines or the people of Syme a suspicion in the whole world, not to speak of the Island of Cos, which contains but twelve leagues; but I will not ask your reverence's opinion until this boat-load of skins and another stand in your reverence's cellar, and thy *serviente* sets aside thy silver tankard with the brim looking much more as if it had poured forth the juice of the olive than that of the vine, and yet unlike the former in its sparkling and primitive colors."

"Indeed," answered Prior Giles, growing facetious from pleasant associations, "thou art an enthusiast, Bias; but methinks thou wouldest have done better if the world hadst thou been left clinging to the sponges of Syme, like a barnacle, for thy daily bread, than rendered bold and malapert by thy being almost made a clerk from education in the holy St. Mary of Victory. But touching the wines, if thou art presumptuous with thy knowledge, thou art useful to the fraternity; for thou wilt make no blunders in having the grapes gathered at the proper cardinal quarter. But, Bias, I would have thee ever remember the simile of old age and decrepitude in Bacchus and his foster-father, Silenus, together with their being represented as riding on one of those long-eared animals which, though useful to man, yet have been regarded as the type of folly and stupidity. Justus, es, Domine!" The prior here crossed himself.

During this lecture, any one conversant with the human face divine might have observed, from the twinkle of the youth's eye, and the peculiar twitch of the muscles of his face, that he considered the lecture and the moral as much more applicable to the Prior of St. Mary of Victory than to his companion; and, from his restlessness, that he was most anxious to depart, lest, haply, he might encounter another castigation, or be consigned to the shackles of penance.

The prior left his vintager, retreated into a cell adjoining the chapel or cathedral, and, after ringing a small bell, returned to the vestibule. He had nearly reached it, when footsteps induced him to turn—

"Here, Julá," said he, "Bias has arrived with a new cargo from Syme: hast thou room for the skins?"

The individual, a small, meagre-looking man, resembling a mummy with a white linen apron tied around it, stepped into the street as he answered—

"Holy Juvenus! your reverence's wine can be faithfully packed. I've made room even for more. When I was in Toledo"—

"Stop, brother," said Bias, who had not been noticed by the *serviente* of the commandery—"stop, we will hear that another time; the day is wearing, and we cannot lose a moment; for the head wind from the bay will be blowing, and the harbor swelling. Just be ready at thy place, good Julá, and all will soon be well."

The prior was now banded a rude representation of Roman figures; for, although the vintager had been upbraided for his clerkship, he could scarcely read and write; yet, for that age, it was more than usual scholarship, the clergy and monks being the only class who pretended to understand more than simply to make the sign of the cross, as a signature of their names, when they did not resort to an impression from their coat-of-arms.

When the islanders returned to unpack the felucca, they observed a knight, with his arms folded, standing on the strand; his air was dignified, and his melancholy and intent gaze on the distant snow-capped mountains of Lycia and Caria intuitively silenced their cheerful conversation. The noise occasioned by the rattling of the chain as it was taken from the stake attracted his attention; and, turning, he walked towards it, and arrived just as the liberated skiff commenced rocking and struggling with the billows.

"Good luck and a merry flight to Syme, friends!" said the stranger.

"Ay, and the saints speed her!" was their reply.

"When will the barque return?"

"Not until to-morrow, an hour before vespers."

"Well, then, I must be thy passenger; and, perhaps"—but here he checked himself.

The felucca was pushed sufficiently near, and, the knight having taken his seat, they plied their oars, and were soon out of the bay.

The surpassing beauty of the scenery of the Ægean has been a subject full of poetical imagery, from the days of Homer and Hesiod. Her inspiring muses dwelt not only on the heights of Parnassus, but on the enchanting beauty of her azure waters and her islands, all radiant with the "golden showers of Jove."

The islands surrounding Rhodes were many of them in sight of the barque, some sufficiently near to render visible the buildings and gardens, with men and cattle moving about them; while others, still more in perspective, presented only a slate-colored line above the horizon. Syme lay directly west of Rhodes, and immediately parallel in latitude with the harbor. The felucca dashed onward to the north, and now she turned westwardly, where the terrible current from the Bay of Glancus rose in a black and rapid stream, requiring all of the nautical skill of the seamen to avoid being carried precipitately upon dangerous shoals, or being immediately dashed to pieces. There was profound silence in the boat's crew; the lengthening of thin shadows—Nature's dial—warned them of the late hour of the evening, while planets shot their fiery rays into the sea, and the gulls sang their evening hymns. They continued their way, the night growing darker and the stillness more profound. Just now the snow-clad heights of the border mountains of Lesser Asia became suddenly on fire; but it was only the full moon, in her magnified form; and, as she rose in magnificent grandeur, the rich tones of Bias's

voice burst forth, and vibrated over the hushed and dangerous land; cape—

"Speed, speed thy way,
My snowy bird!
Touch, touch the spray
But with thy wing!

"Light as an arrow
From a new-strung bow,
Oh, fly o'er the narrows!
Away! away!
Fly o'er the narrows, away!"

He was interrupted in the concluding stanza by Abas touching his shoulder, and pointing to the island of Syme, now within a bow-shot. On the most elevated mountain in the island, streams of forked and lurid fire, very similar to a volcanic eruption, rose and became lost in the dense smoke which hovered above the precipice.

"You know that signal, sir knight?" said Bias, respectfully touching his cap.

"Not from having participated in the 'caravans,' friend," was the stranger's reply.

"Good!" said the boatman, crossing himself.

"And, had the crescents borne down on our craft near the narrows, we should have been chained and ready for the market of Bassora by this time, or, like Jonas, been swallowed by a whale. Soon now the waters will be alive with the pikes and light frigates of this our dear island, the galleys and row-boats of Rhodes, and, indeed, the navy of the Sporades, provided they be prizes worth that number of sail. My masters!" said Bias, as he continued to gaze on the signal fire, "I've heard his reverence of St. Mary of Victory compare yonder blaze to the red mantle hung as a signal of war before the Cæsar's pavilion; and methinks it looks warlike. But yonder twinkles the light through the orange and pomegranate hedge, and the moon shows our cottage like a snow bank. By your leave, sir knight, dost thou desire farther service of us, or part we here?"

"I must crave lodgings for the night, good Bias," was the reply.

The cottage was flat-roofed, composed of many chambers united by passages; a small court, paved with shells and pebbles (presenting a rude yet ingenious representation of mosaic), occupied the front; the margin of the wall was earthed and planted in evergreens and flowers, ending in a fanciful arched gateway. Through this they passed, crossed the court, and entered into a portico leading to a passage ending in a neat apartment, from which the light had proceeded. The door was open, and immediately in the front wall was a niche containing the tutelary saint of the family; a small lamp of perfumed oil was burning beneath it. There was not a being visible, and the quiet of the chamber harmonized with the tranquil expression of the Madonna, the guardian of the Greek vintager's home.

Abas spread a small table with two platters of fruit, and a flagon of wine. He invited his guest to the simple banquet, saying, "May the Madonna

bless this to thy service!" They were joined by the elder vintager; and, ere they had finished their meal, strains of music from the sea shore caught their attention.

"We will join the dancers, by your leave, sir knight," said Bias; "for I can truly tell you that the bright moon and soft air are strong persuaders to merriment with us."

He rose, and was followed by his companions, in the direction they had entered, to the sea shore, where groups of young Greeks were arranging couples for the national Romaica. It was led by a young girl, whose long black hair, wreathed with orange buds, hung in silky tresses below her girdle. There was not one of the twenty who wore the "snowy veil of Helen;" nor had they their hair tinted by the African powder, or the more fashionable and classic "Flava Cæsaries" of the Latins. The leader of the dance was followed through its mazes and intricacies by forty youths and maidens; sometimes she would pursue a wave as it dashed over the beach, and then wander off amidst groves of orange and pomegranates, until her figure was lost in perspective: the music varying from the slowest to the most rapid time, so that it was pleasing to observe the exact movements of the dancers with these quick and sudden alternations in the musicians.

"The Dædalian dance; and well does it describe the Cretan labyrinth," thought the knight. "Such was Diana on the banks of the Eurotas, as she who now leads the dance. What says Homer?"

'A figured dance succeeds: such as once was seen
In lofty Gnopus, for the Cretan queen
Formed by Dædalian art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand;
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest,
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths enrolled,
Of these the sides adorned with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend;
With well-taught feet, now shape in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular; the moving maze
Now forth at once; too swift for sight they spring,
And undistinguished blend the flying ring;
So whirls a wheel in giddy circles tost,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.'

And that gay youth, in whose eyes dwells laughter, may be compared to Theseus, after he landed at Delos, where he danced around the altar *Keraton*, composed of horns from the left side of the heads of beasts. The inhabitants of that island called this dance the '*crane*,' in consequence of its similarity to the flight of these birds; yet it was the same I now see, and yonder is the *very figure* which was the occasion of its winged name."

While these impressions occupied the stranger's mind, a contention arose between a short stout man, with a shock head of hair, and the vintager.

"Look, man," said Bias; "thou must recollect the rules, and remain quietly until thy turn comes to join the new set."

"Thou art as sour as thy best grapes," answered bushy head.

Bias laughed heartily at his remark, which greatly incensed him, and, stamping the sand, he vociferated—

"I always thought that thou and thy son were not only half-witted, but rogues in the bargain."

"Now, by the Madonna's guardianship," said the Greek, "thou shalt recall that, or say thou wast not in earnest!"

"I shall not!" was the answer—"I shall not; for thou art a rogue, and only fit for yonder dungeon in the fortifications of thy masters, the Hospitalers."

The good nature and cool temperament of Bias lost its admirable equilibrium, and, raising his sturdy arm, he struck his antagonist in the mouth. By this time they were surrounded, while the cry of—

"Stand off, sirs! Let the vintager of St. Mary have at him!" rang the air.

"Cato shall not be imposed upon!" shouted a solitary voice. But he was now retreating, and, turning on his heel, whispered—

"Thou shalt repent this!"

The crowd dispersed, and the Romaica was renewed with spirit, until an aged man stepped on the strand, and, holding a laurel wreath above his head, called for the divers. Five young men arranged themselves before him; and, upon a signal given by him, the first and oldest sprang into the surge and disappeared. He remained so long buried beneath the waves, that our knight became uneasy.

"What," thought he, "if they are offering victims to Neptune, and I be seized by the blind fanatics and given to the sea! I fear not; but do not choose to die in such a cause. I will seek Abas, and inquire the meaning of all this."

The young islander informed him that it was a national custom.

"Seest thou yonder fair girl who led the dance?" he answered. "This is a contest for her hand; for, when there is more than one suitor, they must wrestle with the waves, and he who is most skillful wins the lady. Thou canst see that ceremony carries with it the wisdom of an ancient country; the youth must love the maiden truly to become accomplished in this art, and he insures, in a great degree, his capability of providing for her by his skill in diving for sponges* (our chief export), and his fearlessness and hardihood in marine expeditions."

The crowd remained on the sea shore until the victor won and claimed the crown, when loud and spontaneous shouts, with joyous music, rose above the roaring of the surf; and, forming with perfect order, they dropped into the steps of the Romaica, and returned home beneath a landscape and sky which can only be compared to the earliest dawn of the first day in Eden, so soft and brilliant was the moon, so fresh and newly-bursting into life and fragrance the vegetation of the island. Abas slept

on a mat in the apartment assigned the knight, and, on the following morning, after waiting in the little parlor for his father—for such was Bias—he sallied forth into the vineyard; but, finding that he was not there, hurried back to his chamber, apprehending that he was ill. He had barely entered the doorway, when a shriek occasioned the knight to hurry to the spot, where he found the young man senseless on the floor, and the vintager weltering in his blood.

Upon examination, he discovered that his throat was cut from ear to ear, and that the murderer, in his hurry to escape, had dropped his dirk; this he placed in a drawer, and betook himself to the recovery of Abas, after which he laid him on a sofa, and sat by him until his strength was spent in grief. When the paroxysm was over, he entreated him to man himself and perform his last duty to his parent.

"See," said he, "there is proof of this dreadful act; for the dirk by which it was perpetrated has been secured by my own hand. It was almost the first thing I saw after entering the apartment."

Abas promised to make an effort to command himself, and his stranger friend left him for a moment, and returned with the weapon.

"I see it all," said the youth, growing deadly pale and calm. "Look here, sir knight." He pointed to the handle of the blood-stained blade, where a clumsy representation of a tortoise was deeply marked.

"What does this mean?" said his companion.

"He designs not this as armorial?"

"No! no!" answered the islander. "Since Cato of Cos has heard so much of the Crusaders, he undertook to identify himself among the Sporades in this way. He has been notorious for ten years for his malignant nature and bad habits. Many a gallant ship he has caused to be wrecked, and many have been the murders committed by his unseen band. No, not the most skillful reader of heraldry could divine the origin of this wretched representation," pointing to the handle of the weapon. "Once, most unjustly, he fell into a fit of passion with a sea captain; they quarreled and fought like tigers when, suddenly stooping to the deck, he seized by the tail a turtle (though an unclean animal to the Greek), and hurled it at the captain's head. So violent was the blow, that it occasioned the unfortunate man a brain fever, from which he has not yet recovered. The demon's thirst was quenched in blood, and he returned to his home rejoicing, and shouting that, hereafter, he would be 'Cato, the tortoise.' He has wealth, and thereby perpetrates his acts of villany."

The young Greek sank into silence, and remained so for half an hour. The knight watched his countenance, and saw that thought had assumed mastery for a short time over his feelings, and waited patiently the result. Nature is very much the same in all of the human family, when the extremity of passion exists. The desolation of grief, the ecstasy of joy, and the ravings of anger, appear each other so nearly that a deaf man could not

* Twenty fathom they are to dive.

derstand the difference where it is only visible to the eye. The effects are the same on the frame, and a state of quiescence follows the violent commotion of each of these conflicts. He rose at length, and, taking the knight respectfully by the hand, said to him—

"Farewell, my friend, for such, indeed, thou hast proved thyself; though I saw, when we first met, that thou wert a stranger to the *Ægean*. I bequeath thee that bloody dirk as a bond of union between us, until we meet again. Take this"—he took from a secret panel a heavy purse—"and keep burning the lamp of the Madonna. This thou canst easily do by inquiring for one *Julá* of the commandery. Say to him that the vintager's son!"

Here the youth paused. He made another effort to speak, but failed, and the knight, anticipating his wishes, replied for him—

"I will faithfully fulfil thy wishes, Abas; and, that thou mayest be assured of this, I will swear to thee by the Madonna to perform them to the utmost."

"Only this, then," said the unhappy youth. "When I am gone, blow this silver whistle three times, and those who are necessary to assist thee here will come to thy help. Farewell."

"Stay," said the stranger. "Is there nought else in which I can befriend thee?"

Tears blinded the young Greek's eyes as he answered—

"Nothing."

He placed a purse, a small roll of parchment, and a dirk about his person, and, falling on his knees before his tutelary saint, covered his face with his capote, and prayed fervently. Rising from his prostrate attitude, he darted from his home, manned a small skiff, and arrived at the island of *Cos* only to hear that his father's murderer had disappeared.

Cato, like *Sancho Panza*, stood in Catholic fear of the holy brotherhood, and, hastily arranging his fairs, betook himself to flight, embarking for Egypt under pretence of pressing business.

CHAPTER III.

"I hate the cumbersome chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe."—*Iliad*, 5th Book.

EGYPT, the country of antiquity, of the arts, and science, the country upon whose fertility many one depended, was, from the reign of the Ptolemies to that of the Fatimites, a period of one thousand years, in the fallen state of a province. Each dynasty introduced individuals much more anxious for personal aggrandizement and wealth for the welfare of the country. Even the Nile caliphs sought more assiduously the pomp and display show, extracted by oppressive taxation of the populace, than the ample resources of improve-

ment which were spread forth by the borders of the Nile and the productive plains of the Delta. These causes, united with ephemeral and rapid changes, the result of stratagem and hoarded wealth, soon corrupted the leaders in the government, and formed opposing factions every way calculated to produce a distracted and desert country. At this juncture, Naser Mohammed rose to the throne of the Fatimites; his wisdom and financial talents were to Egypt as the bursting and radiant sun in a dark and stormy atmosphere. At his personal expense, he disseminated public works of vital importance; and, from the year A. D. 1310 to 1340, he laid the foundation of a firm and good government, renewed the ancient and dilapidated improvements of the country, restored to the Delta and the Nile their creative and bountiful supplies by converting their arid sands into the black alluvial soil so peculiar to the Cenepean and Pelusian boundaries of this equinoctial and celebrated *Abavi*, or Father of Waters.

Seven years after the death of Naser Mohammed, Egypt was scourged by the plague; and, after its appalling ravages, we find, in 1365, the Mamelukes of Cairo, and the Ottomans of Asia Minor, struggling for the ascendancy in the scale of power. The intervening islands in the Mediterranean (then partly possessed by the Western Christians) became a desirable acquisition to the strength of each party, and, consequently, entangled the Hospitallers in this bloody conflict. They contended with heroic valor for their possessions; and, after a severe struggle, a peace was concluded between the Egyptians and Hospitallers which lasted for many years, until again interrupted by their wars with Tamerlane, Mohammed the Second, and Solymán, his grandson, which brings our history to the period A. D. 1510-23.

It was early in August, when the Nile had attained its proper height, and when the Etesian winds were blowing, that the young Greek wended his way over its swelling tides; and, reaching the quay of Cairo, he hired a djerme, which conveyed him through a canal to a caravansary. Disguising himself as a Saracen, he returned to observe from the djerme the ceremony and wild fanaticism which were exhibited by the populace on the arrival of the tapestry destined for covering the Caaba at Mecca. It was transported from Constantinople by way of Syria; and, as soon as it was announced, the Mohammedans ran from all parts of the city, and most happy and fortunate was he who could approach sufficiently near to kiss a part of the trappings, or the footprints of the camel which had the honor of bearing it.

The city was full of festivity, and from the houses was suspended the most gorgeous drapery of scarlet, crimson, blue, and yellow. There was juggling in the streets, and, beneath the wide-spreading sycamore-fig, might be heard the ringing of bells, answering as castanets, and attached to the fingers of the individuals who moved in the primeval, yet degrading and revolting, dance of the

Almels. Again, groups were collected to hear the story of some man of genius, whose strong memory and poetical gifts gave him temporary control over the minds and feelings of his auditors. Towards the latter our traveler was particularly attracted; and, calling to the boatman to push off from the canal, they landed on an island of the Nile called Rhonda, where, beneath tall clusters of palm and cypress, and upon a verdant sward, reclined an Apollo in gifts of imagery, in figure, and in grace.

The poet sat cross-legged, according to the fashion of his country, his eagle eyes glowing with ethereal fire, and radiating his handsome and manly countenance almost with a superhuman expression. Clapping his hands until the crimson feather of the flamingo vibrated in his snowy turban, he commenced his dramatic story; and the young Greek placed himself within a convenient distance to hear, in the Turkish language (in which he was well versed), the following legend:—

THE POET'S STORY.

"Followers of Islâm, and in courtesy to the truce of Issevi* also, listen to the history of the Mameluke Selar; and seek even Alix Lila va Lilint—and you will not there find, in its thousand stories, one more replete with wisdom for the sons of Ben Adam than this you are now to hear. Even the sultan† (he touched the earth with his forehead) "delighted so much in its relation, that he called it 'The casquet of pearls and tears.'"

"The Mamelukes were originally Tartars, sold by Syrian merchants while children to the sultans and nobles of Syria and Egypt, and educated to arms in their camps. It is well known that they became the strength of these governments; and, as might have been expected, the ambitious often attempted intrigue, and some even reached at the overthrow of the empire. Among these, was the Emir Selar; his mind was capacious and his views enlarged, but his soul the seat of insatiable cravings for wealth and power, united to a nature cold, luxurious, suspicious, and melancholy. He had won the confidence of the sultan by his apparent disinterested prudence, and his sovereign was not slow in showering wealth and honors upon him. As he rose to power, he oppressed the people; but this was always by insidious means, and never in a direct manner. Many of his agents, or tools, suffered from the bowstring and dirk by the mazes of his measures; but this appeared to make little impression on him.

"One day in autumn, soon after he had returned to Rosetta from an incursion in the desert, for the purpose of making treaty with a sheik of the tribe of Bedouins at Saccara, a spacious saloon in his marble palace was thrown open for the entertainment of some of his most distinguished adherents. There he was seated on a cushion of azure satin, while many slaves, sumptuously dressed, in span-

gled turbans, with silk caftans spangled and embroidered in silver and gold, were engaged in spreading the finest napkins, on which confectionery and fruits were placed in salvers of pure gold. When these were removed, slaves, yet more splendidly attired, knelt before each guest with silver censers of burning perfumes, while others sprinkled rose-water from flagons inclosed in a network of gold and diamonds.

"It was now, while the apartment was filled with the odors of Arabia, and while the court resounded with the din of kettle-drums and the shrill notes of the cathara, that Selar was complimented by his satellites. 'Live forever, great emir! for in what lackest thou that the sultan or caliph themselves might desire? Thy counsels are commands to the throne, and thy wealth conveys to thy palace the luxuries of the whole world. Who is like Selar the wise, the strong, and the magnificent?' Just now, a rapid clatter of horses' hoofs was heard at his gates, and a cry of 'Make way for the courier of the king of kings!' The doors flew open, and an emissary of the sultan, covered with dust, called loudly for Selar. He rose from his luxurious cushions and prostrated himself, while the messenger informed him that 'the great leader of the faithful, before whom all nations veil their faces, awaited his coming upon important business.' It was enough; Selar was in the saddle, and his fleet courser bore him on the wings of the wind to the feet of his sovereign."

Here the poet rose, adjusted his turban, dropped his robe over his folded arm, rested his head upon his bosom, and, with an expression of the wildest despair, exclaimed—

"Selar is now a wretched captive! damp and cold stone forms his resting-place! the light of day is excluded from his sunken and lack-lustre eyes! hunger and thirst are preying upon his vitals! he has scarcely strength to stand erectly! Now his prison door opens; he starts; it is the first sound he has heard in ten suns. 'What! is the sultan appeased?' cries he, with a hollow scream. Lo! a covered dish of solid gold is banded him. He seizes it with the grasp of famine; the cover is raised by his trembling hand. Are there refreshing fruits and cooling water? No! no! a dish of coin, fresh and brilliant from the mint of Cairo. 'Oh, Alla! Alla!' cries the wretched emir, 'what is gold, the wealth of Indostan, for a cup of cold water and a dry crust of barley bread? Just art thou, all-powerful Alla!' he whispered, as the memory of his former extortions now added to his horrors.

"He raved until he fell on the hard pavement of his prison, and sank into a troubled dream. It was of shade and water, of his sumptuous and luxurious halls, wrung from the little stores of the thousand he had oppressed and tortured. He wakes; all still: yet no; the iron door turns upon its hinges another golden dish! Oh Hope, true is it that the lingerest even when thou art compassed by wretchedness! Despair, thy gladiator, combats thee!

* Jesus.

† The Arabian Nights.

every side, yet nothing but Death can vanquish thee. His eyes reanimate, his frame becomes invigorated; his outstretched arms show that *now* he believes his parched tongue will be cooled, and his insatiable hunger mitigated. He seizes the dish, dashes the cover from him—a priceless chaplet of pearls lies spotless and limpid before his distracted gaze! Selar falls to rise no more; the blood gushes from his mouth, and flows over his unchanged yet princely robes!"

At this moment a wild cry burst from the surrounding audience; for, as the poet fell, the rich vermilion streamed and bubbled from his firm-set lips and ran in rills to his girdle. Another moment, and he was seated gravely upon his carpet, wiping the juice of the *betel nut* from his mouth and beard.

Our young Greek looked around the crowd with a disappointed gaze, and, setting forth, returned to his lodgings at the caravansary.

Late one evening, after having searched throughout the city in vain for Cato, he was attracted by the figure of a man in the habit of a Turk, whose back was turned towards him, and who appeared earnestly engaged in conversation with another individual, so much shaded from a pillar, against which he leaned, that he could not distinguish him. As he entered the narrow street where they were standing, now almost as dark as night, he heard the concealed person say—

"Hast thou the 'Stygian water,' Mezzo?"

"Verily, I have," was the reply. "With the blessing of the Prophet, fresh from Arcadia. It is deadly and cold, just as it was distilled in dew-drops from the rock *Nonacris*, and sealed up in an ass's hoof, the only substance which can contain it, and it is almost priceless; for know, infidel, it is now a lost secret, and, since the death of the all-conquering Macedonian, has never appeared in the possession of any but our race, on whom rests the blessing of the Prophet of Wisdom to the third son."

A rush of blood suffused the face of Abas, and he breathed so suffocatingly and quickly that he intuitively feared that the throbbings of his heart would be heard, and thereby defeat his indomitable purpose. He saw the Turk make a sign, after which they disappeared in an adjoining building. The young Greek drew blood from his wrist, marked the white plaster of the house, and afterwards returned to the bazaar, where he sat down to think. In half an hour, he had prepared himself, and returned to await the first opportunity of coming in contact with his enemy. Hours wore away, and he heard the revel of intoxication and the bitter oaths of ruined gamblers. As the day dawned, Cato appeared. It was but the act of a second for the islander to spring as a hungry lion upon him. Cato was strong, and he resisted with gymnastic skill. They fell, they rose, they writhed around each other as the fabled Laocoon of their native country; yet Abas kept his hold. They fell together, and lay as if each were dead; they would

then start suddenly upon their feet, with corded veins and swelling muscles, and glare upon each other like demons. At length, the clank of a chain was heard, and then the spring of a lock; and, in another moment, Cato stood bound fast to the waist of his antagonist. His strength was spent, not so much from the combat as from the difficulties of respiration, and he was led off by the throat without the least resistance.

Down went Abas to his djeri, and, whispering to the boatman that he had captured the murderer of his father, they floated in Mohammedan silence through the canals, and down the Nile, to the shipping which crowded and whitened its blue and rapid waters.

The young Greek arrived in the port of Alexandria in time to take a berth on board of the "Queen of the Seas," then the wonder of the nautical world. This immense vessel went every year from Alexandria laden with silks, spices, and all sorts of merchandise, which the Soldan's subjects brought from the Indies by way of the Red Sea, and was carried by this vessel from Egypt into Africa, and to Tunis, up as far as Constantinople. The *carack* (as it was called by way of species) was of so extraordinary a bulk, that the top of the highest mast of the largest galley was not near the height of her prow; six men were scarcely able to clasp the mast; it had seven stories, two of which were lower than the surface of the water; and it was able to carry, besides its freight and the merchants and seamen necessary for sailing, one thousand soldiers for defence. It was, indeed, a floating castle, mounted with above one hundred pieces of cannon.

The dress of each of the Greeks, and the facility with which Abas spoke the Turkish language, induced the commander of the "Queen" to receive them on board with but little attention, after his curiosity was satisfied as to the manner and cause of so extraordinary an imprisonment. Previously to embarking, Abas had taken the precaution to say to the Cosite—

"Hark ye, Tortoise, the voice of my father's blood cries to me from the ground; yet I never meant to tyrannize over thee, but to call thee to just punishment, for which I readily risked my life. Thou canst not speak one word of infidel language, unless it be with thy own heart"—there was a momentary change, a cunning expression in the countenance of Cato, but he remained doggedly silent—"peradventure, a Greek tongue may be found by thee in yonder leviathan, yet thou hadst better cut thine out and give it to the fishes than make the least attempt to my injury. Thou mayest say that thou art going to thy trial for life or death, and that vengeance, thy darling passion, would be satisfied in the loss of my head with thine, or my being sold a slave with thyself; and that, in the latter case, thy life would be insured. But listen, Cato; the moment thy tongue is loosened to the infidels, thy

* Vertot's Knights of Malta.

life, by the holy Madonna's guardianship, is gone, and forever. I carry a priceless blade, although I used it not in thy capture; for thou hadst no weapon with thee but the miserable remains of thy purse."

The "Queen of the Seas" had traversed a distance of several leagues from the Egyptian shore, when the sun crowned the western horizon of the Mediterranean with a diadem refulgent in purple and gold; its base was brilliant with myriads of coruscations, varying in color and shape as the evening breeze ruffled its billows. At this time, a sailor on the watch cried, "Sail!" In the distance, rocked by the waves, was a single black line, which rapidly increased in size from its swift sail in the direction of the "carack." The commander of the vessel turned from an examination of its nation and size with a countenance of ineffable contempt, and, seating himself, he reached a cithara as he said—

"Yonder galley carries the flag of the Knights of Rhodes. By the beard of my father, it must be freighted with fools or madmen, or they would have fled the mighty 'Queen of the Seas' as a cloud before the storm. By the beard of my father, it rouses my ire to think they should dare appear in our presence! Even while endeavoring to fly, methinks they would call on those rough waters to cover them, rather than endure our presence!"

With the utmost scorn, mixed with anger, he drew his fingers over the instrument, and, as if dissatisfied, flung it on a cushion, and rose to pace the deck after his favorite fashion. Whenever he turned in the direction of the galley, he would spit in the sea, by way of exhibiting his disgust. "The infidel dogs," he would exclaim, "are not fit for the mines of the Tartar!"

The galley was now within cannon shot, and her commander put forth a long-boat with an officer, directed to summon the captain to deliver up his ship. The Saracen was thrown into a rage by this insult, as he deemed it, and returned answer—

"That, so long as the 'Queen' had sailed on those seas, there never was vessel or vessels daring enough to attack her. That he had Mussulmans sufficient to destroy his men, ship, and all, at a blast."

The long-boat flew over the distance which separated the vessels, and presently returned. The knight who commanded the galley had taken advantage of the surprise and contempt of the Saracen commander, to approach nearer while engaged in parley. The officer now bore this intelligence—

"That his commander had been ordered by his superiors to attack the 'Queen of the Seas,' whether he was strong or weak, and that he was obliged to obey orders; that, if he would surrender, he would promise them good quarters, but, if they refused, he would burn or sink them."

By this time the galley had approached near the carack, and the infuriated Saracen stamped his foot and ordered the officer of the long-boat to—

"Begone! If thou darest return, I will send

thee to the bottom of the sea, and hang thy captain over the prow! Begone, or I will blow thee to the gates of Eblis! By the beard of my father, thou art of no more consequence than a bubble on the wave!"

The officer left him foaming with rage; but no sooner had he stepped into the galley than a sheet of flame cast a lurid light over the dark waters, and a broadside of cannon loaded with cartridges rained through the upper deck of the "Queen of the Seas." The smoke rose in clouds above the vessels; the place occupied by the commander, his officers, and many seamen, was left vacant. The remaining crew appeared overpowered at this unexpected havoc; and, the next instant, observing a preparation for another broadside, the bewildered crew lowered the national flag, and ran up in its place one of white silk. The "Queen of the Seas" was captured. The water, but a short time previously so glossy and deeply shaded, was now covered with floating bodies, bows, arrows, and turbans, while rills of smoke curled above the shattered parts of the noble vessel.

The crew, consisting of merchants, seamen, and soldiers, were divided for exchange with those of the galley, who, in turn, went on board of the "Queen of the Seas." During this arrangement, there were loud bursts of joy, with the shout of "Long live the brave—long live the dauntless Lile Adam forever!" What was the joy of Abas, who escaped injury, to discover, in the heroic Lile Adam, the friend on whose bosom he had leaned when bitter grief converted his manhood into a "bruised and broken reed!"

"What hast thou at thy side, man?" he inquired. "Thou canst not!"—he paused, and, looking intently, turned on his heel, muttering, "The villain Cato of Cos, or the Tortoise! Ho there! send a smithy and guard!"

Cato was severed from his captor, and placed with the Turkish prisoners in the hold. Upon entering this foreign assembly, "Tortoise" betook him how he should turn his new position to advantage. He took for granted that he might, with some address, pass as a Mohammedan; and, folding himself in a corner, he first pretended drowsiness, during which time he carefully reconnoitered the premises and captives; he next feigned sleep. There was a profound silence for some hours, when the yawning of some of the prisoners betokened a disposition to rest; gaping succeeded, and finally became contagious; one by one fell back upon another until a general sound of deep breathing prevailed. It was at this time that "Tortoise" observed Turk move inch by inch nearer his side, and presently that he was relieving him of his purse.

"Now, brother," he whispered, "you have on to put your hand here, and you will find also pouch with several round pieces." The Mohammedan dropped his head, and eyed his companion closely, without uttering a word: when Cato continued, "Help thyself, man—I am in earnest; for

have taken a fancy to thee, and will give you this," laying the gold upon his now open palm. The Turk grew confident, assumed coolness, and deliberately counted each piece into a purse beneath his girdle. "Now," continued Cato, "thou art my friend, by the beard of the Prophet; give me thy hand, and let us swear, by the Caaba, friendship until we are ready for Paradise." The Turk extended his leathery hand. "Now thy name, brother?"

"Amine," was the graphic reply.

"And thou," answered Tortoise, "canst always have an answer when thou callest me Caleb."

After a long silence, Caleb, alias Cato, resumed the discourse—

"I know, brother Amine, that thou art a man of courage from thy countenance. Canst thou face a danger for our freedom?"

"Tell me, brother," replied Amine, "what it is; for know I never go rashly to work in any enterprise. Thou hast already had a sample of my discretion."

"So much the better," was the immediate an-

swer. "Well, to be rid of these Christian dogs, we have only to seize the officer at midnight, and make our escape through the door which he will open to observe that all is well with us. See, he will open the door and make his appearance. It will depend upon circumstances how we proceed. The prisoners must not be waked, mind. I will lead the way."

Tortoise and his companion again sank into silence, awaiting the midnight watch. The appointed officer opened the door, lowered the lantern, and was scrutinizing the surrounding individuals, when Cato sprang on his neck, whispering Amine to blow out the lantern. The suffocated officer was laid on the floor; the two worthies made their escape and passed to the stern of the vessel. A sentinel called, "Who's there?" when the ready answer of Tortoise enabled them to reach the cable of the boat, down which they slid, severing it after them. The skiff skimmed along for several yards, after which they set to their oars, leaving the vessel far in their wake.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR EQUESTRIANS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

We do not intend to write a learned or critical essay upon this most delightful of all accomplishments. In the first place, we have not the requisite knowledge, and should only betray our ignorance if we attempted to speak knowingly. We have not the dashing fearlessness of Mrs. Kemble, nor the graceful ease of Grace Greenwood, to bear us out in any such assumption. Our chief exploit in horsemanship is a quiet canter through pleasant places; and yet we have somewhat to say on a subject of which we may seem to know so little.

It is very natural, at least to people with a tolerable share of benevolence, when one has received pleasure or benefit from any easily attained object, to point out the ways and means thereto to others who could never have thought of it for themselves; and we have often wondered, when cantering along the face of a fresh breeze, far out in the open country, how so many ladies can deny to themselves so simple, so exquisite a pleasure. Ah, there is nothing in all our experience to equal it! The gliding, gentle motion of your horse, be his gait what it may, the braced upright position which you are forced to maintain, whatever may be your inclination to "the line of beauty" under other circumstances, the light wind kissing your cheek into rosiest flush! Who could resist beautiful sights as the long shadows quiver over the road— and the breath of the new-mown hay offers a sweeter perfume than any Parisian *extrait* can name? And there are the soft sky and the

floating clouds, and perhaps a blue lake to make up the delicious landscape! You would have lost this charming view if you had rolled over the country in the easiest of carriages; you would have gone home as languid and careworn as you came forth, if you had nestled all the while in its luxurious cushions, with muscles relaxed and nerves unstrung. But now your hand guides the reins gently, yet firmly; your whole frame feels the excitement of the rapid motion. The spirits rise in pure exhilaration, such as the rarest champagne could never give—but here we must speak from observation rather than experience, for we have seen eyes grow brighter under the potent beverage which we have never quaffed—and the world seems more beautiful to you, and Nature steals into your heart with a potent spell you never recognized before.

We do not speak to dwellers of the city, for, of late years, Fashion has issued a reasonable, healthful mandate, and few fair votaries dare to disobey. Especially in our own Philadelphia, as the bright spring comes on, there is scarcely a day that its environs are not enlivened by parties of fair equestrians, all trimly accoutred, and animated with the pleasing consciousness of looking extremely well. All winter long they have frequented the riding-school, and now they are to put in practice the lessons of the ring. So away they go in their fearlessness, now dashing on and on in a rapid, but beautifully sustained trot, then more idly adopting the long, swinging canter, or pacing quietly through

some shaded lane, made vocal by their playful chat or joyful merriment. Oh, commend us to an equestrian party of all parties in the world!

Now, what is there to prevent all this enjoyment in every country town or village where there are comparatively few social pleasures in which all may engage? There are none of the disadvantages we have to contend with in a city. Horses are more easily obtained, and they are less expensive. There is your choice of a road, and you do not have to pass through two or three miles of drays and carriages, over a paved street, to reach it. No; you are up and off, and in the shadow of a wood before you are fairly out of sight of home; and there are no clouds of dust, and no impertinent stares from the "fast men" on the road to annoy you. Yet, with all their advantages, our country women learn to drive rather than ride, and can manage a horse in harness much better than under the simple direction of a rein.

One thing may be urged, that they have no teachers in the country, and little or no opportunity for practice before they go out upon the road. But one of the best horsewomen of our acquaintance has never had a riding-school lesson, and mounted for the first time in the open street. All that is necessary to be learned is mounting, how to hold the reins, the seat in the saddle, and to guide the horse; and then, if a lady has courage and firmness, all is known.

Perhaps we could give, even with our humble experience, some hints upon these most necessary points; and will our lady readers accompany us for the purpose, in a morning's visit to the most celebrated riding-school in the city, perhaps the best regulated in the country? Visitors are always welcome, so do not shrink back as you mount the stairs, and are ushered into a kind of gallery, furnished with comfortable settees on either side, which are at this moment filled with spectators, the friends and relations of the pupils. A light railing separates this from the ring, which is more properly an oblong space floored with tan, and lighted by a long range of windows and skylights, thus provided with plenty of fresh air and sunshine. A class has just dismounted, and a long row of horses, twenty or thirty perhaps, are drawn up to the centre. We will not wait to watch the animated faces of the pupils, as they discuss with one another the good points of "Jenny Lind," the swiftness of "Eagle," or the tricks of "Spry," but mount another flight of stairs to the dressing-room. Here are skirts and hats, public and private property; and, fastening one of the former, usually of some dark, heavy woolen material, over an ordinary walking-dress, and substituting a straw flat for your thin bonnet, you are ready for your first lesson.

The ring is full of gay, laughing girls, who are too busy with their steeds to notice whether the stranger be a novice or not. They will tell presently when the swift evolutions commence. So do not fear ridicule, or even your own awkwardness.

In mounting, take it for granted that you are going to succeed, and you will. You gather the long folds of your skirt with your left hand. Your right, with the whip, is placed upon the pommel or horn of the saddle. Place your left foot firmly in the extended hand of your instructor, give him your left hand, still gathering the skirt, and, as he raises your foot, straighten your left knee, and spring from the right instep. It is so easy a matter, difficult as it looks, that few fail, even in the first attempt, to reach the saddle. The instant you are seated, take the reins, without waiting to arrange your dress, lest your horse should start; meantime, your teacher has placed your foot in the stirrup. Then, either grasping the mane with your left hand, or placing it upon the shoulder of your escort, as you prefer, rise in the stirrup, and arrange the drapery of your skirt to fall gracefully and comfortably about the figure. In re-seating yourself, place the right knee over the crutch or horn of the saddle. Meantime, the reins, for here we ride with both the curb and snaffle rein, are drawn perfectly even, and arranged in the left hand, one between each finger, the curb rein on the inside, and the whole kept quite tight by the pressure of the thumb. The right hand still retains the whip, and should be suffered to fall gracefully, but in such a position that the horse will not be irritated by it. When it can be avoided, the whip should never be used; but, if necessary, apply it with firmness. A horse soon feels if he has a cowardly rider, but is best guided by the voice, a gentle pat upon the neck, or a firm pressure of the reins. And now fearlessly—"affect the virtue if you have it not"—join the long cavalcade, who are pacing quietly around the arena. Presently, they will quicken their pace to a brisk trot, as they fall in one after another, instead of riding abreast as now; and, when your half hour's first lesson is accomplished, you can dismount and watch the rapid military evolutions with which their ride will close. Now, at a signal, they form into lines and squares, halt, advance, back, or turn from right to left, at the word of command. It is thus they gain firmness, courage, and skill.

In dismounting, take your reins and whip in the right hand, placed upon the crutch of the saddle. Your left hand gathers the skirt, as before, and is given to your attendant, and so you spring to the ground, supporting yourself by your hold upon the crutch.

To back a horse, a very essential point, hold both reins perfectly still and throw yourself back a little, pulling evenly. When you have more skill in managing the reins, this will be easy, and you will find how slight a pressure will turn your horse to the right or the left.

Now you can mount and dismount without the aid of a chair; you know that the reins are not to be held in one grasp, through the hollow of the hand, as we have seen them used. A little observation will tell you whether your horse is paces, trotting, or cantering, and which gait you prefer.

and then, if you have courage, all the essentials are yours. You are to preserve a firm, upright seat in the saddle, neither leaning backwards nor stooping forwards; the latter destroys all the grace of many otherwise good riders; and remember, above all, that gentleness is as much appreciated by horses as by any other creature you may chance to guide, and that they often yield to it when brute force enrages.

As to dress, it matters not how plain the material, so the skirt is ample and the corsage easy; and we would recommend, from present experience, a broad straw hat, or flat, as it is called, as a protection for the head and face. No custom is more simple or graceful, and a plea of expense need not be urged against the rational pleasure and improvement, both to body and mind, of frequent equestrian excursions.

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART I.

"The things that day most minds by night do most appear."—SPENSER.

"I really am ashamed of the poverty of my dreams."—CHARLES LAMB.

—"Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do."—MILTON.

"Nay, oft in *dreams* invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow."—POPE.

"Behold, this dreamer cometh!"—BIBLE

We were telling a dream, and looked into the face of our listener with that obstinate kind of idiosyncrasy that belongs to dreamers, but which it would be difficult to explain—we, an obstinate psychologist, believing in all spiritualisms, because the good Father has made this part of our nature so urgent and unmistakable, that it is more difficult to doubt the realities of the internal than the external. We looked into his face—

"I never dream, madam."

"Never dream! Then I am afraid you have no soul."

"No soul! Madam, do you believe in the Bible? are you only talking poetry?"

"Only talking poetry!—only! I am talking of the most undeniable testimony to soul—existence which dreaming affords. Suppose it is poetry. Is not poetry truth?—the deep, sudden truth felt at the bottom of every soul?—truth that I lift up its voice and cry aloud in every human breast till the world stifles its utterance?"

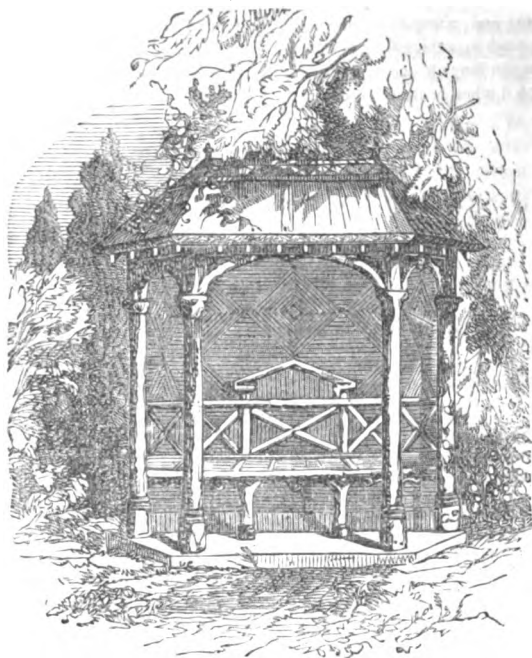
"Oh dear, madam, I do not comprehend a word you say; and yet I dare be bound it is very good." "No more did he. How could he, who never understood, understand poetry? And what right had he attempt indoctrinating him with the spirit of poetry, and disturbing his smooth dullness and exact digestion with a malicious and energetic dash out of the common track?"

"Do the pre-Adamite men and women sleep? they dream? I think not. To dream well, one must be alone: there is a neutralizing of the divine force where another head is busied with its angelic same pillow. Adam, alone in Paradise,

slept, and Eve was *his* dream. Milton says that Eve slept, and the serpent was *hers*, "squat like a toad" close to her ear. Alas! for the sad change from the solitary dreamer of Eden, when Eve was conceived, and the wild waste of earth, with its wearisome companionships, and the tree of knowledge guarded with the serpent stings of unsatisfied yearnings!

The spirit needs no sleep; what death is to the body sleep would be to the soul. It finds its Sabbath, which is rest, when it reposes upon some great and beautiful thought; when it has reached some companionship nearest its higher elements; when it finds itself in some atmosphere akin to its nature, and it breathes and glows in loveliness, like the blossom of the field, too ineffably content even to need a voice. We may imagine the spiritual being laying down its material companion tenderly to slumber, withdrawing itself gently from the exhausted receptacle, and rejoicing in its freedom from the frettings of daily life; while itself, needless of repose, goes out into new and untried spheres, filling its urn at divine fountains, lighting the torch of its existence in the glories of the Infinite Source; holding its companionship with undying affinities, and enlarging itself by ranging through illimitable space.

Once, during a period of suffering, I must have remained soul-conscious from the moment of sleeping. I was then, as I often am, aware of the process of sleep, its coming on, and the fading away of consciousness. Ideas commingled, and I felt a sensation of pain in the region of the heart; a sense of dread, as it were, pervading the nerves, as if they shrank from a power which they could not resist. I think this state is not unlike death. It is always so distinctly defined, I am almost lost; then rouse myself, as if in opposition to some state which appals me, and then am gone. Death's twin brother has the ascendant. At the time of which I am speaking, I thought I raised my body up gently and laid it in a grave that seemed ready for it; I smoothed the turf down orderly with a vague feeling that blossoms would grow therefrom, and then stood, the only mourner over my poor self, weeping bitterly. The impression was so vivid that I awoke before my soul could start upon its journey.



GARDEN DECORATIONS.

THAT season of the year in which there is but little to do in the way of absolute work in the garden is very suitable to the formation of rustic seats. Trees which are not wanted for their bark are generally cut down in winter, or in very early spring; so that their branches are now generally quite ready to be sawn into the shapes required for making rustic chairs and tables. In osier grounds, the willows intended for the basket-maker are generally cut twice a year, that is, in November and in March, so that the willows that may be wanted for the curved part at the back of the chairs, &c., will now be ready for use. Hazel may also be cut at this season, as the bark is less likely to peel off now than it would be if the sap were more in motion.

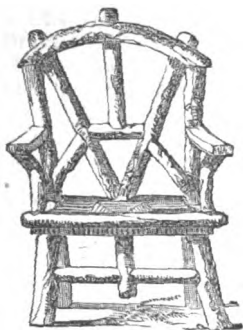
When the chairs are to be made, the first thing to be done is to make what may be called a working plan, on which all the dimensions are accurately marked; and then to select pieces of wood suitable, and saw them into pieces of the proper size and shape. The willow rods will generally curl easily; but, if they are at all stiff, they may be warmed before they are bent, and then tied into the proper shape. When the chair or table has a number of hazel rods nailed close together, a frame must be made by a carpenter, and the rods nailed on it. It is generally considered best to varnish rustic work at least once every year; but a brittle varnish

should not be used, as it would do more harm than good. In nailing the wood together, brads, or nails without heads, should be used, to prevent any danger of tearing the clothes of the ladies who may use the chairs.



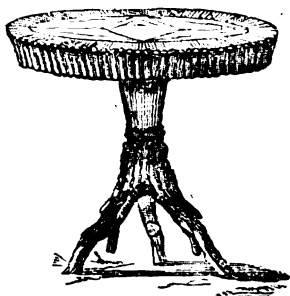
In making the rustic seat, it is first necessary to fasten some planks together for the floor, and to attach a frame to them for the back. These portions of the design may be done by a common carpenter. Four young larches, or spruce firs, are then provided for the upright columns or pillars, which are fixed in holes made for them in the floor; the plinth round the base of each being made of square pieces of deal

nailed on the bottom of the pillar, and covered with bark, also nailed on; the whole being finished with



two rows of cord, one thicker than the other. The top of each pillar is finished with a square piece of wood to serve as a capital, and spandrels are formed from these capitals to the roof, with arches of flexible wood, such as the willow, or the hazel, and with

deal boards. When finished, the whole must be washed over with coal-tar liquid, or some kind of cheap dark-colored varnish, but not with any kind



of paint. The roof is thatched and finished at the eaves with fir-cones. Cord is pegged down in two rows along the top of the roof, and finished at each end with a small wooden cross, or a large pine-cone. The back of the seat is formed of smooth hazel rods, arranged so as to form diamonds, and afterwards varnished over.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

No. I.—THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"Don't believe in witches? Why, Lizzie Parker, how you do talk!" said Aunt Tabitha Tremlin, dropping her knitting-work into her lap, and holding up both hands with astonishment.

"I cannot say that I do," replied Lizzie.

"Well, your cousin ain't such a wicked sinner as not to believe in 'em, I know—are you, Paul?"

Paul, who sat in front of the fire, idly stirring a large bed of glowing rock-maple coals, threw a merry glance out of the corner of his left eye towards Lizzie, as much as to say, "Now for a little sport;" then, quickly assuming a look of profound gravity, he replied—

"I hardly know what to say, Aunt Tabitha; but one thing is certain, strange things have happened in this world of ours."

"That's what there has. Lizzie can't gainsay that. But I want to have you tell me, Paul, if any of 'em ever happened in your own *spear* of observation."

"Why, there was a little affair took place, that seemed some like witchwork, during one of our college vacations, which I spent in New York."

"I'll warrant it," said Aunt Tabitha. "Tell us all about it, Paul." And, clasping her hands tightly together, she commenced a rocking motion, such as is sometimes adopted by persons who have a taste for intensifying their feelings to what might, to borrow a phrase applied to metallic substances, be termed a white heat.

"You never heard of Mr. Pragg, I suppose?" said Paul.

"Haven't I though? I used to know old Pete Pragg as well as I know you."

"Mr. Ebenezer Pragg is the one I mean."

"La! well, if I never seed Nezer, I've heern tell of him. He's a kin to old Pete: his father and Pete were second cousins. Well, what of him? Has Nezer anything to do with your story?"

"You shall hear," said Paul, solemnly. "Mr. Ebenezer Pragg, who is a resident of the city of New York, belongs to a club. The number is limited to six; and no one is admitted except he is a bachelor. Though every evening plenty of refreshments are placed upon the sideboard, they have what they call a regular supper only once a week, which is prepared in the basement of the same building containing the club-room. One day a man by the name of Bluff, who was a member of the club, told me that they were going to have a venison supper that evening, and invited me to attend. 'It was a fine haunch of venison, so Mr. Pragg told him,' he said, 'who had received it from a friend in the country as a present.' I accepted the invitation; and, when we arrived, we found all the other members assembled. As I shall have occasion to allude to each of them hereafter, I will mention that the names of the four members besides Mr. Bluff and Mr. Pragg, were Questman, Nixon, Stults, and Sippet. Not long after we arrived, a lad came into

the room and whispered to Mr. Pragg, who immediately withdrew. He was absent about ten minutes; and, when he returned, he looked white as a sheet."

"The land o' massy, Paul, how you skeer me!" said Aunt Tabitha.

"Gentlemen," said he. He could go no farther; but stopped, and gasped for breath.

"I never!" exclaimed Aunt Tabitha, rocking herself backwards and forwards more vehemently than ever. "Go on with your story, Paul."

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Pragg, "I have seen such a strange sight!" and again he stopped and gasped for breath. Here Mr. Stilts, who was the junior member of the club, and prided himself on his talent for recitation, having already put himself into attitude, waiting with open mouth the first moment of silence, began—

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up your soul, freeze!" —

"What has happened, Mr. Pragg? What have you seen?" said Mr. Questman, breaking in upon Mr. Stilts.

"We are all curiosity," said Mr. Nixon.

"Freeze"—said Mr. Stilts, catching up the thread of his recitation where Mr. Questman broke it off.

"It must have been really awful," said Mr. Nixon, "or Mr. Pragg would never have turned so pale."

"It makes me tremble to think of it," said Mr. Sippet.

"Free—eeze"—again chimed in Mr. Stilts.

"Permit me, Mr. Stilts," said Mr. Pragg, waving his hand with great dignity. "I think I can tell it now."

"Certainly, certainly; I perceive—I see that 'Richard's himself again!'" Whereupon Mr. Stilts, who looked as if, by means of some invisible machinery, he was screwed and contorted in a manner very painful to endure, resumed a natural attitude.

"Can you tell it now? If not, take longer time to compose yourself," said Mr. Nixon.

"Yes, I am composed now; perfectly so," said Mr. Pragg. "You know, gentlemen, that we expected to have a nice haunch of venison for supper?"

"I, for one, knew it," said Mr. Bluff.

"And so did I," said Mr. Stilts; "for, as you may remember, Mr. Pragg, I was present when it arrived."

"You were, Mr. Stilts; and do I exaggerate when I say it was nice—exceedingly so?"

"Not a jot, not a jot. I can certify that—"

"The haunch was a picture for a painter to study, The fat was so white, the lean was so ruddy!"

"That is what it was," said Mr. Pragg. "But it has turned out to be a leg of mutton!"

"And blue and hard as a whetstone!" said Peter,

the lad who had called Mr. Pragg from the room, that he might witness the remarkable transformation it had undergone.

"Peter, you must have made some mistake," said Mr. Bluff. "I have no belief that a haunch of venison could turn into a leg of mutton."

"No, I haven't, certainly," said Peter. "Miss Mullet, Mr. Pragg's housekeeper, told me 'twas the wenson; and I seed it, too, afore she did it up in the cloth, and it didn't look a bit as it did when the cook took the cloth off."

"Come, let us go and see what it looks like now," said Mr. Bluff.

"That's what I say," said Mr. Questman. "Come, Sippet, come along."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pragg, "it is my wish that you *all* go, and thus satisfy yourselves that the astonishment—I might say, alarm—which you saw depicted on my countenance was not without a cause."

"In consequence of this request, we all proceeded to the cook's sanctum, where we beheld, as had been reported, a little blue, miserable-looking leg of mutton."

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Sippet, in a hoarse whisper, "that it is bewitched."

"You are bewitched twice as much," said Mr. Bluff.

"I am inclined to think that Sippet is right," said Mr. Questman.

"The truth is, Mr. Questman," said Sippet, putting his lips close to that gentleman's ear, "that Mrs. Mullet, who, you know, keeps Mr. Pragg's house, is—at least, I've no doubt of it—what the Scotch people would call a little uncanny."

"Is it possible? What makes you think so?"

"What has now taken place would be enough; but I have other reasons."

"You think, then, that Mrs. Mullet"—and, glancing his eye towards the mutton, Mr. Questman eked out his sentence by winks and nods.

"Just so," replied Mr. Sippet.

"Mr. Pragg did not speak, but kept his eyes fixed on the mutton, as if it possessed the power of fascination."

"See how our partner's rapt!" said Mr. Stilts. And then giving a sudden jerk at Mr. Pragg's sleeve, he added—

"Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?"

"This had the effect to rouse Mr. Pragg, who stamping on the floor to give emphasis to his wordsaid—

"Gentlemen, I will sift this matter to the bottom!—I will confront Mrs. Mullet!—I will compel her to account for this transformation! Peter, take this leg of mutton and carry it back to Mrs. Mullet. I shall soon be there myself. Gentlemen, wait some of you go with me?"

"It is my mind that we all go," said Mr. Nixon.

"Peter took the mutton!" —

"Well, I wouldn't 'ave touched it sooner than I would a live serpent," said Aunt Tabitha. "Go on with your story, Paul."

"Peter took the mutton, in order to carry it back to Mrs. Mullet; and, in about five minutes, we were all ready to follow him. When arrived at Mr. Pragg's residence, according to his directions, we, in silence, stole round to the back of the house, where, through the uncurtained windows, we could see Mrs. Mullet, who sat before the kitchen fire knitting. Peter had not yet arrived."

"Do you see that great kettle steaming over the fire?" whispered Mr. Sippet.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble,"

whispered Mr. Stilts in reply."

"You'd seen an awful sight, if you could 'ave seen into that caldron, I'll warrant you," said Aunt Tabitha.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Sippet, "that she and some of her cronies are going to have a good set-down, and that she is cooking their supper in that caldron."

"I shouldn't wonder if she was," said Mr. Nixon.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake,"

whispered Mr. Stilts.

"I can't think where Peter is," said Mr. Pragg.

"I shouldn't think strange," said Mr. Sippet, "if he has had a witch-bridle slipped over his head by this time."

"You had better look out, Sippet," said Mr. Bluff, "or you may have one slipped over yours. It's my opinion that you would make a spirited little nag; and the witches, I'll venture to say, won't think of walking home after feasting on the contents of the caldron."

"They'll have a merry time of it, I dare say," said Mr. Stilts; and he commenced repeating—

"Now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

"Peter is coming, I guess," said Mr. Pragg, solemnly, who, with Mr. Nixon, had been peeping and the corner of the house.

"What are you about, Sippet?" said Mr. Questman, as, by the dim light which gleamed from the windows, he perceived him seated on the ground, led up somewhat in the form of a ball.

"Turning one of my stockings wrong side outwards," was the reply; "and I advise you to do the same. Certain kinds of persons—such as, you know—can have no power over those who have on article of apparel turned wrong side outwards."

VOL. XLIII.—4

"I've a good mind to turn one of mine," said Mr. Questman.

"It appears to me," said Mr. Nixon, who now approached, and was let into the secret of turning the stocking; "that turning the coat would be a much better protection. Not that I'm afraid; but it can do no harm to take proper precaution." And, taking off his coat, he turned it.

"Mr. Questman's mind was now thrown into a most painful state of dubiousity as to whether it would be better to turn his stocking or his coat. While he was still halting between two opinions, Peter arrived; and, in answer to Mr. Pragg's somewhat noisy summons, Mrs. Mullet had opened the door. There was no longer any time for hesitation, and little for execution. It was a moment of anxious, almost overwhelming, solicitude, when a bright thought, like a gleam of sunshine cast upon dark and troubled waters, came to his relief. He had a flannel night-cap in his pocket, and quickly taking it thence, he turned it and put it on his head, thinking, as he did so, that, if there was any spot more vulnerable than another to the weird glances or invisible weapons to which he imagined he was about to be exposed, it was more likely to be on his head than his heel. A most logical deduction, rising not only from the fact of never having, like the renowned Achilles, been dipped into the River Styx, but from a consciousness that he did not, in any other respect, bear the most remote resemblance to that redoubtable warrior of the olden time."

"Nearly crushed with the weight of the honor thus unexpectedly thrust upon her, of having so many gentlemen enter the kitchen, Mrs. Mullet hastened to place chairs for their accommodation round the fire. No one, however, except myself seemed disposed to take advantage of this hospitable movement; and, though an eye was now and then directed stealthily askant towards the boiling five-pail kettle, each tongue was chained in solemn silence. Mr. Pragg was the first to break it."

"Peter," said he, "place the mutton upon the table."

"Don't you think that the blaze of the candle looks uncommonly blue?" said Mr. Sippet, in an under tone.

"This gave Mr. Stilts the cue, who, in a low, deep voice, as if horror-struck, exclaimed—

"The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight!"

"Oh no, sir, it is not," said Mrs. Mullet. "The clock has just struck ten."

"Peter, in the mean time, had laid the mutton on the table, as Mr. Pragg had directed him."

"Go to that knife-basket, Peter," said Mr. Pragg, who had placed himself, with an air of solemn dignity, near the table, "and see if you can find me a silver fork."

"That's a bright thought," said Mr. Sippet. "It is said there is great virtue in silver, in cases like the present. You have all of you, no doubt, heard of the execution a silver bullet has done,

when a company of the sisterhood has been heard riding through the air on broomsticks."

"I guess I've heard the virtue there is in silver, if they never did," said Aunt Tabitha. "Why, when I've been churning, 'specially arter it got to be putty late in the fall, I've been obleeged forty times, and forty to the eend of that, to put a piece of silver money in the churn afore I could get a speck of butter. Paul, go on with your story."

"As Mr. Pragg raised the cloth upon the tines of the silver fork, he said—

"Mrs. Mullet, step this way."

"Tremblingly, she approached the table."

"It's no wonder she trembled," said Aunt Tabitha.

"It is my wish," said Mr. Pragg, fixing his eyes on the countenance of little Mrs. Mullet, "that you will account for this transformation."

"What transformation?" Mrs. Mullet ventured to ask.

"I am not to be questioned: see for yourself," said Mr. Pragg, continuing to look her steadily in the face.

"By this time Mr. Bluff, armed with his own natural courage, Mr. Stilts, who thought too much of his poetical quotations to think of much else, and Mr. Nixon, shielded by his turned coat, had boldly taken their stations on the opposite side of the table; while Mr. Questman peeped over Mr. Bluff's shoulder, and Mr. Sippet under Mr. Stilts' arm. As for Peter and myself, we took advantage of a place convenient both for seeing and hearing.

"Why, how is this?" said Mr. Bluff. "This appears to me to be as good a haunch of venison as I ever laid my eyes on."

"It appears the same to me now," said Mr. Nixon, glancing his eyes over the armor of proof in which he was invested, in the shape of the turned coat.

"And so it does to me," said Mr. Questman, putting his hand to his head to assure himself that it was well covered with the protecting night-cap.

"And so it does to me," said Mr. Sippet, planting the foot covered with the turned stocking more firmly on the floor.

"So also it does to me," said Mr. Pragg; "but, gentlemen, I saw, and you saw, and we all saw, that, though it is a haunch of venison here, it was a leg of mutton in the kitchen of the club-house."

"Yes," said Mr. Nixon, "though venison here, it was mutton there."

"It has undergone singular changes, truly," said Mr. Stilts; "yet it was no great feat to perform for one who has

"——lernit frae the fairy folk,
And frae her master true,
The words that can bear her through the air,
And locks and bars undo."

"I am a poor ignorant woman, and can't understand what you mean," said Mrs. Mullet, beginning to have a strange fear creep over her, as she listen-

ed to the wild lines repeated by Mr. Stilts, and observed the grotesque appearance of Mr. Nixon with his turned coat, the sleeves of which were lined with yellow satin; and of Mr. Questman, with his long sharp face, rendered particularly cadaverous by being surrounded by his flannel night-cap.

"Come," said Mr. Bluff, "time is wasting, and I think we had better go back to the club-room. Peter, take the venison and return with it—that is, with your leave, Mr. Pragg; for I can see no reason that we should be disappointed of our supper."

"I couldn't taste a mouthful of it," said Mr. Questman.

"Nor I," said Mr. Sippet; "my appetite is all gone."

"So is mine," said Mr. Nixon. "If it wasn't for that, I would show you I ain't afraid to eat it—I would."

"Mr. Bluff," said Mr. Pragg, "if you think you can relish the venison, let Peter take it to your house."

"Much obliged to you," replied Mr. Bluff. "My sister also will owe you her thanks, for I shall stay at home to-morrow evening, and assist her and my friend here, Mr. Parker, and one or two others, to eat it. Mrs. Mullet, I see, looks pale and fatigued, and I think we had better go."

"This proposal was acceded to, without a single dissenting voice. Mr. Pragg, in a confidential whisper to his brothers of the club, assured them that he should never lodge under his own roof another night till Mrs. Mullet was gone. Mr. Stilts threw a sidelong glance towards her, repeating, as he left the room—

"The spell may crack, and the bridle break,
Then sharp your weird will be."

"Mr. Bluff lingered a little behind, that he might direct Peter where to carry the venison, and then courteously bid Mrs. Mullet 'good night,' an example which was followed by your humble servant."

"Well, Paul," said Aunt Tabitha, "I want to ask you one question, and that is, whether you went and helped eat the pison stuff?"

"I did."

"You did? Well, I'll say one thing, and that is, you were one of the most presumptionest critters that ever breathed the breath of life since the flood."

"Presumptuous or not, aunt, I made a most capital supper."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that you've reason to thank yer stars that it didn't make you ravin' distracted. You wouldn't a got me to swaller a morsel of it, any more than if it had been so much ratsbane. Now, Lizzie, arter hearin' Paul's story, I hope you'll give up that there are sich folks as witches in the world."

"I must confess, Aunt Tabitha, that I am as un-believing as ever."

"Well, I declare, if that ain't paying Paul a compliment, and with a witness, too. If I was to say it, I should call it tantamount to telling him he lies."

"I suspect," said Lizzie, "that Peter, or some other person concerned in the affair, was fond of a practical joke—was it not so, Paul?"

"For Aunt Tabitha's sake, who would take so much comfort in believing that, by the aid of spells and enchantments, the venison was really turned into mutton, and then back again into venison, I am sorry to confess that you are right. The truth is that Mr. Pragg was almost daily in the habit of practising some petty piece of meanness towards a man who kept a cellar, where he frequently took what he called a luncheon, though he generally made it answer for his dinner. The man had been looking out for an opportunity to do him a shrewd turn. Peter, who, on his way to the club-house, called at the cellar to rest and have a little chat, told him what he had in his cloth, and for what it was designed. He had, when he entered, laid it upon a table, and the man, thinking that he should not have a better chance to effect his purpose, watched his opportunity, and succeeded, unperceived by Peter, in substituting the mutton for the venison. Filled with wonder at the marvelous transformation, which persons much older, and, as he believed, a great deal wiser than himself, imagined had taken place, Peter, on his way back to the residence of Mr. Pragg, could not resist the temptation of again calling at the cellar, to make known what had happened. It exceeded the man's most sanguine expectations, and, to more fully carry out the joke, he made a second exchange."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Aunt Tabitha; "it's a likely story that he could change one

for t'other, right afore the boy's face and eyes, and he not see what he was about! If the real truth of the matter could be come at, I'll warrant you that it would turn out the sullen-keeper was in league with that Miss Mullet. It would take more sullen-keepers than could stand from here over to the North Parish meetin'-us to make me believe sich a shaller contrived story as that."

"I should like to know, Paul, what became of Mrs. Mullet," said Lizzie.

"Mr. Bluff was so much pleased with her appearance, that he recommended her to his sister, with whom he boarded. Her health being delicate, she was in want of a trustworthy person to superintend the housekeeping."

"Well, if anybody ever heard the like of that!" said Aunt Tabitha. "For my part, I don't know what the world's coming to. In old times, people had more sense than to uphold sich characters in their wickedness. If Miss Mullet had lived in them days, and sarved the pairson she kept house for sich a trick as she did Mr. Pragg, she wouldn't 'ave come off quite so easy, I guess—she would 'ave had her desarts, and I wish to my heart she could have 'em now."

"A wish in which I most heartily join," said Paul, with great gravity. "And now, Aunt Tabitha, with your leave, I will go and get a few of those nice walnuts, and some of your favorite apples."

"That's right, Paul; and when you are about it, bring along a mug of that nice spruce beer, that's a good soul."

THE "PICKING BEE."

REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS; BEING ODDS AND ENDS FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY MRS. ANNA F. LAW.

To those of my readers who have never breathed the atmosphere of western wilds, listened to the rude jargon of *real Down Easters*, or placed their dainty feet on aught save cultivated glebes, the uncouth heading of this sketch will prove an enigma, which must be unraveled ere I proceed.

To the uninitiated I would therefore say that, though the rapid march of improvement has rendered this cognomen, "Bee," almost obsolete now, yet, comparatively but a few years since, it was, in parts of our country, the fashionable title given to tea, or *canal parties*, whichever name you most prefer. myself am convinced that these self-same parties frequently embrace the compound qualities of both appellations; for, certainly, due justice is generally done both to the refreshing qualities of the beverage, and also to settling the affairs of *poor unfortunate neighbors*, who, with their eyes *wide open*, are, alas! and to the proper government of their own house-

holds. I beg you will pardon this digression, dear reader mine: and now to my story.

In the interior of the State of New York, in the most uncultivated portion of that country situated on the borders of the Black River, dwelt, long years since, some of the members of a German family, who had been driven, by the ravages and persecutions of war, to seek a peaceful shelter in the wilds of America.

Unacquainted with the life upon which they were entering, and entire strangers in this new land, they were easily persuaded by pilgrim companions to join in their wanderings; and at last, tempted by the apparent richness of soil in this far region, and by the attractive inducements held out by land-dealers, this little roving band became the settlers of a tract of country, wild beyond description, and, at the time of which I write, almost uninhabited.

It was with sad hearts these wanderers from home

and kindred viewed the desolateness of their future abode; for, in dear Germany, they had been surrounded by the comforts and intellectual enjoyments of life; and most striking was the contrast with this their present situation. Their dwelling was a rude log cabin, with apertures scarcely deserving the names of windows or doors. They were rich in the extent of their lands, 'tis true; but the profit to accrue from them must be procured by the sweat of the brow, and by that toil which makes man *old* ere he has reached the prime of life. In vain, with longing eyes, they searched for companionship in this wilderness; no answering social smoke curled up from neighboring roofs, for one uninterrupted scene of forest and glebe, river and lake, met the view on every side. In unconfined luxuriance nature displayed her leafy treasures; and the wind, on a winter's night, howled fearfully as it swept past the little tenement, threatening, but for its lowliness, to cast it to the ground: and to the wakeful ear, in dead of night, came that fearful sound, the howling of wild beasts in search of prey. Amid this wilderness scene, oftentimes the pilgrim band sent forth upon the evening air the plaintive lays of their "Vaterland," and then the trickling tear and oft-drawn sigh told that their thoughts were far away, mid the familiar scenes of that dear clime.

"Ist auch schön im freuden lande,
Dennoch wird's zur Heimath nie."

A few years of unwearied exertion soon changed the aspect of the place, and it gradually acquired an air of civilization; for other settlers joined the feeble colony, and the bearded fields and lowing herds told the force of improvement. The log hut gave place to a commanding stone mansion; and this acquisition, by mutual consent, made our German friends the lords of the land. They had already gained great influence, and were looked up to as superior beings, because of their *larning*, as 'twas called; and now that they possessed a *real* "*stun*" house, with upper rooms, and a stairway—for these several accommodations, look you, were unknown in those primitive days, ladders being the usual means of ascent to the upper room of the house (said mansion ordinarily containing but two rooms)—by these acquisitions, I say, our German friends had become the *great people* of the place.

At this auspicious period, some near and dear relatives, who had become residents of one of our large cities, determined on a visit to these dwellers in the west, and accordingly embarked, with a freight of children and other commodities, on board a steamboat: not to be conveyed like a flash of lightning on their way, but to progress by slow and tedious rates—the journey from Philadelphia to New York alone occupying nearly twenty-four hours. Patience is a most commendable virtue, and by dint of exercising it to its full extent, the voyagers, despite the vociferous exclamations of tired babes, arrived safely at their destination.

Have you, my readers, ever been separated by

long distances, and still longer years, from those you hold dearest on earth? If so, you can well appreciate the loving words and warm embraces of those who thus met after a period of sad and protracted separation. Together they dwelt upon the sacred past: and names were breathed and scenes recalled which had long lingered in the heart, as the witching phantoms of days "*lang syne*." Again upon the evening air went forth a spell of melody; but the cloudless eye and beaming face told that it was the pure incense of praise, ascending from glad souls. Ah, a happy, reunited family were they who rested their weary heads that night beneath this unassuming roof in the wilderness!

Madam Rumor is invariably the busiest dweller in either city or country; and by her kind consideration, it was soon known that the village was graced with an arrival of *real gentry*, all the way from one of the *big cities*: and great was the commotion excited by the news! Old bonnets were retrimmed, old gowns new turned, and the best breeches scoured and brushed, in honor of the first appearance of our friends in the rustic church. Curiosity was stretched to its utmost tension, and with eagerness was awaited the time when the belles and beaux should be refreshed with a glimpse of city fashions, and obtain an inkling of city manners. The day at length arrived; and toes were trodden upon, and sides most unceremoniously elbowed by the expectant crowd; while the sum total of public opinion was simply expressed by an old gossip, who said, "*they ain't so mighty grand and proud-like, after all*." The great *entrée* into society being thus effected, the next day the travelers were greeted with numerous calls, and abundant invitations to spend the day, and take tea.

How very different, in its every aspect, is hospitality, as displayed in the country, from that which is extended by city dwellers! In general, civilities are tendered by citizens with the well-bred courtesy of those who deem it *proper* to offer attentions, but who would gladly dispense with the task, were it *consistent with propriety* to do so: whereas, in the country, visitors are met with open hand and open heart, and naught is deemed troublesome that can conduce to the pleasure of the guests. This genuine and truthful hospitality was fully displayed by the inhabitants of the village of which we write. Although their speech was rude, and manners strange, yet the heart shone forth with its qualities of *genuine kindness*.

The incidents which are mentioned in illustration of their peculiarities, are not meant as ridicule, but are used simply to show the vast difference between the past and the present, and the modes and customs of life incident to the first settlers of portions of our country.

Among the civilities offered the strangers, was an invitation to a "*Picking Bee*," which was promptly accepted; and, early on the day appointed, somewhere between one and two o'clock, attired in party trim, the family set out upon this novel visit.

The "Bee" was given by one of the wealthiest settlers, and thereby was afforded a complete insight into the aristocratic society (there is an "*upper ten*" even in the wilderness) of the village. Arrived at the hospitable mansion (*alias* log cabin), the guests were immediately welcomed with "Well, will you go up chamber?"—which means in polite phraseology, "will you enter the dressing-room?"

Divested of their riding attire, they joined the circle in the general sitting-room, used for culinary, as well as other purposes, and there found the guests occupied in separating and cleansing tangled masses of wool, and in which disagreeable task, of course, they joined. The sayings and doings of the community at large afforded a fruitful topic of conversation; and not a little curiosity was displayed in observations calculated to call forth the peculiarities of the city gentry, and the history of their whereabouts. Their various articles of apparel were handled and commented upon, and some of them were even *tried on*. The value of the goods was demanded, and the possibility of obtaining similar ones discussed, intermixed with tolerably open hints that patterns, and even some of the articles themselves, would be very acceptable.*

As though unconscious of observation, the culinary operations progressed, under the care of some of the females, in the midst of wool picking, and an unceasing din of tongues. Sundry asides were constantly given to a set of noisy urchins, who, despite boxes on the ears, and various sly *pokes* and winks, managed, by means of their fingers, to taste the good things preparing for the feast—these said good things rendered much less palatable by reason of the mud puddles, &c. in which aforesaid fingers had been lately thrust. Suddenly, a sonorous voice uttered, "*All hands wash*;" and thereupon, to the great surprise of the strangers, a general rush ensued, and before they well knew what it meant, they found their hands immersed in an *earthen crock*, containing water, into which all the company dipped in succession, after first obtaining a portion of *soft soap* from another crock which stood close by. There being no change of water, my readers may readily imagine the eventual hue of the once clear liquid.

This washing operation concluded, the company next ranged themselves around the hospitable board, filled to repletion with *solid* eatables—placed, however, without much attention to order; and it must be acknowledged that some of the articles bore rather a questionable appearance.

Ye lovers of delicate repasts, imagine, if you can, the compound which graced the centre of the table! It was contained in a huge deep dish, and consisted

of a mingled preparation of *mutton*, *bacon* (good fat flitches too), *beans*, *pumpkins*, *beef*, and *potatoes*; into which mess "all hands" dipped with exceeding gusto. Among the relishes, placed at the four corners of the table, were bowls containing custard; whilst, scattered here and there, were plates of wild raspberries and pickled beets. Now these various edibles were not each honored with a separate ladle, but every person was at liberty to use his own spoon, in order to procure a portion of the dainty mess; so that, in a very short space of time, the custard was transformed into a marvelous mixture, with black and blue tints, tinged also with occasional streaks of red; and the beets and berries were swimming in a yellow sauce quite foreign to their nature.

This *Epicurean repast* was seasoned with sundry smacks of lips, and exclamations of "how good!" and, "well, do tell, where did you get them sort-er gimcracks?" "I never seed the like afore." Also, "Guess you 're sort-er proud, ain't ye, hav'n them 'ere city folks to eat a meal with ye?" "Well, Miss Marshall (all married ladies were styled Miss), where did ye get that *boughten* tea from? Do tell: guess it cost pretty smart!"*

The foregoing are but a few idioms, yet still sufficient to show the mode of conversation. Supper ended, the "woods-people" (thus called because residing in the woodland portions of the country) having some distance to ride, and it being already dark, hastened to equip themselves for their departure, thus breaking up the "Bee" and our city friends also returned home, quite satisfied with this, their first, appearance at a "back-woods" tea party; carrying away with them many pleasant and amusing reminiscences, in store for future days.

Ere I conclude this sketch, I will trespass on the patience of my courteous reader, in order to relate an incident which occurred in the presence of some relatives, who, years ago, made the western tour. They rested for the night at a log cabin, by the wayside, occupied by a family who seemed "well to do" in the world, and who received them most kindly. Preparations were immediately commenced for supper, which, in these parts, was a combined dinner and tea.

Whilst all things were in cooking process, a little urchin, covered with mud and dust, ran into the room, and demanded to be washed. No coaxing, no threats could deter him from the accomplishment of his purpose; and, at length, the indulgent mother took an iron skillet, which was standing by the fire ready for the reception of some food, and, filling it with water, stripped the youth, and prosecuted the cleansing operation. This ended, the skillet was tilted, and the contents emptied on the earthen floor;

* This inquisitiveness was not the effect of rudeness; they simply followed the customs of those parts, and, being rightly understood, they were kindly humored by the strangers, who strove, in their turn, to amuse them by a relation of facts in connection with their own histories, which appeared quite as uncouth to their listeners as did their own oddities to the narrators.

* The usual tea used in that portion of the country was *hemlock*; and the "*boughten tea*" was an ordinary sort of black or green tea, purchased at the village store, and only used on "*state occasions*." It was considered the height of politeness, and extravagance too, to regale visitors with this *high-priced* article.

and, without receiving even the slightest attempt at rinsing, the mess of meat and vegetables, in waiting, was placed in it, and, from a wash-basin, it was instantly transformed into a cooking utensil.

This was the custom of the house, and as they all partook, without hesitation, of such dainty fare, it did not enter into their minds that visitors should

meet with a different fate. The incidents which I have related are not the promptings of imagination, but are *facts*, gathered from actual observation. Should these leaves from my old Portfolio meet with a favorable reception, perhaps, at another time, I may be persuaded to display another sketch from among its varied contents.

ASPASIA AND CLEOMENE.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere her race is run,
Along Morcas' hill, the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Thus passed daylight from the glorious old city of Athens, and such was the presage of a beautiful evening. The absence of twilight made still more welcome the approach of Night's gentle queen. Moonlight, like the smile of beauty, soon rested upon the lofty Acropolis, and bathed with its soft radiance the temple of the virgin goddess. How pure and white seemed those pillars of Pentelic marble, and the vine and honeysuckle, carved by the hand of Phidias, twined gracefully around the cornice! The battles of the gods, the exploits of heroes, and the actions of the goddess are here commemorated by the same master hand. On such a night as this, one could not but desire to enter those massive brazen gates, walk undisturbed through the Propylea, and gaze upon those works of art which have since made the Athenians immortal. That day the great feast of the Panathenæa had been celebrated. The solemn procession of minstrels and priests, horsemen and victims, passed through those consecrated avenues, and performed their wonted ceremonies before the golden statue of their favorite goddess.

The music had ceased, the flowery wreaths that adorned the lyre and harp were withered, and the weary hands that, all day long, had drawn sweet music from their strings were now folded in sleep.

Priest and soldier, citizen and slave, exhausted by the exciting events of the day, had left the scene, and naught was heard save the monotonous sound of the waves of the gulf, and the heavy tread of armed watchmen. Leaning against one of the marble pillars, one solitary gazer alone remained. He was wrapped in an ample cloak, which concealed his form, and seemed absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful scene before him. Far in the distance were the dark waters of the *Ægean*, on the other side smiling vineyards and olive-crowned hills; while above him was the blue sky, from out which the full moon looked down in gladness on a quiet world. The head of the muses was uncovered, his helmet was in his hand, and the lofty brow and noble profile were no unfit companion for the marble bust of many

a worshiped god around him. "Thou art a late wanderer, my dear teacher," said a voice, whose tones were musical as the harp touched by the evening wind.

"Night is the time for thought, Plato; all day long I walk the thronged and busy streets, imparting my small stock of wisdom to the youth of the republic. At night, like the flowers, I gather dew and sweetness to relieve my own wearied spirit. I have now been reviewing the past and dreaming of the future. The vain pageant of to-day, in which I joined in body, though not in heart, has ruffled the usual calm of my spirit. Now, as I gaze upon the boundless sky, that glorious moon, and stars, to me mysterious, I feel the insufficiency of our religion to satisfy the soul. Here, here," laying his hand upon his heart, "are wants which idle peean and useless sacrifice fail to satisfy. I feel, Plato, like a part of something infinite; that within this deformed and shapeless body the spirit will dwell but a brief space. Farther than this I know not; but I believe that goodness here will be perfect happiness with the gods."

"If so," said Plato, who now drew near to his master, while both seated themselves on a block of marble, which lay ready for the builder's hand, "if so, how foolish to strive for immortality here!" and he pointed to a marble statue of one of the gods, the features of which were an exact copy of those of Pericles.

"Poor Pericles!" said the philosopher, as he bowed his head upon his hands, while he wrapped his cloak closer about him.

"*Poor Pericles!* sayest thou? Why, he is the idol of Athens, favored by the gods with wealth, beauty, and power; why callest thou him 'poor?'"

"Poor indeed is that man, Plato, who excites the pity of one so poor as myself. Alas! the mighty Pericles is learning, in his old age, the lesson which I learned long since;" and, as if bitter memories of the past thronged upon him, the philosopher concealed his features in his mantle.

"I have unwittingly," said the gentle Plato, "recalled sad thoughts. Shall we not retrace our steps to the grove of Academus, and, amid the beautiful works of Phidias, forget all but the rich pleasure of our own friendship?"

"Not so," answered Socrates; "you, Plato, are the mirror of my soul. Naught passes there but may be reflected. Sit down again, and I will rehearse to you a chapter in my life, known as yet to none but myself. Men call me philosopher, and fancy that no event disturbs the tranquillity of my spirit. It is so. There is within me that which is more powerful than the lyre of Orpheus, when it charmed the savage Cerberus. It has lulled every passion, and led me to find more happiness in the little domain of one soul than Alcibiades or Pericles in the applause of all Athens. Men pity me that the gods gave me a deformed body; but I have learned, while I love beauty, to prize more highly the spiritual beauty which I seek than all the fair forms which matter may assume. I have said I delighted in beauty. The silver moon, and her sweet attendant, mild Hesperus, have, to-night, filled my soul with rapture. Not a stray wild flower in Attica, not a silver brook or rushing waterfall, a vine-clad hill or singing bird, but is a source of pleasure to me. Neither do I forget the human face and form. When this right hand carved the Graces, my eye and heart were not insensible to their beauty. And when I first gazed upon the beautiful Aspasia of Miletus, I felt a thrill such as I have never experienced since. You saw her to-day as she rode in her chariot, richly adorned: you thought her enchanting then, and Pericles, forgetful of the sad Cleomene by his side, had eyes only for her. She sees her power, and throws around him cords which will bind his soul like bands of iron.

"It is not many years since I too sat at the feet of Aspasia, and felt delight, yea rapture, in the thralldom. In my humble occupation as a statuary, in my earlier years, I studied the finest models; but, while I did so, I became more acutely sensible of my own imperfections. The sight of this defective body, and these shapeless feet, caused me many an hour of bitter murmuring against the gods. I was happy when Crito relieved me from what I feared was my taskwork for life, and bade me pursue the more congenial path of philosophy and literature. It was then I met her, compared with whom the ladies of Athens have no beauty. The full, deep, lustrous dark eye—the rich mass of black hair, which, unlike others, she braided with pearls and precious gems—the small voluptuous mouth—and the form which since has furnished Phidias for a model for many a goddess; all these, and more—the fascination and polish of a cultivated intellect, and the graces of a Milesian education—conspired to captivate my eye and heart. You cannot appreciate this part of my spirit's discipline—you will attain the felicity of the gods without the suffering through which I have passed. I have been through Hades on earth. But listen. With all the reverence that a Greek feels for his gods did I worship this gifted woman. Not with the pure, cold, and spiritual attachment peculiar to yourself, Plato. Not such my nature. Men call me philosopher, and speak of the purity and simplicity of my life. They little

know the effort and toil it has cost me to ascend from the mist and darkness of a lower region to a higher spiritual existence. And yet, I am not like the fuel consumed to dull ashes by the intensity of the flame; nor, like the tame beast of burden, broken and spiritless—but like the trained war-horse, whose paces are regulated and mettle curbed by discipline and practice. The warmer passions of my nature are not extinguished, but burn with the steady and constant flame of a vestal fire."

—It was the evening meal in the house of Pericles. Cleomene, with the utmost deference and zeal, had attended to the wants of her illustrious husband. At the close of the meal, as he poured a goblet of wine for his wife, he said, "We will go to the theatre; Aristophanes has a comedy this evening; then I wish you to accompany me to the house of Aspasia, where Anaxagoras, Plato, and others sup." The gentle Cleomene promised obedience, but the sad expression of her face showed that her own inclinations were sacrificed to the wishes of her husband. She arose and left the room, followed by her maidens, who resumed their spinning. She turned to her embroidery, and her delicate fingers were soon at work upon the figure of Minerva presenting the embroidered cloak to Jason when he went in search of the golden fleece. As she plied the polished shaft, and twined the gold and silver threads, tears filled her eyes and fell upon the beautiful fabric. Then, as if remembering the presence of her maidens, she resumed the dignity of a Grecian matron, and, suppressing all outward appearance of emotion, entered gayly into conversation with the fair group. The great feast of the Panathenæa, which had just taken place, formed, of course, the topic of conversation for sage and maiden throughout Athens. The eyes of the young girls glistened as they rehearsed the scenes of the exhibition. The torch race on horseback, a part of the ceremony which had that year been introduced, was admired and commented upon.

"How well Laertes rode his noble steed!" said one.

"Yes, but not more gracefully than the son of Pericles, when he turned his horse's head, and refused a garland from the hand of Aspasia."

At these words Cleomene started, and a look of surprise and pleasure lighted her beautiful countenance. The conversation was resumed—for, so interested were the maidens that they did not notice the emotion of their lady.

"And that reminds me," said another, "of the oak garland upon the sacred robe. I wish we could obtain some of those rich colors for our use."

"Do you not know," said Calyce, "that they were imported from Miletus by Aspasia, and that with her own hands she wrought that garland?"

"And what right has a Milesian dame to interfere with the employments of Athenian maidens?"

"The sacred robes should be wrought only by such. But the men of Athens seem, now-a-days,

to prize beauty and learning more than modesty and the domestic virtues."

While the maidens were thus talking, Cleomene glided from the room, and retired to her own chamber. She sat down, and, leaning her head upon her hands, gave free vent to the emotions which she had so long concealed. But one pleasant thought, like a stray sunbeam on the cloud, mingled with her sadness. "Yes," thought she, "my first-born, my beloved child, feels the insult offered to his mother in the homage which his father pays to the beautiful Milesian. My gossiping maidens little knew the comfort which that sentence, so thoughtlessly spoken, has given me. But am I so faded, and are all the charms of my youth so utterly gone, that I cannot win back the early love of Pericles?" She rose, and gazed on her countenance, as reflected from the polished mirror. True, the bloom of youth was gone; but there was the same classic head and regular profile, the mild eye, and transparent complexion.

But the gaze did not wholly satisfy the wishes of the sad wife. She saw not the sweet, mild expression which usually dwelt there, or thought of the quiet performance of all the duties of wife and mother; neither was there reflected in that mirror the loving glance with which she ever met the return of husband and sons. She did not remember the qualities which made her "*Cleomene the beloved*," but only of the brilliant beauty and rare endowments of the fascinating Milesian, which made her "*Aspasia the admired*." "To-night," said she, "I must again meet her, be a witness to the admiration with which she inspires my husband, and mark, with the quick and watchful eye of a wife, his devotion to her charms. But I will make one more effort," added she, mentally, and rose from her seat to open her casket of jewels. They had long lain undisturbed, for this Athenian wife and mother prized far more highly the treasures of her heart, the loved ones of her home, than all the precious gems which her wealthy father had lavished upon her. Amid the other glittering contents of the casket, her eye fell upon a golden cicada, most ingeniously and beautifully wrought. It was one of the early gifts of her husband. More than a hundred precious stones, of very minute size, and of various colors, were so arranged as to form a perfect resemblance to the insect itself. She remembered how Pericles had admired it as a work of art; and then, too, as a native Athenian, she could proudly wear it. It was an ornament which distinguished the inhabitants of this famous city, for, believing that it sprang from the earth itself, as they supposed of Athens, it hence came to be a national ornament. Cleomene placed it amidst the glossy braids of her hair, and then arraying herself in her richest robes, as became the wife of Pericles, she sat down to await his coming.

From the theatre they adjourned to the house of Aspasia. Here were assembled the choicest spirits

of Athens—the mild Plato, the witty Aristophanes, the eloquent Anaxagoras, and the calm, philosophic Socrates. Aspasia presided at this feast of reason—her beauty heightened by the charms of dress, as well as by the brilliancy of her conversation, and the vanity of her attainments. She could talk with the philosopher of his studies—with Pericles of the affairs of government—with Phidias upon the proportions of a statue, or the beauty of frieze and cornice; then, with the jest of a young girl, she could discourse upon the beauty of a tunic, the fit of a sandal, or the ornament of a bodice. Cleomene, on the other hand, preferred retirement, seeking no admirator, from the crowd. She lived for her husband and her children.

This evening Aspasia was unusually brilliant. Whenever Pericles left the weightier duties of his office for the gay feast and social gathering, her greater charms were brought into requisition. Pericles could not resist her power, though he was not then fully aware of the strength of those silken cords which she, in soft dalliance, was winding around him.

Poor Cleomene listened in silence, and a sensation of fear and heart sickness came over her as she saw the rapt attention of her husband, and marked his admiration of this accomplished woman. But one, in that company of learned Athenians, noticed the deadly paleness of her cheek, and the restlessness of her eye. There was one who, ever forgetful of self, and always mindful of the suffering, knew the changes of the human countenance, and could thence divine each inward phase; for he had learned his wisdom in the crowd by day, and in communion with his own spirit by night. Yes, Socrates, the wise and gentle, had watched Cleomene this evening, and knew the agony of her heart. He approached, and kindly entered into conversation. He spoke of her sons, and expressed his interest in their prosperity, and advancement in the state. The mother's heart was quickly won, and not many minutes elapsed before she was, all unconscious to herself, talking well and wisely upon the education of youth. Socrates could learn even from the humblest citizen, nor did he refuse to glean wisdom from the experience of a wife and mother; and such as Cleomene might well win his esteem and admiration. We have seen with what feelings Socrates had formerly regarded Aspasia. These had passed away, and were known only to Plato and himself; but his own experience led him to sympathise with Pericles, and tremble for Cleomene.

"Aspasia is uncommonly brilliant," said a young man who now joined them; "the beauty and talents of Milesia are well represented in this accomplished lady."

"Are the ladies of that city, generally, so beautiful and charming?" asked Cleomene.

"They have," said the truthful Socrates, "more personal beauty, and are more skilled in those arts which command admiration, than our own ladies

but the daughters of Athens are better wives and mothers;" and the approving glance of his eye, as he said this, gave force to the expression.

Cleomene felt and appreciated the compliment; but she replied—

"I came here this evening at the request of my husband. It is long since I have met so many of our distinguished and learned men. The charms of one woman must be great to draw so many hither."

"I confess," said Socrates, "the learning, the wit, and eloquence of our hostess are powerful. But the incessant homage paid to one whose virtue is questionable is almost an insult to our own ladies, and I have resolved that this shall be my last night at Aspasia's."

Before Cleomene had time to reply, a knot of young philosophers came to Socrates for the solution of a difficult question, and Cleomene was again left to mingle with the few ladies who graced that circle.

Not once did she receive an affectionate glance or kind word from Pericles. But, as they rose to return home, he noticed, for the first time, the ornament in her hair.

"No offence," said he, as soon as they were together, "I trust, to our hostess in the choice of your ornament to-night. It is, I believe, peculiar to our Athenian ladies."

"I hoped that it would remind you of the earlier years of our married life," was the answer which trembled on her lips; but, suppressing her emotion, she merely said—"It is a favorite jewel of mine, and was your earliest gift."

The mildness of the reply, and the gentle tones of her voice, caused a pang of remorse in the bosom of Pericles; but he stifled the thoughts which would have pleaded for his wife, and in his willing captivity to Aspasia bartered the peace of his own home.

When Cleomene entered her own chamber, she found it occupied by Cleanth, her elder son. He was walking the room in quiet agitation. On seeing his mother, he saluted her respectfully, and, as he did so, remarked her exceeding paleness, and her wearied, melancholy expression.

"You suffer, my mother, and you have known all, and borne it in silence. You must have thought me an ungrateful son not to have sympathized more in your sorrow."

"What do you mean, my son?" said Cleomene, sinking into a chair, and gazing into his face with an expression of deep anguish.

"You cannot be ignorant, my mother, that your husband, my father, the once illustrious and renowned Pericles, is a byword and a jest in the mouth of every citizen. Yes, his love for Aspasia, and his neglect of you, are the common topics in the streets and public places. He took you to her house to-night to silence, if possible, common rumor. I came home, hoping to be here in time to prevent your going, but I was too late. I remained in your room, and fervently have I prayed the gods to avert this calamity from our household."

Cleomene was silent; no word of reproach

against her husband escaped her lips, but her small hands were firmly clasped together, while the tears fell from her closed eyes.

"And they say—" continued Cleanth; but he looked at his mother, and paused.

"Say what?" said Cleomene; "tell me all—I would know the worst."

"Pardon me if I give you pain, but I must tell you all: They say that the wife of Pericles is too tame and spiritless to resist, and patiently submits to insult and wrong. Two days since, at the feast of the Pantheon, I had an opportunity to show this artful woman that one, at least, in whose veins your blood runs, could despise and scorn her."

During this speech, the expression of gentleness which Cleomene usually wore passed away, and there was a fire in her eye, and a decision in the small, compressed mouth, which her son had never seen before.

"What you say is new to me, my son. True, I must confess, I had my fears and suspicions; but I bore the coldness and reserve of my husband in silence, or returned it with increased attention and kind words. I hoped to win back his early love. But prove to me that his love is another's—that all my efforts are vain; and the wife of Pericles can act as well as suffer, and can preserve the dignity of an Athenian mother."

Cleanth cast upon his mother a look of pride and love; and, with words of mutual affection, they parted.

It was at sunset, one mild evening, that Plato wended his way to the small and obscure house of Socrates. "And who," says a beautiful writer, "can describe the beauty of that hour in Athens, when violet lights of all various tints descend from heaven upon the mountains, red violet upon Hymettus, and blue violet on Parnes? A soft yellow light is spread along the plain, and rests on the front of the Acropolis, and kindles into a blaze upon the peak of Lycabettus; the sun, meanwhile, sinking slowly behind Trœzene and Epidaurus, and the bright surface of the Saronic Gulf gleaming like a golden shield." Plato surveyed the prospect with the eye of a poet and a philosopher, and, as he passed on amid this scene of natural beauty, heightened by those noble works of art which have made the age of Pericles immortal—the Pantheon, rising above the city like a crown of glory, with its magnificent colonnade; the temple of Theseus, a model of architectural beauty; with numerous other temples and statues, still beautiful in their decay—he felt the inspiration of the hour, and, with his capacious spirit, drank in draughts of happiness, while the godlike stirred within him. In his humility he did not dream that his own name would descend to posterity as a no less noble specimen of moral grandeur than the works of Phidias and Praxiteles of physical beauty in the world of art. At the close of his long walk, as he stopped at the humble abode of the great philosopher, he heard voices within.

"I say, Socrates, my life is a burden to me; nothing but toil, toil, from morning till night. I have not only the whole care of the house, and providing for the table, but I must submit to all your blunders. It was only last night that you came near wearing my gown to the theatre for your own tunic; and when poor little Lamprocles asked for a drachm to buy dried grapes, you gave him, instead of the money, a long lecture on the blessings of poverty. I'll tell you what it is, Socrates, I'll bear with your ways no longer. All Athens knows I have borne my lot with patience. We are so poor that I haven't decent clothes to wear, and yet you spend your time in the streets and market-places, and they say you do nothing but ask questions. I only wish you'd ask me a few. I guess you'd find it harder work to confound me than the young Sophists. I'd give you pretty straight answers, I assure you."

At this moment Plato, calm and philosophical as he was, could not repress a smile at the downcast, self-accusing look of the great Socrates. There sat the good man, in a ragged tunic, by a small table on which lay some olives and dry bread, all the provision, as Xantippe said, which the house contained. The poor woman stood with her arms akimbo, trying to awe her offending spouse by the clouds upon her brow and the thunder of her eloquence.

She paused as soon as she saw Plato, and, changing her tone from the major to the minor key, began to make apologies for their meagre fare and untidy appearance. Socrates turned to his friend with a look of humility and self-reproach. "The truth is, dear Plato, I am not as faithful a husband as becomes an Athenian citizen. In my anxiety to reform the youth of the city, I have neglected my own family; and in my love of philosophy, I have not been so attentive to the wants of my wise and prudent wife, the good Xantippe, as becomes a husband and father."

"But your wife, no doubt, forgets these foibles in the high respect and reverence with which all Athens regards the wise Socrates."

Xantippe softened at once, assuring her guest that "not a wife in the city took more pride in her husband's reputation. 'Though poor,' she added, 'we have confidence in the love of each other.'"

"When I was in Egypt," said Plato, "I found an ancient book which interested me much, and among its wise maxims I treasured the following: 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'"

"And that reminds me," said Socrates, "of our fair friend Cleomene. How stand matters with her? If I judge rightly, she would give all her wealth and splendor could she win back the love of Pericles."

"Pericles is, I fear, unworthy the love of such a woman. His attachment to the noted Aspasia is a dark spot on his otherwise illustrious character.

To-day his wife leaves him forever, and returns to the home of her childhood. She has long borne with patience his neglect, and the arrogance of her rival. But that patience is exhausted, and that fond heart crushed. Her own dignity and self-respect require her to act with decision, and she returns to her father, a wife with a widowed heart."

Years passed. Time had whitened the locks and bowed the frame of the ambitious and renowned Pericles. The most illustrious among the great men of his age, he had climbed to the very "topmost round of the ladder of fame." Scarcely a spot in the city but bore witness to the wisdom of his projects, and the magnificence of his designs. But there was a want unsatisfied, a void unfilled. He had lived for many years a restless life, seeking pleasure, and finding satiety and disgust. His early passion for Aspasia had long since consumed itself; yet he remained bound to her by fetters which her own powerful will, and more powerful ambition, had forged for him. His two sons, in whom he had garnered so many fond hopes, were dead, and he now lay in a darkened chamber, himself drawing near the grave. Aspasia was not there. The sick room suited not the gay and brilliant, but debased, woman. Sad memories thronged around the dying man. He thought of the calm, quiet happiness of his former life—of his once loved and gentle wife. What would he not give could she stand by his bed and soothe his last moments? Could he but see her, and hear forgiveness from her lips, he would be happy. A sudden thought struck him. Calling a slave, who stood in a distant part of the room, he bade him bring his materials; then, with a trembling hand, he traced a few lines on a piece of papyrus. After binding it with a fillet of ribbon, and sealing with his signet ring, he dispatched it to Cleomene.

Not an hour elapsed before the forgiving wife stood by the bedside of her dying husband. Many years had passed since they had met: time, sickness, and sorrow had left their traces upon each. Most gently had they dealt with Cleomene: her quiet spirit had bowed in silence and submission when the storm had passed, and, like the dove, sought peace in retirement. Pericles, like the eagle, had bid it defiance, and he now lay with torn plumage and broken wing.

There was little time left for the reunited, for Death was rapidly doing his work upon the invalid. But the fount of buried love was opened, and the healing waters gushed forth, healing to the bruised spirit of the wife, and like a cordial to the dying man. Words of love and forgiveness were spoken, one thought to their children in Elysium; then, as Cleomene saw that life was ebbing, she raised the head of her husband, that it might rest upon her bosom, and with his hand clasped in hers, he breathed his last.

MISS JOB.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!
If I am a king, I can spend the money;
If I am a beggar, I can leave the money:
So it's all one to me, all one to me,
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,
Whether I am old or whether I am young!
If I am young, why I can go a dancing;
If I am old, why I can leave off dancing!
It's all one to me, all one to me,
Whether I am old or whether I am young."

PEOPLE cannot grow handsomer to all eternity!
Alas! I know it! The fact is indisputable.

Seraphina had reached the climax. The blush of beauty was gone; the flower was in full bloom. There was no deeper expression that those locks could assume; the eyes could not become more than colorless, nor the nose more of a pug: no final touch of grace was to be added to that form—to the stiff, uncompromising, right-angle and triangle gait.

You would laugh at Miss Job? I will not suffer it. She was a philosopher, and I reverence the whole order.

It is a fine thing to be a philosopher, it certainly is; Seraphina had thus learned many of the noblest and hardest lessons. She was patient, and very humble; she had attained "undue difficulties," extraordinary peace of mind, which really is the best thing a mortal can attain. For consider, if one is to worry and fret through this mortal existence, then is it nothing less than a dreadful bore. The frame of mind evinced by that foolish woman who was "troubled about many things," is intolerable; and a dissatisfied, pining, ever-troubled, and troubling spirit, is an unmitigated nuisance!

Now listen, O perverse generation of gold-diggers! I will tell you further of a mortal who lived above the world.

She was a transcendentalist, then? The bare thought is enough to make one smile. Seraphina Job was of the earth, earthy: she lived on common food—I care not who knows it; she walked and talked like a Christian; she was none of your "high-flyers;" and if she *had* sounded the depths of all knowledge, she brought not up *that* trophy which the "lions" do so often,

"The sea-weed on a clam!"

In a little two-story frame building, which looked as though it might have been fashioned from some superfluous timbers gathered for the construction of the Ark of Noah, lived our heroine. Look within it. What a miserable state of things! Can you

tell, reader, why good-natured people are forever imposed upon? The lodger up-stairs has sent her children to play for a little in Miss Job's room—it rains so fast they cannot go out of doors: *cannot*, however, seems to be the careful parent's suggestion rather than that of the children, if the wistful look of the little faces, as ever and anon they are pressed close against the window panes, is to be taken into account.

Around the table covered with their hostess' work they romp and rave, until it seems as though Babel had transferred itself *bodily*. And now one has fallen and hit his head (a "*lucky* hit," so to speak) against the table. Forthwith, with tears fountains, and groans indescribable, the precious group make a simultaneous rush for mamma's quarters. And then Miss Job sits down to collect her thoughts, and find out where she is.

While this difficult thing is in process, let us look back and discover how Patience, and Meekness, and Resignation, came to write their names so boldly on that unhand-some face of hers. Let no one on the wide earth believe that she was a heartless, senseless woman. It was in the hard school of sorrow she had graduated—in the class of the bereaved that she took her prize! Miss Job had had her disappointment. Bitter and grievous it was, and for the time overwhelming. Here (in proof) is a letter written by her a great many years before the time of life when Seraphina is brought before you, to win your admiring regard.

"When we parted, Margaret, you remember I promised to write you from India on this day. I was to tell you of that great field of labor—was to have decided then whether I *ought* to say to you, 'Come over and help us.' Had I not, in constant prayer, in hearty endeavor to feel entire submission to the Divine will during the weary twelve months past, been in a measure successful, I would say now, 'Come over and help me;' for oh! my friend, it is a heavy wo, a dreadful chastisement the Heavenly Father has laid upon me. And at the first, when the news that Thomas was lost reached me, then I—oh! *how* I wished that you could be with me, for I was among strangers—was alone. I made no effort to bear the affliction, I bowed down in my woe, and gave way to sinful murmuring: I asked in my madness, 'Why hast thou taken my hope, my friend, my only one, O God?'

"Thomas! he was called away before the ship he sailed in had reached its destination. Had I but gone with him, then at least should I have died with him. You know that he denied me this—he would

conquer some of the difficulties of the way first, that the path might be easier to my feet—he would prepare a home for me, and accustom himself to a life in that land before I should go thither!

"I have been long in submitting myself to God's decree. Oh, may you never learn how hard a thing it is to have crushed out from human nature *all* worldly hopes and loves such as mine were! But at last, dear friend, I feel that I am beginning to find peace. If it were not so, I could never have written this letter to you. Since *that day*, I have spoken but rarely, have written not at all on this subject; it is sacred to me. I am learning now how small is even my overpowering grief in comparison with that which another, one infinitely good, endured for us. The cry 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' has been often on my lips; but at last I remember how He who uttered it suffered and endured sorrows of which no mortal can conceive; and therefore I dare not utter the words again.

"Yesterday was my birthday. I am twenty-two. It seems as though a century had elapsed since I parted with my mother, and went out to service to maintain her and myself. You know how shortly after that time she died; before the bright prospects which afterwards opened upon me had dawned. You have heard how it was that my eyes early turned towards the heathen lands—how it was early in my life impressed on my mind that my duty was to be performed there; that I, a Christian child, *ought* to go into that great field, and labor for the Master. You know how, when I made this hope and desire of my heart known, a way at once opened itself before me: how the good God the generous took me under their charge and educated me: how in those days I met him whose heart glowed with the same holy hope: how it was our intention to be all of earth to each other—to be the life-long consolation, and support, and joy to each other. You know of this. I told it all to you when we parted. May God preserve you from ever understanding the sorrow, the struggle, and the deep despair which have since been my portion! When I heard that I stood alone in this world, my first impulse was to go out alone to India. The weight of my indebtedness to others pressed heavily upon me: they had expended time and money in my education; I was *bound* to go: though the way which seemed once so beautiful, so easy, revealed itself now a lonely, dreary way, I would press on in it.

"I strove then to put down, to conquer my own feelings. I went about accustomed duties. I prayed incessantly; but my heart's supplications were poured forth more in frenzy than in faith. I was so weak, Margaret, to combat with a lion! Since that time I have been very ill; my life went nearly from me. I have recovered—but cannot go to India. They tell me that I could not survive the voyage; therefore will I labor here. It is good to labor—it is great to be patient. Can I not thus, in a measure, repay those who have dealt so kindly with the doubly orphaned? There is a school re-

cently established for the instruction of those in foreign lands; there I can instruct, and, at the same time, support myself by my needle. For the present, while I *can*, I will devote what little energy I have in aiding others to follow that plough from which my hand has fallen. I have already made the arrangements necessary. My life, my time, is all, all I have to offer. Would to God it were a worthier sacrifice!

"His love be with you."

For a few years Miss Job continued to labor in this occupation, self-imposed by her deep sense of obligation. But the strivings of her spirit, the constant depression, the unutterable weariness and heart-heaviness which attended these labors among strangers, were too much for her: she could not bear them. It was a trial beyond her strength of endurance which was thus put upon her: she could never become perfectly reconciled to her lot, while the cheerful, the young, the happy, were about her, preparing themselves for departure to those scenes, to that new home, on which all the hopes of her own heart were fixed.

She left the school then, and in retirement and meditation, in labor and in prayer, sought for "the peace of God." And it came: it fell upon her heart like the soft, refreshing dew, in the performance of lonely tasks, in mercy to the poor, in an ever-gushing fount of charity, in giving of her poverty, in loving much, in trusting much, in feeling much, in doing much: thus did that "peace" evidence itself. Thus passing through Gethsemane, she stood upon the mountain—her earthly nature crucified; and the love of the Father was with her there—looking upward, the wail of agony found no more utterance, but the voice of calmness which could say—"Thy will be done, my Saviour."

Now look again upon her—ah, we must needs be interrupted! If you have not, reader, caught that peculiar and indescribable expression of her countenance, it is not for me to promise that you ever WILL on any succeeding interview, not being possessed, unfortunately, of so much of the spirit of accommodation as the country people were after the recent eruption of Vesuvius; *they* promised the disappointed stranger who "came too late," that they would get up another scene on his special account! Obligingness is a moral impossibility in our case.

Our intruder is evidently not considered as such by Miss Job. He is a gentleman—her senior by a great many years—a well-dressed, stalwart, gray-haired old man. His name is Townsend, Jedediah Townsend, the respectable owner of a wholesale and retail all-sort-of clothing establishment, quite well off in the world, quite agreeable, quite benevolent? Wait a little.

"Ahem—Miss Job, good morning."

"Good morning, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Townsend. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you—thank you. Quite a rainy spell of weather, Miss Job—a good deal of mud abroad."

"Yes; the roads must be very bad. It's pleasant to work in the house such weather. I can always work faster in such weather; there's nothing to divert one's eyes then. Black cloth is as pleasant to look on as black clouds."

"Exactly so; true to the letter. You are fond of the needle, Miss Job?"

"Yes; it is my true friend—it brings me all manner of comfortable things, and helps me to help others; a trusty servant is my needle."

"Don't you ever tire out?—don't you ever get lonely, living here by yourself so?"

"Never—I can say it truly. I walk when I am tired of sitting within doors; if it is cold and stormy out of doors, then I read: that rests me too. I never am lonely."

"I wonder what's the reason seamstresses complain so much, and why, every once in a while, folks get up such a 'hurrah, boys!' talking about their wrongs, and so forth?"

"Ah, that's about the poor young things who are a thousand times worse off than I. I am rich to them, Mr. Townsend! Poor things! the Lord have mercy upon them! When you have dealings with any of those pale, tired-looking, worn-out young creatures, who appear as though they were standing at death's door, deal kindly by them—they are human, and very unfortunate."

"You've a kind heart, Miss Job; do you take pity on everybody?"

"I always try to bear in mind that we are sinful, very sinful beings; that the differences in people come by accident, for, as the great man—what's his name?—said, 'We are all the accidents of an accident.' We are very apt to be too harsh in our judgments, and too—too cold-hearted."

"What is it, Miss Job, that you mean by charity? It's important I should know the definition you give the word, ma'am."

The woman thus appealed to paused a moment before she replied, as though in wonderment as to the necessity of the case (perhaps she was thinking a proper answer); then she said, fixing those two colorless eyes clearly and steadfastly upon him—

"If a person in great want came to your door, and you gave him something you needed, which could not well be spared, but which you *could* do without at a pinch, I should say you had done a charitable thing. If you would not believe your neighbor guilty of a crime he stood accused of, till it was proved beyond doubting, I should say you had acted charitably; and if you gave yourself up, and all you had, to serve another who needed your service, who deserved it, I should think you had fully interpreted the word—that you had *proved* charity to be greatest of all things."

"It is just to the point—are *you* so charitable? I am alone in my old age, Miss Job! It's lonely over in my house—you *must* be lonely here. I

know you are. I want some one to live with me besides the rats—will *you*?"

She looked up at him in wonder, and seeing that the old man was really in earnest, said, kindly and meekly—

"I cannot—I do not wish to marry."

"You are getting along in years as well as I. Dear madam, who is going to take care of you when your eyes fail, and you are too old to work?"

"I feel that I shall not live to be very old. If I serve God faithfully in my life, He will care for me."

"Oh, but it's poor charity you have," said the old man, wiping his eyes. His voice failed him for a moment; recovering himself, he continued—"Miss Job, it's nearly thirty-six years since my wife died; I never have loved any woman since—never have asked any to marry me. My Joseph was a comfort to me—he was my comfort, my stay—the house was full and merry when he was in it. Now you know that he is dead and gone—I shall not see him any more. Sometimes I think I will put an end to my life at once, it's so desperate lonely. Madam, I do not swear I love you, and throw myself on my knees to take the oath. You've got too much sense to want me to make a fool of myself; but I'll promise you that I'll be a good husband—I can't hold on many years longer—you shall not have to work after I am gone!"

Alas! for that cherished dream of single blessedness, kept "in memory of the dead!" Alas, for that sweet dream of being laid quietly to rest, after sailing peacefully and alone along the shores of Time! Philosophy and charity conspired to demolish all such visions. Seraphina could not resist their attack, united with the tears the lonely old gentleman came to weep every day in her humble little parlor: in due time she was vanquished entirely. She gave her word she would become the wife of Mr. Townsend, his housekeeper, waiting-maid, nurse.

So, in compliance with that promise, stood she, one day, leaning on the arm of that respectable personage, past middle age; and Miss Job took all the vows upon *herself*, feeling in duty bound; and faithfully and rigidly she kept them.

Oh, heavens! yes—but do you know all that such a union as she made signifies? Bear in mind, the bride was no gay, young creature—a honey-suckle wedded to an old oak. Then had the bees come humming round her, with their soft, musical voices, gossiping away the bright summer days. She was no giddy girl, who, in the lightness of her heart, could fling off the load of oppressive thought at any moment; her life was no April day, whose smiles and whose tears are alike irresistible. *Such* unions have been that proved peaceable—nay, happy. But could you know the slave that Seraphina Job was for ten long years to that old heathen! When, at the end of that time, she was once more free, a widow, she might have told a horrid story than any galley slave or Siberian exile could conjure up.

"Gray hairs are honorable," I know; yet is there no more distressful sight on this earth than a wicked old man! There is hope for the youthful offender: if his heart be cold, love may yet thoroughly and effectually warm it; if he be without reverence, without kindness, without charity, regeneration is possible. But if the heart of the veteran in years be hopelessly, naturally chilled, and dead; if he is cross, and turbulent, exacting, selfish, tyrannical, and without mental power, then may all the saints unite to guard and defend the woman who is bound to him!—for of all mortals is she most wretched.

It was all the worse for Miss Job that she was kind and forgiving, and watchful and careful—all the worse for her that she had so much respect for age—the worse for her that boldness did not set up its throne on her tongue, and issue its laws as plainly as the tyrant's were spoken! If she had married the man because he was rich, in the expectation that he would, ere long, go the way of all the earth, it would have all been very well that matters took the turn they did: if she had bound herself to Mr. Townsend in order that she might secure a home, the home she thereby gained would have been just such as she deserved. But, reader, it was only in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the spirit of charity, that she wedded!—because, feeling herself of no use in the world, when appealed to to make the comfort of the last days of one who had for years been a sort of benefactor, supplying her with work from his shop, and paying her moderately well therefor, she felt that her duty was to give her consent. A mistaken sense of duty she had, alas! But Miss Job herself would have avowed it as her firm belief, if questioned, to err on the right side was best.

Besides laboring incessantly with her needle on the black cloth, as aforetime, which her miserly husband commanded, there was such a constant, watchful attendance on all the man's whims and wishes exacted—exacted, too, in a "black dog, do your duty," sort of way—that, had not Miss Job become nearly perfected in the furnace of affliction and trial, her human nature would have indignantly rebelled: she would have sought, and forced from all intelligent jurymen under the sun, a right to "dissolve the union."

Ten years of martyrdom!—it is no trifling thing, reader; and then to think he left her a beggar after all!—giving his very considerable property to people who would not have lifted a hand to help him at any time. Oh, it was a grievous wrong he did that woman!

"Her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder him rising with the just:

For his last, most solemn act, hath linked his name with liar,

And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow."

Yet, mark what followed! The little, old, two-story frame building, her former habitation, was

standing yet: to it the widow's eyes at once directed when strangers came to occupy her sometime abode. And, one day, above the narrow door a little ancient sign, "Miss Job, tailoress and dress-maker," again reared its head.

Yes! she had taken her old name again, and by that was she addressed—for people who respected her, and these were many, thought it an unnecessary insult to apply to her any longer that dead man's cognomen. Many were the tea-ing "indignation meetings" held in those days in the village, on account of that outrageous will of Mr. Townsend; and though the resolutions, on such occasions unanimously adopted, were never presented to the widow in due form, yet were they betrayed in the increase of work given her, and in the increase of the whole neighborhood's kindness. Never would Miss Job suffer any, in her hearing, in the height of their zeal, to rail out against the departed: if, in their enthusiasm, friends ventured on such ground, they were speedily silenced with a gentle "Hush, he is dead! you shouldn't talk against the dead."

Miss Job never went into mourning: in this case she felt it would be a mockery. There was no grief in her heart for the old man's death, save that of the Christian sorrow over the lost sinner. She wept at his funeral, true—and they were not "crocodile tears" she shed; because it was an awful thought to her that a fellow-mortal, who had seen the threescore and ten allotted years, should have gone into the pure and Holy Father's presence, without having assumed the garments of the redeemed. She wept, because he was an immortal, and, therefore, in remembrance of his past, feared for him!

Miss Job had grown very old in those ten years of bondage. Ah, she had looked upon such fearful Egyptian darkness! She had trodden in such wearying haste through that mighty Red Sea, pursued by the demons of a vile, malicious, selfish heart! She had grown very old, and yet was there strength in her limbs and strength in her heart. And what a sunbeam of peace was that which lighted her face with genial light! Oh, it is such a comfort that years make little impress on the countenance whose attractiveness is not dependent on youthful bloom and freshness! Red locks grow seldom gray, light eyes wot not of fading, and the expression of a face, linked to a heart like Seraphina Job's, must needs grow "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Still by the little window of the tiny house she sat and sewed. Still on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening, went she, hymnbook and Bible in hand, to the sanctuary, withholding never the outward service, whereby, as well as in her inner life, she confessed her Master before men. Still was her trembling hand (for it always trembled at such times) raised to give the half of every week's earnings to the poor fund. Still on deeds of active charity her little bent form went forth. Still though she, and not always without tears, upon the love

of her youth. Still laid she that Divine consolation to her heart, "In heaven we shall know even as we are known."

"Heigh-ho! it is a rainy day, Miss Job; so lay aside your work. If the clouds are black as the vests you manufacture, do lift your eyes to them." But no; with her sweet voice humming still,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

she plods away for dear life—for dear mercy's sake, rather, because this day's earnings are devoted in her own mind to a peculiar purpose. Oh, reader, what a pleasant thing is a romance, if it be not too sorrowful!

But hold now; why should that gentleman with the spectacles look up with such curiosity at the little old sign, "Miss Job, tailoress and dress-maker?" Perhaps he is an antiquarian; he looks one, I am sure. Yet that respectable quality gives him no right to peer into the window of the house with so much curiosity. May be he is in search of lodgings. Yes, he must be, for he knocks, and, at the gentle "Come in," shuts his umbrella and enters boldly. Pshaw! nothing but a tract agent.

In the name of all things forlorn, reader, will not this be a pretty ending of our story, the mere recording of a conversation that followed the entrance of this man?

"I have books to sell, ma'am. All sorts of books in my line: tracts, missionary periodicals, Life of Mrs. Judson—of *both* of them—Memoir of Harriet Newell, and so forth. Shall I hope to find a purchaser here?"

The stranger spoke in a very subdued, patient way. Miss Job looked at him, and thought he must have traveled a long distance, and been unsuccessful in his sales, and, in the kindliness of her good spirit, she said at once—

"Yes, certainly. I like to read the lives of missionaries. Let me look at them. Is it Fanny Foster's Life of Mrs. Judson you have? She is such a sweet writer! What a noble woman she must be!"

"It is her work. You'll like it very much, I venture to say. I have sold a great many copies of the book. People, generally, have a great admiration for the present Mrs. Judson."

He opened the package of books; and, while Miss Job examined them, the stranger fixed his eyes upon her, conning the features of her face to his heart's content, musing thus, as he did so, "Great God, it is certainly she! How old she looks! Poor girl, she has seen troubled and hard times, I fear! God have mercy on us!"

Selecting three of the volumes, the woman said—

"I will take these."

"Thank you. Here is another work; it may not have attracted your notice in the great flood of books printed now-a-days. It is a work I wrote myself; for I have been a missionary."

Miss Job became quite excited as she heard this.

She remembered one other who would fain have been a missionary. She could not speak; but reaching forth her hand, eagerly grasped the book.

"The India Mission-Ground," was lettered, in gilt, on the neat black cover. She looked sadly on the title for a moment, then opened the volume. "By Thomas Rich Muir." Those light eyes! they lacked not expression then. And what a glow was that overspreading the pale thin face of Miss Job, as she looked and looked at the book and at the man!

She stood up then—the volumes fell from her hands—and oh, what a "world of hope and fear" was in that cry—

"In the name of the great Lord, who are you? I knew a Thomas Muir!"

Ah, curiosity! why does that girl in the street stop short, unmindful of the rain, to look in through the window of that little parlor of "Miss Job, tailoress?" Why does that wandering boy vouchsafe to pause in his vagrancy to peer over the girl's shoulder, and, in his emotion, exclaim against the frantic embrace of that strange man, and "horrid homely old Miss Job?"

Desperate is the curiosity of a street audience! Ye fighting terriers and runaway steeds, testify! Haste we to draw the curtain. Ladies and gentlemen, we appeal to you; retire, disperse, and leave those reunited ones alone. I beseech you, go; and when Miss Job informs me of the story of her true, living love's adventures, you shall have them, free and full.

Poor, dear Seraphina! we will, meantime, rejoice with her, now that her time of rejoicing has really and truly come. We will, moreover, lay a little of consolation to our own hearts, as we remember that "virtue has its own reward," and never fails of finding it, in one place or another.

SONG.

BY BEATA.

"Ah," said Lucy, "he stays so long!"

Did ye see my love in that fair countrie,
Far over the sounding main?
Red gold and bright fame to seek went he,
But he comes not back again;
He went, when the leaves from the trees fell fast,
Away to that far countrie;
But a long twelvemonth and more has past,
And he comes not back to me!

If ye see my love in that fair countrie,
Tell him to hasten away;
From the breath of home, 'mid wild hills free,
How can he longer stay!
He may win bright fame, he may win red gold,
Away in that far countrie;
But better the heart which ne'er grows cold.
Then bid him return to me.

INDEPENDENCE

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE HOVEY.

TRUE independence of character does not consist in uttering unpalatable truths indifferently, or in carrying uncouth-looking bundles through public promenades; for true politeness never unnecessarily wounds the sensitiveness of any one, and a refined self-respect will prevent our elaborately displaying a necessity to labor.

I do not deny that there is virtue in performing either of these duties when they are duties. But to seek them in order to establish a reputation for independence, is a weakness; and that such a character is often thus established, at least to the owner's satisfaction, is a proof on what slight grounds self-love can assume to itself a virtue. There is no more sublime virtue than moral independence. It is more comprehensive than may at first be supposed. It enables one to adhere to the path of duty, though he walk alone; to follow truth, lead where it may; to resist the most alluring temptations to integrity and veracity. It presupposes the highest self-respect and esteem, and this can only be founded on real worth. For, however much the individual may deceive others, he does not deceive himself. He does not really respect himself for any good that is not in him.

We have glanced at the manifestations of this virtue; let us consider the mode of cultivating it. Each individual character is a unit—a perfect whole—no link in a chain—a complete work of the Creator. Mankind, taken "*en masse*," may be called a step in creation—the connecting link between the lower animals and higher intelligences. But individuals must not be so considered. Each character has impulses, powers, desires, which must be guided, cultivated, repressed, but not violently wrested from their natural course, nor wholly disregarded. Parents should regard, and, as much as they innocently can, conform to any marked characteristic of a child. This may be manifested in trivial ways, about its dress or amusements; but it should not be violently thwarted or carelessly neglected. I once heard a parent lamenting the defection of one of his two sons. "I have always managed them exactly alike," said he; "they always pursued the same studies, enjoyed the same pleasures, and even in my careful impartiality, dressed alike. And, oh! they are as different as light and darkness." I would not add to the parent's grief by showing his error; but it would be very easy for a disinterested person to trace the effect to his "careful impartiality."

We often observe in neglected children a decision of character, and general vigor of mind, wanting in more favored classes. This is because they are allowed to act out what is in them. Their freedom is favorable to development, an instance of the glo-

rious principle of compensation. And can we not obtain this great desideratum without the accompanying evils of neglect? With adults there are restrictions quite as numerous and powerful as with children. Fashion, rules of society, public opinion, are often fetters and chains to the mind. It is melancholy to see humanity, as it were, always run into the same mould, repeating itself; to see multitudes of people seeking to dress, and look, and talk like some model. God protests powerfully against such conformity in the diversity of features and inclinations he has given us, and thus saves us from a perfect monotony. Outward restraints produce but outward virtue. All restrictions should come from within—from strict principle, refined imagination, and a heart warmed by love to God and man. Thanks to the irrepresible vigor of the nature we have received, it cannot be wholly enslaved by any "powers that be." And the conservative is often shocked by the erratic course of certain minds.

Every one who steps out of a beaten path to promulgate what he believes true has the germ of a great principle within him. He is doing just what he ought to do—following out his own peculiar ideas; and this is the way the whole race of minds is benefited. In this way has the mass of human thought been gathered. Sir Isaac Newton was absorbed in philosophy and mathematics, and the results have blessed the world. Some minds have employed all their energy in the contemplation of the history of nations, of the principles of governments, and hence have arisen systems of politics. Others have been wrapped in music, and the first outpourings of human feeling have been resolved into a science. Each has some vocation—let him follow it out to perfection. "He who seeks to imitate another despoils himself of his own beauty to come short of another man's." We should strive to render ourselves as much as possible independent of others, and of circumstances—to multiply resources of happiness within ourselves. It is pitiable to see one cast down by a rainy day, or a slight disappointment, or even sickness or deprivation. A love of reading will rob solitude of its wearisomeness, and disarm mightier evils of their power. A mind stored with knowledge will never want interesting topics of thought to beguile arduous or monotonous duties. A love of poetry and beauty is a powerful assistant in attracting the mind to what is pleasant and profitable in one's lot. There are ample means of happiness in the cultivation of our higher faculties: these are never failing, constantly increasing, and common to all. And if, by being true to this trust, we have within our own minds the source of our happiness and improvement, we are sufficiently independent.

PAINTING ON GLASS.—THE BARON WITH THE TEN HANDS.

A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE real name of this Baron has not reached us, only his surname of Baron with the Ten Hands, which seems to promise some monstrous secret; but it was simply a figurative expression by which the clowns around this personage designated his surprising skill in the various mechanical arts, which he managed with such extraordinary dexterity and ingenuity that it might well be said he had ten hands at his service. He was, nevertheless, not born to be a nobleman; he was never seen in holiday garb, never bestrid a horse, or donned a suit of armor; the chase and gaming were entirely unknown to him; in fine, he had only a lively taste, we might say a passion, for the trades and occupations which were then most popular among the common people. The old ruined chateau, which his fathers had bequeathed to him, had beheld the construction, in the midst of its dismantled walls, of a group of laboratories and studies constantly resounding with the noise of his labors. He employed many workmen in his curious as well as useful occupations. His first experiments had been the construction of that beautiful Gothic furniture wrought in oak more durable than iron: his chisel and his pencil ornamented the wood with admirable taste and skill; the figures of his saints were as gracefully draped as the finest pictures in the cathedrals; he also wrought the most grotesque heads, masks, and fantastic monsters; his foliage was like beautiful tufted branches, yet light and airy; and he executed, in this hard material, lace-work which the inimitable Arachne might have envied. We ought to say that he had lived in Italy two years, and studied painting under two celebrated masters. Very soon, he had established a glass manufactory. From a sculptor he became a painter on glass, discovered the secret of the richest colors, and acquired, for the halos of his saints and angels, a beautiful golden yellow, which is to be found only in a corner of the robe of the rising sun. From a painter on glass he became a skillful painter in water colors, profiting by what he already knew. In the beds, stools, and trunks which he made, he displayed wonderful ingenuity; he almost invented locks and keys; in fine, no material passed through his hands without being greatly enhanced in value by his tasteful and ingenious workmanship.

He also attempted the manufacture of china; and the drinking-cups, ewers, vases, and pitchers of the Baron were models, in form and beauty, of blue, red, and green colors, glistening very agreeably to the eye. But, alas! the devouring activity of his mind hurried it on to alchemy. He at first manu-

factured powder; then, like others, attempted to make gold. The philosopher's stone caused him many deep meditations and long reveries; and, in a few years, all the silver and gold of our Baron had evaporated from the interior of his burning crucible. But his ingenuity contrived a thousand methods of introducing each day into his dwelling enough of the precious metal to prevent his experiencing the trials of poverty.

Certainly this laborious existence was not without its merits; but these merits did not suffice to keep his soul in the right way. On the contrary, his labors threatened to lead him astray from it; for his thoughts were always upon them, without leaving him a single moment to spend in his Christian duties. The Baron was not an infidel; but he regarded sacred things with an indifference almost to entire forgetfulness. He took off his hat before a cross; but his chapel was seldom troubled with his presence, unless he went there to adorn it with some painting on glass—some sparkling ornament. So, one day, wanting some gold for his operations, he did not scruple to use a beautiful golden cross which had been for two centuries nailed in the chamber of his ancestors, and in which was incrustated a bit of the true cross. This relic was not larger than the point of a pin. "Oh," said the Baron, "I will incrust this in another cross of silver;" and he began, with the delicate point of a tool, to remove the little bit of the true cross, which, slipping between the fingers of sacrilege, fell among the dust of the pavement. Kneeling down, he employed all the delicacy of his eye and the skill of his ten hands to discover the holy relic, but passed three whole hours in an unavailing search.

"Alas!" said he, "I can do nothing. Heaven will take care of the matter, if necessary. To my furnace." And, without troubling himself farther, or giving himself any more uneasiness about the accident, he ascended to his laboratory and threw the golden cross into his crucible, after having broken it to pieces.

"Well," said he, "what is this scarlet cloud which rises before my eyes? It must be the heat of the furnace which causes this. The bottom of my crucible is as red as blood." He hastened to turn his eyes upon some other object, to assure himself that his blood, over-heated, as sometimes happens, had not covered his sight with a purple veil; but everything around him, upon his shelves and his furnace, retained its natural color. Sudden fright chilled the blood in his veins. Vengeance had already commenced upon the sacrilegious

wretch. He felt himself, at the same time, burning and freezing with an unknown cold, a nameless fear; his teeth chattered between his livid lips, his hair rose with terror, his forehead was bathed in perspiration, and his chin fell despairingly upon his hands. He immediately quitted his laboratory, and summoned his six workmen, who were astonished to see him seize their hands, conjuring them not to leave him. But, a moment afterwards recovering himself, he said—

"Oh, it is only a fever! I will retire to rest, and to-morrow I shall see more clearly."

But, even in his sleep, his brain was filled with gloomy visions. On awaking, he perceived a resplendent light, which formed a radiant circle above his head, in the midst of which knelt an angel, whose celestial eyes were veiled with long eyelashes. This spirit had four large wings; two, whiter than snow, were inclining towards the earth, panting; two others, more glowing than the sun in his robe of fiery purple, were extended, motionless, in a horizontal line, like those of a huge eagle hovering in a tempest amid lightnings. The angel let fall upon his knees two alabaster hands, whose interlaced fingers supported a little casket, ornamented with four golden wings of veiled cherubim. Suddenly, the white wings trembled more violently, and, unfolding, united themselves above, suspending their point above the casket, into which the sacrilegious man saw descend a cross more bright than the pearly opal of the dawn, and this cross bore in its heart the bit of the true cross. The celestial vision vanished.

The Baron trembled; for, as it took its flight, the spirit of light cast on him a look of fire, and waved its burning locks.

The second night, the man with the ten hands awoke again out of his sleep, and found himself bathed in blood from head to foot. It was no illusion: he had burst a blood-vessel. He uttered a cry of distress; but no one heard him; and the flame of his lamp died away. An instant afterwards—was it imagination?—he heard footsteps near him, a frightful burning odor stifled him, and he saw rise by his bedside a monstrous goat's head, armed with long horns, glaring upon him with green and fiery eyes, and felt his forehead licked by the animal. Horror! before his bed was fixed a Venetian glass, which he himself had placed there, and he perceived on his forehead a tongue of flame. "Lost! lost!" cried he, writhing his arms above his head.

The next day, a priest was summoned by the Baron, who confessed to him all that had happened. The holy man said—

"That you may avoid eternal fires, you have but one method to pursue, which is to make to yourself a hell upon earth, to suffer, to pray, to keep always before your eyes that terrible word, *forever*!"

The Baron, saved, as by a miracle, from his frightful malady, clothed himself in hair-cloth,

studded with iron points; he put a linen robe above it, walked barefoot, shaved his head, and allowed his gray beard to grow. Three times a day he scourged himself. Meanwhile, he set himself studiously to find, in the arts of which he was master, all the images of the dreadful fate which he wished to escape. Four times each night he went to his door, which opened only from without, and struck his head against its inscription. The funeral bed where he reposed was constructed with a combination of iron springs so wonderful, that the weight of a man's body resting upon it sufficed to put in play its system of mechanism, which, every half hour, produced one of those lugubrious episodes of which the night of Dungal afforded a specimen; for, besides the spectres and the serpents, there were three or four fantastic monsters concealed about this couch, and playing their part in the persecution; but these last had at last slept in the rust of years. The Baron allowed himself only three hours of sleep. During the first two, he was awakened four times, at regular intervals, by one of the gloomy mementos which his industrious hands had created: the last hour he could enjoy tranquilly, but must rise before its expiration, for, at that moment, the unhappy sleeper was, by a movement of the bed, thrown out upon the floor. When that happened to the Baron, he was profoundly sad, not from the hard fall he experienced, but for that weakness of nature, sleep, which he regarded as one of the most formidable obstacles to his salvation, for he then forgot the hell he had made for himself.

The laboratory of the penitent was near his chamber. In the wall which separated the two rooms, and opposite his bed, he had made an opening, forming a grotesque framework, bristling with those ornaments, imitating flames, which bear the name of the *flamboyant gothic*. There he had placed this terrible and enormous painting on glass, wherein were portrayed the terrors of the lost. As his chamber was very dark, and the painting could not be lighted from the laboratory, which was darker still, he took care each evening to kindle in the laboratory a flame, which illuminated the painting, lending it all the strange and extravagant illusions of phantasmagoria. Thus, though Dungal the Incendiary had been, indeed, punished by Heaven, yet in the details of these works of the Baron we may find an explanation of the mysteries of his night. The torch which the captain had trampled under foot in the laboratory was, undoubtedly, not extinguished, and had thus set fire to a thousand inflammable substances, among others a vase filled with powder, the horrible explosion of which broke the glass and gave a passage to the flames, which were thus unchained from their prison.

As for the Baron with the Ten Hands, his end had been as strange as terrible. Worn out, harassed by his thousand labors and penances, he offered to slumber limbs so well prepared to receive it, that he often fell asleep on the pavement after he had

been thrown to the ground from his bed. What then did he? Having constructed a system of mechanism six times more powerful, he was found, one morning, dead: he had been dashed against the wall.

Having returned the manuscript to his pocket, M. de Guerrande again asserted his belief that the famous painting, signed with a cross between a B and an O, was in the same style with that of the haunted chamber; that it certainly came from some recess of the old Chateau d'Ard, of which no trace remains, and whose location even cannot be identified. And in this discovery our amateur greatly prided himself.

Voligni departed, and a year elapsed before his return to the estate of Guerrande; but an animated correspondence was kept up during the period between himself and his future father-in-law. To the beautiful Magdeleine might be ascribed the principal part of this zeal. Then our artist forwarded to his old friend the three immense paintings which he had ordered.

Business might no longer occupy Voligni, for the time appointed for his marriage drew near. He repaired to the estate of Guerrande.

After a repose of two hours, spent in conversation, M. de Guerrande and Voligni directed their steps towards the church and the chapel, whose ornaments were now entirely completed. What was the surprise of the noble painter not to perceive a single one of his works in the church, and to behold, in the windows which they were to have occupied, two paintings of the fifteenth century!

"I see you are looking for your paintings. They are elsewhere," said M. de Guerrande with a smile, in which there was some embarrassment, pointing out at the same time to his future son-in-law the wealth of art and profusion of luxury which decorated this beautiful church. Voligni had a cloud over his eyes and a weight upon his heart.

After an hour of happiness to the one and suffering to the other—"Come," said M. de Guerrande, "to the little chapel, and judge of the effect of your angel. I will tell you that I have planned the hour of our visit; the sun is just setting, and, whatever you may say, my friend, the sun adds magnificently to the effect of the grand portal; while your painting, at the opposite point, will be aided in its luminous transparency by the pearly blue of the heavens."

They entered. The artist could judge of the grandeur of the work attributed to the Baron; yet he turned his eyes with pleasure upon his own painting, sparkling with celestial grace.

"Your picture is very well," said M. de Guerrande, "but—"

"But?" said the artist, mastering his emotion.

"It is a little too coquettish, thus to speak; the devotional, the religious sentiments are—"

Voligni could not remain; they left the chapel.

"My friend," said M. de Guerrande, taking the arm of the artist, who allowed him to do so, "I see, I feel that you are a little troubled at not having found your paintings in the church; but you shall see them in a place where you will be at least as much flattered to find them. I remember your tirade last year upon the lost secret which you deny, and meanwhile I maintain that it is as secret and as lost as possible. I do not wish to see you longer with that air of constraint, which seems to accuse me of having wounded your self-love: far from it. Tell me, do you not rate a picture above a simple painting on glass? Yes, undoubtedly. Well; those you sent me were pictures! Yes, the methods of procedure of the old glass painters are not lost, but their simple and profound sentiment of the true end of painting on glass is. In our days, the great object is the arrangement of groups, the dramatic effect of positions and figures. Our old painters sought, above all, to combine in a sparkling-harmony a thousand brilliant hues, as of precious stones, in such a manner as to color the light with a rich and mystic tint, which, pervading the house of God, should impart to prayer a mild ecstasy, and solemnize the hearts of the faithful. To-day the eye, instead of being captivated by the mysterious charm of which I have spoken, dwells upon the details of the picture. But, I repeat it, a good picture is above a mere painting on glass. Hold, my friend, one word more. Your future wife, our dear Magdeleine, in two instances has expressed a judgment more decisive than all the arguments I can bring in support of my opinion.—One evening, at sunset, I surprised her kneeling in the space where the veiled and colored light falls through the roses upon your picture. I waited without for her. When she came out, she had a tear in her eye, and was sighing.

"Whence come you, my daughter?" inquired I.

"I come from prayer," replied she, in a voice trembling with holy agitation.

"Another evening I surprised her kneeling between the two windows where your paintings had been temporarily placed. On coming out of the church, I made the same inquiry as before, and she replied, in a deep and touching tone, 'Papa, how beautiful and how finely adorned are the two saints in M. de Voligni's pictures! How worthy of admiration are their companion angels!'"

The artist maintained a profound silence.

"Come, be consoled," said M. de Guerrande.

"You will soon thank me when you learn that your two paintings—one word more, however: we have done wrong in not having had a mutual understanding on these subjects. You have chosen the legend of the Holy Princess of Hungary, and another of the same kind. Then, you have painted them on a ground of white glass, when you had that beautiful golden yellow, so delicate, which you obtain from some oxide. However, take your consolation; your two paintings ornament the arches of the windows in your nuptial chamber."

Voligni replied not a word.

At this moment a domestic hastily approached, bearing a letter.

"I must depart immediately," cried Voligni, pretending a sudden summons. "Let my horses be made ready."

Evasive and embarrassed replies were all which M. and M^{me} de Guerrande could obtain, and they were much disturbed by this hasty and mysterious departure.

"I will write, I will write," said Voligni, as he sprang into the carriage.

But a silence of two months explained to M. de Guerrande that the affrighted haste of his friend had

been but a farce, and that the jealousy of the artist had overcome a long and devoted attachment, and the prospect of an immense fortune. Three letters remained unanswered, and the beautiful Magdeleine sighed every time her eyes rested upon the holy queens of the pictures in her chamber, with the roses in their alabaster fingers, and on their robes of azure.

But eight months afterwards, a young count, whose qualities equaled those of Voligni, received the hand of Magdeleine, bringing to her a devoted affection, free from that jealous rival, the spirit of art.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY

A KNITTED WALKING DRESS

FOR A YOUNG LADY FROM SIX TO NINE YEARS OLD.

(An entirely new and original design.)

Six ounces and a half of claret, and one ounce and a half of white Berlin wool, with No. 7 pins, will be required for a dress measuring in length twenty-one inches. Eighteen stitches are required for a pattern; but in order to keep the edges straight, twenty-four stitches will be required extra at the commencement, and seven at the end of the row.

The pattern consists of the eighteen stitches within the marks. Cast on seven hundred and thirty-three stitches with claret wool, knit one plain row, and proceed as follows:—

FIRST ROW.—With White.—Edge, knit seven, make one, knit seven, knit three together, knit seven,‡ make one, knit one, make one, knit seven, knit three together, knit seven,‡ repeat until seven remain, then make one, knit seven.

SECOND ROW.—Purled.

These two rows form the pattern; work them again with white, which will make a stripe of four rows.

With Claret.—Work the pattern seven times, which will be fourteen rows.

With White.—Four rows as at first.

With Claret.—Twelve rows instead of fourteen.

With White.—Four rows as at first.

With Claret.—Ten rows instead of twelve.

With White.—Four rows as at first.

With Claret.—Continue the pattern and purled rows until the skirt is the length required; that the dress may be made suitable to any age and size three patterns may be allowed for each quarter of a yard. The width given for this is three yards and a half; to make it up it should be sewn on a cambric bodice, fastened before; small bows in claret, and white ribbon being placed in distances down the front. A velvet or satin Spencer, of the same color, will complete this very becoming and elegant costume.

A FIRST SIZE INFANT'S DRESS CROCHET SLIPPER.

A pair of cork soles, six skeins of violet Berlin wool, two of white, and of black, will be required.

WITH THE VIOLET WOOL.

Make a chain of eleven loops, and work one row of double crochet. The remaining part of the shoe is worked in ribbed crochet, which is done by always taking the row of loops the farthest from you.

FIRST ROW.—Work the eleven loops in ribbed crochet, increasing one stitch at each edge, in addition to the chain stitch always made in working crochet backwards and forwards.

SECOND ROW.—Without increase.

Repeat these two rows until you have eight raised ridges. Then, for the sides, work eight stitches backwards and forwards, until you have sufficient to reach round the sole; join them together.

WITH THE WHITE WOOL.

Now, with the wrong side of the shoe next you, with white, work three rows in double crochet, increasing two stitches at each corner of the instep, the increase to be made in each row. Turn your edge down, and run it neatly with white wool.

WITH THE BLACK WOOL.

To make the spots of ermine, work with black Berlin wool (or black crochet silk, which is preferable) three long stitches, one on the top of the other, and fasten off. Repeat this in distances of one inch each, placing one in the centre and one in each corner of the instep. Having done this, sew your shoe to the sole on the wrong side, and turn it afterwards.

FOR THE STRAP.

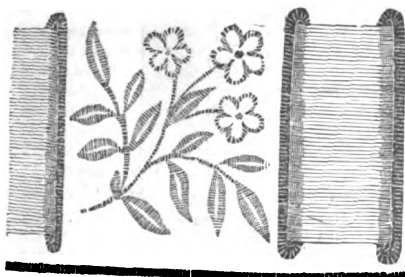
For the strap round the ankle, make a chain the length required in the violet wool, and work it round with white, leaving three chain stitches at one end for the button-hole. Sew it to the back, and your shoe is complete.

COLORED EMBROIDERY.

COLLAR AND CUFFS EMBROIDERED IN COLORS ON MUSLIN.

Materials.—The finest Book Muslin, and Evans' Ingrain Embroidery Cotton, No. 80, brown or scarlet.

Fig. 1.



The cotton with which our specimens were worked is a rich dark brown, the ribbon which accompanies them being blue and brown. Scarlet looks well only with a black dress; with that it certainly contrasts admirably. Diagram 1 gives the insertion for the collar, the full size required. It consists of a very simple spray of leaves and flowers, worked in satin-stitch, with a large button-hole on each side followed by a plain space, and then two other button-holes. The ribbon is to be passed through the button-holes, so as to line the embroidery, and cover the plain spaces. Five sprays, and six plain spaces will be found sufficient for a collar, as the frill is somewhat deep. A line of button-hole stitch at one side and both ends of the insertion is necessary.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 2 represents one scallop of the frill; eighteen are required for the collar, and nine for each cuff.

Fig. 3.

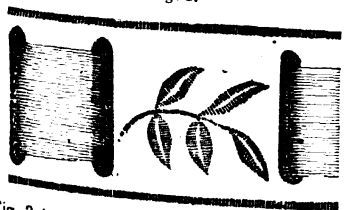
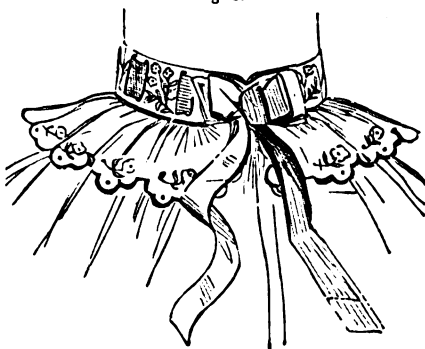


Fig. 3 is the insertion for the cuff, being the full size required. The frill is to fall back over a full

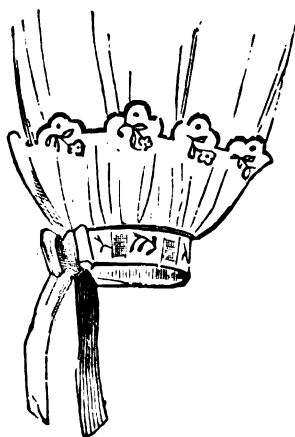
sleeve. Ribbon of the proper width is to be inserted in the band, and bows of two colors, with floating ends, should be placed so as to fall over the hand. Figs. 4 and 5 represent these novelties in *lingerie* as they appear completed.

Fig. 4.



The pattern may be traced from these figures by laying on them a bit of tracing paper and drawing the outlines with a pencil. These outlines must be inked with a pen. Then lay the muslin on the paper and mark it with a fine sable brush dipped in a mixture of indigo with sugar. The lines so drawn should be very fine, but clear. Tack the muslin on paper and work it.

Fig. 5.



The scallop pattern being so fashionable, just now, for the borders of handkerchiefs, the edges of frills, &c., the diagram given will, doubtless, be found useful for many purposes besides the one for which it was especially prepared.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1

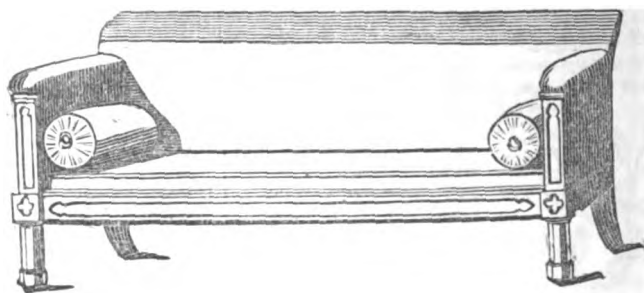


Fig. 2.

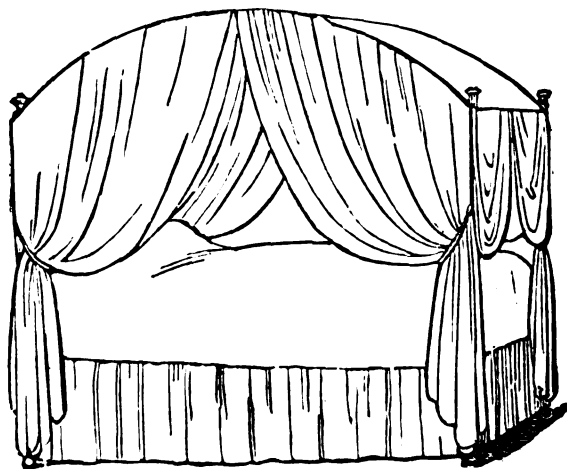


Fig. 3.

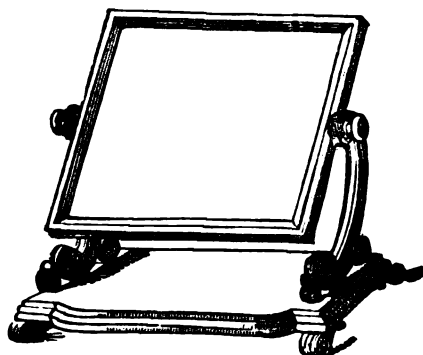


Fig. 4

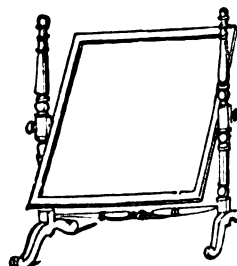


Fig. 1.—Sofa, in the Gothic style.
Fig. 2.—Tent bedstead, with curtains, complete.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Dressing-glasses.

POETRY.

SONNET.

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

Oh! o'er and o'er again, and still again,
I'd tell thee how my heart goes forth to thee;
I'd tell thee how all joy thou art to me;
I'd tell thee how, like Spring's life-giving rain,
My spirit poureth out in fast, warm drops,
Quickening thy being's depths—till sweet heart-
crops,
From out its moisture springing, bless my sight:
I'd tell thee how, down to the very roots
Of those up-branching, tender-spear'd love-shoots,
My heart, in penetrating floods of light,
Like Spring's life-giving sunshine, pours life out
Till thine can yield no room for tares of doubt:
But, ah! warmth, light, all life I give to thee
Are but reflected from the love thou givest me.

"I CULLED A FLOWER."

BY HELEN C. LEWIS.

I CULLED a flower—
A fragile, fading, short-lived flower;
'Twas bright and lovely for an hour,
Then faded quite away.

For one short summer's day
It cheered me in my solitude,
Then left me o'er its loss to brood,
And seek some other.

I loved another,
A gentle shrinking child of earth;
But to the Heaven that gave her birth
Her wings were turned.

And while yet burned
The lamp of life's uncertain ray,
She beckoned me to come away
To bliss forever.

Oh! could I sever
From one I loved, nor shed a tear?
Oh, no! at eve I miss her here,
I loved her only.

And very lonely
Is life's rough path, without her smile
To gladden lonely hours awhile,
That else have been,

Full hard, I ween,
For one alone to meekly bear;
This world is full of every care—
But give me love,

My strength to prove;
Without it even Hope has fled:
And lonely is the path I tread
If 'tis not here.

A PRAYER FOR LIFE.

BY MARY A. FAY.

Is it thy voice, my Father, which I hear,
In accents low, unheard by other ear—
Which bids me rise and gird me for the strife
Through which I fain must pass, to endless life?

This sinking frame, this feeble breath,
Are these the heralds of thy coming, Death?
Has thy cold finger touched this mortal clay,
And stamped it with the signet of decay?

Father, I fain would live, for life is sweet,
Its fresh young roses cluster at my feet;
Hope paints the future with her rainbow hues,
Her sunlight gleams through falling dews.

What have I not to live for! Friendship pure
Is mine—so true it must for aye endure;
And Love, so fond, so warm, no broken reed,
To fail me in the hour of greatest need.

Oh! let me live for those that love me!
Those for whom it is a constant joy to see
My presence in their daily paths, my smile
To soothe their grief, and every care beguile

But if it may not be, my Father and my Friend,
To raise this sinking soul, thy gracious presence lend,
And guide me safely through the shadowy vale,
Where human strength and human love must fail.

And when as fade the scenes of earth away,
Do Thou unclothe the portals of immortal day.
And bid my strength, my hope, my joy increase,
And to my trembling spirit whisper, peace.

Father, I trust in thee; I know that thou wilt deal
Wisely and kindly by thine erring child, and heal
The grief of those who mourn the parted friend,
And for one blessing gone, far richer blessings send.

TO SUSAN.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

MAY youth with thee be one unclouded morn,
Like those in charming May, when singing birds
And opening flowers come forth and earth adorn,
Bidding the heart o'erflow with joyful words;
And may thy life be like one summer's day,
When cheering sunbeams pour their gentle light
Upon the tender flowers and blossoms bright;
And balmy zephyrs their rich off'ring bring,
While Nature doth rejoice and sweetly sing,
As 'twere, in one rich mellow roundelay!
Then mayst thou gather store of fruit most rare,
When Autumn doth appear, with ample spread,
That, when Age steals along with wintry air,
Thou mayst rejoice, though birds and flowers are dead

WEEPING, WEEPING LITTLE INFANT.

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

Among the Orientals, the baptismal service is a beautiful and touching one: "Little infant, thou enterdest the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; strive so to live that thou mayst leave the world smiling, while all around thee weep."

WEEPING, weeping little infant,
Thou didst come to earth—
Was it some sad, strange revealing
Of life's sorrow o'er thee stealing,
Gem of priceless worth,
That did cause that low, and wailing,
And those tear-drops unavailing,
Loved one, at thy birth?
Wherefore weeping, little infant,
Didst thou come to earth?

Smilings, smilings, little infant,
Welcomed thee to earth:
Yes, with holy love and pleasure
Thou wert clasped, dear little treasure,
Soul of priceless worth,
To the bosom of thy mother,
To the warm heart of one other,
Joyous at thy birth.
Smilings, smilings, little infant,
Welcomed thee to earth.

Strive to live, oh, little infant,
Strive to live on earth,
So that when around thee, weeping,
Friends their solemn vigils keeping,
Wait thy heavenly birth,
While their hearts are overflowing,
And their eyes with tear-drops glowing,
That such priceless worth
Must, their prayers of love unheeding,
Pass away from earth.

Smiling, smiling, happy spirit,
Glide away from earth;
Plume with joy thy angel pinions,
Soar away to God's dominions,
Soul of priceless worth!
Go, the angel bands attending,
Go, thy voice with seraphs blending,
To thy heavenly birth—
Smiling, smiling, happy spirit,
Glide away from earth.

"LITTLE EMILY."

BY ABBY ALLIN.

"Sleep gives her to my arms again."

I see thee in my dreams, baby,
In visions of the night;
Thy blue eye, full of blessedness,
Is glancing on my sight:
Again upon my heart, baby,
Thy little hand is prest;
Again thy little nestling head
Is pillowed on my breast.

Again the music of thy breath
Falls softly on my ear,
In those dear old accustomed tones
I loved so well to hear!
Once more my lips are murmuring
Low words of love and prayer;
I strive to draw thee closer yet,
But clasp the vacant air!

And then, I wake to weep, baby,
Rememb'ring thou art dead;
And nevermore can my poor heart
Pillow thy little head!
I cannot hear thy voice, baby;
I cannot see thy face;
Nor watch thy growing charms, baby,
Nor welcome thine embrace!

I miss thee from my arms, baby;
I miss thee everywhere!
Yet thou art better cared for now
Than even by my care:
For angels have thee in their charge,
Lofty and pure of heart!
For the gentle Shepherd loves His lambs,
And one of them thou art!

THERE IS NO SORROW IN MY HEART

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

THERE is no sorrow in my heart,
No cloud upon my brow—
A thousand glad and happy thoughts
Are thronging round me now:
Like flowers—like bright and fragrant flowers,
Of summer's earliest bloom—
They rise in beauty round my May,
And breathe their soft perfume.

What though 'tis but a winter's day,
And clouds are in the sky,
And damp and chilling are the winds
So rudely passing by?
Bright flowers are blooming in my heart,
Are twining sweetly there,
In fragrant and unfading wreaths
Of beauty rich and rare.

Glad thoughts in tuneful harmony,
Like strains of merry birds,
Are pouring forth in joyous tones
The music of their words.
Not one discordant thought is there
To mar those gentle notes,
But with enchanting melody
Each merry cadence floats.

There is no winter in my heart,
No blighted flowers are there;
Sweet buds of bright, unchanging hopes
Are blooming everywhere.
No damp and chilling winds are there,
But zephyrs bland and still
Play gently o'er Eolian chords,
And draw sweet sounds at will.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," one and indivisible, should be inscribed on the heart of every woman; and, next after the performance of her moral duties, comes that of preserving, for herself and those under her care, the inestimable blessing of good health, which invariably adds to comeliness of person in every stage of life. Those who have been in the habit of reading the "Lady's Book" know how constantly we have kept this subject of health before our readers. Besides those general observations introduced in stories and essays, and our own table-talks with our friends, we gave a series of chapters and illustrations on "Health and Beauty," commencing in 1847, and running through that and the two following years. Whoever will refer to these dissertations may see, at a glance, how important the influence of our work has been in awakening the attention, not only of our own sex, but that of good men also, to this subject of preserving health. And how can it be done unless women are instructed in the necessary knowledge? unless they know their own structure, their own nature, the laws of health, and the penalties of transgression?

We are glad to report the progress of our own ideas; we rejoice that the good work of instructing women how to take care of themselves, of each other, and of their children, is now going rapidly on. One of our old contributors, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of *Mary Orne*,* is now assisting her husband in a large establishment for the healing of the sick. The water cure has, for many complaints, been found highly efficacious, and women will surely make the best physicians for their own sex when resorting to this mode of treatment. An angel from heaven took charge of the pool of Bethesda; the angels of earth ought to have charge of the pools for water cure.

But we hope few of our friends will need to resort to any curative process; even this of water, which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer found so pleasant and efficacious, cannot be quite so desirable as that state of happy health which keeps us independent of doctors of every degree; so we will add a few illustrations on what we shall call *exercise of the arms*. Everybody knows—or such as live in the cities do—the difficulty of finding out a suitable and pleasant mode of exercising the arms. Walking and carriage-riding are of no use as respects these limbs; nor do the usual pursuits of needlework, &c. offer sufficient motion. There are needed movements which will call every muscle into exercise, and move the neck, throw back the shoulders, and expand the chest, so as to create a free circulation of the blood to every part. This is done by

THE SCEPTRE EXERCISE.

These sceptres, rods with handles, are of brass or steel, to be held in the hand pendent on each side (Fig 1). Begin by swinging them slowly backwards and forwards; then the one in the right hand is carried over the head and left shoulder until it hangs perpendicularly on the right side of the spine (Fig. 2); that in the

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



left hand is carried over the former, in exactly the opposite direction (see the same figure), until it hangs on the opposite side. Holding both sceptres still pendent, the hands are raised somewhat higher than the head; with the sceptres in the same position, both arms are extended outward and backward. They are lastly dropped into the first position. All this is done slowly.

We shall revert to this subject and give further illustrations in our next number. Now we have a few words to say to one who has been our champion, true and loyal as a Knight of the Round Table, serving three times seven years to win the favor of American women. He deserves a compliment.

DEAR MR. GODFREY: As the "Lady's Book" has reached, with this number, its full majority of twenty-one years, it seems proper to mark the period by a memorial. When the heir comes of age, he is entitled to congratulations. When the man has won his own way to the goal, he should be cheered.

If the maxim of La Rochefoucauld be true, that "*Il faut de plus grandes vertus pour soutenir la bonne fortune que le malheur*," then you deserve much esteem. Your career has been singularly fortunate; yet you have never relaxed your efforts to improve, nor swerved from the path of integrity, industry, and a high moral aim in the pursuit on which you entered with no patri-mony but hope, health, and resolution.

There are many fallacies in the form of old sayings and pretensions to experience current in the world. One is that the age is degenerating. How often we hear people mourning over this downward tendency of

* Mrs. Gove-Nichols, wife of Dr. T. L. Nichols, M.D., a regularly educated Allopathic physician in the city of New York. Mrs. Gove-Nichols is the author of several popular works, published by the Harpers, among which are, "Lectures to Ladies on Anatomy and Physiology," a work every lady should read; "Agnes Norris, or the Heroine of Domestic Life," and "Uncle John; or, It is Too Much Trouble."

things, as though all light would be extinguished when their candle was put under a bushel, and all goodness go out of the world with themselves. You, sir, can easily demonstrate their error. *Lay before these poor, hopeless persons the first and last volume of the "Lady's Book!"* Show them the progress you have made; they will despair no more.

Women have been stigmatized as "fickle," "inconstant," "unreasonable,"

"And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made."

Have you found these sayings true? I hear your indignant "NO!" Preparing your work especially and entirely for the female sex, you have relied on the patronage of woman and her friends, and have never been disappointed. Every year has added new names, while the old ones remain stereotyped on your list, till the circuit of the world has been made; and from Philadelphia to the Celestial Empire, and round by the Sandwich Islands to California and South America, the "Lady's Book" goes on its pleasant mission to the homes and hearts of its multitude of friends. Is there an instance where American men have thus steadfastly supported a literary journal? Not one. Therefore bear witness, Mr. Godey, that the ladies are not fickle when the object of their first admiration continues to merit their favor. And that the "Lady's Book" may move onward and upward for three times seven years longer, under its present publisher, proving the realities of moral progress by the increasing esteem its pure pages meet with, as, I am sure, the wish of its present readers. Should your life be spared thus long, you will then have attained about the age of wisdom, when our greatest men are considered best fitted to guide the nation. And, should the ladies reach that political privilege some of your sex are urging them to contend for, there would be little doubt who would be their choice for President of these United States in 1872.

However, as we have settled that the "Lady's Book," while under our care, shall never advocate this system of encroachment on woman's right of sending the male portion of her household to the polls, while she may read quietly at home, it is not likely you will consent to become a candidate for the "White House." We protest utterly against this notion of female voting, fearing the next will be to impose military fines, and then firemen's duties, on women. A pretty sight it would be to see our lovely ladies parading at beat of drum, or running after the fire engines! Such a catastrophe will never occur while the "Lady's Book" has its present efficient and honorable conductor, to whom, on behalf of its lady friends, I now offer sincere congratulations that he has enjoyed *twenty-one years* of uninterrupted success.

SARAH J. HALE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "To one who dislikes Flowers," "I think on Thee," "Song of the Spirit of Life," "I Love Thee, Quiet Night," "Narrative of a Shipwreck," "Palermo," and "Crossing the Obion, an Incident of Western Life."

Several poems, of much merit, we must decline for want of room; and many articles on hand we have been unable to examine. Our friends must keep on their armor of patience.

Literary Notices.

THE CHURCH REVIEW AND ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER, published at New Haven, Connecticut, has an exceedingly interesting article in its April number. The title of the essay, "Loyalty to the American Constitution," will indicate its character; but its vigor and justness of thought, and beauty of style, can only be understood by those who read it. We hope it will be studied. Ladies should read it, and learn their duties to their country.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

NATURE AND BLESSEDNESS OF CHRISTIAN PURITY. By Rev. R. S. Foster. With an introduction by Edmund S. James, D. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This work, on account of its piety and able Christian arguments and illustrations, will be a valuable acquisition to the theology of the church of which the author is a member.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN OBADIAH CONGAR, for Fifty Years Mariner and Shipmaster from the Port of New York. By Rev. Henry F. Cheever, author of "The Island World of the Pacific," and "The Whale and his Captors." In the hope that this volume may prove a useful gift to the merchant service and marine of England and America, the author has dedicated it to the Seaman's Fund Societies of the two great commercial nations of England and America.

A GREEK GRAMMAR FOR THE USE OF HIGH SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES. By Philip Buttmann. Revised and enlarged by his son, Alexander Buttmann. Translated from the eighteenth German edition by Edward Robinson. This is a valuable contribution to the scholastic and classical literature of the country.

LOUISIANA: its Colonial History and Romance. By Charles Gayarre. This is the most spirited and entertaining American work that has come under our notice for some time past. The author has truly shown, as he said he was prepared to do, that "the history of Louisiana is full of poetry of the highest order, and of the most varied nature."

BEACHNUT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo Stories." We confess our indebtedness to this author for his series of Franciscan stories, feeling, as we do, that they will be productive of great good to the youth of our country.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—THE FRUIT, FLOWER, AND KITCHEN GARDEN. By Patrick Neill, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society. Adapted to the United States. From the fourth edition, revised and improved by the author. This will prove a very valuable publication in the hands of all persons interested in horticulture and fruit culture, as well as for those who desire to produce the earliest vegetables. Every one who makes a business of furnishing the markets with the richest and rarest fruits and flowers, including grapes of the finest flavor, should possess himself of this volume; and especially will it be found of the greatest value to those who desire to amuse and gratify themselves, by cultivating a taste for the beauties and excellencies of nature.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

HURRY-GRAPHS; or, Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society, taken from Life. By N. Parker Willis. These sketches, &c. have appeared from time to time in the "Home Journal," and are now published in a volume as they came warm from the imagination and pen of their author. As a writer, Mr. Willis has many admirers, to whom, no doubt, the selections in this volume will be highly acceptable.

THE FRUIT GARDEN. A treatise intended to explain and illustrate the physiology of fruit trees, the theory and practice of all operations connected with the propagation, translation, pruning, and training of orchard and garden trees, as standards, dwarfs, pyramids, etc.; the laying out and arrangement of different kinds of orchards and gardens, the selection of suitable varieties for different purposes and localities, gathering and preserving fruits, treatment of diseases, destruction of insects, descriptions and uses of implements, etc. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and fifty figures, representing different parts of trees, all practical operations, forms of trees, designs for plantations, implements, etc. By D. P. Barry, of the Mount Hope Nursery, Rochester, New York. This full and complete title of a valuable work relieves us from any further remark than that of according to it all the merit that is therein set forth.

From FOWLER & WELLS, New York, through W. B. ZIESSER, Philadelphia:—

BULWER AND FORBES ON THE WATER TREATMENT: a Compilation of Papers on the Subject of Hygiene and Rational Hydropathy. Edited, with additional matter, by Roland S. Houghton, A. M., M. D. New and revised edition, stereotyped, with additions and improvements. Were we to give way to our feelings, after the perusal of this volume, we should certainly pronounce the question settled, as far as we are concerned, in favor of the water treatment. But when we reflect that very many astonishing cures have been made under all systems, and that many persons, not absolutely worn out, often get well by merely changing their habits, we are fain to leave the book to the judgment and discrimination of the reader. We can say, however, that the arrangement, the contents, and the style of the book are such as cannot fail to interest and enlighten the reader in regard to the origin of diseases and the virtues of temperance.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

POEMS. By Mrs. E. H. Evans. With a preface by her brother, T. H. Stockton. There are many creditable and, we might justly say, beautiful poems in this volume, which will arrest the attention and deserve the encomiums of the reader. The opening Apology at once claims the sympathy of the heart, and will be very apt to secure its regards for the gentle and thoughtful author to the close of her volume.

From F. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARTIN F. TUPPER, D. C. L., F. R. S. In four volumes. Authentic edition. Vol. 1. "The Crock of Gold," "The Twins," and "Heart." The American public is so generally familiar with the poetry, and with the prose writings of this author, that we feel under no necessity

to make any special recommendation of them in announcing the appearance of this volume, the first of a series now in the course of publication in this country, under Mr. Tupper's immediate supervision. The edition is presented with the following graceful dedication, which will certainly not be lost upon the sensitive American reader: "To the American People, in token of respect and good will, this authorized edition of my writings hitherto is gratefully inscribed by the author. Philadelphia, April 21, 1851."

From T. B. PETERSON, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE COMPLETE FLORIST, OR FLOWER GARDEN. This is a very cheap, and yet a very valuable compilation from an English work, and will no doubt have a tendency to increase the taste, and to enlarge the knowledge of our people in the culture and management of ornamental flowers and shrubs.

THE COMPLETE KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDENER. For popular and general use. This work contains a great amount of practical instruction in regard to the cultivation of all kinds of culinary herbs, and also for the best way of rearing the orchard and the fruit garden, including every description of information, in a brief form, that may be required in the successful management of gardens.

From ROBERT E. PETERSON, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

THE PATRIARCHAL AGE; OR, THE STORY OF JOSEPH. Originally prepared for the pupils in the primary department of the Girard College for Orphans, and now published for the use of other young persons. We are assured by the author that it was his desire to impart to his youthful charge as great a variety of instruction, suitable to their age and condition, as was practicable under the circumstances, and that the work is now published with the hope that it may be found useful beyond the circle for which it was originally intended. It is familiarly written, and contains an amount of instructive matter which may be found of great interest to a higher and an older class of readers than those for whose capacities it was at first prepared, by the addition of many explanatory notes.

From STRINGER & TOWNSEND, New York:—

ANNE GREY. A Novel. By the author of "Granby," "Jane Shore," etc. A very interesting and superior work of fiction, the incidents and moral of which will be appreciated as above those of the ordinary novels of the day.

SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—"London Labor and the London Poor." Parts 3 and 4. With Daguerreotype engravings by Henry Mayhew. Harper & Brothers, New York; Lindsay & Blakistoun, Philadelphia.—
"The Commissioner; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo." By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Henry Smeaton," etc. Same publishers.—
"Rebels and Tories; or, the Blood of the Mohawk." A Revolutionary Legend. By Lawrence Labree, Esq. New York: Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings. Price 50 cents.—
"Knowlson's Complete Cow and Cattle Doctor." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street. Price 25 cents.—
"Shakespeare's Dramatic Works." Boston edition. No. 36. Containing "Romeo and Juliet," with a very fine engraving of the latter. Peterson, agent, Philadelphia. From the same publishers

and agent, "Hamlet," with a characteristic portrait of Ophelia.—"Indiana." By George Sand. Together with the life of the author. T. B. Peterson, publisher, Philadelphia.—"The Temple." The first number of a monthly magazine, devoted to masonry, literature, and science. Edited by B. Parke and C. E. Blumenthal. Harrisburg: J. J. Clyde & Co., Printers. This number, which is for the month of May, contains a well-executed portrait of Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, in the "regalia" of the order.—"Wild Sports of the West." By William H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Hector O'Halloran," etc. This has been pronounced "a good book" by the best critics in England and in the United States.—"The Pictorial

Field Book of the Revolution." No. 13. From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia. This work continues its deep interest to the American reader.—"The Banker's Wife." By T. S. Arthur. An excellent novel. Price 25 cents.

MUSIC.—"The National Union." Words and music by Charles Collins, Jr., and respectfully dedicated, with permission, to the Hon. Henry Clay, whose opinion we adopt when we say that the sentiments, the poetry, and the music are highly creditable to the talents and the patriotism of the author. Lee & Walker, music publishers, Philadelphia.

THE PUBLISHER'S DREAM.

IN the very midst of their most serious toils, troubles, and disappointments, editors and publishers, as well as their readers and correspondents, are occasionally visited and consoled by pleasant and encouraging dreams. Of this character was a magnificent vision which shed its golden and beneficent influences over our heart a few evenings since. Overpowered by the intense labors of the day, and the pressure of those peculiar feelings of anxiety which editors alone can experience, we sat down, in a pensive mood, to rest, and to reflect for a few moments in the solitude and silence of our sanctum. We had scarcely composed our weary limbs within the friendly embraces of our venerable and faithful companion—the old arm-chair—and rested our aching head in the palm of our right hand, our elbow resting on a table, over which were scattered numerous letters from every quarter of this wide-spread Republic, when we became suddenly unconscious of the world and of all its troubles and all its disappointments.

How long we remained in this oblivious state it is impossible for us to tell; but when we again became susceptible of mental emotions, of thought and reflection, it was to revel in one of the most glorious, one of the most consoling and beautiful fancies that ever descended from the brilliant regions of imagination to soothe, invigorate, and bless the mind and the labors of a weary mortal. We thought that all at once there appeared before us a great crowd, more than our office could contain, of our old subscribers, whose names have been legibly inscribed upon our books from twenty down to the past two years, but with few or no credits attached to them. They all appeared to have their purses open, their countenances beaming with conscious integrity, and radiant with the inward pleasure which they seemed to experience in the performance of a just, honest, and virtuous action. While we were conjecturing what all this could mean, one gentleman, of whose person we had a somewhat indistinct recollection—time and contact with the world having greatly subdued his once fashionable and careless demeanor into a modest, thoughtful, and benevolent aspect—pressed near to us, in front of the crowd, and addressed us in the following "thrilling speech":—

"MR. EDITOR.—It having been ascertained that I am the oldest and largest debtor in this great throng of delinquent subscribers to your incomparable *LADY'S BOOK*, I have been deputed to address you on this memorable occasion. Permit me then, dear sir, in the

first place, to congratulate you on the magnificently benevolent scheme which you have charitably devised for the future comfort, independence, and happiness of an unfortunate class of public benefactors. We have heard, sir, that it is your intention, should you be successful in collecting the inconceivable amount of money which has accumulated on your books for the last twenty years, to erect a most splendid home for all such heart-broken or superannuated editors, publishers, and writers as have it in their power to show that they owe their disappointments in life, and their present misfortunes, to the negligence—not to use a more expressive word—of individuals like ourselves. We come, therefore, repenting of our past delinquencies, and prepared to wipe out the stains so long attached to our names, and, in view of your great and charitable enterprise, consoling ourselves with the reflection that 'it is never too late to do good.'

"But, Mr. Editor, independent of our actual indebtedness for amounts of subscription, we, in unison with our countrymen, beg leave to congratulate you on the great impetus which your '*Book*' has given to our national literature, and to the development and encouragement of the fine arts, including your beautiful 'mode cottages.' Writers, designers, engravers, and builders have all experienced the benefits of the example which you were the first to set for the encouragement of American genius, and for the establishment of a correct standard of American taste. When, sir, we reflect upon all these admirable efforts on your part, and the numerous body of persons to whom your enterprising spirit has given employment and a liberal competency; when we reflect also that you have on your books some forty or fifty thousand dollars, and that the vast crowd before you are, on an average, indebted to you six dollars each—we once more repeat our hearty regrets, and prove our sorrow by planking down the amounts we individually owe you."

When the eloquent speaker closed his address, a radiant smile lighted up his countenance, though not so youthful as it once was, and, without asking for a bill, he tendered an amount which we had no time to examine, his example being followed on the instant by the vast crowd of conscientious persons in attendance, who no longer required to be reminded of the amount of their indebtedness, so mysterious were the promptings of each one's conscience.

But, alas! honest reader, such a vision as this be-

came too exciting to last long. The ringing of the full, round, silver dollars; the chinking and clinking of the gold pieces; the grateful acknowledgments, and the clear hearty laugh of the "absolved penitents," as they went their way rejoicing, was too much for "visionary purposes," and we awoke with a full conviction that we could boast of nothing more than the enjoyment of a very pleasant and agreeable dream, which may, nevertheless, at no distant day, through the attention of our friends, be in some measure verified; for, chimerical as the proposition may seem, we could, and probably would, make a grand effort to establish such an asylum as was here suggested to our mind in a most delightful and consoling vision. Let such of our friends as know that they should be numbered among the multitude who thus attended us in our dream, come forward and realize the truth and the beauty of the scene presented to our imagination, and they shall find us ready and prepared to fulfil our part of the contract by the application of funds to the contemplated alleviation of a most worthy class of public benefactors, who have themselves fallen into penury in consequence of their efforts to amuse and enlighten the public mind, and to build up and sustain the honor and literary reputation of their beloved country, as the orator's address has beautifully demonstrated.

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S CORRESPONDENCE.—Among our numerous business letters, we occasionally have the pleasure to find one from an old and honored friend, or perhaps a memorial from some well-remembered companion and school-fellow of our youth. These memorials, brief and hurriedly sketched as they are in letters professedly on business, are nevertheless among the brightest gems in the varied correspondence of a publisher, often awakening in the wearied heart a glow of feeling far more precious and valuable than the pecuniary considerations with which they are in some measure blended.

Not the least welcome or interesting among such business letters as we have here alluded to, was one which we received a few days since from a school-fellow and companion of our youth, dated "Owasco Lake." Many a year has come and gone since we had the satisfaction to take him by the hand; and we are therefore highly gratified with our "natural wear and tear" when he tells us, in allusion to a certain article, that he should have no difficulty in recognizing us, notwithstanding time has been somewhat busy, and has turned us off with quite a venerable appearance! Well, after all, that is not an unpleasant compliment to come from an old schoolmate, although it certainly does sound somewhat queer, and does, indeed, contain a warning which is calculated to awaken many serious reflections. But we must pass them over here. There would be nothing new in our reflections to our venerable readers, and it is quite likely that our youthful readers are willing to bide their time, and become venerable in appearance and in reflection, when they shall be "turned off" as we have been.

Meantime, we assure our friend Mac of the Lake that we often sympathize in his reminiscence in regard to the city of our nativity, and almost mourn over the departure of those "venerable appearances" so familiar in the joyous days of our boyhood. Nevertheless, we heartily congratulate him that his career has been ho-

norable and prosperous, and that he has nothing more important among the list of his regrets than the changes which time has wrought upon his early friends and the home of infancy.

Our Auburn (California correspondent) has paid the "Lady's Book" a distinguished and most grateful compliment. If there is any earthly object which we have sincerely at heart, it is that of rendering our work a soothing and hopeful messenger to the bruised and desponding spirits of the unfortunate the wide world over. We assure our friend that we felt a deep interest in the graphic sketch of the romantic incidents of his life with which he favored us, and are happy to know that he discovered so much to admire in the story and the engraving of the "Constant"—so much, as he tells us, that was similar to his own case—and so much to interest and arouse all his generous and manly energies in the retrieval of his fortune. His statement that, in his distant region, the "Lady's Book" commands a higher price by nearly one-half than any other work containing the same amount of reading, and that all are highly pleased with the artistic skill displayed in its different departments, comes home to us with scarcely less interest than would the joyful tidings to a father's heart that his eldest born was an honored, prosperous, and useful man in a far-off land of strangers. And that such may be the fate of our good friend F. A. H., after a speedy and happy reunion with his affectionate and "constant" wife, is the sincere prayer of the publisher of the "Lady's Book."

OUR SCRIPTURAL PLATES.—We regret to observe that some of the religious exchanges take exceptions to the beautiful Scriptural engravings published, from time to time, in the "Lady's Book." We had no intention, neither had we the least apprehension of becoming amenable to the charge of sectarianism; for in nothing that we have published did we, in the simplicity of our heart, imagine there was anything but a representation of the "beauty of holiness," which we believe to be the charitable and exalted aim and characteristic of every denomination of Christians. These designs, it is true, were prepared for the "Lady's Book," but without any design to give pre-eminence to one sect more than to another, and certainly without any design of disrespect to any denomination whatever. Our object was to present to the reader representations of such truths and ceremonies connected with, or dependent upon, Scriptural teachings, as would be the most effective, without exciting the disfavor of any class of our Christian friends. This explanation, we hope, will be satisfactory to all.

OUR MODEL COTTAGES.—We refer to this particular and universally-admired feature of the "Lady's Book" at this time, to answer an objection made to them by one of our country exchanges, who thinks, as a general thing, that our model cottages are "too expensive to be of any benefit to many wishing to build." There can be no "fault," as our friend intimates there is, in our cottages on account of the expense of building. The price of labor, and the price of materials, in the different sections of country, come not under our regulations. Still, however, these models, if prepared on a scale too expensive, can very easily be adapted to the circumstances and the means of a family who wish to economize. They need not "follow the copy" literally or exactly; the area may be reduced, the number of rooms may be reduced, the ornamental work may not

be so expensively adhered to, and still the projector on one of our plans will find himself the possessor of a tasty, convenient, and cheap dwelling. Our intention has been to present the ideal, the plan of such dwellings, as summer or permanent residences, leaving the expense of them to the discretion of those who should think proper to adopt them.

OUR subscribers will please notice that, with the August number, the cheap postage system will commence—two cents for five hundred miles, and four cents for fifteen hundred miles, if three months postage is paid in advance. As the "Lady's Book" is stereotyped, new subscribers can procure the numbers from the commencement of the year, and, if sent after the 30th of June, they will be received at the reduced rate of postage.

THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING."—In the August number, we will publish another story by this celebrated writer—"Boarding-House Politics." The lady author of these stories has taken at once the highest position as a humorous and satirical writer. Her stories are copied into one half of the papers in this country.

THE beautiful engraving on the cover of this number is the leading illustration in the "London Arts Union Journal" for March.

FASHION PLATES.—There seems to be a strange notion on the part of our cotemporaries upon the subject of fashions. Some of them are in the habit of giving the winter fashions in the spring, spring in the summer, and so on. They possess no discrimination, giving them to the public because they were the fashions at the time in Paris. They have yet to learn that the seasons are entirely different. Our caterer for the ladies, acknowledged to be the most celebrated *modists* in this city, understands this matter better. Our subscribers may rely upon this, that the "Lady's Book" fashions may be depended upon.

DEMPTSTER, the celebrated vocalist, has returned to this city. We advise all who admire the pure ballad style of singing to go and hear him.

JENNY LIND has returned to the north, after one of the most successful and triumphant tours ever made by a professional person.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The collection of paintings and statuary displayed at this institution during the past spring was highly flattering to our native artists, and evinced a "spirit of progress" in public sentiment, in favor of the fine arts, highly honorable to our citizens. The exhibition was attended by crowds of ladies and gentlemen, including artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, who generally expressed themselves pleased and gratified with the efforts presented. Mr. Robb, of New Orleans, had forwarded his fine collection of paintings for the use of the Academy during the exhibition, and, consequently, greater interest was given to the display than could otherwise have been anticipated. By this act of courtesy, Mr. R. has given another strong evidence of his liberality in securing to our country an elevated and honorable standing among those nations whose renown has been perpetu-

ated more by the arts and sciences than by any other policy they could have pursued.

BLOOD'S DISPATCH.—We have received from the proprietor of this safe and convenient mode of distributing city letters, a package of envelopes, which, besides being of firm texture and very neatly manufactured, have the following stamp: "Blood's Dispatch. Pre-paid. One cent." Can we do less, under the circumstance, than commend these self-sealing, always prepared, and pre-paid envelopes to the patronage of our city readers? We think not; and we, moreover, hope that it will not have been made in vain. The proprietor is generally known as an enterprising and respectable citizen.

NEW EXHIBITION.—We recently had the pleasure of attending a new and interesting exhibition at the rooms of the Brothers Langenheim, in Chestnut Street above Fifth. By a new and ingenious process, to which these gentlemen have given the name of the "Physiorama," they are enabled to transfer the most beautiful views, taken directly from nature, to the canvases, at the same time retaining their minutest effects in brightness of coloring and softness of shade. Among the representations thus made, were a number of familiar subjects taken from the vicinity of our own city, and which, for their unsurpassed fidelity, were received by the intelligent audience present with the warmest approbation and applause.

PORTRAIT OF MR. GRIGG.—We have been presented with a finely engraved portrait of a worthy and prosperous citizen of Philadelphia, who has been well known throughout the country for many years past as an extensive and enterprising publisher and bookseller, in connection with the firm of Grigg, Elliot & Co. A short time since, Mr. G. retired from business with ample fortune, accompanied with a reputation still more valuable, that of a prudent, honest, and benevolent man. We hope he may live long in the enjoyment of health, and of the means which he has so honorably accumulated, and which he knows so well how to dispense for the benefit of others—a characteristic trait which was peculiarly his own in all his business transactions. The portrait is by T.B. Welch, who is certainly the very best engraver of portraits in the country, and who, in this instance, has been eminently successful in presenting the life-like expression of the original. We may as well say here that the firm of Grigg, Elliot & Co. has been succeeded by that of Lipincott, Grambo & Co., who evince, in all their extensive business relations, the same enterprising, liberal, and accommodating spirit which so greatly distinguished their predecessors.

HOME BALLADS. BY ABBY ALLIN.—In the March number of the "Book," we briefly noticed a volume of poems, under the above title, from the publishing house of James Munroe & Co., Boston. We have since availed ourselves of an opportunity to examine more critically these productions of an amiable and gifted writer. We only wonder, however, that one so truthful in her sentiments, if not always methodically correct in the construction of her poetry, should have so long been concealed from that meed of public admiration to which her talents so justly entitle her. It was but the other day that we learned, from one of our contributors, that herself and "Nilla," the soon to

Memo of Miss Allin, commenced their literary careers at the same period. This lady has long been a favorite; and, perhaps, under similar circumstances, "Nilla" would not have failed to be, by this time, as well appreciated as "Alice."

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We agree with an intelligent cotemporary, "It belongs to that class of newspapers which can never be read too much, and of which there is no fear of there ever being too many published." It is gratifying to see the warm welcome with which the appearance of the "Home Gazette" is greeted in all quarters. The subscription list has already swelled up to a number far beyond what the publisher anticipated in so short a time, and the increase continues as it began. This is a good sign. The paper is one of the most healthy, chaste, high-toned, and interesting in the country, and every father who regards the moral well-being of his children should secure for them the weekly visit of "T. S. Arthur's Home Gazette."

The ancients were accustomed to class all sprouts of vegetables under the general name of asparagus, and our plant takes its name from a Greek word signifying a young shoot before it unfolds its leaves, and first came into use with the Romans about two hundred years before Christ, in the time of the elder Cato, who wrote upon its culture. Pliny mentions its cultivation at Ravenna, where it was so large that three heads would weigh a pound. The plant still grows in Asia Minor, and on the borders of the Euphrates, to an extraordinary size.

We have often heard asked, What are the virginals upon which Queen Elizabeth played so well? We annex a description: The musical instrument called the virginal was the first rude idea our ancestors had formed of a piano; it was a miniature-keyed instrument, contained in a box about four feet long, with an ivory or boxwood finger-board, limited to two or three octaves, and was, when wanted, placed on a table before the performer.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO DYE BROWN.—A decoction of oak bark dyes wool a fast brown of various shades, according to the quantity employed; an infusion of walnut-peels will also dye brown. The wool should be previously dipped in a solution of alum and water, which brightens the color.

For red dye: boil in a bath of madder, previously rinsing the goods in alum; or, if you wish for purple, employ, instead of alum, a bath of acetate of iron. Red dyes are also given by archil, cochineal, Brazil-wood, &c.

For blue dye: boil in a bath of logwood, to which a small quantity of blue vitriol has been added, using the alum bath as in the other cases.

MACARONI.—To eat macaroni in perfection, let it be boiled in milk, and when quite tender drain off the liquid; place the macaroni upon the dish you intend to send to table, put it before the fire while you rub fresh butter over the top, and then cover the surface with grated Parmesan cheese about a quarter of an inch thick. Put it in a Dutch oven for ten minutes before sent to table. Another way is, after boiling in veal

broth, to cover the macaroni with grated cheese, and cover this with bread crumbs; warm some butter without oiling, pour it through an earthen colander over the crumbs, and brown in a Dutch oven. The yolk of an egg beaten up with milk and butter is an improvement.

AN ELEGANT CEMENT may be made from rice-flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster clay, models, busts, bas relievos, &c. may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish and very durable.

SAL VOLATILE or **HARTSHORN** will restore color taken out by acids. It may be dropped on the silk without doing any injury.

GLASS VESSELS, in a cylindrical form, may be cut in two by tying round them a worsted thread thoroughly wetted with spirits of turpentine, and then setting fire to the thread.

When plain tortoise-shell combs are defaced, the polish may be renewed by rubbing them with pulverized rotten-stone and oil. The rotten-stone should be sifted through muslin. Then polish with jeweler's rouge, or with sifted magnesia.

GLAZED POTS are the most suitable for plants kept in balconies, where they are much exposed to the air, as they do not admit of transpiration from the sides, and consequently the earth contained in them does not so soon become dry.

In whatever soil the crocus may be planted, the leaves should never be cut off till they begin to wither, as without their assistance the plant cannot accumulate matter to form its new corona for the ensuing season.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

EQUESTRIAN HABIT.—A skirt and *basquine* of Thibet cloth, of the rich brown so fashionable for dresses the past season. The skirt is ornamented by fourteen rows of narrow black velvet, set on plain, each row fastened by a button of the cloth. The *basquine*, or jockey, is also edged with the velvet ribbon, and may be closed by a row of the buttons. It is more stylish to let it be thrown open, disclosing a vest of straw-colored cashmere, with double-gilt buttons. A broad linen collar and blue neck-tie complete this elegant, but somewhat fanciful, costume. The hat is black beaver, with a broad leaf, or front, and ornamented by a single heavy plume, gracefully disposed.

DESCRIPTION OF WOOD-CUT.

Fig. 1st.—New and elegant style of morning-dress. It is composed of white lawn, and ornamented with a

bordering of richly-embroidered insertion. Three rows of this, with a narrow edge to correspond, descend from the waist to the bottom of the skirt, which has a deep border of the same. The *sacque* fits closely to the figure, is of the same material, and trimmed in precisely the same manner; a chemisette being inserted, and finished by a small collar at the throat. The wide undersleeves have a deep ruffle in keeping with the dress, which is in very good taste as part of a *trousseau*. The knots of ribbon may be of any color to suit the fancy or taste of the wearer; and the ribbon in the cap, which is composed of India muslin, should correspond.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—Fig. 2d.—Walking-dress for a little girl. A dress and *sacque* of pearl-colored glacé silk, the *sacque* bound with a thicker silk of some bright shade. Full undersleeves. The bonnet is a light shell, fancy straw, of pure white, with pearl-colored bows and strings. Mode-colored gaiters, and very short pantalettes, edged with rich embroidery.

Fig. 3d.—Walking-dress of a child. Dress and *sacque* of dark cashmere, trimmed with narrow embossed velvet ribbon. Full white sleeves showing beneath the *sacque*, white stockings, and pantalettes like those in Fig. 2d, which is the style of the spring. Black gaiters. Black beaver hat, the brim rolled, with a band of broad satin ribbon, a knot and long cords.

CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

There is little or no *fashion* to be seen in Philadelphia this burning, sultry month, as the last of our inhabitants who lay claim to that mysterious distinction have finally quitted the city. Some have become actual "birds of passage" in the Collins' line of steamers, and will no doubt bring home their own fashions from "The World's Fair." Others are haunting Newport or the Springs, as for years past; and a few sensible people have gone quietly to their own country houses, where they have space to turn and time to breathe, without the daily fatigues of promenades, dining in full dress, and boarding-house hops.

There are, of course, a few scattered items of changes in *les modes* to glean, and we have selected those of most general interest for our readers.

First, there are hints suggested by the fashion plate, with its graceful, but too fanciful, costume. A riding habit, to be in perfect taste, should have as little of ornament as possible. This is obvious from the simple role of reason. It is a toilet, not for the parlor or the street, but for the woods and fields. It may set off the figure to the best advantage, but it must also allow room for the full play of every limb and muscle. White, or light colors, should be avoided, for they are easily soiled, and then there is nothing more dismal. Redundant trimming of any kind might chance to cause the arrest of the fair lady, by those Robin Hoods of the forest, boughs and brambles.

The hat given in the plate is a new and fashionable style abroad, but has not, as yet, been introduced among our lady equestrians. Genin's hat for the season differs little from the Jenny Lind, described last autumn, except that it is of a beautiful shade of pearl, or drab, with plume to match. Oakford's differs very little. While merinoes, and, better still, cloths, are the only proper materials for a spring and autumn habit, they are almost too heavy for midsummer twilight rides, and the plain, or mixed, *cashmere de baize* will

be found much more comfortable. It is generally of a neat and most serviceable color, moreover. Linen lustras, of all kinds, rumple too easily, and, as we have said before, the perfection of an elegant riding costume is neatness. Broad-leaved straw hats should be substituted for beaver until October. They are quite as becoming when trimmed with a black or dark green Mantua ribbon. Fancy colors, or thin gaudy textures, would not be in keeping. Small collars and deep cuffs, of some white linen, add to the neatness before spoken of, and the neck-tie, arranged in a careless knot, should be of some dark or any light color; it is best to suit the hat ribbons. Muslin, or embroidery of any kind, would be sadly out of place; though, if the lady prefers the open, or cadet corsege, a plaited linen chemisette has a beautiful effect. Most of our ladies wear gauntlets, or buff leather riding-gloves; they protect the wrists; but the reins are quite as well managed in ordinary gloves, which should not fit too tightly. A French twist is the best arrangement of the hair for a riding hat, as it suits the shape of the head, and is not easily discomposed. Curls, unless natural, are soon blown into most disconsolate *negligée* by the rapid motion of the horse. A thick quilted silk or muslin skirt, beneath the habit, is of great advantage; and gaiters are indispensable, as a slipper could not bear the strain of the foot in the stirrup, or are liable to be "cast" by the wayside by the breaking of a very slender string.

To go from riding to home costume. White dresses of every description are in especial favor this season. Swiss or "see-through" muslins for a dinner and evening-dress, or *jaconets*, barred muslins, linen lawns for the morning. Rows of wide insertion are used in the skirt, alternating with the same width of muslin. Some are three, four, and even eight deep. Many ladies will remember this as an old, but elegant, fashion revived. Flowing sleeves are finished with an edging to correspond, and a close ruffle, or rather collar, of the same about the throat. Plain corsege buttoned with diamond cut buttons, of blue, crimson, or green, which can be taken out, as vest buttons are, by the laundress. *Papier maché* buttons are also worn, some of very light and pretty styles.

Mantillas have given place to small capes, fitting close to the shoulders and coming half way to the waist, about as deep as the old style *berthé*, but commencing at the throat. They are much more suitable for midsummer. Mantillas, if worn, are very small, open, and reach a little below the waist in a point.

Bonnets of light fancy straws have the now universal cap crowns, and are lined throughout with some pretty-hued silk. Crape and black lace bonnets are made in the same shape, with a few light flowers, imbedded in *tulle*, inside the brim, and small bouquets of the same on the outside.

The hair has undergone a decided change. Puffs are no longer things seen in old magazine pictures, but meet you every day on the promenade, filling the brims of ladies' bonnets, standing one above the other. Few people have ventured on more than two or three, at the most, as yet. Of course, they are becoming, since they are the fashion; but we would recommend, as a more simple and girlish *coiffure*, the arrangement in the equestrian fashion plate, the braids having a picturesque effect.

Parasols are lined with thin white silk, have no fringe, and the mountings are of ivory or pearl. The favorite colors are light green, Mazarine blue, and brown.

FASHION.

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

The publishers of this now highly popular and widely-circulated weekly paper for the fireside and home circle are pleased to announce that they have made arrangements for a regular series of articles from the pen of

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,

one of the purest, best, and most interesting of our writers of fiction.

The original department of the "Home Gazette" is as well sustained as that of any magazine in the country. From fourteen to twenty columns of original matter are given every week, embracing a choice variety of subjects. Many of our very best writers are regular contributors.

Nearly everything that the editor writes will appear first in the "Home Gazette," and its readers will be presented with a constant succession of those brief moral stories and sketches that, as a mirror held up to nature, show so accurately the secret workings of the heart, and, from the evils, follies, errors, and mistakes of life, enable men to draw good purposes, and to act more wisely in the time to come. Moreover, in the "Home Gazette" will be published, during 1851, in addition to several original nouvelles by Mr. Arthur, the following copyright novels from his pen, which have never appeared in any newspaper: "**Love in a Cottage**," "**Love in High Life**," "**The Beautiful Widow**," and "**The Debtor's Daughter**." Thus the subscribers to the "Home Gazette" will receive, during the year, from seven to eight of Mr. Arthur's novels.

The publishers of the "Home Gazette" will also give their readers, during the year 1851, **A NOVEL** by W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.; **THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER**, a Novel of Western Life, by EMERSON BENNET; at least **THREE ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES** by T. S. ARTHUR, one of which will be a **Temperance Story**. They will also give a large number of original stories, sketches, &c., including the following highly attractive series of papers: **Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States**, by ARTHUR J. STANSBURY; **Anecdotes of Bird, Beast, Fish, and Reptile**, by C. W. WEBBER (beautifully written papers); **Heroic Women of the Olden Day**, by H. W. HERBERT; **The Romance of American History**, by WM. H. CARPENTER, &c. &c.

The "Home Gazette" is elegantly printed on **FINE WHITE PAPER**, with **Large, clear-faced Type**, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	- - - \$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	- - - \$15 00
Three copies "	- - - 5 00	Fourteen "	- - - 20 00
Six "	- - - 10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

One copy of the "Home Gazette," and one of either Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for four dollars. **ALL** letters must be post-paid.

Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper.

Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our Agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.

Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State, where it is to be sent.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

H. LONG & BROTHER

Would respectfully inform their friends in the trade and the public that their **ESTABLISHMENT**, No. 43 Ann Street, New York, will in future present greatly increased facilities for publishing, selling at wholesale and retail, and especially for the **MOST IMPORTANT** department of their business, **SUPPLYING THE ORDERS** of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Literature, Agents, Postmasters, &c., with promptitude and dispatch, and upon more liberal terms than any other house in the United States.

H. L. & B. wish to call the **PARTICULAR ATTENTION** of every branch of the Trade to their own publications, consisting of many of the most popular works of History, Biography, Fiction, &c., ever published in the United States. These works, now selling rapidly, and in large editions, we will furnish on the most favorable terms, together with all other works at **PUBLISHERS' PRICES**, a portion of which will be found in our Catalogue, which will be sent to any address. The business of filling the orders of correspondents in the trade, and supplying agents, pedlars, &c., will claim, as heretofore, our chief attention, and no pains will be spared to give continued satisfaction.

H. LONG & BROTHER, No. 43 Ann Street, New York.

OUR CANADA SUBSCRIBERS.

By remitting us three dollars, we will pay the postage to the British lines; or by sending \$5 for two copies, or \$5 for one copy two years, we will do the same.

PARTICULAR AND USEFUL NOTICE.

We wish it distinctly understood that only our regular collectors, who have written authority, are allowed to collect money for the publisher of the Lady's Book. Money paid to any other will not be acknowledged. Those whom we authorize to procure subscribers have no authority to receive or collect back subscriptions. The firm of R. Morris & Co. never were authorized to collect money for us, nor will we acknowledge their receipts.

AGENTS FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Traveling Agent for the Western States, assisted by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsay, Dr. Joshua Wadsworth, Alexander R. Laws, and R. K. Graves.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Traveling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee.

JUSTUS WHITE is our Collector in the State of New York, and is authorized to receive pay for new subscribers.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLIII.—JULY, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c..

SIX FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS--THREE ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. "HOP GATHERING." This picture was the leading embellishment of the London Arts Union for March. Engraved by | A. L. DICK. |
| 2. "HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES, O LORD OF HOSTS." Engraved by | W. E. TUCKER. |
| 3. THE FAIR EQUESTRIAN. Beautifully colored, and containing the latest fashion for Riding Dresses. Engraved by | J. I. FRANK. |
| 4. YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM. Printed in Colors. Designed and Engraved expressly for "Godey" by | DALLAS. |
| 5. THE LITTLE FAMILY. A Mezzotint Engraving by | RICK & BUTLER. |
| 6. DRESSES FOR CHILDREN, AND MORNING DRESS. Prepared expressly for "Godey." Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 7. MUSIC—THE Musing Hour. Music by | JNO. W. BELCHER. |
| 8, 9. A BEAUTIFUL MODEL COTTAGE. Two engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 10-13. GARDEN DECORATIONS. Four engravings. Engraved by | W. CROOME. |
| 14-18. COLORED EMBROIDERY. Five engravings. | J. FROST. |
| 19-22. COTTAGE FURNITURE. Four engravings. Engraved by | J. FROST. |
| 23, 24. THE SCEPTRE EXERCISE. Two engravings. Engraved by | M. A. JONES. |

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

A Cottage,	4	A Knitted Walking Dress for a Young Lady from Six to	58
How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles, by Mary S. Morton,	5	Nine Years Old,	58
My Summer Window, by Mrs. L. G. Abell,	5	A First Size Infant's Dress Crochet Slipper,	58
The Little Family, by Kate Berry,	6	Collar and Cuffs Embroidered in Colors on Mualin,	58
Mary's Smile, by Juliet H. L. Campbell,	7	Cottage Furniture,	58
The Broken Merchant, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,	8	Sonnet, by Mary Spencer Pease,	58
The Fate of a Flirt in the Olden Time, by Mrs. E. F. Elliot,	13	"I Culled a Flower," by Helen C. Lewis,	58
The Sporades: a Historical Legend of Other Days, by Mrs. S. H. Waddell,	18	A Prayer for Life, by Mary A. Fay,	58
A Plea for Equestrians, by Alice B. Neal,	27	To Susan, by Blanche Bennairde,	58
Confessions of a Dreamer, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith,	29	Weeping, weeping little Infant, by Adeline Carter,	58
Garden Decorations,	30	"Little Emily," by Abby Allen,	58
Aunt Tabitha's Fireside, by Edith Woodley,	31	There is no Sorrow in my Heart, by Maria Rowan,	58
The "Picking Bee," by Mrs. Anna F. Law,	35	Editors' Table,	58
Aspasia and Cleomene, by Ann E. Porter,	38	The Sceptre Exercise,	58
Miss Job, by Caroline Chesebro',	43	Literary Notices,	58
Song, by Beata,	47	The Publisher's Dream,	58
Independence, by Mrs. Charlotte Hovey,	48	Publisher's Department,	58
Painting on Glass.—The Baron with the Ten Hands, translated from the French by Miss Anne T. Wilbur,	49	Various Useful Receipts,	58
		Fashions,	58

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. For 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for the 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for the 1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year, and we will not send them, if so wished, until after the 30th of June, when they can be received at the reduced rates.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]

The Postage on this Magazine for 500 miles is 2 cents ; for 1500 miles, 4 cents.—See
Extract from the Law, on fourth page of cover.

AUGUST.

GODEY'S

GODEY'S 1851 BOOK

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE
&
L. A. GODEY.

VOL. XLII.

PHILADELPHIA
LOUIS A. GODEY

COLLINS,

PRINTERS.

TERMS, \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions for subsequent years, when not paid in advance, \$4.

Digitized by Google

NOTICES BY THE PRESS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey has a go-aheadativeness which is sure to render him the prince of magazine publishers.—*Lyons Whig*.

It is a long way ahead of all similar magazines in its getting up and general appearance.—*Ala. Advertiser*
No man, woman, or child can read "Godey's Lady's Book" without feeling ennobled and improved.—*Va. Pilot*.

The "Book" is an "art union" of itself, and in no way can so many truly fine and valuable engravings be procured as by sub-scribing for it.—*Woodstock Age*.

Godey is truly deserving of the premium of publishing the best magazine extant.—*Maine Advertiser*.

Godey's is emphatically a book for the ladies. It might appropriately be termed "The Book of Beauty."—*Nova Scotian*.

The utmost that art in its highest perfection can do, is now lavished on this work.—*Perrysville Eagle*.

For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female in Canada was a reader of "Godey's Lady's Book."—*Intelligencer, Canada West*.

The truth is, Godey is unsurpassable in the style, taste, and talent of his periodical.—*New Castle Dem.*

It still leads off at the head of American magazines.—*Plymouth News*.

Godey is certainly ahead of all the other monthlies, both in style and matter.—*Newmarket Democrat*.

All the magazines are enterprising, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Godey with his "Lady's Book" bears off the palm.—

For beauty and taste, we place it first among all the magazines.—*Romney Argus*.

A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the "Lady's Book." In fact, no parlor is complete without it.—*Troy Times*.

The literary matter and the plates are, by common consent, ranked at the head of magazine enterprise.—*Huntingdon Messenger*.

We invite all who are desirous of seeing the greatest work of the day now published—the "Lady's Book"—to call at our office.—*La. Register*.

Godey's we think the best of all the magazines published in America.—*Perrysburg Reveille*.

Godey certainly publishes the best magazine in the country.—*West Chester Times*.

Godey still keeps ahead.—*Elliotville Republican*.

Godey keeps his position at the head of the literary caterers for the people.—*Canton Reporter*.

Godey keeps a little in advance of his cotemporaries in many respects. His "Book" ranks A No. 1 among the *literati* of the land.—*N. Y. Messenger*.

Each number is a perfect jewel, and we cannot wonder at its immense popularity.—*Reading Advocate*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the best magazine of the kind that comes to us.—*Conn. Daily Register*.

This magazine is the most splendid of any published in the United States.—*Macon Cadet*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the prettiest work our mortal eyes ever looked upon.—*Centreville Whig*.

We have looked upon this as THE magazine for a long time. We have never yet received a number that was not worth half the subscription price.—*Dalton Times*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" undeniably excels any of its cotemporaries, both as regards matter and embellishments.—*Jerseyman, N. J.*

Always having been at the head of American magazines, Godey is obstinately determined that his "Lady's Book" shall continue there.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

It is faint praise to say that it maintains its character as being first among the periodicals of the day.—*Johnstown Republican*.

As a book for the ladies, it is really invaluable in its tendency to refine and elevate to a high standard the intellectual character of woman.—*Paulding Clarion*.

This is one of the very few periodicals that makes its monthly issues equal to the first one of the year.—*Ohio Intelligencer*.

Its articles are of a high order, and display a spirit that will benefit American literature.—*Ballston Mirror*.

We have never known Mr. Godey to make a promise that he did not fulfil, and very often does better than he promises.—*Huntington Herald*.

The ladies of no country have been served by intellectual knight-errant so chivalrous and true. His last number is always the best.—*Ohio Telegraph*.

No just idea can be formed of this magnificent work without ocular inspection.—*Mich. Gazette*.

Of all the works devoted to the interests and amusements of the ladies, "Godey" is undoubtedly the best and most splendid.—*N. Y. Christian Guardian*.

It is far ahead of its cotemporaries in magnificence and worth.—*Portsmouth Dispatch*.

This is just what it professes to be, an excellent "Lady's Book," and in this respect stands unrivalled.—*Irassburgh Gazette*.

Godey is ahead of the world in magazine enterprise.—*Vevay Palladium*.

Godey certainly keeps a great distance between himself and all competitors. He has many imitators, but no equal.—*Lima Argus*.

TERMS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Single number 25 cents.

One copy, 1 year, \$3	Five copies, 1 year, or one copy 5 years, . . . \$10
Two copies, 1 year, 5	Ten copies, 1 year, 20
One copy, 2 years, 5	

And an extra copy one year to the person who sends the club of ten.

Address

L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE BOOK

۲- ملاقات

10-11-12

24 Apr -

LAND USE

701. *Linnaea*

2.3.2.2. *2.3.2.2. 2.3.2.2.*

ကုလသမဂ္ဂ

61ME1

Vine Creek, Ia

by Mrs.

۱۰۰

100

225

25

24

111

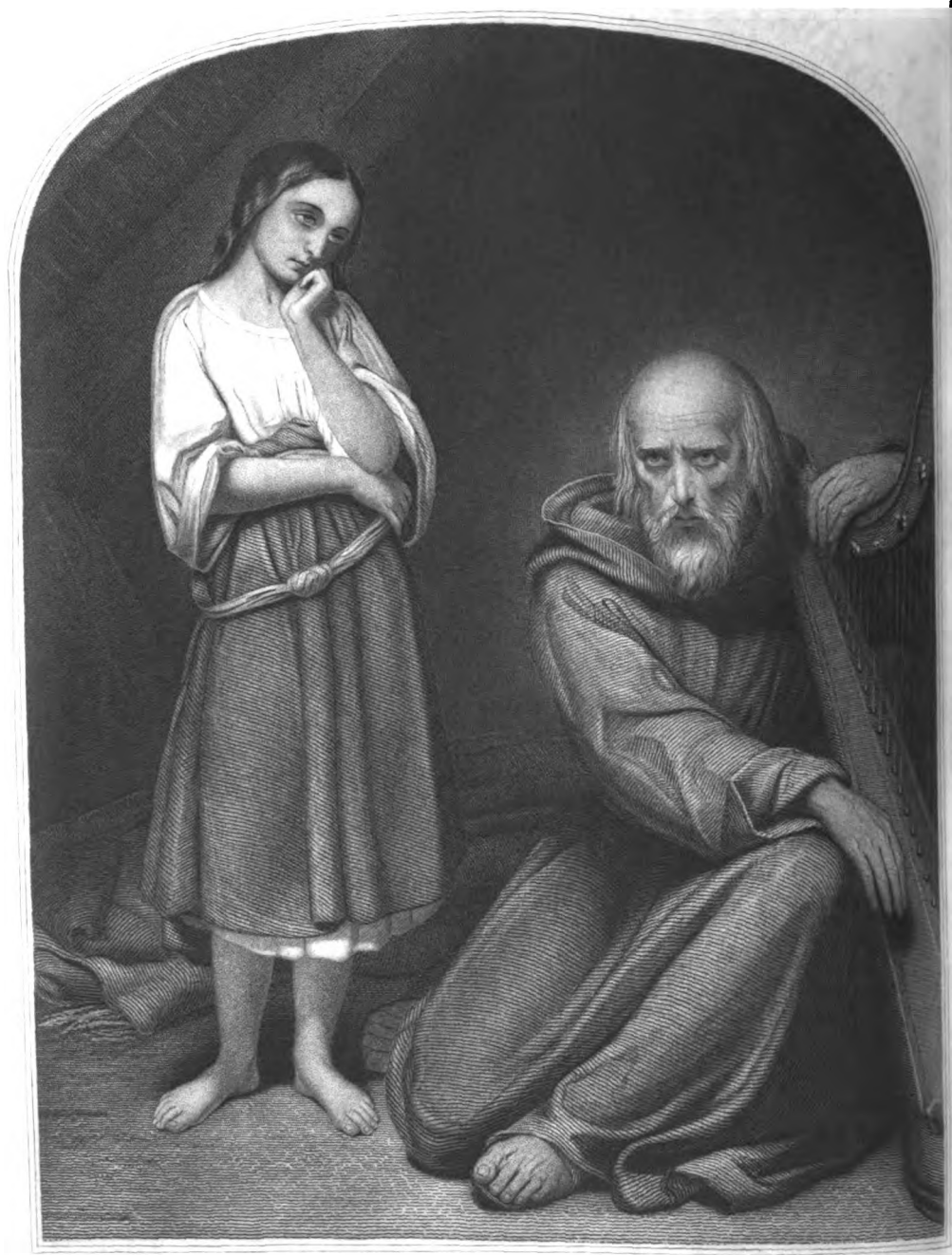
25

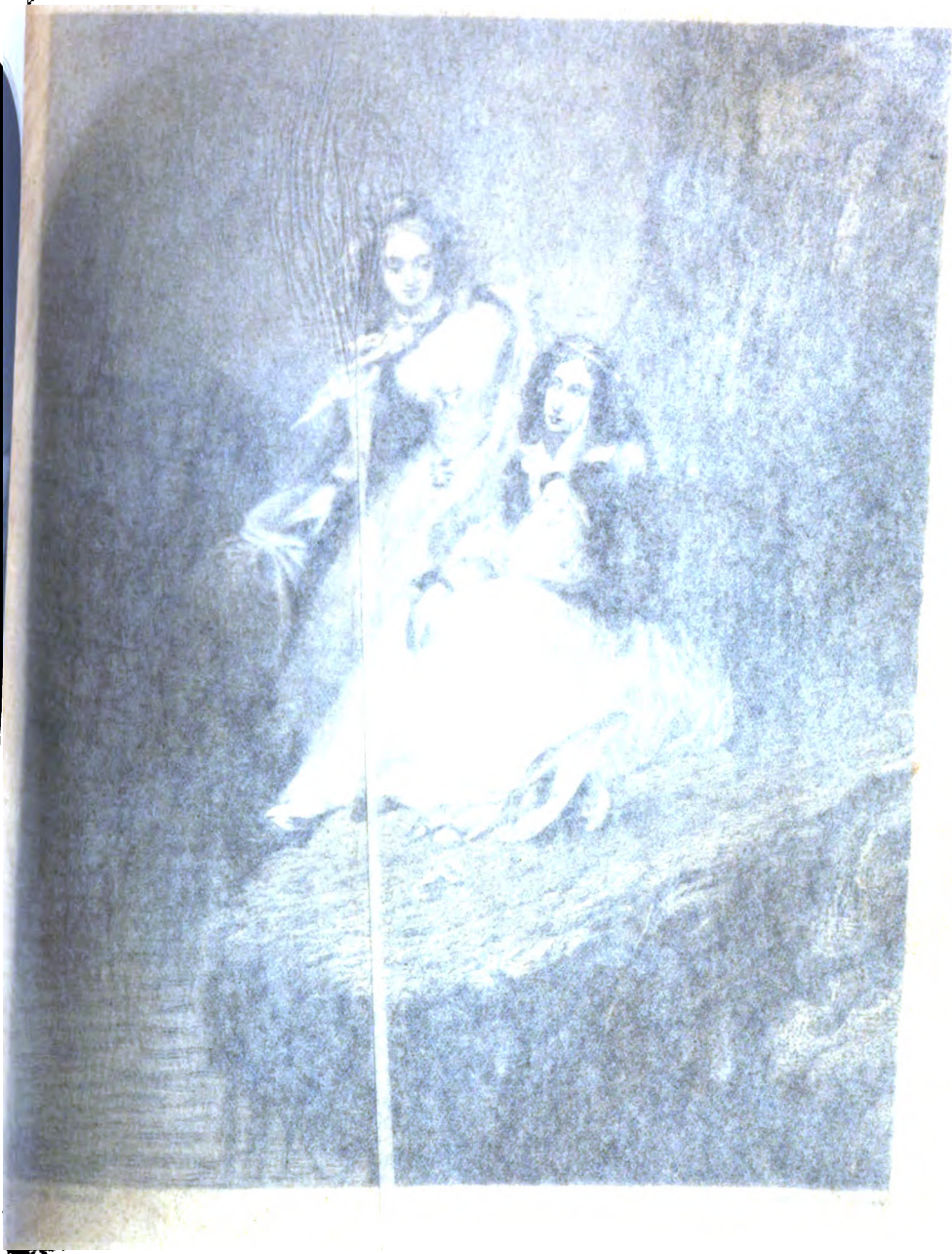
•

Figure 1

..

1

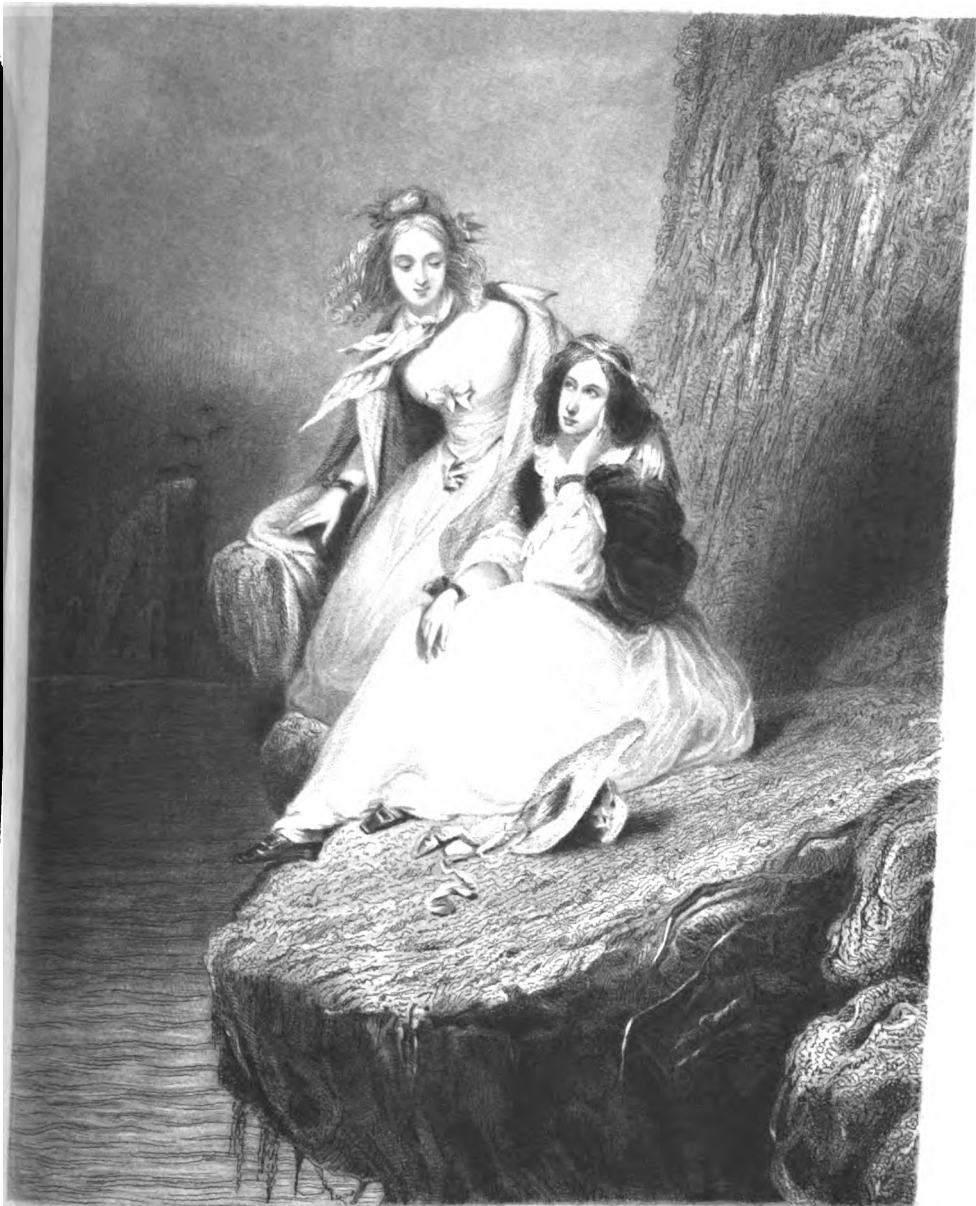




La figura di Cristo che si levava dal sepolcro

1862. Venezia 1876





Painted by Johann

Engraved by T. Brown

MILN A. & B. 1791

Engraved by T. Brown

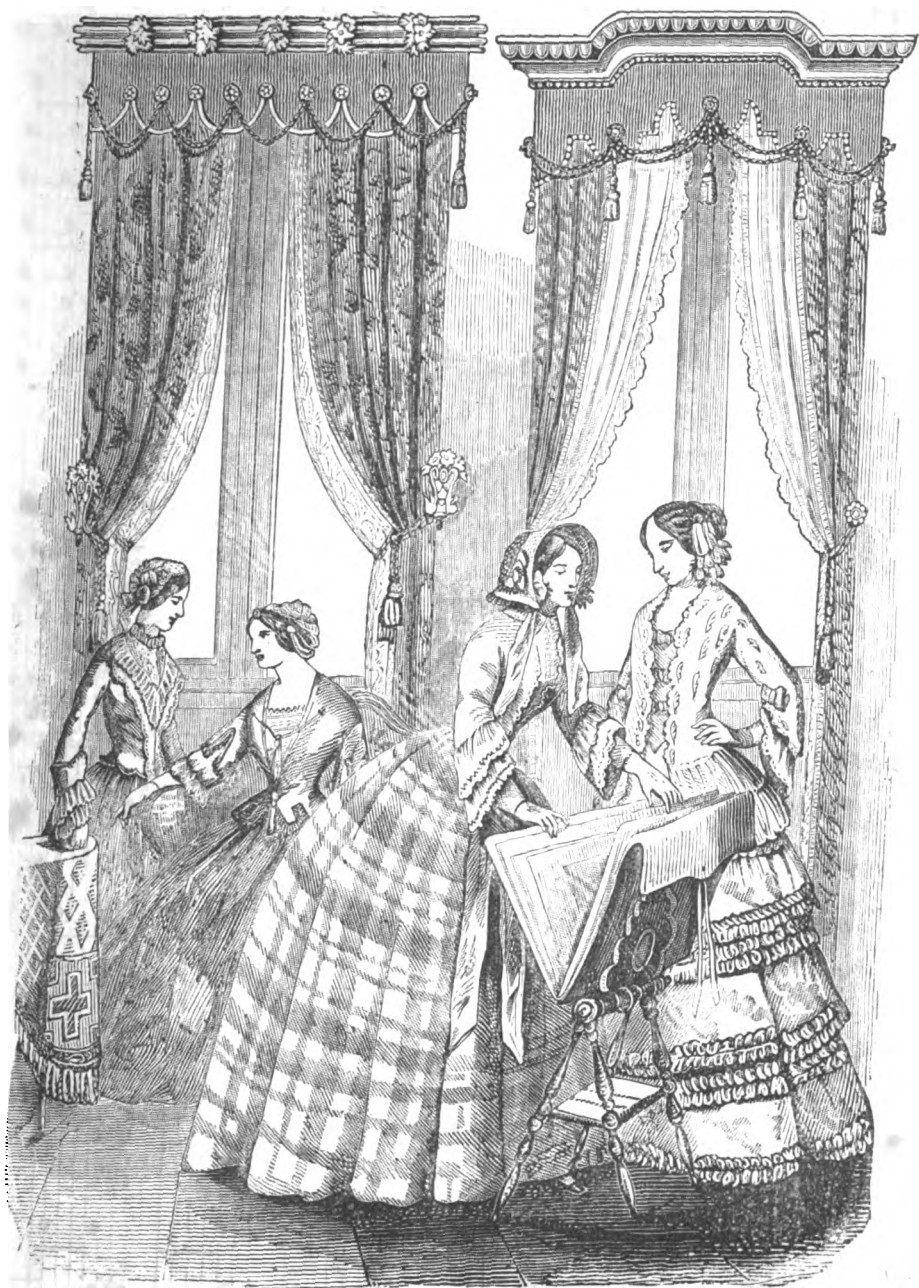
Printed by W. & A. 1791



THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG WOMAN

By the author of 'The Old Man and the Young Woman'

LONDON



Patterns of Window Curtains.—In-Door and Out-Door Fashions.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

THE SPRING WALK,

COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

JULIAN CRAMER,

BY CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

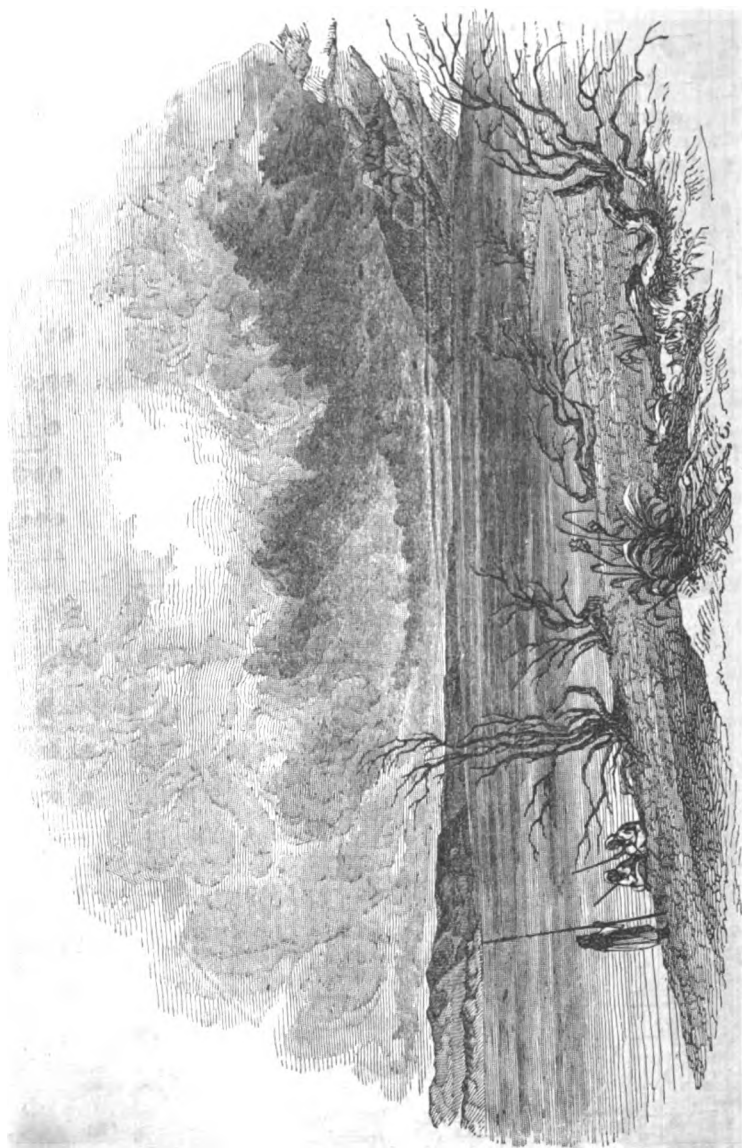
Dolce Legato.

FINE.
L. PED.

First system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The system includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. There are two asterisks (*) above the staves, one on each staff. The text "L. PED." is written above the lower staff.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The system includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. There is a bracket with the number "3" above the lower staff. The text "CANTABILE" is written above the lower staff.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The system includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. The text "DA CAPO" is written above the upper staff. The text "AL FINE." is written above the lower staff.



SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1851. .

A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE PICTURE OF MIGNON AND HER FATHER BY SCHEFFER.

(See Plate.)

Of all the masterpieces of modern painting, there are none which have obtained so universal a success as the two pictures of Ary Scheffer, "*Mignon regrettant la patrie*" and "*Mignon aspirant au ciel*." The engravings which have reproduced these admirable compositions, bought up, as may be asserted, almost as soon as they made their appearance, by all who in the fine arts look above all for poetry and sentiment, were sold to the extent of several thousand impressions, and at the present time proofs before the letter are either not to be found, or fetch three times their original value. Mignon has become a popular personage; and yet it must be admitted that there are but few persons who are acquainted, otherwise than by the poetic personification of Scheffer, with that mysterious and interesting being, one of the finest and most delightful creations of Goethe. If, by chance, a few know the name of the tale in which her touching history is to be found, their information goes no farther. "This name," says Carlyle, in the preface to his admirable translation of Wilhelm Meister, "has perhaps become familiar to our ears, but it is a sound, and nothing more; it excites no definite idea in almost any mind."

In presenting to the public the remarkable engraving which Francois has just executed of Scheffer's new picture, "*Mignon et son père*," we conceive that a rapid analysis of the novel of Wilhelm Meister, and of the history of the two personages whom the painter has represented, will be read with interest.

Wilhelm Meister, the son of a rich German merchant, was destined by his father to a commercial life, and commences his career by a journey on business. Passionately fond of poetry, and of dramatic poetry in particular, Wilhelm looked on all commercial occupation as quite unworthy of him; and, accordingly, when, at the first town he comes to, he falls in with a company of players, his pas-

sion for the stage carries him away; the object of his journey and the instructions of his father are all forgotten, and, at last, fascinated by the complying charms of one of the actresses, he enters the company, of which he soon after becomes the manager. In this new position, alternately the hero or victim of adventures of every kind, subjected to pleasing as well as most disagreeable trials, he soon gains a knowledge, not of commercial affairs, but of life.

Such is the groundwork of Goethe's tale. It is not a novel in the customary acceptation of the word; it is simply a medium of bringing forward in turn the most striking types of humanity. Amongst all these characters, there is one in particular which, by its mysterious charm and piquant originality, arrests and captivates the attention.

In the midst of a troop of mountebanks, Wilhelm had perceived a young girl whose physiognomy struck him. "Her countenance was not regular, but striking; her brow full of mystery; her nose extremely beautiful; her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age, and though she often threw it to a side, had yet an air of frankness, and was very lovely. Her long black hair wound in locks and plaits about the head. Who she was, every one, herself included, was perfectly ignorant of. 'What is thy name?' asked Wilhelm. 'They call me Mignon.' 'How old art thou?' 'No one has counted.' In her whole system of proceeding, there was something very singular and mysterious. Often for the whole day she was mute; at times she answered various questions more freely, yet always strangely, for she spoke in broken German, interlaced with French and Italian."

Deeply interested by the mysterious charm which enveloped the child, Wilhelm rescued her from the frightful existence which she led amongst the mountebanks. From that moment, a single sentiment absorbed poor Mignon, that of gratitude to

her protector. To him were devoted all her time, all her attention, every glance. She slept on the ground at the foot of his bed, and never wished to quit him except to go and prostrate herself in the neighboring church, to offer up prayers for his happiness. When he happened to receive a wound, it was she who attended him; when sad and discouraged, she amused and animated him by sweet snatches of song, vague reminiscences of a country of which she still sometimes got a glimpse in dreams. "Knowest thou," she says,

"Know'st thou the land where the citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there! 'tis there,
O my protector, there with me must go!"

But this office of guardian angel could not long be fulfilled by the poor girl with impunity. Without herself being aware of the fact, a more tender feeling took possession of her heart, and she discovered its real character and intensity only when sombre gleams of jealousy entered her mind and enlightened her. But then it was too late; that feeling was her whole existence, and the unfortunate being could not separate from it and live; the rest of her life was nothing more than one continued aspiration towards the tomb. One of her melodies expresses that feeling—

"Soon from this dusk of earth I flee
Up to the glittering lands of day.
Through little life not much I toiled,
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung.
Untimely woe my blossom spoiled:
Make me again forever young!"

Such is the touching character of Mignon. "This mysterious child, at first neglected by the reader, gradually forced on his attention, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet since the days of Shakspeare has succeeded in producing. The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair, she is of the earth but not earthly, so pure is she, so full of fervor, so disengaged from the clay of this world. And when all the fearful particulars of her story are at length laid together, and we behold in connected order the image of her hapless existence, there is, in those dim recollections, those feelings so simple, so impassioned, and unspeakable, consuming the closely-shrouded, woe-struck, yet ethereal spirit of the poor creature, something which searches into the inmost recesses of the soul. It is not tears which her fate calls forth, but a feeling far too deep for tears."*

By the side of this poetic figure of Mignon, Goethe has placed another personage, who also in-

spires a lively interest. "His bald crown was encircled by a few gray hairs, and a pair of large blue eyes looked out softly from beneath his long eyebrows. To a nose of beautiful proportions was subjoined a flowing hoary beard, which did not hide the fine shape and position of his lips; and a long dark brown garment wrapped his thin body from the neck to the feet. His emaciated fingers support a harp." By the gloomy affliction depicted in his features, by his incessant complaints against destiny, we recognize in him one of those unfortunate beings whose reason has been troubled by a great misfortune or by an involuntary crime. His songs, in fact, are only outpourings of grief:—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers
To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us
To guilt you let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us—
A moment's guilt, an age of woe."

These sad verses, in fact, sum up the whole life of the old harp-player. Whilst still of tender age, the pious enthusiasm of an ardent character had induced him to embrace a monastic career; but that very enthusiasm had rendered him without force to resist an impious passion which afterwards filled his heart. Separated by violent means from the object of his affection at the moment when she had rendered him father of a daughter, the offspring of their guilty love, his reason had not been able to stand firm against such a shock; and when, after having for years dragged on a vagabond and wretched existence from town to town, he at last fell in with that child, the loss of whom had cost him so many tears, it was not permitted him to recognize her!

That child is Mignon. She also is ignorant that this old man, whom she regards with such compassion, whose steps she follows, whose tears she wipes away, is her own father; but a secret instinct impels towards each other these two unfortunate beings. Both alike the victims of destiny, both agonized by the torments of hopeless love, they mingle together their tears and their affliction.

It is in the midst of this outpouring of their common grief that Scheffer has represented these two unfortunate beings. But Mignon, this time, is no longer the young girl with eye of fire, and adorned notwithstanding her regret for her absent country with the natural graces of her age; nor is it the young girl who, completely detached from things of earth, only aspires after a celestial abode. Mignon has not yet turned towards Heaven but only thought; she doubts, she suffers, she weeps but her deep regret and secret hope still bind her to the object of her love.

In showing her to us in this new aspect, in placing in juxtaposition these two suffering creatures each the sport of fortune, Scheffer has complete-

* Carlyle's preface to the translation of Wilhelm Meister.

the heart-rending history. "*Mignon regrettant sa patrie*," "*Mignon aspirant au ciel*," "*Mignon et son père*," are three acts of the same drama, of which the last certainly is far from being the least sublime.

We shall not expatiate on the merits of this pic-

ture, in which are found united all the distinctive qualities that mark Scheffer's productions—happiness of expression, force of sentiment, power and simplicity of execution. The mere name of Scheffer is more eloquent than any language that we could employ.

MINNA AND BRENDA.

(See Plate.)

WE need scarcely inform our intelligent readers that this scene, with a slight effort of the artist's imagination, is taken from one of Sir Walter Scott's novels—"The Pirate." These are the daughters of Magnus Troil, Minna and Brenda, looking out upon the ocean from one of those dizzy promontories, the description of which, as it flows from the pen of Scott, startles the apprehension of the reader with a painful sense of the reality. We have here, also, a true representation of the sisters, as drawn by the hand of the painter from the vivid mind of the poet. Who will not be able to decide which of the two is Minna? Although seated on the verge of an awful precipice, how easily may we distinguish "the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely penciled brows" of one whose features are apparently clouded in melancholy, but which, as our author says, had no ground in real wonder, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent

on more important objects than those by which she was surrounded.

With regard to Brenda, it will be seen that the artist has been quite as faithful to the poetical description of the author, as in the case of Minna. Scarcely less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent, Brenda was of complexion as differing from her sister as they differed in character, taste, and expressions. We see here "the fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but still more finely moulded into symmetry; a careless and almost childish lightness of step; an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition."

It will be observed that, in introducing this plate to the attention of our readers, we have had no other object in view than to impress upon their minds the spirited characteristics which the pencil of the artist has drawn from the inspirations of the muse of Scott

TO ONE WHO DISLIKES FLOWERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

WHAT memories bring they unto thee,
That *thou* shouldst turn from flowers?
What memories from beyond the sea,
From thy far northern bowers?
Ah, well I know some mighty grief
Hath crushed from out thy soul
The love thou surely must have felt
Ere girlhood won its goal.
Say not that they were never dear!
I could not bear that sound:
'Twould break the atmosphere of light
That now enfolds thee round.

I'd rather think some sacred grief,
Some buried love, may be,
Which, linked in memory with flowers,
Springs up in agony
Whene'er their gentle breath sweeps near,
Or when thy clear eyes rest
Upon earth's sweet and stainless buds,
Her holiest gift—her best!

The mild heartsense, the violet wild,
I wove with fondest care,
Mingling their leaves with brighter bloom—
Exotics wondrous rare.
I thought to see thee bend those eyes,
So glorious in their light,
Most fondly o'er the treasured buds;
But, to my yearning sight,
There came no pleasure to thy lips,
No smile within thy eyes;
And coldly—coldly to my heart
I held its great surprise.

The world may whisper thoughts unkind,
But ne'er will I believe
Other than this, that thy strong heart,
In bitterness, doth grieve
O'er some sad memory of the past—
Some faded human flower,
For which, of love, thou 'dst hoarded up
A more than regal dower.

THE SPORADES: A HISTORICAL LEGEND OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MRS. S. H. WADDELL.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest tost."

1st Witch, Macbeth.

THERE was in the Hospitium at this time a Spanish knight known as the Chevalier Miguel: he sought the acquaintance of L'Isle Adam, after his return to the monastery, and appeared to take particular delight in competing with him in all exercises of strength and of art. He was particularly morose and irritable whenever the latter achieved any act by which he distinguished himself—and this the knight had ample opportunity of doing, from the number of piratical vessels which cruised near and about the Rhodian waters.

It happened in 1521 that Caretto, the grand-master, died, and a chapter was called for the purpose of a new election. Three knights were nominated, among which were the Chevalier Miguel and L'Isle Adam (now grand-prior of France, where he had gone on a visit to the commanderies of that kingdom). After due deliberation, L'Isle Adam was chosen the successor of Caretto, and dispatches were sent to France to summon him to his new dignity.

The chevalier left his inn as soon as he heard of the decision of the chapter, and, curbing his ire until he reached the Greek quarter of the city, he repaired to a gate or door opening into a walled court, and, entering, slammed it so loudly that the proprietor stepped to his window to reconnoitre. Miguel entered uninvited, and, flinging himself abruptly upon a wicker chair, stamped his feet, tossed his clenched fists, and ground his teeth until they grated upon his auditor's ears.

"Holy Juvencusius! your worship," said the cadaverous Julá, "what brings his honor here in such a murderous fit of the colic?"

"Choler, or whatever thou designedst to call it, Julá, it murders my peace, by the rood, infinitely more than my body. Thou pretendest to the occult science, I understand, as well as to a knowledge of the prior's cellar. Now I will put thy skill to the test. Here, Julá, this day has decided the election of Philip Villers de L'Isle Adam to the grand-mastership of Rhodes! By the blue blazes of Satan!"—and he glared upon the occult Spaniard until he shivered—"I had rather my right arm, yea, my right leg also, were torn off! That man has been a torment to me ever since our first acquaintance. And he sat, Cassius-like, with a bitter smile, for some moments. "Yes, he shall indeed be grand-

master, but he shall be the *last* during the lifetime of this colony of Rhodes." He paced the floor, and, suddenly stopping, closed the doors and windows until the apartment was dark; then, stepping up to the serviente of the commandery, whispered in his ear, "Go to Satan, or Hades, or wherever the dark powers may lead thee, but let not the grand-master land on these shores alive. Here, weigh this." He handed him a twisted steel purse, and, turning abruptly, disappeared through the outer gate into the streets of the lower town.

Three weeks after this period, the little parlor of Julá was lit with wax, in place of rushes; a round table occupied the centre of the apartment, and upon its white linen cloth were spread fruits, bread, and wine. Two individuals sat before it, and a Turkish slave stood behind the chair of the elder of the two personages. "I tell thee, man," said the latter, "recount, I pray thee, those formidable adventures which fill the mouths of the idle, and St. Juvencusius of the wise, with so much discourse; let me hear, and that speedily, good Jaxi."

He was answered by a round, cheerful-looking man, who crossed himself, and muttered a short paternoster, as follows: "You know that my brave and noble master sailed from Marseilles in the great Carack, followed by four feluccas freighted with stores, for Rhodes. Well, we had only been a day or so at sea, when, St. Martin keep us! we met with trials and sorrows enough. It happened, from the carelessness of one of the crew, that a fire broke forth, and spread about the sails, cordage, &c. so fiercely, that a panic seized the men, and, but for his worship, we would have given the ship to the ocean. But, brother, this was but a trifle." He shook his head and crossed himself. "A storm overtook us; the heavens blackened and roared; the waves dashed and curled over us; the men fell to prayers, and confessed one to another; the pilot no longer held the helm. Just as he abandoned it and fell upon the deck, full of despair, a blue flame unrolled itself throughout the vessel, followed by a terrible roar. All was now as still as death, and a dead calm succeeded; only the waters sighed to the deep gloom which surrounded us. A few minutes after, and a cry filled the ship—Nine men dead, and the grand-master's sword shivered in its scabbard by lightning!"

"Fill your cup, man; I see that even the memory of thy trials blights thy spirit for good cheer; thou hast even now a pallidness about thy visage too foreign to thy nature to be wholesome." Julá filled the cup, at the same time not forgetting his own.

"Brother serviente," continued Jaxi, "hast heard of Cortug-Ogli, the Turkish pirate? To end our bad luck, he, we were given to understand, lurked in the seas for us; but his worship feared him not, and, under cover of night, passed his vessel without ruffling their sails even. I tell thee, brother, I do not like such bad omens. Only think of the sword being shivered to pieces by lightning! But there is comfort in knowing that, although hanging by his worship's side, he was uninjured. But, what has become of thy patron, the chevalier, who was named in the chapter?"

"Sick, brother," was the laconic reply of his entertainer, who became now silent and thoughtful. Jaxi attempted to renew the discourse; but, failing after several attempts, rose, and wishing him a good evening, set forth towards the fortifications.

"Well," said he, as he rose from his seat, "the chevalier cannot doubt me after such adventures as those. All but death itself occurred; and, indeed, nine fell—and how near was L'Isle Adam to the same! I must see him, although I would as soon see Satan! He frightens me sorely. Well, heigh-ho! it is bad for one of my prowess to be shaken out of his sandals by the like o' him."

CHAPTER V.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not."

As You Like It.

CONSTANTINOPLE slept upon the Thracian hills, and the moon, like "Narcissus, hung over her reflection" in the blue waters of the Bosphorus, as the prow of a small boat furrowed the sand of the haven called by Strabo "Cornu Byzanti," or the Horn of Byzantium. Here a high wall, flanked with towers, intercepted the quick step of a man who had disembarked; but his pause was short; for, no sooner did he pronounce "Rum-ili," than half of an armed figure glittered above the rampart, and disappeared as one of the four-and-twenty gates or posterns which surrounded the city opened, and closed as the former individual passed on.

Oh, Constantinople! if the lights and shades of other days could be now daguerreotyped from Nature, what tales of horrible tragedy—of all that composes the life of masked and unmasked man—would then be reflected by the lines of thy blood-written countenance, from the days of Pausanias, when thou wast Nova Roma, until thou becamest successively Constantinople and Stamboul! Thy position upon the borders of Europe, in sight of Asia—with Egypt and Africa rendered contiguous by the easy facilities of commerce—with the Euxine and Palus Mæotis, to convey from the north what was denied to the south, east, and west; and with a cli-

g*

mate, withal, that heightened thy other attractions—induced thy conquerors to believe that to possess thee was to possess the touch of Midas.

Solyman, styled the Magnificent, resided at this period in the seraglio situated upon the extreme point of the promontory on which the city stretches itself from the Euxine to the Propontis. He had just returned from his Hungarian victories, which occasioned the city to be filled with pageants and rejoicings. Reflections from thousands of lamps, hung around the minarets of every mosque, gave to the narrow streets the light of day. These lamps were designed as signals, to show that the sun had departed,* and that the season of the Ramazan had arrived—that sacred month, told by the moon, in which the gates of Paradise are opened, and those of Satan closed to the faithful—a month of severe fast, in which it is death to a Turk should he be induced to touch even a drop of water, be his labor or thirst ever so intense. A traveler, the sick, and infirm, are allowed food and drink, but it is with a special provision that at another period those days are to be made good, and a strict observance of the imposed prohibition fulfilled.

Near the old Hippodrome stood a quadrangular building, the upper part being divided into apartments, from which passages led to an airy gallery surrounding the edifice. Below, according to the fashion of the times, were stables, and in front a square court, having a well in the centre. There were no gardens, pleasure-grounds, or kiosks, of any architectural beauty; and yet a bashaw of the first distinction resided here. Among the Turks, splendid private buildings are seldom reared, from the transitory and capricious existence of offices, riches, and even life, in this despotic government, where, should a bashaw of the first distinction even die a natural death, his residence reverts to the "King of kings."

In one of the apartments adjoining the gallery of the quadrangular building previously alluded to, sat the vizier Achmet, first in the cabinet of the Sultan, whose preceptor he had been for many years. He seemed listening attentively as he gazed upon the glittering Bosphorus, and mechanically counted each sapphire of the rosary which hung around his neck. At length the fifth and last cry of the Imaum, called *Yachinamasee*, came shrilly upon his ear; and, hastily rising, he unrolled his prayer carpet, prostrated himself, and, spreading his hands above his turban, prayed fervently and loudly. The tears rested in globules upon the sunken and melancholy eyes of the old man, as he resumed his seat upon his cushion, and his *kelemeh shedâdet†* died away into a murmur as the dragging of slippers announced the approach of a visitor.

Mustapha Bashaw, second to Achmet as the Sultan's adviser, was followed by two Hungarian slaves bearing above their caps baskets covered with the

* Their fast is over from the setting to the rising sun.
† Confession of faith.

finest embroidered handkerchiefs. These contained presents, consisting of a chest of sweetmeats, and confectionery representing in sugar birds, flowers, &c. After the dismissal of the slaves, the vizier and bashaw were left alone, when the latter exclaimed—

"Oh Vizier! our strong arms are broken—we are children—our scimitars will never be hung above our tombs. I have said to our dread sovereign that, as long as the *Giaour* remains in the seraglio, so long will his vizier, bashaws, emirs, and janizaries be in dread of the Tartar, the Arab, even the Hungarian and Greek—not to mention those infidels who carry upon their breasts the cross. Brother, we are with the bow-string already around our necks, and from Mohammedans and Turks like ourselves!"

The vizier sighed, and silence ensued for some time, when Mustapha caused him to start from his reverby by saying—"Great is Mohammed, oh Vizier! The brother of the sun and moon must and can be roused from the sorcerer. This day, passing the *Aurat basar*, I heard a dervise say, when one of the muftis passed, 'What should a wise cabinet advise, oh learned doctor, when a sovereign thinks of his pastimes more than of his people?' The mufti paused, and asked the question over again."

"It is written upon my forehead—it is *Nasip*,"* answered the venerable vizier.

"Hold! brother," said the bashaw, in astonishment, "what meanest thou?"

"Even that I am doomed to die in a half hour's time! The Sultan—he touched the carpet with his forehead—sent the *Capa Agasi* with his commands that I should prepare for death, and, brother, it is this"—pointing to the grand signior's seal upon his bosom. "Rustan, the wolf, the destroyer, has again won the place he has so long struggled to possess; and how is this seal (given by the sultan with an oath that, as long as I *lived*, it should never be taken from me) to pass from my possession into his? The oath of the sultan can only be kept sacred by the loss of my life. Achmet *must die*, that the sultan's word may not be broken. It is written—it is *Nasip*."

"It is *Nasip*," answered the Aga of the Janizaries, entering the room, followed by two executioners. One threw a tightly twisted cord around his neck; the other held him prostrate. The apartment for a half hour was as still as death itself. When the executioner loosened the cord, a deep blue mark was left by the bowstring, and trickling from the nostrils and mouth were turbid streams of blood. The vizier was dead.

The dervise left in the *Aurat Basar* was a man of powerful frame, bearing none of the marks peculiar to those of an austere and fanatical form of religion. His high felt cap surmounted a forehead singularly interlined with heavy wrinkles, which were always in a state of commotion, from the habit of elevating and depressing them when think-

ing or in conversation. Lines intersected his sunken eyes, and ran from his elevated nose to the corners of his head. His countenance was dissatisfied and austere. It was not long that he remained with the multitude; but, shaking off those who crowded around him, strode through the windings of the city, and, crossing the walls, bent his course towards the shores of the harbor until he reached a fisher's hut, in a lone sequestered spot, surrounded by dashing waves and precipices on one side, while the other presented a more rural landscape. Here a little boat, with fishing implements, was drawn up upon the sand, and, stalking amidst reeds and *scordium*,* was a *Baleavic* crane. Familiar as the dervise was with this pet bird, he stopped to admire its majestic appearance as it elevated its head at the noise of his footsteps, and presented a full view of its glossy black neck and snow-white plumes.

"Well," he remarked, "may these Mohammedans borrow from thee thy beautiful head-gear to deck their turbans! I think we can turn thy plumes to some account yet, as well as our cage of hyenas."

The hut was built of stone covered with rushes and turf. A niche within the wall was spread with dried grass, over which an old Turkish robe was thrown. One or two other articles of apparel served to convert it into a couch. Two individuals occupied the cabin, one of whom was busily engaged in constructing a three-legged stool, over which he was stretching a piece of hide.

"I say, brother Amine, this fashion of doubling one's self up like a turban is the only peculiarity in a Mohammedan which I cannot practice with ease. But I wonder what keeps him, for at the third cry of the minaret he was to have been here. I hope thou hast time to wait a while longer. Ah! here he is."

The dervise entered, and, taking off his felt cap, with the utmost indifference, stepped up to a rude representation in stone of the head of St. Gregory, and, whistling a popular Provencal air, placed the cap upon the head, which afforded, twelve months previously, new impulses to piety and virtue at every glance reverently turned towards it by a Greek, known throughout that country as the "*charitable Giaour*." He next sat down upon a projecting part of the deep fireplace, used as a low shelf for culinary purposes, and now for the first time turned to reconnoitre those around him.

"By the rood, kuzler aga, how is the sultana? Hast thou mentioned the hyenas?"

Amine (who gave on board of the Carack so brilliant an instance of his honesty) answered—"Ay, Don Miguel, since Roxalana has been made sultana, she is in nowise altered, prouder than ever. That she has contrived to break down a rule which the sultans of the Turks have observed since the

* Destiny.

* Herb used as a remedy for the plague—boiled strongly, and taken hot upon going to-bed, mixed with Lemnian earth and *diascordium*.

days of Bajazet and Tamerlane (of men marrying), she is not content, but she must sway our dread sovereign also. What other charms have you besides those to be extracted from the hyenas?"

"Of that you shall hear in good time," answered Don Miguel. "If you have time, I should like to know of thee—unless it is unpleasant to thy memory—how it was that thou wast banished the seraglio and received again?"

"Not at all unpleasant, brother," replied Amine, the kuzler aga. "Know, Rustan, the present vizier, was banished in consequence of his political intrigues with Roxalana, which ended in the death of the young Hofaz, eldest son of the sultan. The people could not be satisfied, but cried aloud, and muttered vengeance upon the heads of the murderers. The sultan saw that this was the prevailing feeling, and strove to keep his throne by satisfying their demands. It was known that Rustan and myself had persuaded the sultan to have Hofaz strangled, under a plea of treason; but it was not known that the Sultana Roxalana was the originator, and that it was her influence which caused the death of the young man. This she did that her son should succeed his father rather than his half-brother. Well, Rustan and myself escaped being torn to pieces by a stratagem of Roxalana. We were banished, and recalled after those causes of irritation had subsided, and the attention of the people called off by a foreign war. We are yet the tools of the sultana, who, to preserve the affection of the sultan, sends me on these fools' errands for charms, magical potions, &c."

"You mentioned," said Don Miguel, "that there were other causes of dissatisfaction with the grand signior."

"Ay," replied the kuzler aga, "the *Giaour*.* The Janizaries are ready to revolt that their sultan should be spending his time in bestowing princely presents to a captain Greek, while the divan is neglected, and the light of justice extinguished. Only think, brother—and such a circumstance stands not upon record before Solyman's reign—only think, a citizen who could not receive from the *cadi* the justice his case demanded, sought the grand signior, according to the law, with *fire* upon his head, an appeal always attended to; but he was sent off without seeing or hearing one word from him."

"How does the sultana regard this partiality?" inquired Don Miguel, the hospitaller.

The kuzler aga rose from his squatting position, which elevated him to his natural height of six feet. His head was placed upon shoulders to all appearance without a neck; and, showing his teeth, his countenance assumed a diabolical expression.

"Ay, she will clear them all off," he replied; "not as you of the cross feel, however, for they are taught from their nurses' arms to regard life differently. To dress, to sing, and eat confection-

ery is the utmost bound of their education. This I say to remind you, brother, that here they are not the same beings as with you; but the sultana has other motives than love for the sultan to induce her to wish an undivided influence. Well, what shall I say of the hyenas?"

The hospitaller strode up to the imperial emissary, and, taking his hand, led him out of the hut, saying—

"Let us look at them, and see how they are to be conveyed, the wild creatures," and, eyeing the remaining individual as he left the doorway, he whispered—"Now, brother, say this to no one but the sultana, and then forget that you ever heard it. Say to her that, to preserve the affection of the sultan, to sway his will according to her entire wishes, she must for nine days pluck from the back of the hyenas one straw of white and one of black (none but a living animal will answer), and you know they are very rare. She must place them within the sultan's slippers, with one determination—and Rustan will aid her;—it is to use her first influence by urging him to make war with the enemies of her religion, the Christians. He must *war with the Rhodes*, or she must relinquish *all claim* to even his *most passing regard*."

The kuzler aga now left the hospitaller, after having made arrangements for transporting the animals to the palace or seraglio, with this remark—

"Hold thyself in readiness, brother, for to-morrow is the day when the Janizaries receive their pay, which you know takes place at the end of every three months."

The rising sun found the streets of Constantinople, after the cry of the imaum, in a state of commotion. Fine horses from Arabia were held in waiting by servants richly clad, being destined to convey to the seraglio ambassadors and representatives of princes, whose dominions were remote, and whose principal design was the promotion of trade and commerce. They made rich presents to the sultan, which he returned in capitulations and articles, affording thereby privileges and immunities to their subjects.

A plentiful dinner was served for the grandees and ambassadors; but previously, the money brought into the divan was piled in heaps, and paid out to the chief of every oda, who distributed it to the soldiers. To return to the dinner. It was served upon a low table, covered with a spacious voyder of silver, on which one dish at a time was placed, until thirty or forty were tasted and removed. The dishes were of china, valued at a high price, being thought to contain a specific for poison, which occasioned them to break if brought in contact with it.

The guests were now ushered towards the chamber of audience by nineteen individuals, bearing silver stands. They passed through a great gate into a court crowded with domestics, clothed in silks and cloth of gold, who stepped softly and preserved profound silence, so much so that the

* Christian.

murmuring of a fountain added a thoughtful repose to these apparently living statues. A solitary guard, high in office, watches the vestibule of the audience chamber. Just over the doorway, within, hung a ball of gold studded with precious stones, and about it great chains of rich pearl. The floor was covered with crimson velvet, embroidered in gold and pearls. The throne was supported by four pillars plated with gold. The roof was richly gilded, and suspended from it were solid golden balls. Many cushions, exquisitely embroidered with pearls and jewels, lay in luxurious variety.

The ambassadors were led in, and supported under the arms by Turkish dignitaries, who, at a given distance, placed their hands upon their necks, bowing down their heads until their foreheads touched the floor.

These ceremonies being over, the kuzler aga, Amine approached the outer gate, and pre-sented a basket covered with a rich napkin, stating that it was a present from the Sultana Roxalana, who craved an audience with the sultan.

(To be continued.)

ELLEN LITCHFIELD.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY MISS MEETA M. DUNCAN.

"Thou know'st not gold's effects:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough."
Taming the Shrew.

"Beware of desperate steps.—the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."
COWPER.

My ancestors were "townspeople;" that is, for many generations they had lived exclusively in Philadelphia, following the different callings and professions adapted to men of education in our country. They had never furnished a President to the nation, a Governor to the State, nor held that doubtful honor, the office of mayor of the city; but they had been well known and respected in their native town. The various fluctuations of fortune, arising from the equal division of property peculiar to our institutions, affected them as much as they do other people: one generation, perhaps, exhibiting a successful merchant; the next, ten children, dividing equally the wealth of their parent, and obliged to exercise their faculties, and labor in turn for those who came after them and required their fostering care. Among a large share of successful lawyers, physicians, and merchants, our family tree, like most others, put forth its worthless scions—idle spendthrifts and good-for-nothing fellows; yet, on the whole, they were worthy people. Grandmothers, when appealed to, averred that the Litchfields had always been among our "most respectable families," and the "oldest inhabitant" quoted his cotemporary of that name as one whose career gave weight to this assertion. It was reserved for my grandfather, however, to change the name respectable into influential. He was the Napoleon of the family! Shrewd, energetic, far-seeing, and untiringly industrious, he took his "tide at the flood," and it "led on to fortune." With the prescience which always accompanies genius, he embarked fearlessly in a branch of manufactures at that period unattempted in our country, and the result was bril-

liant success and an enormous fortune. My grandfather rose astonishingly in the opinion of his fellow-citizens; people pointed him out in the streets; his opinions were quoted, his words were oracles, and his interest was canvassed for all manner of things.

The whole Litchfield family mounted several rounds higher on the social ladder. Indeed, they could go no higher, and the wonder is that they did not become dizzy! But for subsequent events, which removed them from such influences, they no doubt would have done so.

The migratory bump so peculiar to our people—developed, we must not doubt, by that same high Wisdom which causes the whirlwind to rise and the wind to blow, that it may carry, on its storm-borne wings, the tiny seed which is to ripen to some wise end in a distant spot—had heretofore been passive in our family; but my grandfather's mental throes heaved it into being. It was necessary for his projects that he should no longer be a dweller in a city. A small town had already sprung up in the neighborhood of the extensive works and factories of which he was originator and proprietor, and it was proper that he should dwell where his interests lay. Consequently, without delay, the furniture, plate, and valuables of the family—which, perhaps, I should, poetically and metaphorically speaking, designate, in Byronic phrase, our "household gods"—were removed to a new home; and my grandfather left the bones of his forefathers and the dust of his native place far behind him, with scarce a pang. From that time forward, instead of being "townspeople," they were "country-folks."

My grandfather, though fond of making money, was, like all Americans, not the least indisposed to spending it; so he built my grandmother, who had an eye to luxury and expense, a fine spacious mansion, which she had *carte blanche* to furnish according to her own taste, and surrounded it with tasteful and extensive grounds, which, being situated some distance from the new-born town, nature aided

greatly in perfecting. The original title-deeds of the property, still extant, in designating its boundary lines, described it as "bounded on the east by the River Delaware, and on the west by the 'Back Woods,'" a vagueness of description which carries us back most deliciously to the primitive times. These "back woods," however, among the earliest to disappear beneath the hatchet of the first settlers of the State, had left, nevertheless, many an acre of woodland, many a rich belt of forest trees upon the estate, to ennoble and beautify the scenery. This feature of the land suggested to my grandmother, who was a great novel-reader, a high-sounding name for the place, which was forthwith christened "Maple Park," from the fine maple trees which abounded on the estate; the village which had sprung up under my grandfather's auspices having long since assumed, by common consent, his name.

My grandfather had but two children, my father and a daughter, who married a lawyer of Philadelphia of promising talents. My father, who inherited no portion of his father's energy or grasp of mind, was made a partner, on his reaching manhood, in all my grandfather's vast undertakings; but his partnership, it is evident, must have been merely nominal, for my grandfather, with a herculean frame, the most untiring industry, and a powerful will, left him but little room to exercise the small amount of talent for business which he possessed.

My father, a man of dreamy, indolent habits, fond of books and the pursuits which literary tastes engender, it may easily be credited, made no opposition to remaining a cipher in a concern, attention to the details of which was so foreign to the natural bent of his mind. He was content to reap the benefits of his position without any of the trouble, more especially as he perceived that such a course would be most agreeable to his father.

My father, after having acquired the reputation of an old bachelor—a title rather prematurely thrown upon him, in pursuance of an old-fashioned habit which still clings to human nature—fell in love; but, as I cannot talk lightly, reader, of anything connected with the sacred name of my dear mother, you must be content with a few grave words respecting her. She was the daughter of a physician, who had acquired a wide-spread reputation in that part of the country in which Litchfield is situated, and had retired to the quiet enjoyment of a handsome fortune, leaving his practice to his son, my mother's half-brother, the son of a former marriage. My mother was called from Philadelphia, where she was completing her education, to attend her father in his last illness. After his death, she became a member of her brother's family, who had been some years married, and under whose roof my father became acquainted with her.

My mother was one of the brightest and most happy-hearted of human beings; the atmosphere of her mind was pure sunshine. All energy, sweetness, and sprightliness, she scarcely required the high degree of personal loveliness which she pos-

sessed to win all hearts. That my father should have yielded to her attractions is in no wise remarkable, as total opposition of character is as often a bond of love as sympathy. They married; and, for eighteen years, my father was the happiest of husbands. Of a numerous offspring, myself and two brothers, ten and twelve years my juniors, were the only survivors. In my fourteenth year, the great affliction of my life befell me. My mother was taken from me by sudden illness, which calamity followed very rapidly upon the loss of my grandparents, who had died only the previous year.

This terrible blow almost prostrated my father; and occurring, as it did, at a period when all his energies were required in the management of the vast undertakings bequeathed him by his father, produced, eventually, the most disastrous effects.

While my mother lived, I thought I loved her dearly; but never, until she was gone, did I know how entirely her influence, her gentle ministrings had made my home the paradise it was to me; how irreparable, in fact, was my loss! And when my father proposed that I should go to his sister in Philadelphia, for the purpose of completing my education, which I now, alas! had no fond mother to superintend, I joyfully acceded to his plan; my aunt Spenser very cheerfully consenting to take the whole charge of me for the next three years.

"Your uncle Drayton thinks, my dear," sighed my father, "that I should keep you at home, and talks of the benefit of home-education for girls; but he forgets that, in your aunt's family, you will be surrounded by domestic influences, and that I am totally unequal to managing and fretting with such troublesome people as governesses. Besides, was not his sister, your dear mother, educated as you are to be? And, if my Ellen but resembles her mother, what more could I wish for her?"

That my uncle Drayton disapproved of my going to town was an additional reason for me to desire it. He had always been an object of my childish aversion, in which amiable feeling my aunt and Cousin Tom fully shared. Separated from my uncle's family but by a few miles, and in constant intercourse with them, I had rebelled, at a very early age, against their influence. My aunt Drayton, who died only a short period previous to my mother, systematically interfered in all our affairs. If I wanted a blue dress, she had the most unanswerable reasons to prove that it should be crimson. If I wished my frocks cut low, she demonstrated clearly that they should be made high. If I insinuated a wish for a pair of kid slippers, she asserted that strong boots were better for growing girls and country wear. If, in my childish love of finery, I adopted a ribbon or a bow, she called me "Miss Betty Blackberry," referring to some prototype into whose history I was determined never to inquire. I was incessantly scolded for not wearing my sun-bonnet, rebuked for inattention in church, and hinted at for being dainty in my food. She told my mother, in my presence, that I ought to have my

fingers rapped every time I gnawed my nails; and she was the means of breaking off an eternal friendship which I had formed with a girl of my own age in the village. In short, my aunt Drayton I cordially detested, and, when she died, I did not even persuade myself that I felt sorry. How could I, when the only dress I had ever had made to my satisfaction in my life was the mourning one which I put on for her?

My uncle, with fewer opportunities, was almost as disagreeable as his wife. My earliest recollections of him were connected with nauseous doses and forced abstinence. Twice a year, at the least, I was forcibly imprisoned between his knees whilst he examined my mouth, and decided, imperiously, whether I was to be sent to the dentists. My uncle Drayton's opinion regulated the thickness of my soles, the putting on and taking off of my flannel, the temperature of my baths, and my hours for going to rest. To all these grievances he added a most offensive manner, saying, when I made any resistance, "Tut, tut, child! do as you are bid, and show some sense!" Every scheme I entertained, every enjoyment I contemplated, received its "damper" from him. In short, the whole current of my existence was tinged with a bitter Draytonian infusion.

As to my cousin Tom, I think he was the most disagreeable of the three. From the height of his manly eminence—for he was seven years my senior—he looked down upon me with a philosophical sort of contempt. He took the liberty of telling me offensive truths upon all occasions, and, when I resented his comments, he laughed at my "airs," and told me not to fly into a "tantrum." He blessed himself, and wondered if all girls were so stupid, if I asked his opinion upon some knotty point in my studies, and ridiculed me when I wept over an endless task. He always detected my earliest spring freckle, and quizzed my latest hobby. He was the first to perceive my shortcomings, the last to echo my praise. The last, did I say? Excuse me, reader, for falling so readily into the trap of an antithesis; he never praised me at all! If my self-love had waited for his fostering care, it would have remained a stunted plant forever. Fortunately for my vanity, this affected me but little; my contempt for Tom quite equaled his poor opinion of me. I was often enough in town with my aunt to be capable of comparing him with the polished young men I saw there, and Tom would in no wise stand the comparison. Rough and unpolished in manner, clumsy in person, careless in dress, cynical in speech, and utterly devoid of every graceful or refined accomplishment, I thought him, in my secret heart, a country bumpkin, and heeded, as little as it was possible for a girl of my age to heed, the constant snubbing which I received from him. How glad I was to think he was not my own cousin! It may easily be conceived that the separation from this branch of my family was a matter of congratulation rather than regret to me. But the parting

from my home, my father, my little brothers, and the nurse who had watched over me from my birth, spite of the brilliant visions which, in the perspective of my imagination, my future residence in town was decked, was a most painful trial. My father blessed me in silent emotion; my little brothers clung to me with entreaties to stay with them; while dear old Mammy Hetty, weeping and calling me her dear child, implored me to get my learning as soon as I could, and come home again.

The *adieux* of my uncle and cousin were characteristic—

"Farewell, Ellen," said my uncle. "Take care of yourself. Don't neglect your exercise, and remember what I told you about tight lacing: half the boarding-school girls in the world kill themselves in their endeavors to look like wasps."

"Good-by, Nelly," said Tom, shaking my hand with his huge fist, which was like the clasp of a vice; "try to improve yourself, child, for you know you need it."

I was received by my aunt Spenser with great affection. She was a woman of excellent temper and good feelings, a dutiful wife, and most devoted mother; her chief faults arising from too great an addiction to the glitter of the world, show and fashion. This opinion, however, is the result of more mature reflection. At the period I speak of, I was blinded by the glare which surrounded her. To my youthful mind, she was the personification of refined elegance. Her manners, her dress, her household, all deeply impressed me. My uncle was a quiet, reserved man, who exercised no rule except in his office. My cousins, two daughters grown up and just "out," and one about my own age, and two boys younger, were all handsome and carefully trained, and I was received by them with the greatest cordiality. An affectionate intercourse had always existed between my aunt's family and our own. Her house was our house when any of us were in town, and, during the summer months, we had constantly some members of her family visiting us; "Maple Park," from its beautiful situation and superior accommodations, offering great attractions to the dwellers in a hot and dusty city—attractions greatly enhanced by the genial hospitality of my parents.

I was therefore no stranger in my new home, and, with the pliability of youth, soon adapted myself to their habits. After a week's holiday, I was placed at Madame Duval's Academy as "a day boarder;" that is to say, I slept and took my morning and evening meals at my aunt's, the rest of my time, except on Sundays, being passed at school. Madame Duval had educated my mother, and was, for this reason, chosen by my father to perform the same office for me, which office, I may here add, she performed most faithfully. Many more docile pupils she may have had, many who profited more fully by her instructions, but never one whose faith in her precepts was more entire. She had been my mother's instructress, and that was enough for me.

Deep in the unseen recesses of my heart, the memory of my mother was cherished with a fervent, holy love. It was a name which led me on through countless difficulties, and supported me through many trials. Child as I was when she left us, the impression made upon my mind by her firmness, gentleness, and persuasive good sense was indelible. Though, with the buoyancy of youth, I soon recovered from her loss, I never forgot her—never ceased to feel her secret influence. Each day, from the light-hearted revelings of youth, I returned to my chamber to think of her; her image was ever near me when I offered up my nightly prayer; and my most earnest longings for goodness were prompted by the desire to be worthy of her, the hope of being permitted to rejoin her hereafter.

My aunt Spenser's was called a very gay house, which means that it was a rallying-place for all the idle and pleasure-seeking of her acquaintance. Heaven had endowed my cousins with the organ of music, and my aunt did her best to show her gratitude for the gift. Louisa, Julia, and Fanny were placed at the piano in their high chairs, and, at ten years of age, they were prodigies. This accidental development settled the character of the family. My aunt became the high priestess of music, her house the temple, and every child a votary. Musical *soirées* and rehearsals were a part of the business of her life. She patronized all the professional talent within her reach, and moved mountains to entertain at her house the foreign musical birds of passage. As was proper and right, such exertions did not go unrewarded. My aunt's nod of approbation spoke volumes in the eyes of the pretenders to musical enthusiasm, who compose about two-thirds of the audiences that meet together to listen to and go into raptures about what they can neither understand nor feel. She was called a person of fine taste, with great knowledge of music and a correct ear. Her opinion was quoted, and she gave it with the same good faith with which it was asked, little dreaming that she herself, poor lady, was one of the greatest of pretenders in a science of which she, in truth, knew nothing. That my aunt was insincere, I would not have you think. She was only the dupe of her own wishes and the weaknesses of others. My cousins were not beauties, neither were they remarkable for great brilliancy of mind; accomplishments must therefore be their passports to consideration. Providence had endowed them with ear and voice, and my aunt, like a good general, seized upon the advantages of nature, improved her position, and maneuvered them into a vantage-ground which, without this aid, they never could have attained. What at first was a matter of calculation afterwards became a hobby, and we all know how blindly hobbies lead us on.

Though music was the first occupation of the family, my aunt had shrewdness enough to know that there is a large sprinkling of people, very desirable as guests, who have simplicity of character

and candor sufficient to acknowledge that they do not admire what they neither comprehend nor feel; people who like a song of Moore's, or a simple ballad, feelingly sung, but who have no taste for convulsive sobs, in bad Italian, and broken tympanums! These were invited and entertained; and Mrs. Spenser's non-musical parties were thought, even by many would-be amateurs, in their secret hearts, more agreeable than those exclusively devoted to the concord of sweet sounds.

Catering thus for the general taste, Mrs. Spenser's reputation became established, and she fully enjoyed the reward of her well-earned success. It looked well to be seen at Mrs. Spenser's parties, and was politic to be numbered among her familiar acquaintance. Louisa and Julia, rather negative characters, owing to the *prestige* which surrounded them, were always attended to by the most desirable young men, and intimate with the most *recherché* young ladies. Mrs. Spenser's patronage was always among the first asked in favor of picnic parties, fancy fairs, and charity balls. She always got a good seat at a concert, no matter how late she came, and an excellent box at the opera, let the competition be ever so great.

It required a very untiring person to get through all that fell to my aunt's share; for, like all American wives and mothers, she managed her own household and superintended her children faithfully. But she had, in a small way, a share of my grandfather's energy of character and activity, though lacking his strong sense, and they helped her on amazingly.

My uncle was a quiet, reserved man, naturally given to snarling, but kept wonderfully from following this propensity by the matrimonial muzzle. Fred and Will Spenser were, like most boys between the ages of nine and fifteen, well enough when under control, but turbulent, self-willed, and tyrannical if left to themselves.

I fell somewhat into the shadow of my aunt's good opinion, when she discovered that I had neither ear nor voice enough to make a distinguished musician. Madame Duval was desired to do her best with me; but I saw, by the shaking of my aunt's head, that her request was made without hope. As for my cousins, I fancied they liked me better for my deficiency. It may be that they were pleased at not having a rival following close upon their steps, or, perhaps, they were glad not to have another candidate for the use of the piano and harp. Let this be as it may, my cousins were very kind to me, and I liked them very much, which liking continued long after the conventional glare, which had at first blinded my judgment, passed away, and I found them shallow in mind, and prompted by any rather than exalted feelings. They were, however, good-natured, in a general way, light-hearted, gay, and pleasant companions.

I had two vacations a year, the Christmas holidays and one longer one in the summer. My first, which occurred at Christmas, I was obliged to pass

in town, owing to indisposition; and it was not until the following summer, after an absence of nearly a year, that I was permitted to return home. My father had visited me during the interval; but I was pining to see my little brothers and Mammy Hetty, and to behold again my old haunts. I spent six blissful weeks, almost without alloy. My father was truly happy in having me near him, the boys were never tired of telling me how glad they were to have me at home, and dear old Mammy Hetty did her best to spoil me. Even my uncle Drayton was less grim than usual. He told me I looked very well, and only found fault with me once for wearing "gossamer" stockings. My cousin Tom was, of course, as disagreeable as ever; but I had learned to oppose his taunts, criticisms, and interference by constant silence, instead of petulant replies. By this means, and by keeping out of his way, he interfered very little with my comfort.

My second Christmas was also spent in town, in consequence of the marriage of my cousin Louisa, an event which took place about that time. As I was joined there by my father and the boys, however, I regretted very little being deprived of my visit home. Louisa had made a match very gratifying to my aunt, and her marriage was celebrated with proportionate *empressement*.

My second visit home was even more agreeable than the last. I began now to be looked upon as a grown up young lady. The boys, my father, the servants, and even Uncle Drayton, were more deferential in their manner to me than they had ever been before; and, my cousin Tom being luckily absent on a long journey, nothing interfered to damp my self-complacency during the visit.

My third Christmas holidays were passed at home; but, I confess, with less satisfaction than heretofore. I found the country inexpressibly dull and gloomy, at this dead season, in comparison with the stir and bustle of a town life and the gayety of my aunt's house. My father suspected this, I am sure, for he drew me to him one day, and told me he hoped his little girl was not acquiring a taste for a mode of life different from that in which her lot was cast. I disdained the suspicion; for I did not then understand clearly my own feelings. I should have repelled it, however, under any circumstances; for I saw how much my father's happiness was bound up in mine, and appreciated, even then, the sacrifice which he had made in separating himself from me for what he considered my advantage. Often and often did I detect him watching me with a moistened eye. Very often did he draw me to him and tell me, with a choking voice, how much I grew like my dear mother. Seeing thus how necessary my peace was to his, nothing would have induced me to pain him by any admission of weariness or distaste for my home.

With my cousin Tom, who was ever making offensive insinuations, I was less careful. When he chose to tell me I was getting to be a fine lady—when he asserted that I "turned up my nose" at

the country and country people, I shrugged my shoulders and congratulated him upon his penetration. In proportion as he cried down the pursuits and pleasures of a town life, so did I exaggerate their charms, and, in pure opposition to him, deprecate every simple natural pleasure which had made the charm of my early years.

"It is a lucky thing that you come home to remain next summer, Nelly; otherwise you would be utterly spoiled—which would, indeed, be a terrible pity, as my poor uncle has but the one daughter to look to for comfort in his old age."

"You may reserve your pity till it is called for," I replied. "Papa is not likely to agree in your opinions respecting me, and I have no fear of ever being anything but what he approves."

"Indeed! What a fortunate young lady you are! Pray, Nelly, instruct me. Tell me how it feels to have such a warm, comfortable glow of self-complacency expanding over one? Why, Nelly, instead of waiting till next summer, I think my uncle had better keep you at home now. I shall advise him to do so."

"You may save yourself the trouble," I replied, coolly. "It is already settled that I am not even to visit home next summer. I am going to Saratoga with my aunt; my father accompanies us; and the following winter I pass with Mrs. Spenser, who brings me out."

"Phew!" ejaculated Tom, in a long-drawn whistle. "That's the idea, is it? Pray, Nelly, what do young ladies 'come out' for? Can you tell me?"

"'Coming out' is being introduced into society as a grown-up young lady," I replied, with a patronizing air. "Next winter I shall be nearly eighteen, and Aunt Spenser thinks it is time for me to be out."

"Ah, indeed! Do you think Miss Patty Thompson or Peter Field will require that ceremonial of you before they acknowledge your womanly pretensions?"

"Patty Thompson! Peter Field! What do you mean? I cannot comprehend what the Litchfield milliner and shoemaker have to do with my private affairs."

"Nothing farther than this: As you are to live close upon Litchfield, and not in Philadelphia, it seems scarcely worth while to take the trouble to convince strangers of a circumstance which, however important to you, cannot interest them. Now, Miss Patty and old Peter, like myself, remember when you were born; and, I dare say, they found out, as I did, the day after you came home, that, in your own opinion, you had taken your womanly 'degree' already."

"Strangers!" I exclaimed, with surprise. "You seem to forget that I have a large circle of acquaintance in Philadelphia—many dear friends. And, as to living all my life at Litchfield"—lowering my voice—"I should be very sorry to anticipate that."

"Phew!" whistled Tom again, in his most pro-

voking manner. "I see—I understand—I comprehend perfectly. You are not alarmingly opaque, Nelly."

One reason, I believe, why I had always disliked my cousin Tom was that I never clearly understood him. Irony and mystification are very offensive to the young, and, with these weapons, my sensitive self-love had been incessantly goaded by him. I had a dim impression, even in early childhood, that Tom was always trying to irritate me, as a sort of pleasure to himself; but I never could puzzle out his true meaning—never tell when he was in earnest. The result, extreme dislike to him, was all I cared to ascertain. The same feeling still continued. Grown older, I could now better penetrate the nature and drift of his "speeches;" but I never felt sure of him, always avoided him when possible, shunned all argument with him when I could do so without "lessening my dignity," and had a secret contempt for his judgment, more especially when he attempted to give his opinion on matters connected with the polite world, on which points I considered him profoundly ignorant.

I had been dining, upon this occasion, with my uncle Drayton, and Tom was walking home with me, which will account for our prolonged colloquy.

"And how do you like your new cousin?" asked Tom. "I believe Louisa Spenser has made what is called a good match."

"Yes; very. I like Mr. Barton extremely. I think him a very nice person."

"'Nice person!' I suppose you think it very 'nice' to have that foolish phrase forever upon your tongue; but, if you did but know it, Nelly, it is very vulgar."

"Vulgar!" I ejaculated, with a contemptuous toss of the head, which implied, "How can you be a judge of such distinctions, being one of the vulgar yourself?"

"Yes, vulgar, child, as all bad imitations are. People who have any brains never copy. Because the English affect a perverted mode of speech, which, with their artificial distinctions of rank and station, they no doubt find a shelter from the risk of committing themselves, why should we copy their colloquial abominations? What is the definition of 'nice?' I dare say you don't know. A dictionary is too old-fashioned a book to form any part of your studies. Let me tell you, it signifies qualities very opposite from those you should, in truth, apply to the 'persons' whom you are speaking of usually. 'Nice' means *neat, accurate, delicate, dainty, squeamish*. Now, I am a man and a gentleman, two sufficient handles to my individuality; and, if any man were to call me a 'person,' I should take it as an insult, and treat him accordingly. If a lady should forget herself so far—unless it be yourself, Nelly, who are privileged by long habit to turn up your nose at and say saucy things to me—I should set her down as a fool."

"You need have no fear of me on that point," I

VOL. XLIII.—9

replied. "There is not the slightest danger of my ever calling you 'a nice person.'"

"Well done, Nelly!" responded Tom, with a most vivacious and provoking laugh. "I forgive the tartness of your reply, in honor of the quick wit and candor which it exhibits; though, I assure you, you are wrong in supposing that the term 'nice' is not applicable to me. Let me prove to you that I am very 'nice,' notwithstanding your disapprobation of my thick boots, rough coat, and unfashionable hat. I am scrupulously 'neat.' Behold this shirt bosom; did you ever see linen of more unblemished whiteness? Look at this hand"—thrusting out his huge fist—"your own is not more stainless. Did you ever see me unshaved in your life? Did you ever see any young man's room more neat than my 'den' at home is? No old maid's parlor was ever 'nicer.' Then, Nelly, I am accuracy itself. I never forget to pay my bills, which a great many young men whom you call 'nice' unfortunately do; I never make assertions unless I can prove them; and I can testify to a miracle when your birthdays come round, upon which occasions, *par parenthèses*, I always wish you increase of wisdom. Then, I am 'squeamish.' Codfish and saur-kraut are fishy and vegetable wittinesses of this one phase of my 'niceness.' I am nice, too, about your sex—very nice about you, Nelly, when I find you trying to enact one definition of your favorite word, namely, affecting to be very 'fine.'"

When my cousin Tom indulged me with a flood of words, as upon the present occasion, I always left him as soon as I was able. Seeing my little brothers in a neighboring field, I now hastened to join them, not forgetting to shoot my Parthean arrow, as I reached the other side of the gate, saying—

"Good-by, Cousin Tom! You won't need your dictionary to discover what that means!"

"Right, Nelly," cried out Tom, as I fled before him. "In your vocabulary it means, 'glad to get rid of you.' You perceive I understand your dictionary, though you won't study mine."

I am now approaching the period of my life into which events most important to my happiness, and the development of my character, were crowded. According to the promise which my father had made my aunt Spenser, I accompanied her to Saratoga Springs; my father, to my great regret, being detained at home by important business.

My aunt had scarcely become settled in her apartments at the hotel, before she was surrounded by a host of welcoming friends, who, all talking at once, attempted to render her *au fait* to the state of existing affairs; such as what "stars" were at the different houses; who were the lions and lionesses of the Springs; who the rival belles; who the most *recherché* beaux; what flirtations were on the carpet; what engagements had taken place; what "affairs" were too bad to be overlooked; who were the "fortunes," and who the penniless

pretenders; with a long list of delightful things to come off, in the shape of balls, breakfasts, pic-nics, gipsy parties, &c.

In all this din, my aunt was in her element; and, I confess, she acquired additional dignity in my eyes, from the importance which she appeared to possess in the eyes of all these stylish people, whose conversation was well calculated to make an unsophisticated young person believe that the world turned upon its axis for their especial benefit.

I had not been many days at the Springs, before I ceased to inform every new acquaintance that I was not yet "out." I looked so tall and womanly that it availed me nothing. Young ladies, a dozen years my seniors, took my arm familiarly as we walked the piazza, and told me their "experience." Young gentlemen with mustaches, and some oldish ones without, like young Norval, "hovered about my steps, and marked the path I took;" while my cousin Fanny, who was six months older than myself, being small and childish-looking, was left, perfectly unmolested, mistress of her own time. No young ladies made her their confidante; no insinuating gentlemen, old or young, followed her in her walks.

But this is disingenuous. When I commenced this narrative, I determined to sift out my own past thoughts and actions with an unflinching will, to "extenuate nothing, to set down naught in malice," and, above all, to gloss over no truth. I know now, though I did not then, reader, that it was not my tall person and my cousin Fanny's little fairy figure and childish face that made this vast difference in the attention which we received. The smoothest and most fawning of the flatterers, who strove to persuade me that it was folly to keep me in the background as an embryo young lady, knew well, in their inmost hearts, that I was a simple, ingenuous school-girl, without a tinge of that knowledge and experience which would have fitted me to move in the false and artificial atmosphere in which I was placed. The truth is, the most exaggerated reports of my father's wealth were circulated at the Springs; reports which my aunt's deportment, mode of life, and conversation served to confirm; and it was as the only daughter of the wealthy Mr. Litchfield that I received the adulation of these very disinterested friends and admirers.

This better knowledge I had not, however, acquired then; and, as was to be expected, my little head, which, I was daily told by several scores of gentlemen, had the "*véritable tournure antique*," the true "*Meditæan pose*," was completely turned; and I have no doubt that I played many a "fantastic trick before high Heaven," which, if I now paused to recall and dwell upon, would cause me to drop my pen, that I might cover my burning face with my hands.

In the midst of all this delirium of the senses, when my intoxicated vanity, growing with what it fed on, was insatiate of food, I could not fail to observe one young man of distinguished appearance,

who, so far from courting our acquaintance, kept himself obstinately aloof from us. My cousin Julia, who was one of that numerous class of young ladies who always express themselves in superlatives, declared that she was "wild" to be introduced to him; while even Fanny, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, declared his mustache to be "divine."

My aunt, whose masterly generalship no ordinary person could circumvent, had managed an introduction. It was one of those rapid surprises, *à la Napoleon*, which bear down all resistance; but, when her antagonist discovered her tactics, he exhibited equal skill in parrying them, and she got no further.

During all this skirmishing, I remained perfectly passive, and seemingly unconscious. But it was all seeming. I had noticed from the first that, if Mr. Flemming avoided an acquaintance with us, it was not from want of interest in one member at least of the party. In dining or drawing-room—at ball or concert, pleasure party or promenade—even in church—whenever I turned my eyes in his direction, I always found his fixed upon me, till, at length, the interest which he inspired in me by this obstinate, yet flattering, scrutiny, became powerfully absorbing, and I was restless in society if the owner of those large, dark, serious eyes was absent. Of course, he must have been aware of my consciousness of his observation; for, though I had too much womanly self-respect, had been too properly brought up, to interchange glances with a stranger of a different sex, still he could not but see that I noticed his constant scrutiny.

Our friends talked to us of Mr. Flemming, wondered we did not know him, and dwelt upon his agreeable qualities, his fine manners, his fastidious taste, his conversational abilities, till my aunt and cousin, annoyed at his indifference, began to speak in disparaging terms of him. To me, however, his coldness, his reserve, his indifference possessed a powerful charm. I had been sated with adulation, with attentions, and the secret homage which I saw he paid me exercised a subtle, intoxicating influence over me, which I had never before experienced. In short, I was indulging in all the dreamy vagueness of a young girl's first romance, which, day by day, increased in strength and vividness.

Mr. Flemming was known to be the son of an ex-governor of one of the extreme Southern States. His family respectability was well established; though, personally, he was unknown to any of the visitors at the Springs. Nor had he availed himself largely of the facilities which, in our country, are so freely—too freely—afforded to strangers whose manners and appearance are prepossessing. Mr. Flemming's associates, however, though few, were among the most *recherché* at the Springs, and his reserve and exclusiveness made him only the more sought after.

We had dwelt beneath the same roof for a month without any further knowledge of him than I have described, when, one evening, while visiting one

of the mineral springs, I overheard a party of young Quakers, who had stopped for the night on their way from Lake George, conversing about the place and its attractions. Curious to know what people, whose education removed them so far from the frivolities of the life led here, would say, I paused to listen, and discovered that they had just returned from visiting the tomb of Margaret Davidson, and considered this the only object of interest in the place. As I listened to the comments of these intelligent people, I blushed as I remembered that I had been here a whole month without recollecting that, within a few minutes' walk, the ashes of this interesting girl reposed. Not one amid the hundreds of gay butterflies who flitted by me had ever mentioned the existence of this monument to youthful genius and piety; most of them had, perhaps, never heard of their gifted countrywoman. This, however, was not the case with me. I had pored over the histories of Margaret and her no less gifted sister, and wept over their untimely deaths, till, in the fullness of girlish enthusiasm, to have shared Margaret Davidson's genius, and enjoyed the high privilege of descending to posterity through Irving's matchless pen, I would gladly have shared her fate.

Determined to repair this oversight as soon as possible, I arose at an early hour the next morning to put my resolution into effect. I had inquired of the landlord, the evening before, the direction, and found no difficulty in discovering the spot. I remained some minutes beside the monument, filled with sadder and more elevated thoughts than had occupied my mind for many weeks, when I turned to go, for the night dew had fallen thickly, and my thin shoes were completely wet. As I retraced my steps, my foot slipped upon part of a broken tombstone, which lay half hidden in the earth, and I fell. I arose quickly, when, to my dismay, I discovered that I had severely wrenched my foot, and was unable to stand upon it without violent pain. I sat down upon a neighboring tombstone, and considered what to do. Walk I could not, and, in this lonely burial-ground, I might remain all day without being seen. A feeling of desolation, added to the pain of my sprained foot, quite unstrung me, and I bent my face upon my knees and wept unrestrainedly. A sudden rustling near by aroused me; I lifted my head, and a voice, which I recognized immediately, inquired if I was in want of any assistance? A burning blush covered my face, and, hastily drawing my gown over my injured foot, which had now begun to swell frightfully, I faltered out some confused expressions, the purport of which was that I had fallen, and hurt my foot so severely that I was unable to walk.

"Perhaps, with my assistance, Miss Litchfield," said Flemming—for it was he—"you may be able to reach one of the neighboring houses." And, stooping down, he offered me his arm.

By this time, I was somewhat more composed, and, thanking him, I accepted his aid. But it was in vain; my foot was too severely hurt to put it to

the ground without extreme agony, and I nearly fell again. Seeing, at a glance, the extent of my injury, Flemming replaced me gently on the marble slab, and, begging me to be composed till he should return, he ran off at full speed. Before many minutes, he returned, accompanied by a laborer carrying a large arm-chair, in which I was placed and borne easily to a house not far distant. Here a country wagon with a linen tilt was procured, and I was lifted, still seated in the chair, into it, and conveyed to the hotel.

For more than a week I was kept imprisoned in my room, with my foot upon a sofa; yet never had I spent a more blissful week! Every morning some little offering, with Mr. Flemming's compliments, came to brighten the day. Choice flowers, fruits, books, and luxuries not procurable at the Springs, were constantly on my table.

My aunt, since my accident, had become one of Mr. Flemming's warmest admirers. All the frost-work which enveloped him having melted away, he was constantly at her side; and she once, quite inadvertently, poor woman, in dwelling upon this happy issue, congratulated me upon my accident!

At the expiration of a week, I was carried down daily to a quiet little parlor, where I received, at times, my most intimate associates. Here, also, was Flemming introduced, by my aunt, on the first day of my removal. Notwithstanding I expected him, and knew the very hour he was coming, still, when he came, I was so fluttered that, though he took my hand, held it for an instant in his, and murmured something about the precious privilege of being of service to me, I never could recall exactly what he said, nor remember one word of my own agitated thanks.

From this time forward, Mr. Flemming became a daily visitor to our little parlor. He was the life of our circle. He charmed my aunt; he charmed my cousins; and need I say how entirely he charmed me? He would saunter in of a morning, with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand, and chat beside my sofa, or sometimes, with a book, would read some pleasant tale or poem.

Things went on in this way for a fortnight, and my aunt began to talk of returning home. My foot was nearly well, and I would soon be able to travel. One morning, a raffle having attracted all my usual visitors, I was sitting alone, when the door opened and Flemming entered the room. It was the first time I had received him alone, and a little feeling of awkwardness disconcerted me. I apologized for the absence of my aunt and cousins, without recollecting that he could scarcely be ignorant of what occupied them. But Flemming was so composed, so gentle and respectful in his manner, that I was very soon reassured; and, as he drew his chair near me, and began to converse in his usual quiet manner, I soon forgot that we were alone.

"Do you know," said he, abruptly, looking me steadily in the face with a peculiar expression, "that I sometimes think I have known you in

some other state of existence? Have you never detected me watching you before I knew you?"

The blood mounted to my face; but, before I could frame an answer, he continued—

"I know you must; you could not avoid it. Yes," he added, in a slow, distinct voice, "I have known and loved you in some other world!"

I was very young, very inexperienced, but I knew that Mr. Flemming was making love to me; and, agitated and frightened, I looked round and half rose from my seat to go; but, before I could carry out my half-formed purpose, Flemming left his chair, and, seating himself on the sofa beside me, he took both my hands in his.

"Ellen," he said, in the same low, calm voice, "I love you! Will you not love me, and become my wife?"

I was too agitated to speak—to know what to say; but when he looked into my face, and asked me if I disliked him, he must have found his answer there; for he drew my head upon his shoulder and soothed me with gentle words. I did not speak, but shed tears, which, if they were tears of happiness, must bring bliss very near to agony. Flemming begged me to be composed, and I was forced to be so; for we heard steps approaching, and, as they came nearer, we distinguished my aunt's voice. Flemming, quick as thought, disappeared through the low, open window, and, the next moment, my aunt Spenser appeared.

My agitation could not be concealed; and I had no desire that it should. My aunt received my communication very differently from what I had expected. Flemming was so great a favorite of hers that I thought she would be highly gratified at his proposal. But she replied that this was a very serious matter, and she did not know what my father would say to it. She mused a little while, and then said—

"Ellen, we must leave here to-morrow; and you must promise me that you will not see Mr. Flemming, nor communicate with him, till you have your father's sanction. I shall write him a note, and exact the same of him."

I was perfectly willing to comply with my aunt's request; I appreciated, in an imperfect degree, the responsibility of her situation, and I felt perfectly certain that Flemming would follow us immediately. Of my father's approbation I was assured. I knew he loved me too well to refuse anything that would make me so happy, and prepared to leave Saratoga with a light heart.

If Flemming promised my aunt not to communicate with me before I left, he did not keep his promise. I did not see him again, for my aunt remained near me till I retired to bed; but in my room I found my first love letter! I wish I had this letter now—I wish it had not been destroyed. Then, reader, you would say that such love, so pure, so exalted, so disinterested as was there depicted, deserved all the first fond devotion of a woman's heart.

We left Saratoga, and, on the third day, reached Litchfield. As he pressed me to his heart, a tear rolled down my dear father's cheek, and, for the first time, a misgiving as to his willingness to part with me seized me. But I was soon consoled. Frederic had said, in *the* letter, that, assured of my affection, he would follow me to the ends of the earth, and Litchfield was very far from being the end of the earth, but a very comfortable home, where I knew we could live, happily as the day is long, with my dear father.

My aunt took the earliest opportunity to see my father alone, and communicate to him a full account of Mr. Flemming and his proposals, dwelling, with particular emphasis, upon her own great prudence in not permitting me to see or communicate with my lover till he had received his approbation. Whether my father enlightened my aunt, in any degree, upon the article of prudence, I know not; but when he sent for me, and gravely questioned me as to this affair, I left him with a saddened heart.

"I must know something more," he said, "of this young man than your aunt is able to tell me, ere I give the treasure of my life to him."

Information of one kind came sooner than we expected, but from a source which I repudiated and despised with the whole strength of my nature. The morning after my arrival, my cousin Tom came over to see me; and, on being informed by my father of my attachment, and of my lover's proposals, he told my father that he knew Flemming well. He said that he had been a classmate of his at Princeton, and that he had been ignominiously expelled for his profligacy! My poor father, credulous, and easily alarmed on a subject so vital to his happiness, flew to me with this intelligence; but I laughed his information to scorn. I sought my cousin; and, with a white face and flashing eye, I asked him how he dared to calumniate a man whose shoe latches he was not worthy to tie.

Tom looked at me gravely, and said—

"It is true."

"What your motive may be," I replied, in bitter scorn, "in attempting to ruin my happiness, I know not, nor do I care. I will even deal charitably with you, and say that you have not invented this tale, that you mean some other man; but if ever you dare to utter these foul lies again in this house, it will be in the spirit of the dastard, who maligns, behind his back, the man whom he is afraid to meet face to face!"

Tom's countenance became pale and agitated; but he answered, calmly—

"I am not afraid, Ellen, to say to Mr. Flemming's face all I have said to your father; nor am I mistaken in the man. Governor Flemming, of —, had not two sons, of the same age, called Frederic. There can be no mistake; and I hope, my dear cousin, that you will one day do me more justice than you are able to yield me now."

My anger, my rage, had been so excessive, that I was unable to control it; but it exhausted itself

by its own violence; and subsided in a burst of tears, which, too proud to let my detested cousin see, I fled to my own room to conceal. That evening, however, all my evil feelings were absorbed in one of triumphant joy. My father received a respectful, sensible letter from Mr. Flemming, applying for my hand, and inclosing one from his father, just received, in answer to one he had written him the day after my accident, when he said, already deeply in love with me, he had resolved to endeavor to win my regard.

The letter of Governor Flemming was one of the most cordial and touching specimens of fatherly interest and affection it was possible to conceive. The tears coursed down my cheeks as I read it; even my father was evidently moved by it. He spoke of Frederic as the pride and ornament of his old age, dwelling upon his high principles and integrity; and, in sanctioning his desire to marry, he prayed that the woman of his choice might prove worthy of him. The letter concluded with a playful postscript from one of his sisters, and a tender little message from his mother.

With what pride did I read these touching evidences of affection from my lover's family! How much nearer did it bring him to me! Already I was with him, in imagination, in his distant home, visiting these loved relatives, and convincing them, by my devotion to their dear one, that I was worthy of him.

My father had exacted of me a promise that I would neither see nor correspond with my lover for three months, during which time he should take means to inform himself of his character and worthiness to possess my hand. This prohibition now sat lightly upon my heart. Frederic, informed of the restriction, could account for my silence; and, with the bright hopes and beautiful visions that filled my mind, three months seemed but a day in love's calculation.

Several weeks passed away, and I heard nothing relative to the all-absorbing object of my thoughts. What steps my father was taking to inquire into my lover's character I was entirely ignorant of. To me he never alluded to the subject, nor had I courage to speak of it. His manner was more than usually tender and affectionate, and I felt every confidence in his inclination to forward my happiness, and receive my lover as he deserved, when the term of his probation should expire.

One source of annoyance only did I experience at this time. Since the day on which I had spoken to him with such intemperate violence, my cousin Tom had never crossed our threshold. This vexed me; for, in a dim, imperfect sense, I was aware that, after his own fashion, Tom had a regard for me. His fault-finding arose from a habit of teasing, and was not the result of maliciousness of nature, for Tom's disposition was naturally kind and obliging. He was good to the poor and to the old: all servants liked him, and all animals knew him. It is painful to me to wound any one's feelings; and,

though I could not say that I regretted my indignant outburst of scorn at his unmanly assertions relative to my lover, still I wished that they had been a little more feminine in expression and temperate in utterance. But I could not apologize to him; I still felt too angry at his wanton, reckless attack upon a man so much his superior. I regretted, however, the break I had occasioned with such a near relative, more especially on my father's account; for Tom was warmly attached to papa, who, from long habit, had got to rely upon his opinions, and lean upon him for companionship. If no quarrel had occurred, I should not have regretted Tom's absence on my own account, for neither in habits, manners, nor appearance did he suit my taste. There seemed to me to have been an antagonistic feeling between us from my infancy, and this last exhibition of it on his part had deepened indifference into dislike, and I would gladly have been relieved from the necessity of constant association with him. My father never alluded to Tom's absence; and, as no opportunity offered for me to say a conciliating word, I was too proud to make one.

About a month after my return, I was walking one evening in the grounds, some distance from the house, when I suddenly heard my name called. I started violently; for I knew the voice of my lover. The next instant he was before me, at my feet, with my hands clasped in his. My first word was one of reproach for having caused me to disobey my father. But when he broke forth into wild and impassioned language, and told me that he could not live denied the bliss of seeing me, I forgot my father and his injunctions, and suffered him to detain me while he poured out his love and his misery. It was wrong, I know; I should have left him immediately; but was it in human nature to fly from the expression of such a love? Then, too, he was thin and pale, and those beautiful, sad eyes of his looked sunken and sadder still. He told me that anxiety was impairing his health; and I saw that it was so. The paleness of his countenance, and the languor which subdued without impairing the beauty of his form, spoke volumes to my heart, and I sat down beside him upon the trunk of a felled tree, and listened to him without resistance. He told me that a letter from his father required his instant presence at home, on business of vital importance to his family. His father, he said, believed him to be married by this time, and urged his setting off with his bride immediately. He showed me the letter: it was fully as urgent as he described. The business was some lawsuit, which involved the fortunes of the whole family, and Fred's presence was necessary. The letter contained the most affectionate and flattering messages to me. How shall I describe what followed? My lover's errand was to persuade me to elope with him. He said it would be many months before he should be able to return; that his health, now impaired, would sink under the separation, if I bid him go alone. He said that my father *could* make

no reasonable objection at the end of the period assigned, and why not marry at once? His anger would be but short-lived, and would fade upon an absence of several months.

I resisted my lover; resisted him even when I felt that he was dearer to me than ever. And why? Because God had blessed me with a good mother, who had early instilled into my mind the difference between right and wrong, and who had planted in my heart, till it identified itself with my nature, a strong sense of womanly decorum. The idea of a clandestine marriage was opposed to all my ideas of feminine delicacy. To deceive and disobey my father would be both mean and sinful. Already had I gone contrary to his expressed command in meeting my lover, and the pain I was now enduring was the punishment of my disobedience. What were months, or even years, of separation compared with the remorse of a lifetime?

"No! I love you, Frederic," I said; "I will be faithful to you till death; but never ask me to forfeit my self-respect."

I left my lover abruptly, without turning, without pausing to listen to his last expostulations, and took refuge in my own room, determining not to wander again from the house till my father's prohibition was removed.

Time passed on; I heard nothing of my lover; I knew not where he was, or if my resistance to his wishes had offended him. My father preserved a profound silence regarding him, and the bright and hopeful dreams which had gilded my life for weeks past were replaced by anxiety and dejection of spirits.

More than two of the three months had gone by, when, one day, to my surprise, I saw from my chamber window my cousin Tom walking up the avenue to the house. A change had taken place in Tom's appearance, which I could not at first unravel; he had a great deal of hair on his face, and looked darker in complexion than when I had seen him last. I wondered if he had forgiven me, and would ask for me, and expected momentarily to be sent for; but I was disappointed. At the end of two hours I saw him leave the house; and, in a few minutes, I heard my father's footsteps approaching, and then his knock at my room door.

I will put in as few words as possible the communication which he came to make. He said that my cousin Tom, from the first, was so convinced of the unprincipled character of Frederic Flemming, that he shrank with dread from my marrying him; that, when shown the letter of Governor Flemming, which had been inclosed to my father, he pronounced it a forgery, saying that, at college, he had been remarkable for his wonderful power of imitating writing. The only way to decide this and every other point was to apply to Governor Flemming in person; and this Tom decided to do. He set off immediately on that long and fatiguing journey, saw Governor Flemming, and opened his errand to him without reserve, showing him the letter which pur-

ported to come from him. With much emotion, Governor Flemming informed my cousin that his son was a young man wholly lost to all principle, and that he had disinherited him several years before, in consequence of his dishonorable conduct. He said, with reference to the letter, that Tom's surmise was true; he had repeatedly forged his father's name, and involved him in painful difficulties. Governor Flemming expressed great sympathy for the lady and her family, who had become dupes of the plausible manners and winning appearance of this disgrace to his name; but added that he considered it his duty to advise Mr. Drayton to return immediately home and undeceive them, ere it was too late. He did so; and was the bearer of a sensible and feeling letter to my father from Governor Flemming.

I listened, with outward composure, to this narrative; yet every word of it fell like a knell upon my heart. Light, sunshine, hope seemed suddenly to die out within my soul. I felt as if a cold, dead weight had crushed me down, which I had no power to fling off. I had no thoughts, no power of reflection. In the numbness of every faculty, there remained but one vague, yearning wish—the desire to shut my eyes to this weary life, and find relief and rest upon my mother's bosom.

How long I remained thus I know not; but I was aroused by my father's voice, exclaiming—

"My child! my child! why do you gaze upon me thus? Do you not know me? It is your father!"

He grasped my shoulder and shook it, and I saw the big tears roll down his cheeks, for my eyes were still riveted upon his face. Suddenly, all consciousness left me, and I remember nothing for many days. When recollection returned, I found my father and Mammy Hetty leaning over my bed. My father's face was haggard and careworn; it seemed to me that twenty years could scarcely have effected so great a change. Even in this hour of bitter anguish, when, with returning consciousness, the memory of my sorrows filled my whole being, I was carried out of myself by this sad spectacle. This is all through me, I thought; and, for the first time, tears moistened my eyes. "I am better, dear papa," I said, stretching out my hand to him. He took my thin hand in his, bent over it an instant, and hastily left the room; but not before I had felt his hot tears rain down upon it.

Some days elapsed, and my progress towards recovery was so slow as scarcely to be noticed. The spring of my mind appeared broken. The shock which I had received still vibrated in my soul, and I had no power to lift myself up from the dust and ashes of my lost happiness. I had no wants, no wishes. They moved me from my bed to an easy-chair, and I sat up as long as I was directed to do so. I took the nourishment they offered me, and obediently swallowed every nauseous dose. It mattered little what they did with me, provided they did not require me to speak.

But one thing aroused me from this dull stupor of the mind—my father's presence. When he visited me, his pale, altered countenance, his anxious expression awoke the single chord that answered to human touch. I tried to be cheerful for his sake, I strove to talk; and, when I could not speak, my caresses told him that his daughter's love for him was unchanged. My little brothers I could not bear in my room. Their bright faces, their noisy habits, and their unguarded questions, made me shrink from their presence. I still loved them dearly; but I had no communion with their bright and happy natures.

Amid all this mental misery, there was nothing which I now feel ashamed to look back and dwell upon. No weak recurrence to the past, no lamentations over the unworthy. From the moment I became aware of my former lover's true character, I shrank from his image with strong repugnance. Memory never clothed him in the delusive colors of a bygone period. I saw him always as he was, a degraded, dishonored man—an impostor. And this it was that barbed the arrow which lay quivering in my heart. Had he been a worthier man, I could have borne it better; but to have yielded up the whole treasure of my affections upon such a shrine!—oh, what was there to console, to support me under such a calamity? I could have moved along my appointed path in life cheerfully, with the memory of a dead lover in my heart, calmly looking forward to a reunion beyond the grave. But with an unworthy one!—alas, what was I to do with the weight of wasted affection thrown back upon me? Nothing, that I could see, but bend under it and let it crush me.

Time went by, and I still continued in this state, when, one morning, my aunt Spenser unexpectedly entered my room. She was much moved on seeing me; but evidently endeavored to suppress her feelings. After conversing with me some time, doing all that her kind nature prompted to prepare my mind, she told me that she had come to tell me something unpleasant. Then, in a few words, she informed me that, for some time past, my father's affairs had been in a most critical situation. The ruin which he had been endeavoring to ward off had at length fallen upon him; his whole fortune was swept away; the roof over his head was no longer his own. Out of all his vast possessions he owned not a single dollar.

My mind, at that moment, did not fully grasp the extent of this calamity. Reared in the lap of luxury and indulgence, how could it? But I felt that sorrows had come upon my father, and the wish—the first I had had for many a weary day—arose within me to go to him and be his comforter. I prepared to go to him; but my aunt held me back, and I saw by her face that I had not heard all. Suspicion once aroused, I was peremptory in my demand to know the worst; and I soon learned that my father, overwhelmed by his misfortunes, had suffered a slight paralytic attack, and was ill in bed. No hu-

man power could now keep me from him: I went to him directly. Feeble as I was, I saw it comforted him to have me near him; and every moment which my own debilitated state allowed me to be up, was spent by his bedside.

I was sitting, one morning, during this anxious period, in a large chair in my father's dressing-room, waiting till he was ready to see me, when the door opened and my cousin Tom entered the room. He started back when he saw me; but, the next moment, approached and held out his hand. Weakened and unstrung as I was, his sudden entrance sensibly disturbed my composure; but I forgot myself in my surprise at the emotion which he betrayed. His whole countenance, as he gazed upon me, worked with strong agitation. Another instant, and he dropped my hand, and walked to a distant window, where he remained some time in silence. When he rejoined me, his face bore the marks of suppressed feeling. He sat down beside me, and, in an unsteady voice, said—

"Excuse me, Ellen; I did not know you had been so ill. I was not prepared to find you so—so changed."

"Changed, cousin?" I replied, with a sad smile. "Yes, I am greatly changed; but in no respect more so than in my estimate of your friendship. I have heartfelt thanks to render you, cousin, and a humble apology."

He pressed the fleshless hand which I laid in his, and said something, in a low, husky voice, about the idleness of dwelling upon the past, and then asked me some commonplace question about my father.

I had not been without agitation myself in this interview; and, glad to escape from any further trial in my feeble state, I gladly followed his example, and we spoke of my father till summoned to his room.

This first painful interview over, I was soon able to meet my cousin with composure, and with a very different estimate of his character from what I had before entertained. His presence was no longer a restraint to me, and I listened with respect to the opinions he advanced, and the advice which he gave my father in his present difficulties.

A fortnight elapsed before my father became convalescent; and, ere that time arrived, I had learned to appreciate, to the full extent, our misfortune. As soon as he was able to be removed, we must seek another home; and already had I talked our future plans over with him. The necessity for exertion had dispelled the dull lethargy of my mind. I now felt that I had sacred duties to perform, powerful efforts to make. I must live for others—must no longer think of myself. It is astonishing how steadily I looked reality in the face!—how rapidly I took in all the various points of our position, and sought for remedies! Our only means of support must henceforth be the rent of a house in town, which had been left me by my grandfather, and which yielded a thousand dollars a year. This would

enable us to live with frugality in a humble dwelling; while, to defray the expense of my brothers' education, I proposed to undertake a little school.

This was my plan; but, to my regret, it was not carried out in all its points. My father called in another counselor, in the person of my cousin Tom, who, as usual, had everything his own way. A comfortable little cottage belonging to Tom, some distance from the village, and nearer to his residence than to "Maple Park," was, at a nominal rent, appointed for our residence; while, by some private arrangement, the provisions of which I was not made acquainted with, my cousin was to be responsible for the education of the boys when they should be old enough to leave home; the school in the village, to which they now went, not being beyond our present means.

Severe as had been the stroke which involved the total loss of his fortune, my father suffered little from it, in comparison with what he had endured in his anxiety for me. His child again restored to him, each day increasing in strength and cheerfulness, repaid him for every other loss. Unambitious and simple in his habits, he had no regrets in the loss of fortune, save for me. To see me deprived of the comforts, the luxuries to which I had been accustomed, grieved him sorely. He had witnessed my enjoyment of the dazzling pleasures which his wealth and the social position of our family had surrounded me, and he feared the effects of the change upon my happiness. Ah, how little, at that time, did he understand me! how little appreciate the revolution which had taken place in my character! A whirlwind had swept over my mind. The future, which ardent girlhood had once painted in such brilliant colors, was now an arid desert. A new road lay before me, dull, prosaic, eventless, it is true, but it was the path of duty, along which I could safely move without fear of trap or pitfall; and on this I now pressed forward calmly, as the sole object of my life, shrinking, with painful and averted gaze, from all that had once made the charm of my existence; for, though that charm was broken, it had left its impress behind. I had lived upon divine draughts; I could not accept wormwood instead, and call it pleasant. Yet I was not unhappy. How could I be unhappy with such a cause for thankfulness in my heart? When I thought of my escape, I thanked God for being merciful to me—thanked him mid bitter tears, though they welled from a bruised heart and a poisoned memory.

Before my aunt Spenser concluded her visit, which was for the purpose of making the most kind and generous offers to us in our misfortunes, she gave me the last intelligence I received of Frederic Flemming. She said that, much to her surprise, he had called at her house the day she heard of my father's failure, and was unintentionally admitted. He came, he said, to make some inquiries for me. The three months of his probation, he added, would expire on the morrow, and it was his intention to

present himself to my father and demand my hand. My aunt told him, coldly, that, from all she could learn, such a visit would prove most unacceptable, and intimated her desire to end the interview. But Flemming was not to be so easily repelled. He gave way to the most vehement expressions, appealed to my aunt, reproached her for having listened to his enemies—for deserting him. He vowed, in the strongest language, that existence, without me, was unbearable; that, if I would not live for him, he would die for me; and concluded by saying he should depart that very day for Litchfield, claim me as his wife, and beard my purse-proud father in his own home.

My aunt, aware, from this expression, that he was ignorant of my father's misfortunes, and, anxious to see the effect it would have upon him, asked him if he had not heard of the total ruin which had fallen upon my father? He started in extreme surprise, asked some questions closely to the point, and rose to go. My aunt said that a more changed being, in those few minutes, it was impossible to conceive. He made no inquiry for me, though my aunt spoke of my illness; all his questions regarded my father's loss of fortune. The next day, my uncle Spenser learned that he had left town in company with a profligate actress.

This was very bitter. Hitherto, my pride, my affections alone had suffered; now, my poor vanity was left without a single foothold. I believed that Flemming, unprincipled as he was, had loved me. I now saw that my expected wealth was my sole attraction, and that his whole conduct, from the first, had been a deep-laid plan to enrich himself at my expense.

We removed to our cottage. My father's creditors, pleased with his honorable course towards them, insisted upon his taking his books, furniture, and plate. Of these, we selected what we required, and our new home welcomed us with a familiar aspect.

My health and strength now returned rapidly. I had no time to dwell hurtfully upon past sorrows; every hour was too fully occupied. If the light laugh and bounding step were gone from me forever, I had, in their place, grateful smiles and an alacrity of will that smoothed over all the rough places of our changed lot, and made my father's home a little shrine of happiness to him. How often would he draw me to his side, and, smoothing down my hair and cheek, call me his pride, his darling, the stay and comfort of his old age! Was I not, then, repaid for every sacrifice of self to duty? I was, an hundredfold!

My cousin Tom, during all this period, was our constant counselor and friend. He personally exercised, in our behalf, the mechanical powers of several tradesmen, hammering, and tinkering, and putting the finishing touches to many a nameless comfort, which the carpenter, painter, and upholsterer had no skill to reach. My father could not drive a nail, or hang a picture, unless

Tom was present to approve. My little brothers followed him about with endless wants, and even our maid of all work called upon him, in his capacity of landlord, to amend any evils which existed in her dominion, the kitchen.

And how did I like all this intimacy? is the next question. Very well, reader. I now felt the comfort of having a practical friend; and I made many demands upon Tom's services myself. A little reserve there was between us, 'tis true, but more on his side than on mine. I felt that I owed Tom a deep obligation; and mine was not a nature to feel gratitude a burthen. I had buried, with the past, all recollection of my ancient feud with him. Whether he still recollected it, it was impossible for me to say. That his interference in my behalf had been actuated by the purest motives, I did not now doubt, and that he felt sincerely for my broken health and wounded spirit, was equally clear. The favorable change in my opinion of my cousin was confirmed by my sense of the delicacy of his conduct since my great trial. His deportment was entirely changed. There was no lightness and flippancy of speech now, but, in their place, grave and respectful attention. He never called me Nelly, never teased, quizzed, or provoked me. He was guarded always in his conversation, as if fearful of touching upon some painful topic, and I did not fail to notice that, with quiet unobtrusiveness, he was watchful over my health and assiduous for my comfort. That I relished my cousin Tom's society, as yet, with the same zest that my father did, I cannot affirm; but he was never in my way, and I had now frequent occasion, in the manifold duties that devolved upon me, to call upon him for advice and assistance in matters about which I did not choose to trouble my father.

Our way of life soon became settled; I had plenty to do, so we rose early. After breakfast, Tom always dropped in with the newspapers for my father. If the weather was fine, he stopped and chatted, whilst I, towel in hand, washed and wiped the breakfast cups. If bad, he came in his gig and took the boys to school, and, in his morning walks or drives, executed whatever commissions we could be induced to trouble him with. My mornings were taken up with household duties or home employments, the afternoons were chiefly devoted to my exercise, which my father was very careful to exact, and our evenings were passed round the table by our genial fireside. My father and Tom, for he was our nightly visitor, reading aloud or chatting, the boys learning their lessons till bedtime, and incessantly calling upon "Cousin Tom," who was their constant referee on all occasions, for assistance in their various dilemmas, whilst I sewed industriously, or occasionally, to please my father, gave them a little music.

The spring brought with it new pleasures and employments. Tom sent his gardener and laborers to put our little place in order, and it was soon brilliant in bloom and beauty. Tom possessed great

skill in grafting, and we, in a little while, exhibited wonders in this branch of horticulture. My taste craved an endless variety of flowers. My brothers, with an eye to their palates, demanded a little strawberry bed, "all to themselves," both of which fancies were gratified by our kind cousin. While we weeded, planted, dug, and grafted, my father, basking in the sun under our vine-covered piazza, read his newspapers and enjoyed our happiness in these simple pleasures.

The spring also brought another source of comfort to my father. My strength and bloom returned, and the haunting fears which he had harbored respecting me vanished. I was still too sober—sad, he called it—to please him; and, if he heard a happy tone or a light laugh from me, he was brighter for the rest of the day.

My aunt Spenser and her family were full of kind and delicate attentions to us in our adversity. They visited us frequently, and my aunt and cousins were anxious that I should spend some time with them. My father, too, urged it; but when he saw me shrink from the proposal with pain, he said no more. How little they understood me! Even if no secret repugnance to mixing again in the world had influenced me, I could not have deprived my father of the solace which my society was to him. I could not myself, under our circumstances, have borne to be separated from him.

The peaceful, quiet pursuits of domestic life afford few points of interest save to the actors in them. It was so with us. A year rolled by, leaving but little to record. By the beginning of the second spring after my father's failure, things began to brighten for us again. Every debt was paid; and, to add to our cheerfulness, some coal lands, which had heretofore been considered worthless, and no account taken of them, proved to be of great and increasing value, so that, in a few years, a considerable income might be expected from them.

This was an inexpressible relief to my father's mind, taking from it a weight of anxiety concerning the future welfare of his children. Edward and Willy could now be educated as he wished, without stint, and his dear daughter no longer be drained of her little pittance.

I rejoiced with my father, and I also rejoiced on my own account; for at no period of life are we indifferent to the prospect of increased means. I had now a thousand schemes prepared for the embellishment of our cottage home, to which we were all strongly attached, for increasing my father's comfort, and for furthering the boys' interests. It was a bright and happy spring to us all. I say all; unhappy. It is true, I never looked to the future, built no castles in the air for myself; but I had so much to do for other people, so much to think of, that I had no time to dwell upon the past.

During this interval of time, I had been once to town, to attend the wedding of my cousin Julia. The visit was short; for I felt no renewal of my

former tastes, and I was anxious to return to my father and the home where I was so indispensable. My cousin Fanny was our frequent visitor, and, during the warm months, she spent a good deal of time with us. She was an amiable, light-hearted, merry girl, and assimilated with us all—handsome enough to suit my father's taste, who liked a face that was fair to look at; merry enough to suit the boys, who enjoyed a romp; and a pleasant companion to me in many of my pursuits. My cousin Tom, too, liked her, which was, for Tom, saying a good deal, as he had no fancy for my aunt Spenser or her family. I always believed that Tom blamed my aunt for a want of prudent circumspection in that most painful episode of my life. Be this as it may, he never seemed to remember to Fanny's discredit that she was her mother's daughter.

Tom was the only exception in the general cheerfulness of our little circle. He was evidently out of health this spring. My father did not appear to see it, though he remarked, and often complained of his frequent absence. I noticed more than this: he looked badly, and was dull and moody in spirits. Ordinarily, he was a great talker; now, he would often sit through a whole evening, merely answering the questions addressed to him.

The boys, who seemed to consider Cousin Tom as an exclusive possession of their own, often held counsel together and commented upon his "crossness," evidently considering themselves ill used.

When Fanny came in June, she noticed the change, and taxed him with it. Tom replied he was well, and, as usual, in a tone that put down further inquiry, and resumed his old habits, coming over every morning to work with us in the garden, and spending most of his evenings with us.

I now observed that Tom was particularly cool to me. At first, I thought it must be my imagination; but I soon became convinced that it was really the case. He avoided me decidedly, and, while with us, gave all his attention to Fanny. I had been so long a first object with all my family, that this dereliction of Tom's gave my vanity a severer pang than I had thought myself capable of. My pride, however, soon came to my relief; and, as I knew that I had done nothing to offend Tom, I drew back in turn, and left him to his own waywardness. Still there was no improvement, but rather the reverse; he was now often fretful, irritable, and capricious, and would frequently leave us abruptly, as if ashamed of having given way to such exhibitions of temper.

One balmy midsummer morning, after breakfast, Fanny and I were seated in the piazza with our work, when we were joined by Tom with a newspaper in his hand. As was often the case now, he appeared disposed to enjoy it by himself, and we sat in silence for some time. The silence was broken by my little brothers, who were at play in the garden, running up and entreating Tom to come and look at a hornet's nest which they had disco-

vered. But Tom was not in an indulgent mood this morning, and shook them off with a dry negative.

"How cross Cousin Tom always is now!" said little Willy, dejectedly. "He never comes any more when we want him. I wonder what's the matter with him!"

"I know! I know!" said Edward, flippantly, prepared to launch his arrow and fly. "Mammy Hetty told me: she knows. He's in love!"

I looked up from my work, when, to my surprise, I beheld my cousin Tom's countenance covered with the deepest confusion. I glanced at Fanny; her face was crimson, and she averted her countenance to conceal her blushes.

A strange, a startling suspicion presented itself to my mind, and, with the quickness of thought, it was received and adopted. Then came a singular tumult within me. There was a singing in my ears, a dimness in my sight, a quickening of the pulses, and an utterly confused and tangled state of mind and feeling, which kept me for some instants motionless in my chair. When I recovered the mastery of my mind, which was not without a violent effort, I again lifted my eyes; Tom had resumed his newspaper, and Fanny was leaving the piazza with Willy. I arose and went up to my room, shut and locked the door. Then, and not till then, did I allow thought to have its way—feeling to reign. I paced the floor; I covered my burning face with my hands; I resisted, struggled with, fought back the shameful conviction; but still it returned with resistless force. A voice, which would not be stifled, cried aloud, "He loves your cousin Fanny, and you—you love him!" But pride came to my aid, and said, "Why suffer this demon to taunt you with its lies? Strangle it; cast it out, and set your foot upon its throat." I obeyed; and conviction lay powerless beneath my iron will. I allowed no voice to be heard but the voice of pride. To love unsought, to love the lover of Fanny, to feel a pang that she was preferred, was a humiliation I could not endure. I would not pause to ask how it had all come about. I shut myself rigidly out from all self-examination. I only said it shall be no longer.

How long this whirlwind of passionate emotion lasted I know not. I was recalled to my senses by a glimpse of my haggard face in the glass. I seized my bonnet, and, stealing down the kitchen stairs, made my way into the road. I walked resolutely to the village, made some necessary purchases, and, after an absence of several hours, returned just in time for dinner, with a severe headache. A gentle chiding from my father, and a most welcome banishment to the sofa for the rest of the evening, were the result.

"Ellen has been walking in the hot sun till she has brought on a violent headache," said my father, as Tom entered the room at dusk. "I hope she may not have made herself ill by it."

"How far did you go, Ellen?" asked Tom

"Only to Litchfield."

"To Litchfield! Much too long and unsheltered a walk in the sun of such a day as this," he replied.

When tea was brought in, I asked Fanny to pour it out, and kept my recumbent posture upon the sofa.

"A little tea will do you good," said papa.

I could not take anything, and so declined; but Tom arose from his place, and, bringing me a cup of tea, said, in the quiet, authoritative manner so peculiar to him—

"Drink it, Ellen; it will do you good."

I raised my pallid face and took the cup; I had no power to resist; but, as I put it to my lips, the tears, which I could not choke down, fell from my eyes and dropped into it. I put it aside, motioned Tom away, and, sinking back upon the pillows, covered my face with my shawl. Tom made no comments, and returned to the table.

After tea the boys gathered round the table with their books and drawings. Fanny took her work, and my father his newspaper.

"Oh, what a funny picture, Cousin Tom! Let me see it," exclaimed the boys.

"No, I must show it to Ellen first, as she is an invalid."

Tom approached me; but, instead of showing me a drawing, he held up a paper, upon which was written, "Is anything the matter that I can aid you in?"

"No," I replied, impatiently; "I only want to be let alone."

The following day or two I pleaded indisposition. I could not entirely subdue all outward manifestations of the hurried workings of my mind, and I was glad to conceal, beneath the mask of bodily sickness, the disorder of my feelings. My walk in the sun, and its consequent headache, naturally confirmed this assertion, and my silence and desire for solitude were accounted for.

The first strong feelings of surprise and emotion over, I became composed. I had sounded the depths of my mind, and the result was before me. In my early youth, as the reader knows, my cousin was my aversion. Then came a time when deep sorrow befell me: a gulf yawned at my feet, and Tom's arresting hand held me back. I awoke from a terrible delusion, chastened, yet most grateful, and filled with remorse for my past blindness to my cousin's worth. "From many sorrows cometh wisdom." I had passed through the fiery baptism, and beheld sense, feeling, and integrity where I had once only seen repulsive roughness and vain assumption. In the priceless service which Tom had rendered me, in the prompt and efficient aid he had afforded us in our misfortunes, in the affectionate interest with which he had devoted himself to my father, to us all, in our reverses, I had witnessed in the kindness of his nature, the uprightness of his principles, and the powerful good sense which controlled all. This was not a character to appreciate and remain indifferent to. I saw my cousin daily;

he was my constant associate, adviser, friend; every pleasure of my existence was brightened through his means, every annoyance smoothed away, till, insensibly, he grew to be a part of my scheme of life. Yet to love—to love again, was a thought that never presented itself to me. I shrunk whenever I heard marriage discussed, so bitter had been my experience. Had I asked myself what I desired for the future, I should have said, "Nothing, but to live on as we do now, with my father's health continued, my brothers growing up in goodness, and my cousin Tom near, and devoting all his time to us."

These were the vague and undefined ideas that, as I unraveled my feelings, I found had occupied my mind. I had taken no account, it seems, of what might be Tom's views of happiness. In my blindness and selfishness, I had thought him as contented as myself. Suddenly, and without any preparation, I was awakened from my dream—bitterly awakened—for the moment that betrayed to me his secret revealed my own. I saw that he loved Fanny, at the instant when the conviction dawned upon me that he was dearer to me than life.

My course now was plain before me. I must struggle with and overcome this new affliction—an affliction only less terrible than the former, because it was unaccompanied by shame and humiliation. My pride at least would be saved, and that to me was a powerful object. I could better wrestle with unsuspected sorrow than with a grief laid bare and quivering to the world.

And how did I feel towards Fanny? Did I hate her for supplanting me? Did I dislike her because she had become the dearest thing in life to the being in whose eyes I had always believed myself first? No, I did not hate her; but I had an eager, haunting wish that she would go away. I could not bear to see them perpetually before me. I knew it would go on; I knew he would marry her; but why must I be witness of the progress of their love? Every word he spoke to her, every look he gave, fell upon my irritated mind like a sharp arrow. From my window I saw them together in the garden; from every corner of the house I heard Tom's pleasant voice and Fanny's ever ready laugh. I saw them walk together, evidently happy in their endless talk, and all this was lively torture to me. Some day, I must see her become his wife; but not now—not now! I must have time.

Luckily for me, my wish was unexpectedly gratified. Fanny received a summons home, and she left us without delay. We parted now, as we had never done before, with a cloud of reserve and embarrassment between us.

"God bless you, dear Ellen!" said Fanny, as she retraced her steps and gave me one more parting kiss. "When next we meet, you will be well again, and I—I shall, I hope, be very happy."

It needed not the blushing cheek, nor the faltering voice to explain the mystery of these words to me. I saw it all. And how could it be otherwise, I

thought, with a sigh, as the door closed upon her, thrown together as they were? Alas! it was all natural enough, yet I found no solace in the conviction.

I tried to frame a plan of life to myself for the future; but, to cast my thoughts forward, I found was intolerable anguish. How should I be able to carry on life without my cousin, woven as he was in the pursuits of every day? Who was to be my daily companion, adviser, friend? Who now would bring me books, flowers, music? Who would accompany me in my walks, direct my reading, and take interest in my occupations? No answer came from my purposeless mind.

The day after Fanny left us I sat alone in our little parlor. My father and the boys were enjoying the coolness of approaching twilight in the garden. My reverie was broken by the sound of coming footsteps, and my throbbing pulses betrayed whose step it was. Tom entered the room, and, seeing me, approached and inquired how I was.

"Much better," was the reply, in a voice of forced steadiness. "I shall soon be well."

"What will you say," rejoined Tom, "if I tell you that you have not been sick at all? I know you too well, Ellen," he continued, firmly, "to be deceived. It is your mind that suffers, not your body. You have heard some painful intelligence—received some sudden shock! Tell me what it is. Relieve your mind by unburthening it. I may, perhaps, be able to aid, to comfort you. Is it," he said, hesitatingly, seeing me moved—"is it—anything about—about Flemming?"

I turned away my face, relieved from a load of apprehension, and answered, calmly—

"You are mistaken: I know nothing of Mr. Flemming; and the time is long passed since anything connected with him could affect me."

Tom sat silently for some time, his hand shading his eyes. At length he looked up, and said—

"Ellen, will you allow me to speak to you of the past, to mention something that weighs upon my mind?"

I assented.

"You have often," he continued, "thanked me and expressed your gratitude for the steps which I took in that business of Flemming's. Few men like to take credit that does not belong to them, and I least of all. I have not deserved the thanks which you bestowed upon me, for my motives were not so disinterested as you suppose."

"Whatever your motives were, cousin, I am sure they were good. I have benefited too much by them not to think them so."

"I see you are determined not to ask me what they were, Ellen; but I shall not mind that. I mean to tell them to you in plain, unvarnished English. I am in a mood to say strange things this evening—reckless, perhaps, you will call it. I loved you then myself, Ellen. I did not know it till that man addressed you. If he had been worthy of you, God alone knows what I should have done.

As it happened, duty and feeling both pointed out the path I took. You look surprised: I am not astonished. I don't wonder that you stare at me with that look of breathless amazement. You never suspected it. No; I have always been very careful of your feelings; and, if I give you pain now, bear with me for a little space, for it is the first time I ever did so consciously. You may think me selfish; perhaps I am. One thing I am certain of, I am very miserable. To love unloved is a bitter thing to a nature like mine. To love a woman whose affections are exhausted, whose thoughts are devoted to the memory of a false idol and a broken dream, is more than bitter—'tis humiliating!"

Agitated and strangely joyful as I was, at that moment I could not think of myself. Tom's voice, modulated by the strong feeling that bore him resistlessly on, penetrated every fibre of my frame. I could not speak, yet I yearned to give him comfort. I turned to him and laid my hand upon his arm. He took my hand in both his own, and pressed it convulsively.

"Do you know, Ellen," he said, impetuously, "that there have been moments of my life when I could have welcomed any calamity that would have thrown you into my arms? Nay, I could have purchased you with money, and chained you to my side an unwilling bride, exulting, with savage joy, that you could belong to no one else, content to be miserable so you were near me, and dreaming sometimes, in my moments of madness, that, out of the boundless wealth of my own love, I could kindle affection in you. This was insanity: I know it! In my sane moments, I am the last man on earth who would accept a hand without a heart. What do you think of me, Ellen? You will think meanly of me after this confession of weakness. Yet I am glad that I have told you all. It is a relief to me; and now I shall carry out some settled plan of life with a lighter heart. I shall travel, go abroad, brace my soul by change of scene, and, if I return, do so with this weakness shaken off."

I am afraid I shall forfeit your good opinion, reader; I fear it was unmaidenly; but what could I do? I had no voice; it was lost in the storm of emotion that shook my whole frame. I did what seemed to me very natural then; I put my arms round my cousin Tom's neck, and, hiding my face upon his shoulder, cried heartily.

We mortals are ungrateful creatures! If a cloudy day comes to mar a plan, or a rainy night to spoil a pleasure, how we rail! If the complainant be of the softer sex, according to the bad taste of the times, she will call it "horrid!" "abominable!" "shocking!" and, if her brain be very barren, "awful!" weather; but when the sun smiles upon us in our pleasures, and the soft breezes minister to our schemes, we never say, "How pleasant is the day!" "How thankful I am for this favor!" "God is very good to us!" No; we receive it as our due, as a matter of course, and the heart offers up no incense. On the present occasion, however, I

was not liable to this charge. I was very thankful for the unclouded night that stole insensibly upon us. The moon rose in brilliant beauty, the stars came out and lent their aid to illuminate the world, and my father found so much to tell the boys about the eternal lights, with their heathen names, that it was long before they thought of returning to the house. When they did come, my tears had long been dried away, and Tom had arrived at some degree of rational composure.—It is astonishing how happiness agreed with him, and how saucy he soon became!

It was long past the boys' bedtime, so I hurried them off, and went with them myself, leaving Tom to inform my father of his modest desire to rob him of his daughter. I had little fear of the result of the application, however. My father loved Tom as his own son, and, when he came to my room ere he slept, and pressed me to his bosom and blessed me, I knew that the dearest wish of his heart was gratified.

You, no doubt, reader, have suspected long since what broke upon me with such startling surprise—the conviction of my cousin Tom's attachment to me, and its result.

With a mind naturally tenacious and constant, I had, with the presumption of youth, taken no account of its buoyancy and disposition to be comforted. I had mentally concluded that my race was run: a fiery hand had been laid upon my heart, and withered it forevermore. My surprise, my torn and agitated feelings, on finding that there had grown up in my heart a new passion, strong as death, with no drawback from reason, judgment, or prudence to stay its course, I have already recorded. But what shall I say of my amazement when I discovered that my cousin Tom had for years loved me?—that he loved me now with a passion as strong, as fervent as his own consistent, manly character? Indeed, I should find it difficult to describe the contending feelings that took possession of me. Fluttered, agitated as I was, I could grasp but one idea, and that was deep, abiding happiness.

And what had become of my jealousy of my cousin Fanny? Gone like the summer dew. But with it had not fled all uneasiness. I was mistaken about Tom; but I certainly could not be about her. She loved him; and what misery for her! what pain for me! It was a subject which I dared not speak upon to Tom. I once ventured to say to him that Fanny was not like herself when last with us; and he replied, carelessly—

"Yes; I observed it. Something is working in that little head of hers. We shall know what it is one day."

"Heaven forbid!" mentally ejaculated I.

A week after this came a note from Fanny, confirming Tom's conjecture, telling me that she was engaged to be married. Her parents had opposed her marriage, and sent her to us in a sort of banishment. Fanny had feared to tell me of it, she was

pleased to say, because my dutiful conduct had always been held up to her as an example, and she had been very rebellious and disobedient. All was now smoothed over, however, and she invited me to her wedding.

"I thought it was something of the kind," said Tom, when I read him the note; "Fanny was so desperately sentimental; and you know, Nelly, there is nothing like a fellow-feeling to enlighten one's mind. I knew she was in love!"

"I suspected it myself," I replied, demurely; but I would not for the world have told him whom with.

And now, reader, my history is done. I have been married for some years to my cousin Tom, and I am truly blessed. My trials I have received as my portion of the sorrows which fall to the share of all human beings. My happiness I scarcely feel I deserve. If ever this humility is endangered by the flatteries of my husband, I call it immediately by reflecting, with shame, upon the obtuseness of mind which rendered me incapable of appreciating the character of him whom I now consider superior in mind, manners, and attainments to any one I have ever known.

SERENADE.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

Look forth, my love! This lonely hour
I lingering watch by thee:
Look forth, nor fear; the summer shower
Has hurried to the sea.
In solemn stillness glides the moon
Adown her starry way;
The young, fresh leaves of early June
From light to shadow play;
The fleecy clouds, like spirits bright,
Haute o'er the midnight sky,
And rain-drops tremble in the light
That falleth from on high.
Then look forth, maiden of my heart,
I linger still by thee!
Look on the night—if minstrel art
Can win no glance for me.

O listen, love! I linger still,
Though hope is pale with fear;
I stay—for stronger than the will
Is love that binds me here.
In yonder wood the sweet, sad moans
Of infant winds are heard;
My heart is by the murmured tones
Of far-off waters stirred:
Of some lone bird the fitful wail
Falls mournful on my ear;
And on the hill-top, in the vale,
Soft melodies I hear.
Then listen, love!—I cannot part,
I know not why, from thee!
List to the night—if minstrel art
Can bring no thought to me.

BOARDING-HOUSE POLITICS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "SIGNS OF GENTILITY," ETC. ETC.

THERE was quite a little excitement in the parlor of No. 12 — Place.

Mrs. Paul rushed to the window, and wondered who the arrival could be. Mrs. Dunlap stationed a child, bearing a remarkable likeness to herself, in the hall to give the first intelligence; a line of telegraph, as it were, communicating with John, the black waiter, who answered the door bell. Miss Lane regretted that it was too dark to see the name on the trunks; and Mrs. Paul remarked that "it must be somebody," as there was an enormous quantity of baggage.

The "somebody" proved to be a pretty, graceful woman of twenty-five, or thereabouts, who sprung to the pavement, and, as she did so, revealed a remarkably good foot, gaitered to a nicety. In fact, her traveling-dress was entirely unexceptionable, from the dark gloves to the blue grenadine veil that shaded her features. Mrs. Paul exclaimed, "Dear me!" and rushed into the vestibule with as much eagerness as she had before shown in gaining the window. The stranger was evidently recognized.

The little lady bounded up the broad stone-steps, and was received into the waiting arms of her friend. At least you would naturally have concluded Mrs. Paul was a friend, if not a dear and long separated sister, by the number of "dear creatures," and the shower of kisses, lavished on the new arrival.

"Oh, we have been so dismal without you!" said that affectionate and excellent woman. "The house does not seem at all natural. All the gentlemen were dying for your return; and I was suggesting to Mrs. Harrison, only this morning, that she would have to telegraph to Saratoga for Mrs. James, or she would lose half her most eligible boarders."

"Indeed!" responded Mrs. James, as soon as she could revive from the overwhelming shower of welcomes, "I had not the least idea my fortnight's absence would be attended with such sad consequences. I should not have enjoyed my trip in the least; and the United States Hotel, with all its delightful attractions, could not have detained me. Twenty-five cents is the change, John. Be good enough to ask Mrs. Harrison if my room is ready."

"Send your bonnet up by Mary, and come in to tea," suggested Mrs. Paul. It was a peculiarity with her, it would seem, to be always suggesting to those about her. "Come, tea is all ready, and that traveling-dress is really so becoming."

It was useless to remonstrate against such kind

forethought, and Mrs. James was ushered into the parlor.

Most of the boarders—and the house was quite full for the summer season—were waiting for tea, which was served here instead of the dining-room, at the close of the long twilight. John was lighting the gas as they entered, and Mrs. James was immediately surrounded by a band of eager inquirers, all anxious as to her health, her happiness during her absence, and who was at Saratoga now. The traveling-dress might have been becoming; but every one knows that the hurried trip from Saratoga to New York city is by no means an improvement to most faces, particularly when the weather is warm and dusty. Besides, early rising and a hurried toilet rarely do much for the neatness of one's *coiffure*, and Mrs. James, though well aware what a "good point" her abundant and glossy hair was, knew it needed rather more care just at that moment than she could give it with a stroke from her gloved hand. She was therefore not quite so much delighted with Mrs. Paul's consideration for her fatigue as she might have been, when she found herself in the centre of the room, under a strong blaze of light, and several strangers, naturally enough, glancing towards her.

Mrs. Dunlap vouchsafed only a nod of the head, and continued her conversation with a tall and rather distinguished-looking man. If he had not chanced to be near her just then, she would doubtless have superseded Mrs. Paul. As it was, she retired into dignified silence as far as Mrs. James was concerned, and listened with devoted attention to a description of Indian mounds, which interested her somewhat less than the mountains in the moon would have done.

By this time, Mrs. Harrison arrived to preside over the tea-tray, and Mrs. James was glad to escape to an ottoman in one corner, whither Mrs. Paul perseveringly followed her.

"What has been going on in my absence?" inquired the traveler, by way of saying something, as she balanced her teaspoon on the edge of her cup. "Who are the new arrivals?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. Mr. Strong has played the adoring to Miss Lane; for he thinks she has her mother's fortune, when, as everybody knows, not one cent is coming to her. But I must enlighten him; for I like to see such people caught. The Thompsons have gone to Sharon Springs, and the Colliers are in Fairfield. They do say that Ellen Collier is engaged to Lawrence Todd; but I should

like to know what is to support them. He was only taken into the firm last spring, and she 's one of the most extravagant creatures I ever shopped with. Why, she never inquired the price of a thing at Stewart's until it was bought and charged."

Mrs. James here interrupted the speaker to inquire what *rara avis* Mrs. Dunlap had under her protection. It is possible that she may have noticed glances which, from time to time, were directed towards her from that quarter of the room. There is no more disagreeable position than to feel one's self the subject of a conversation, particularly if one is equally conscious of an unbecoming toilet.

"A most extraordinary and aristocratic name—Jones. I presume you have heard it before. Not one of the Joneses; for he comes from the South, and had nobody to introduce him here. Mrs. Harrison tells me he was recommended by his physician, Dr. McFlicker; for he is traveling for his health, well as he looks. Mrs. Dunlap has an idea he is rich—where *her* information comes from I can't tell—so he 's taken into favor on Kitty's account. He has been quite attentive to Kitty for the past week, sings with her, and escorted her to Niblo's night before last, when some one made up a party. Mrs. Dunlap is in high feather, and no doubt looks on him as son-in-law elect. I heard her detailing some anecdote about a man-servant of his, and drawing from thence the conclusion that he had a plantation. But, *entre nous*, we are principally of opinion that he is an adventurer from New Orleans."

"I have a most intolerable headache, Mrs. Paul. Excuse me, Mr. Dean, I was just about to leave you. I am completely fagged out."

And Mrs. James rose as she spoke, bowing to a gentleman who crossed the room to join them. But she was not to make her escape so easily; for Mrs. Dunlap arrested her, and, with a very triumphant air, begged leave to introduce Mr. Jones to her notice and approval. Mrs. James colored slightly: the gentleman bowed. Kitty Dunlap immediately placed herself at the piano, and began singing, "Come, O come with me!" at the top of her voice. If this earnest invitation was tendered to Mr. Jones, he did not seem inclined to avail himself of it; and, after Mrs. James had retired, he strolled off to join Mrs. Paul in the corner.

"Tell me something about Mrs. James," he said, carelessly. "You seem to be devoted friends."

"Oh, by no means;" and Mrs. Paul gave that slight, but *deadly* shrug of the shoulders in which so many ladies indulge. "In a boarding-house one has to know everybody, and Mrs. James has been here some time. She is a widow—of course. Mrs. Dunlap has told you—and, as you may have seen for yourself, is still in half-mourning. Perhaps you noticed it is very becoming, which accounts for it. Some say she has property, others that her relatives support her. She is well related; that is to say, to fashionable people; but one must never inquire for grandfathers in mixed society. For instance, your

friend, Mrs. Dunlap, does not like to be asked to roast goose at the dinner-table."

Mr. Jones smiled. It was a good-natured, unsatirical smile, very unlike the effect Mrs. Paul had expected to produce.

"I don't know that Mrs. James's grandfather would interest me particularly," he said; "or Mrs. Dunlap's either, as far as that goes."

"But Miss Kitty's possibly might," returned Mrs. Paul. "Still, as regards Mrs. James, I have no particular fault to find with her. She 's not exactly my style of beauty, though, fortunately, people do not all see alike. If she angles for a husband"—

"It 's no more than other people have done before her," thought Mr. Jones, as another shrug completed the sentence from Mrs. Paul. But he only offered to take the empty cup which that lady still retained, and, depositing it upon the tray, lingered a moment to say a kind word to Mrs. Harrison before he left the room.

So much by way of introduction to No. 12 — Place, one of those fashionable up-town boarding-houses so well described in a recent tale of Miss Leslie's. Indeed, we could almost imagine that her pretty and sensible heroine had been exposed to the hidden pitfalls, which no one would have suspected were lying beneath the glowing velvet carpet that covered Mrs. Harrison's floors. But Mrs. Harrison's was the type of a class, and it was not her fault if her boarders amused themselves by destroying the peace of mind, or even the reputations, of one another. She marketed for them to the best of her ability, and, in return, constantly heard her table abused. Her servants attended to their numerous wants, equally to the dissatisfaction of those who gave them no rest, day nor night. "Servants, like fish, should have no feeling," seemed their principle; and, indeed, the mistress of a boarding-house should be of the same class and order.

Boarding in New York—we are growing philosophical, and advise the reader to "skip the next paragraph"—is unlike the same thing in any other place or country. In London, every one exists in lodgings. You have your own rooms, your own servant; you probably do not know your neighbor of the same floor. So in Paris; you might live incognito to any but the police as long as you choose seclusion. In this country, Bostonians, or Philadelphians, or Baltimoreans board, "on occasion;" newly-married people who do not like the cares of housekeeping; maiden ladies who have no houses to keep; young men whose personal effects may be catalogued, as was Mr. Samuel's in the "Hogarty Diamond," by "a German flute and a volume of Blair's Sermons;" and, now and then, a family who are preparing for a country residence, or who propose going abroad in the spring. But, in New York, everybody boards. It is a life-business; and, like the river population of Canton, they never know another element. They are born in boarding-houses, married in boarding-houses, and, finally,

die without a "late residence" to date the funeral from. It arises principally from the peculiar phase of society which makes lavish expenditure necessary to a position in any circle. It is not Fifth-Avenueable to live in a moderate style. Your friends will not come to see you in Tomkins Square, and you prefer a narrow, uncomfortable house in Irving Place. Velvet carpets or none at all; rosewood furniture, or the wash-hand-stand set-out of your one room at No. 12. You can board in a "genteel" location at fifteen hundred a year; and, besides, you are not expected to return the civilities of your friends. It would cost almost that to rent a house in the same square.

Such a life becomes, in time, as enslaving as one of coarse dissipation. Ladies could no more give up the excitement of the constant change of society, the gossip in the drawing-room, the chat of the dinner-table, than a *bon vivant* could lay down forever the wine cup. And now, having, as it were, "castled" at commencement, with an eye to the position of our queen, we return to the game with more security and satisfaction.

How radiant and graceful she was, as she made her appearance in the dining-room the ensuing morning! Mr. Jones could not restrain the expression of his admiration in the glance which accompanied his bow of recognition. Mr. Dean whispered to Mr. Strong that "the little widow was prettier than ever," and Mrs. Dunlap betrayed a similar consciousness by the increased *hauteur* of manner with which she acknowledged the presence of Mrs. James at her right hand. Talk of people who "light up well!" There is a thousand times more enchantment in the face that can endure the blaze of sun-shine, and the figure that can bear the test of a simple morning-dress. Mr. Jones had an eye to proprieties, and thought the lead-colored gingham perfection; and then there was something so bewitchingly careless in the simple knot of black ribbon at the throat. After all, there might have been more than compliment in Mrs. Paul's suggestion to their hostess. Everything seemed more cheerful after Mrs. James had taken her seat. Mr. Thomas forgot to grumble at the eggs being so hard; Mr. Strong paused in the anathema he was about to pronounce on tough beefsteak; while poor Mrs. Lawson, who was a martyr to neuralgia and her children, agreed to his substituted remark that it was a lovely day. The servants, who were deaf to Mrs. Paul's orders, seemed to anticipate every want of the little lady; and the careworn face of Mrs. Harrison brightened to a smile as she sent the milk and sugar to Mrs. James. There are many who "make their own sunshine" in this world; but few have the rare enchantment of providing it for others.

"I must see more of Mrs. James," thought her *vis-d-vis*. The stylish face of Kitty Dunlap seemed wanting in expression by the contrast. "Her name, her position seems familiar to me. I wonder how long her husband has been dead."

Ah, Mr. Jones, a most natural inquiry, "situated as you are;" but, as you value your peace as a single man, pursue it no farther!

It was nothing remarkable that, as they returned to the drawing-room, Mr. Jones should echo Mr. Strong's opinion that it was a lovely day. Nor is it singular that Mrs. James responded to it without any noticeable degree of reserve. And then the journey of yesterday followed, as a matter of course. Every one knows that the Whitehall railroad naturally deposits one at Saratoga; and then you are fairly launched on a conversation of half an hour at least, if you have nothing to call you from it.

But we must say, with all our predilections for our heroine, there seemed no occasion, in the course of such a chat, for the apparently confidential terms on which the acquaintance of Mr. Jones was established, proved by her smiling in a very marked manner when they parted, and holding up a letter, which she took from the pocket of that dear little silk apron, as if to invite him to inquire the contents. Mrs. Paul saw it, and was as much "shocked" as became her propriety; Mrs. Dunlap did not hesitate to say "forward;" and Miss Kitty turned the leaves of a music book with a loud snapping, that said, as plainly as possible, *she* thought, young as she was, such coquetish ways insufferable. However, this was after Mrs. James left the room; for it was not the policy of either lady to "break" openly with one who was such a general favorite in the house; therefore they contented themselves with telling Mrs. Harrison that "really she was more of a flirt than ever since her return from Saratoga."

Much to the scandal of all parties, the two met like old and valued acquaintances in the evening; moreover, Mrs. James sang for Mr. Jones, who hung delightedly over the piano. There was an end to Kitty Dunlap's *bravuras*, for she never would sing if Mrs. James had been asked first, though Mr. Strong might beg, and Mr. Dean entreat. However, Mr. Thomas, the rich widower, who had always been so attentive to Mrs. James before she came over to their side of the room when he found the little widow too pleasantly occupied to listen to his details of business in Wall Street—the only subject, with the exception of gastronomy, on which he ever condescended to dilate. That was something; and, besides, he wondered "what two people could find to say to each other a whole hour without stopping."

"Sure enough, when they never saw each other before yesterday; and mamma introduced them," responded Miss Kitty.

"My dear creature," said Mrs. Paul, in the most confidential tone imaginable, a few mornings after this, "I hope I don't intrude; but, really, I've been wanting to see you for two or three days, and you are always so surrounded in the parlor there is getting a word. So much for being a belle."

"Come in, certainly, if you will excuse my little. I have just made an engagement to go to

town. I have a sitting to Iggham at twelve. You will find a seat on that ottoman."

"What exquisite hair you have! I don't wonder Mr. Jones admires it. I had no idea it was so long before. But why do you never use bandoline? It prevents uncurling. Why, you don't say your curls are natural!" she exclaimed, as Mrs. James rolled one luxuriant tress after another over her hand. Mrs. Paul would have given thousands for one of those curls. She did not recommend liquid hair-dye with the bandoline, though her experience would fully have warranted it.

"But I came in to tell you—what a lovely cameo!—that is, to warn you against becoming too unguarded before Mrs. Dunlap. It is not every one that is so charitable as I am; and you must remember that Mr. Jones was devoted to Kitty before your arrival. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world; but really Mr. Jones's attentions are so pointed that the whole house speaks of it as a match; and a widow, you know, is so exposed to remark. It was my experience at least. Why, I believe they had me married before I took off crape collars, after my first husband's death."

However vexed Mrs. James might have been, she only "was sorry" the whole house "was going to be disappointed." As for Mrs. Dunlap, she was not aware that she had made any particular confidences to her.

"Oh, I don't speak of confidences," returned Mrs. Paul. "Allow me to fasten your undersleeve. But words are one thing and actions are another. Every one notices that Mr. Jones has had eyes for no one else since you came; and, to tell the truth, if it was me, I should certainly expect him to explain himself."

"What if he had already done so?" said Mrs. James, lightly; and then, as if checking herself, added, "I really can't see why Mr. Jones cannot be civil to one lady without causing distress to another. I should be very sorry to stand in the way of Miss Kitty's preferment."

The last part of the remark was lost on Mrs. Paul. She had ears only for its commencement. "Dear me, she had no idea it had gone so far as that already!" But the ejaculation was silent, and she accompanied Mrs. James to the hall door, on pretence of seeing "what kind of a day it was," which, of course, could not be ascertained from an open window. As she expected, Mr. Jones was waiting, hat in hand, to accompany Mrs. James down Broadway, and she watched them until they had turned the corner of — Place, to see if she took his arm.

She made her appearance at the lunch-table, an hour after, with a most triumphant glance. Mrs. Dunlap was there, and Mrs. Lawson, superintending the morning dinner of her cross, sickly children. Mrs. Harrison was carving some thin slices of ham for an invalid boarder, and Miss Thomas, who shared her brother's private parlor, came in from a walk, and laid down her card-case and

10*

gloves. Of all times and seasons for gossip, give us the lunch-table! There are no gentlemen to act as a restraint. No, thanks to bank hours, they are safe in Wall Street at that hour of the day. Gentlemen have a way of defending people even against their own wives, as Mrs. Paul well knew, who stood in awe of hers, the only person, by the way, who had the least pretension to exciting such a sentiment in her breast.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Harrison," commenced the worthy matron, Mrs. Dunlap, "I've seen a deal of manœuvring in my day, but I hope it will be a long time before we shall have such barefaced proceedings in *this* house again. What do you think of things like this? I've had my suspicions for some days past that there was more in Mrs. James's last flirtation than came to my ears. This morning, I *happened* to look into the little parlor; and what should I see but the pair sitting on a lounge as contentedly as possible, and she reading to him—*reading* to him, Mrs. Lawson, as if it was not enough to sing at him two hours every night."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Lawson, "waking up my Willie half the time, and he teething, poor little fellow, in his first nap."

"Kitty found the book afterwards; and what do you think it was?—some German play, all about love, of course; and her pencil was lying between the leaves at these verses. Kitty copied them to quote to Mr. Jones some time, by way of showing him that *she* knew what was going on." And Mrs. Dunlap produced the pretty couplets from "The Bondsman":—

"My heart, I bid thee answer,
How are love's marvels wrought?
'Two hearts with one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought.'

"And tell me how love cometh?
'Tis here, unsought, unsent.'
'And tell me how love goeth?
'That was not love which went.'"

"There, what do you think of *that*, Mrs. Harrison?"

"It was certainly very careless in Mrs. James to leave her pretty pencil there; and Miss Dunlap seems to have made good use of it."

"I don't refer to that in the least, Mrs. Harrison," returned Mrs. Dunlap, petulantly. "But, if I were you, I would be careful how I ever took a person like Mr. Jones again. What's his business, I should like to know? Mr. Dunlap never heard of him before, and he knows every one of consequence in New Orleans. Mr. Thomas says there is no banker of that name: only last night he told Julia so."

The fair Julia, to whom Mr. Jones had never extended any other civility than a bow, eagerly confirmed this. Mrs. Paul sighed as if she had the interest of the whole community deeply at heart. Mrs. Harrison wondered she had not made these inquiries during his attentions to Kitty.

"Besides, he's a person extremely ill bred. Only yesterday, my little Amine happened to be in the room when they were alone—I'm sure she was as still as a mouse; *she* never troubles anybody—what should he say but, 'My dear, who sent you down here?' 'Mamma,' said the poor child, frightened out of her senses at his rude tone. 'Oh, very well,' he answered; 'you just go up and tell her I sent you back again.' Such impertinence! Ordering my children!"

Mrs. Harrison, who knew how often Amine *happened* to be a "medium" for her mamma's information of what was passing, could scarcely repress a smile at this proof of the sagacity of Mr. Jones.

"I think he's a widower," said Miss Thomas, disposing of an extraordinary quantity of bread and butter, considering her delicate appearance. "I made up my mind long ago never to marry a widower. I'm sure Mrs. James is welcome to him as far as I'm concerned."

"And he's actually proposed!" burst in Mrs. Paul, unable to contain her information longer. "Proposed on a five days' acquaintance. She told me so only this very morning; and, what's more, they're gone down Broadway together! She's sitting for her portrait for him; and I shouldn't wonder if they were married and went South together this fall. For my part, I shall be glad when she's out of the house. No one gets any attention when she's about."

"That's a fact," ejaculated Miss Thomas, now a little *passé*; and it was by no means her own fault that she remained "the last ungathered leaf on the ancestral tree" of the Thomases. But there was one thing in her favor; she had never attempted to conceal her dislike to "the little widow," as every one called Mrs. James. Her system of warfare was open, and, so far, more honorable than that pursued by Mesdames Paul and Dunlap.

"Well, I'm sure I don't see why people should be in such a hurry to get married," said Mrs. Lawson, with a sigh. And she thought of her four children, with their accompaniments of cross nurses, physician's fees, and large board bills.

"Engaged!" murmured Mrs. Dunlap, who had been all this time revolving the astounding news in a dead silence.

"It seems to me I should want credentials," said Mrs. Paul.

"And have my property secured to myself," added Miss Thomas.

"Your brother could no doubt look out for you," Mrs. Dunlap said, with renewed animation. "I think he's a man of most remarkable business talents. Quite a name in Wall Street is 'Thomas,' Mr. Dunlap says."

"I think you must be mistaken, ladies," Mrs. Harrison ventured to remark. "I am sure Mrs. James has too much self-respect to enter into so rash an engagement." And, at this moment, the lady herself made her appearance, coming quietly

through the half open door, and taking her seat, in apparent unconsciousness, at the table.

Miss Thomas actually blushed, conscious of having been very uncharitable. Mrs. Lawson looked uneasy, and complained of a sudden attack of neuralgia; while Mrs. Paul, the first to gain her composure, "hoped she had enjoyed her walk" in the most significant manner.

"For my part," said Mrs. Dunlap, as if continuing some remark that had been made before the entrance of Mrs. James, "I do not think Mrs. Talbot can be engaged to Charlie Leavitt"—treading upon Mrs. Paul's slipper under the table—"for she has not taken off her mourning yet. It is the height of hypocrisy, in my opinion, to be wearing mourning for a husband, and engaged to his successor. Don't you think so, Mrs. James?" And she suddenly confronted our heroine.

The diplomacy was worthy a prime minister; but the effect was not at all what was expected; for Mrs. James helped herself quietly to bread, and agreed with Mrs. Dunlap that it would be very bad taste, to say the least.

"It was an imprudent thing altogether," remarked Mrs. Paul, returning her partner's lead. "She cannot know anything about his family, as an Englishman may be a perfect sharper, and yet gain a position in society here."

The gaiter of Miss Thomas was now admitted into the confederacy by an inviting pressure.

"True enough," said that lady. "Brother is most particular whom he introduces to me. Mr. Jones, for instance, I have never spoken to."

Mrs. James smiled, and no doubt wondered whose fault it was, as she dispatched her lunch in half the time the other ladies had consumed, and left the room to them once more.

She was alone in the parlor when Mr. Jones came in, looking like anything but an impostor, with his brilliant smile and agreeable, gentlemanly air. You wondered, as you saw him enter, how he came to have so commonplace a name. He was a Southerner in his very bow, sincere, unreserved, and warm-hearted. Mrs. James might have been pardoned, if she had accepted him with no other credentials.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said, slyly, tapping the book which had fallen from her hand.

He was surprised to find tears in her eyes, as she looked up smiling through them.

"I am only annoyed—provoked, perhaps, that people will not attend to their own affairs."

"More scandal!" and Mr. Jones lifted up his hands in mock horror. "It is too amusing to annoy me. Why, I was actually waylaid by Mr. Strong down town, and congratulated upon my engagement to you, and informed that your income was 'quite a pretty thing.'"

"Impossible!"

"Yes. And, moreover, I underwent a thorough 'pumping,' as to my calling and connections, from

Mrs. Paul last evening. It seems Miss Thomas has put me down for a disconsolate widower, and Mrs. Dunlap hoped that Mrs. Harrison's bill was secured. I heard *that* kindly suggestion myself, as I passed the dining-room. Boarding-houses should have double doors."

"How ridiculous! And you did not satisfy them?"

"Bah! not I. Unless you care, it's nothing to me. A married woman, with no children, is worse than ten maiden ladies for gossip. Don't you think so? Pray don't mind such impertinence, my dear lady." And Mr. Jones stooped to raise her handkerchief from the carpet.

Mr. Strong saw this as he passed up the staircase, and it removed every lingering doubt from his mind. It was duly reported to Mrs. Dunlap in the evening, who, in return, gave the substance of the information received at lunch.

"Besides," said Mrs. Dunlap, "Mary, the chambermaid on our floor, tells me that she has carried more than one note from him to her; and he walks down town with her every morning. Sitting for a portrait is a very good excuse. I've no patience with a flirting, scheming widow; and, to tell the truth, I consider Mrs. James's conduct as a perfect scandal to the house." The worthy matron paused to glance complacently over her shoulder at Kitty, who was seated in amiable *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Thomas. "I don't doubt he's a penniless fortune-hunter," she continued.

Mr. Strong winced slightly. He had just discovered his mistake with regard to Miss Lane's property.

"And when people are all the time together, and take long walks alone, and she reads love poems to him, and sings to him, and answers his notes, and takes his part—why, what should *you* think, Mr. Strong?" said Mrs. Dunlap, summing up the evidence with all the readiness of a judge upon the bench.

And yet Mr. Jones did not discontinue his attentions, or Mrs. James discountenance them as the days passed on.

"Oh goodness, Mrs. Harrison, I've just come from Stewart's!" said Miss Kitty Dunlap, waylaying her hostess upon the stairs, flushed and agitated with some important intelligence.

"I believe you go there nearly every morning, do you not?" was the reply.

"But who should I discover at the silk counter but Mrs. James, buying an exquisite white *solitaire*; and I saw a box of white gloves, and a Brussels *berthé*, lying ready to go in the package. What do you think of that?"

"She is, perhaps, coming out of mourning."

"You should have seen her start and blush when mamma first spoke to her. No doubt she wished us in Egypt."

"Very likely," thought Mrs. Harrison.

"But I must run up and tell Miss Thomas that it's all settled. I suppose you haven't heard her

brother come in yet? I couldn't go to their parlor for anything if he had." And Miss Kitty tried to look extremely conscious.

Mrs. James related the *rencontre* to Mr. Jones, as they chanced to meet in an empty omnibus.

"And what do you think she had the impudence to say to me?—'It's none of my business; but I shouldn't have thought, my dear, that you would have married a man in delicate health, when Mr. James was always so sickly!'—I *never* saw her equal for coolness."

"Except Mrs. Paul, perhaps, who informed me last night that it was well known your husband had married you from pique, and had not left you a dollar."

"Or Mr. Thomas, who says you are little better than a *chevalier d'industrie*."

And the two laughed merrily at their own expense.

"I think we should be awarded a palm of martyrdom," continued Mr. Jones, as they rolled smoothly over the Russ pavement. "You must have discovered, long before this, that it is an unpardonable crime, in the eyes of ladies who have no children to look after, and mammas who have daughters to dispose of, to be an agreeable, not to say pretty, woman of twenty-five. I think that seems to be your principal ground of offence."

"By the way, it's strange that they did not discover your disreputable character before my arrival!"

"My attentions to you called in the police of Mrs. Dunlap's sharp eyes and Mrs. Paul's sharper tongue. I've been jotting down some rules of conduct to guide me on future occasions:—

"The first of which should be to make known your family and business connections the instant you enter a boarding-house, together with the amount of your income, real and prospective."

"And the second, to avoid the snares of an acquaintance with a member of that class of society, against whose fascinations Mr. Weller so eloquently warns his susceptible son Samuel."

"I pity you," said Mrs. James, laughingly.

"I offer my sincere condolence in your case," returned her polite escort, drawing the check string at Fourth Street.

Of course, they were observed to enter the house together. Mrs. Paul saw it from behind the blinds of her third story room. Mary, the chambermaid, carried the news to Mrs. Dunlap, while the child Amine confirmed it. We shudder at the degradation of those mothers who bring up their children to the pitiful cant of soliciting charity; but what shall be said of those who thus early train a bright intelligence to moral beggary? That evening, Mr. Jones was not only an impostor, but a well known frequenter of Park Row; and Mrs. James was said to have deserved the fate she had so unblushingly courted.

After all this scandal, and much more that we should not like to recall, imagine the excitement as

No. 12, when, on a bright summer's morning, Mrs. James was reported to be arraying herself in that very *solitaire* from Stewart's, exquisitely made, and enriched with the Brussels *berthé*. Nor was it lessened by the arrival of a superb bouquet, ordered by Mr. Jones, which was carried to her room. Mrs. Paul beckoned John to stop at her door until she had examined it; and Miss Thomas pronounced it a perfect waste of orange flowers and cape jessamine. Even the gentlemen entered into the merits of the case in eager discussion, as they lingered, hat in hand, unmindful of counting-rooms or business hours. Mr. Dean vowed it was too bad she should throw herself away in such a manner. Mr. Strong wondered her friends had not interfered to prevent it. Mr. Thomas was conscious of a slight constriction of the chest, but turned to Kitty Dunlap for consolation.

A beautiful private carriage dashed up to the door. Conjectures grew louder; the excitement deepened. Mr. Strong, who was near-sighted, produced a lorgnette, and pronounced the occupant to be Miss Henrietta Clinton, one of Mrs. James's most distinguished relatives. Another arrival, and the two coachmen touched their silver-handled hats with a courteous bow of recognition, a most ludicrous caricature of *upper-tendom*. The party in the drawing-room kept breathless silence. There was a silken rustle upon the stairs, the twinkle of satin-slipped feet, a faint breath of orange flowers wafted through the open door. Down came the carriage-steps with a crash; Miss Clinton smiled a congratulation; Mr. Jones himself, in all the glory of a white vest and gloves, handed Mrs. James beside her, threw himself upon the soft cushions of the other carriage, and the two were speedily out of sight.

All this occurred in less time than we can relate it, and then—Mrs. Harrison's boarders took breath. Doubt was at an end; and it was curious to note how those who had professed certainty before were "surprised," and "overcome," and "struck dumb with amazement." But the last is a muteness that soon recovers itself; and all day long the ladies chatted, cross-questioning Mary and John, wondering where the ceremony was to take place, and whether it was clandestine, and Miss Clinton the confidante.

"Poor creature!" sighed Mrs. Lawson. "I should have thought, once out of matrimony, she would have been careful to let well enough alone."

This was at the dinner-table: somehow the meal seemed later than usual. At least, everybody had been waiting for it an hour at least.

"I certainly expected better things of Mrs. James," said Mr. Thomas, from behind a fortification of roast beef and vegetables. "She understood stocks so well, I thought her too clear-sighted to be taken in by such a sharper."

"If she had only taken my warning, Mr. Thomas! I'm sure I acted a sister's part to her; but, as she sows, so she must reap." Benevolent Mrs. Dunlap!

"After all, if people will expose themselves in this way," said Mrs. Paul, "boarding in such an unprotected manner!"

"But," interposed Mrs. Harrison, "you will be so good as to recollect that her aunt, Mrs. Allen Clinton, was detained at Saratoga by illness, and has retained her room all the time."

"A fortnight is long enough for a great deal of mischief, as we have seen, Mrs. Harrison." Mrs. Paul's tone had all the severity the occasion required.

"Yes, indeed," responded Miss Thomas, who was in no wise pleased with the evident ascendancy over her brother which Miss Kitty had acquired in that space of time; a circumstance to which her eyes had been obligingly opened, only that morning, by Mrs. Paul.

Quietly, as if from an ordinary walk, as calmly as she had appeared at the lunch-table, apparently unconscious of the sensation which she produced, in walked the bride of the morning, and claimed her usual place among them. Not Banquo's ghost, could he have been visible to the guests of Macbeth's celebrated dinner party, would have created more amazement. She was attired in an ordinary toilet, her gray silk and black ribbons once more resumed. Mrs. Harrison alone seemed to retain her presence of mind. How *could* she say, with such provoking coolness, "What shall I send you, Mrs. James?"

Mrs. James, indeed! Was she not married that morning to Mr. Jones? Had they not seen her, with their own eyes, in her bridal dress? But there was the mourning ring still upon her wedding finger. What did it all mean?

"I hope the wedding passed off pleasantly?" said Mrs. Harrison, with a smile.

"What wedding?" "Where was the groom?" every one was ready to ask; but not a word was said for once, though all looked curiously for the answer.

"Quite so," replied the newly-made Mrs. Jones, taking her soup.

Then there had not been an *exposé* at the very altar! No one had forbid the bans! For Mrs. Paul had already settled it in her fertile mind as the only solution of the mystery.

"And the bride looked charmingly, as all brides do, I suppose?" continued Mrs. Harrison, affably.

"But were you not married this morning," burst in Miss Thomas, unable to keep silence longer, "in St. Thomas's Church? and didn't Mr. Montgomery Clinton give you away?"

"Not that I am aware of." And Mrs. James could not repress a mischievous, merry smile.

"But Mr. Strong saw it," persisted Miss Thomas. "He told me so. He arrived just in time to see the carriages drive off, and the sexton gave him every particular."

"I am sorry you were so misinformed, Mr. Strong. There was a wedding at St. Thomas's this morning, and Mr. Clinton *did* give away the bride; but she chanced to be his daughter Alice, and

very dear cousin, who is now contented to give up her beautiful name for the very ordinary one of 'Jones.'"

"That wretched impostor!" said Mrs. Lawson.

"Allow me to ask your authority, madam?"

"But who is Mr. Jones?"

"Neither an impostor, nor a gambler, nor yet an adventurer; but a gentleman of fortune, whose plantation is located at Pass Christine, near New Orleans, and who has been engaged to my cousin, with the consent of all the family, for two years past, although I had never chanced to meet him until my return from Saratoga. Is there any other information I could give you? If not, I will trouble you to send me a thin slice of that ham, Mr. Dean."

Never was there a party so crestfallen

"And you must have known who he was all this time, Mrs. Harrison?" said Mrs. Lawson, reproachfully.

"I am not in the habit of receiving people I know nothing about, as you must be well aware."

"But why did he surround himself with so much mystery?" inquired Miss Thomas.

"I never have noticed anything particularly *Udolphoish*," said Mrs. James. "He probably was not aware of the deep interest which he excited; and I am sure he devoted his evenings to the ladies of the house until my cousin's return to the city three days ago."

"Engaged all the while!" And Miss Kitty Dunlap thought of the wasted glances she had bestowed on the memorable evening at Niblo's; when, by the way, Mrs. Dunlap had arranged the party so that he could not, with ordinary politeness, refuse to attend her daughter.

"But he never told us a word about his business," pursued Mrs. Paul, who, by this time, was sufficiently recovered to join the conversation. "And he so wealthy!"

"He probably gained his wealth by attending to

his own affairs, and evidently did not consider that he needed any advice."

Mrs. James was betrayed into a little more wrath than she had at first intended. In fact, she could no longer appear unconscious of the unkind things that had been said of her by nearly all the ladies in the house, and acted upon the proverb, "There is a point when forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

Had any of her personal friends been in the house, they would probably have known the reason of her intimacy with Mr. Jones. As it was, she was heartily sickened at the display of curiosity and hypocrisy which she had witnessed, and it was very much to Mrs. Harrison's regret that she had that morning expressed her intention of leaving the house, while telling her of the anticipated wedding.

"Let us go to a hotel, by all means," Mr. Jones said to his pretty bride, as they talked of establishing themselves in New York for the autumn. "I have had enough of boarding-houses to last me a lifetime; and I've no idea of exposing you to the contamination of a set of gossiping women."

"But all women are not gossips, Henry; and I have some very nice friends who board."

"True, my dear; but it's only natural that, when ladies have nothing to do all day but dress and shop, and promenade Broadway, they should employ their active minds in the discussion of their neighbors' affairs. And, when people of different tastes and opinions, opposite creeds of politics and religion, and no two having the same social relations, are brought together under the same roof, you can't expect all the harmony of the spheres. It's my opinion"—and Mr. Jones grew decided—"that, when a man cannot afford to have a home, he had better not get married, even if he is obliged to content himself with the seven years' servitude of the patriarch for his Rachel." And he ended his impromptu oration, as newly-married men are apt to do, by giving his wife a kiss.

THE LAST VISIT.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

(See Plate.)

THERE is scarcely a more mournful sight in the world than to behold an Indian warrior breaking his bowstring over the graves of his fathers, and with a melancholy brow, yet still haughty step, turn from the hunting grounds of his youth forever. Our Indians are the noblest of the savage tribes. Though now degenerated, from their contact with the whites, there still remain many fine specimens to show what they have been. Here and there you meet a spirit still unconquered, in which burn the scorn of oppression and hope of vengeance.

To me, an Indian is always an object of interest. You never saw a beautiful face of one that was not touched with an expression of sadness. The languor of a Spanish maiden's eye will not compare with the dreamy sadness of an Indian girl's look. Her dark orbs may flash in sudden anger, but rarely with mirthfulness. Her movements are slow and dignified, as if it became her, for the sake of her race, to be stately. I have seen our Indians under all circumstances; met them in the depths of the forest, sat with them around their camp fires, slept

soundly by their side with a log for our pillow; and seen them around the graves of their ancestors.

One summer afternoon, I had ascended half way a lofty mountain, which hemmed in one of those beautiful valleys so frequent in the mountainous regions of New York, and where the Indian once pitched his wigwam, in order to visit an ancient burial-ground of a tribe long since departed. It was a high plateau, which formed a complete lap to the mountain, and had once been a fortified place. Heavy forest trees covered the ground, amid which the graves were scattered without order, or harmony of position. It had the appearance of an ancient battle-field, on which the dead had been buried by the enemy. The graves lay at all angles to each other, as if dug in reckless haste. The earth was loose in them; and, prompted by curiosity, I thrust a stick into one, and, after a short search, lifted out a human skull. It was of enormous size, and I pondered long on its probable history. Suddenly, the thought flashed upon me that I was invading the sanctuary of the dead, disturbing from their repose the bones of a fellow-creature; and, shocked at my own act, I carefully replaced it in its mother earth beside its fellow bones.

The sun was just sinking behind the hills that rose from the opposite side of the valley, and the June breeze, redolent with fresh leaves and flowers, stole softly by. Through the forest openings, I could here and there catch glimpses of the stream that sparkled in graceful windings far, far below, while along its banks a group of some ten or a dozen half-civilized Indians were slowly sauntering. They were the relics of a later tribe, and knew nothing of the history of the spot on which I stood. Suddenly, the echoes of a shell, which one blew as a horn, came ringing up the mountain side, imparting still greater novelty to the spot and the scene.

The solitude of the place, the scene, and the hour conspired to render the soul musing and sad. I strolled about, thinking of the past, when the battle-shout, the shriek, the clash of weapons, and the groans of the dying had made the breast of this mountain alive with fearful echoes. I was treading on the graves of brave men, whose sinewy arms had dealt death on the very spot where they were now reposing.

Absorbed with my own thoughts, I came suddenly upon a group that at once arrested my attention. It was composed of a very old man, an Indian, and a girl apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age. They had either not seen me, or, seeing me, had not heeded me.

Seated on the fallen trunk of a tree, that lay close by a grave, they seemed unconscious of everything but the mournful object at their feet. This grave was by itself, removed from the spot where so many were huddled together. Some distinguished chieftain reposed there, whom his followers, reckless of the pressing danger and carnage, had buried alone, as became his rank; or else it contained the body of one whom affection had sought out amid

the heaps of the slain, and buried where his resting-place could ever after be distinguished. Time had swept on, almost obliterating the fortifications that had environed the plateau. Trees had grown over the dead; and the tribe, of which they formed a part, had perished, or wandered so far that no traces of it could be discovered; and now a single old man, with a maiden that looked as if she might be his granddaughter, had returned to visit this mysterious spot. It needed no second look to know that this was his last visit; for the frosts of at least eighty winters must have bleached that head. His fowl-ing-piece lay by his side, for his eye was too dim and his arm too palsied to hold the rifle to its place, or send the bullet to its mark. His tall and massive frame was bowed, and his noble features, to which age had imparted only greater dignity, worked as if he were striving, as of old, to control the emotions that swelled in his bosom. The young creature that leaned on his shoulder was the impersonation of savage beauty. The accurate-drawn brow, the large and sweeping lash, the dark, full eye drooping in sadness, the lip and cheek in which the rich blood mantled, the full and rounded form, all combined to produce a loveliness seldom seen either in civilized or uncivilized life. As she reclined there, on that withered old man, like a rose-bush fallen against an aged oak, I thought I never saw anything so exquisitely beautiful. Sadness had mellowed all her features into the refinement which civilized life imparts, and she sat, like some elaborately-wrought statue, with the setting sunbeams playing, here and there, through the foliage upon her form. Her eyes were fixed upon the grave, and, ever and anon, a sigh would escape her bosom; and yet, poor thing, she hardly seemed to know what she was sighing for, unless that it was because the aged being at her side was so melancholy. He, however, seemed absorbed in grief. Memory was evidently busy with the past. Once that gentle maiden looked up in his face with a start, as if she had felt the shudder which passed over him. At length she spoke, in a low, earnest tone, and it was evident she was endeavoring to persuade him to leave the spot. For a long time, her efforts were unsuccessful; his heart seemed rooted to the place; but, at length, without saying a word, he rose, and, leaning on her arm, slowly walked away.

I had come upon them from behind, and had stopped when nearly in a line with the tree on which they sat. This may have been the reason they had not observed my approach. A large bush helped also to conceal me, and they went away apparently unconscious that a stranger had looked upon their sorrow. I watched their receding forms till the foliage hid them from sight; and then was about to turn my footsteps downward, when another figure arrested my attention. It was that of a young and athletic Indian. His step was elastic as a panther's; and, as he paused at that grave, and drew his tall figure to its full height, I thought I had never seen a more manly and perfect form. His

keen eye rested for some time on the spot where the retreating figures had disappeared, while there passed over his face an expression I did not at all like, and which made me wish I had the mountain between us. He had a rifle in his hand, and in his belt hung a tomahawk and knife. I dared not stir, lest, on discovering me, or rather, finding that *he* was discovered, he should send a rifle ball after me; and, crouching under the bushes, I peeped through the interstices made by the leaves, and watched his movements. He struck the butt of his rifle on the grave with a scowl of anger and impatience, that revealed a mind ill at ease.

Between divining what might be the meaning of this mystery, and calculating the chances of my getting home safely and before dark, the minutes wore heavily away. The sun had already gone down, and the dim cathedral light so peculiar to the forest when day is dying, had begun to give fantastic shapes to objects in the distance. The form of that young Indian seemed to expand as it grew more indistinct, while I began to weigh the chances of his bivouacking there all night amid the graves. I thought very likely it would be just as agreeable to him to sleep there as anywhere else, while it made a decided difference to me. I wanted much to urge several reasons why he should leave the place: I knew of a dozen other spots infinitely preferable. I now was sorry I had stopped to watch that old man and his companion; I was sorry I had come that way at all; in fact, I made many wise resolutions respecting the objects of interest I should hereafter visit, and the time of day I should select for such visitations. I did not like at all the proximity of that tall, well-armed, and wrathful-looking savage. I was prodigiously afraid he had never heard of the peace society, and therefore held the loosest opinions respecting the sacredness and value of human life. That he was an *anti-capital* punishment man, I had no reason to believe; while his whole manner and aspect seemed to indicate he would be very glad to find an object on which to vent his spleen. The reflection that I was the only thing likely to come in his way, did not add to my comfort. If I had had a rifle I should have felt more at ease; but, weaponless and defenceless, my chances, in case of a conflict, were not worth calculating.

In such a situation, how the mind works! A thousand suppositions, fears, hopes, plans fly through it, leaving it unsettled and purposeless. There is nothing for it to fall back upon. There was no hope in running, none in fighting, none in attempting to "speechify"—in short, there was nothing to do but to wait for "something" to "turn up;" and this is precisely what I did.

At length the twilight began to fade away into gloom, which did not at all tend to steady my nerves; but just then, fortunately, my swarthy friend moved from where he had stood like a tombstone, and slowly left the spot. For a long time, I could hear his measured tread on the leaves; for

my ear had suddenly become wonderfully acute. After the last sound had died away, I stole off in the opposite direction; and, when I had got beyond ear-shot, made a bold push for the nearest way out of the woods. When I cleared the fence which hemmed in the forest at the base of the mountain, I breathed free again, while the lights that had been kindled in the little settlement never looked so cheerful before.

That night I lay awake a long time, puzzling myself about that singular visit to the graves in the forest; and, notwithstanding the uncomfortable position I had found myself in, determined to try the experiment over again, if necessary, to solve the mystery.

The next morning, on inquiry, I found that the old Indian had pitched his wigwam near the stream in the valley, and, with his fair companion, made no secret of his visit. They wandered together through the valley, the old man ferreting out localities with which he seemed to be familiar, and which I longed in vain to know more about. He had some trinkets which he disposed of for corn meal, and, on the whole, appeared a mild, inoffensive old man. The extraordinary beauty of the girl was the topic of general conversation throughout the settlement, and drew a great many visitors to the wigwam. This seemed to annoy the chief; and, at length, she "refused herself" entirely to all visitors. This released them from their curious neighbors, and things moved on as pleasantly as before. Thus a week passed, during which I had twice visited those mountain graves, and once stayed till sunset, in the hope of getting another glimpse of that Indian youth, whom no one in the settlement had seen but myself. I knew he was in some way connected with that girl, and I wanted to discover whether she was aware of his proximity. That he was no friend of the old man's, and that he did not wish him to know that he was in the same place with him, was evident enough.

But all my efforts to get another view of him proved abortive, until, at length, accident brought about what management had failed to secure. One afternoon, I had ascended the western mountain that bounded the valley merely for the stroll, and to enjoy the prospect from the top. Towards evening, as I was seated near the summit, dreaming, rather than thinking, over the beauty at my feet, my attention was attracted to an object on the *opposite* mountain, and almost directly back of the Indian's wigwam at the base. I should not have noticed it but for the habits of observation I had acquired in the keen pursuit of the past week, nor could I have seen it at all but for the broad bright glare which the setting sun shed over the whole breast of the mountain. I had a spyglass with me, and, bringing it to bear upon the object, I discovered two persons sitting together, whom I immediately decided to be the young Indian I had seen at the grave and that maiden. They were in the heart of the forest, and, as I said before, but for the excessive glare of the

sun and my spyglass, I should not have seen them at all. The Indian was probably not aware of the existence of such an instrument as that with which I drew him so near to me, or he would have been more cautious. His arm was round his companion's waist, and her head was drooped heavily on his bosom. They sat there till the sun went down, when I could no longer observe them. I, however, marked the spot, determined to ambuscade them, and learn more of this romantic proceeding.

Accordingly, next day, after some search, I found what I thought, from certain rocks and peculiarly-shaped trees I had marked down, must be the spot; and, concealing myself in the thick top of a hemlock, I waited the approach of evening. I had not been long concealed, before I heard a step in the forest, and, soon after, my Indian acquaintance made his appearance; and, after looking carefully around, sat down upon a rock. He never moved from his first position; but, ever and anon, there was a slight quiver to his ear, as some sound disturbed the stillness, revealing how anxiously he was listening for the light footsteps of her he loved. At length, she approached, gliding like a fairy through the woods, and, the next moment, was locked in his arms. The conversation that followed was in the Indian tongue; but the soft and gentle tones in which he spoke, and the silvery sweetness of her replies, left no doubt as to the nature of their conversation. At length, however, this sweet duet became less harmonious, his fond flatteries changed into warm expostulations, and her gentle words into earnest entreaties and firm denials. Finding that his appeals were useless, he hurled her from his arms with a violent motion, and, drawing himself up and folding his arms over his breast, stood and gazed like a fiend on the shrinking form that leaned heavily against a tree, and shook with convulsive sobs. She showed no resistance, but, with her face buried in her hands, and her disordered tresses streaming over her shoulders and bosom, stood and wept like a child. Over his face came that same dark, sinister expression I had noticed when he stood by the grave on the mountain side. I could have shot the wretch on the spot. That expression, however, slowly passed away, and he advanced and took her unresisting hand and led her again to a seat, and began to speak in a low tone. He succeeded in but partially comforting her, and her smile at parting was inexpressibly melancholy. Although I could not understand the language in which they spoke, I thought I could unriddle the mystery. This, her lover, was a foe to the broken tribe of which her aged grandparent was chief, and all intercourse between the two had been forbidden. He had, however, heard of the contemplated visit of the old chief to his former hunting-grounds and the graves of his tribe, and had followed him hither. Away from all their friends, he thought it a good time to press his suit, and induce the maiden to flee with him. This she refused to do so long as her

aged parent lived, and hence the angry altercation I had witnessed. That old man evidently stood between him and his desires, and I began to tremble for his fate. The young warrior would never again have so good an opportunity to secure his prize, and the expression of his countenance at the grave, and afterwards when gazing on the weeping girl, as he cast her from his arms, had more of death in it than I ever saw before in any one look.

Days passed by, and I saw no more of them; yet I often took my rod and fished down the stream to the chief's hut, to see if I could learn anything of the inmates. Occasionally, I would call and leave a few fish, which the old warrior received with the air of one who was accustomed to being served.

One beautiful evening, as I was strolling along the banks, casting my fly here and there on the limpid pools where lurked many a noble trout, I came near the wigwam just as the form of that beautiful girl glided from the forest and entered, like a ray of light, the low door. "Ah," said I to myself, "just in from the tryst. I hope it ended pleasanter than the one I witnessed." The next moment, there burst a shriek from that rude dwelling which made my blood shiver. I rushed to the spot, and there, on some boughs, lay the old man dead. His thin white hair lay scattered around his pallid features, whose ordinarily calm and dignified expression had given place to a look of settled rage. The poor girl cast herself on the body, and groaned and sobbed as if her heart would break. I stood a moment a silent spectator of her grief, scarce knowing what to do. At length I approached and touched her arm, desiring to convey by signs my readiness to do anything in my power for her relief. She started as if stung by an adder, and, springing to her feet, fixed on me one of the wildest and most piercing eyes I ever beheld. How transcendently beautiful she was in her grief! Her flexible and exquisitely-penciled brow was knit and rigid as iron, her full lip quivered, and her bosom heaved as if the imprisoned heart would burst its confinement. An inspired priestess before the oracle, Proserpine contemplating her fate, Cleopatra with the asp at her breast, could not have looked more wildly beautiful.

She had evidently expected to see another face than mine, and, for a moment, seemed bewildered. It was but for a moment, however, and, with a sigh of the deepest anxiety, she beckoned me to the door. I mechanically obeyed; but, as I emerged from the low portal, I caught the glimpse of a form I remembered well. The lover had followed the unsuspecting creature at a distance, to witness the effect of the surprise he knew was in store for her. Finding a stranger near, he vanished in the forest.

As I slowly returned to my lodgings, and reviewed all that I had seen from the beginning, I became convinced that the old chief had been foully murdered by that young savage, because he stood between him and his love. Driven to desperation,

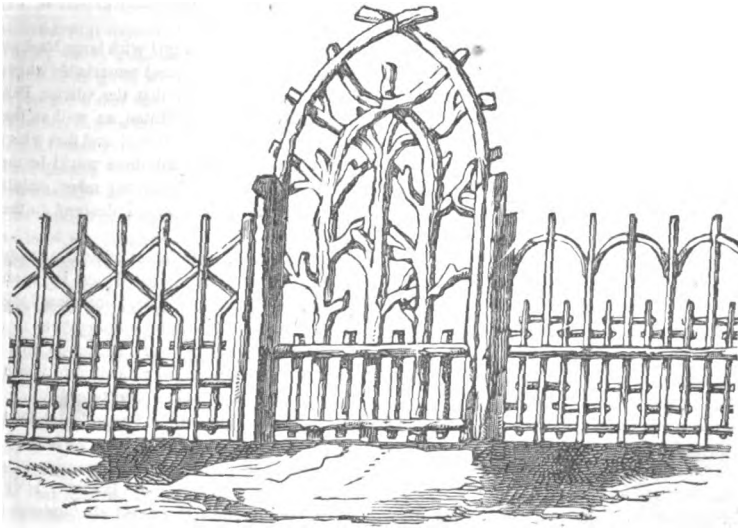
he had determined to remove the obstacle by a single blow, since he could not overcome it by persuasion.

The next morning, I took some of the neighbors and went down to the hut to provide for the interment of the body, and, if possible, render assistance to the poor child. But we found it deserted. The body had been removed by night, and the living had disappeared. That beautiful being had suddenly vanished, and her fate was wrapped in mystery.

Before I left the place, I made one more visit to

those mountain graves, and, when I came to the one where I had first seen the chieftain and his daughter, I was startled at beholding another grave beside it. Here, then, the lover and the mistress had together borne the chief, and buried him amid his tribe, and fled. "Ah," thought I to myself, "this was, indeed, proud chieftain, thy 'LAST VISIT!'"

I have often wondered since whether that young creature suspected the means by which her parent came to his death



GARDEN DECORATIONS.

One of the most useful articles that can be made in rustic work is the rustic fence, a specimen of which we give. There are many situations in which it is necessary to make a barrier, where any appearance of a hedge, or even a common boarded fence, would be decidedly an eyesore; as, for instance, the entrance to a shrubbery, from which it is absolutely necessary to exclude cattle, but where an ordinary fence would destroy all the effect that the landscape gardener has been laboring to produce. A rustic fence, if well made, obviates all the difficulty, as it can scarcely be distinguished from the trees and shrubs of which it forms the boundary. It should not, however, be painted or stained with any decided color or shining material; and, if it should be thought necessary to paint or varnish it to prevent decay, it should be done with some material that will preserve a subdued tone of color. The fence is formed, like the chairs and table which have been before described, of crooked branches of

trees, fastened together with the headless nails, called brads.

SONNET.—THE PASSION.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

ENTERS He solemnly the garden's shade,
While now the full-orbed moon, all wan, appears,
Uprising to o'erlook that scene of tears,
Of suffering, sorrow, mortals' sin had made.
Apart from all save three, who, on the mount,
Erewhile, his bright transfiguration saw,
Messiah prays. His spirit, smit with awe,
Shudders to drink the draught, on our account
So filled with wrath. Yet to the dregs drains He
That bitter cup, which could not pass from Him—
Man's Surety, Saviour, Lord of Seraphim.
Lo! "nerved, at length, by angel ministry,
"Not my will, Father! but thine own be done,"
He cries, telling of victory in the garden won.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

No. II.—PAUL'S IMPROMPTU.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"Did I ever tell you about my impromptu, Lizzie?" said Paul—"what trouble I had to get it done to my mind?"

"I don't remember that you ever did."

"Your impromptu?" said Aunt Tabitha. "What on the face of the earth is that? Some new-fangled coat or jacket, I'll warrant. It's on'y the other day, as it were, that you had what you called a serenade. Now, if you're so extravagant, Paul, I don't care how much trouble you have in gettin' things made to your mind. In my young days, if a boy, when he was out of his time, had a substantial straight-bodied coat made out of good homespun cloth, he thought himself well provided for, and didn't expect to have another under three or four year."

"I believe I am a little more extravagant than the young men used to be in the good old times; but I assure you, aunt, that the impromptu I spoke of has nothing to do with coats or jackets. It is nothing but a few lines of poetry."

"You don't mean to say that you ever undertook to make poetry out of your own head?"

"Yes, I did, aunt, make it out of my own head, and, thank my stars, without causing it any irreparable injury; though I had a tremendous headache for a fortnight afterward."

"I'm glad of it. The evil might 'ave grown upon you, if it hadn't sarved you in the way it did. Accordin' to my way of thinkin', when a young man gets into a notion of making vaisses, singin' songs, and fiddlin' and dancin', he 's a poor critter; and, if I was a gal, I wouldn't have him for a husband a bit sooner than I'd cut one of my fingers off."

"And you would serve him exactly right," said Paul.

"Come," said Lizzie, "what about your impromptu?"

"The summer before I entered college I was at a picnic. Among the gentlemen present, there was one Jonathan Bagshaw, who often figured in the 'Poet's Corner' of the 'Village Journal,' over the signature of 'Philander.' His poetry was of the high pressure, sentimental style, which made him exceedingly popular among the girls, especially that part who had just entered their teens. For this reason, I confess that I envied him not a little. At the picnic, he kept apart from the rest, and I noticed that he looked into every nook and corner he came to, as if in search of something; while, occasionally, he would come to a sudden stand, cast his

eyes upwards, lay his hand upon his heart, and move his lips as if he were addressing something he saw up in the sky. The girls narrowly watched his movements, and would at such times exclaim—

"Oh, how inspired he looks! He 's composing some of his sweet poetry now, I know. Doesn't he look angelic?"

"Miranda Brown, a girl with large black eyes, a profusion of raven hair, and remarkably white teeth, gave it as her opinion that the 'divine Philander beat Shakspeare and Milton, as well as the more modern poets, all to nothing; and that whoever he might choose for his lady-love would be the most enviable woman alive, as her name, embalmed in his immortal verse, would descend to the latest posterity."

"Now, as I was most violently enamored of Miss Miranda, and imagined that she regarded me with some degree of favor, I considered this speech as very unkind; more especially as I had, not five minutes before, wet my feet in attempting to find a cranberry-bed, the location of which she was particularly anxious to ascertain."

"Jest good enough for you," said Aunt Tabitha, "if you were such a simpleton as to think you must wade ankle deep into the swamp to spy out a cranberry-bed for Randy Brown. I've heard of Randy hundreds of times; she pretends to be terrible genteel; but I can tell you, Paul, that there 's a deal of truth in the old proverb that says, gentility without ability is like puddin' without salt."

"Wetting my feet wasn't all the bad luck I met with, aunt. After I had explored the swamp, by trying to penetrate a thicket, where she was sure that there were plenty of wild gooseberries, I nearly tore one of the skirts of my coat off."

"Well, if that don't beat all! If Randy hadn't 'ave thought that you were a great goose, she never would asked you to dive in among a mess of briars and thorns for the sake of a handful of green gooseberries."

"I can't say what Miranda thought about my being a goose; but, for myself, I soon began to suspect that I might, without greatly underrating the keenness of my intellect, be placed on a par with that sagacious biped; for, having emerged from the thicket, I was hastening towards Miranda with the nearly dismembered skirt of my coat flapping to the breeze like a torn banner, when I saw Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw approaching her in an opposite direction, with a single violet between his thumb and finger. From that moment, I saw that Miranda

had no eyes except for him. When he had advanced within a few steps of her, he stopped, and, assuming an attitude exactly similar to what I had seen him several times during the morning, he repeated these lines—

"Accept, sweet girl, this violet,
And wear it in your raven hair,
And with it twined, Miranda, let
Kind thoughts of me lie nestling there."

"Well, if that ain't weaker than dish-water," said Aunt Tabitha. "A tarnal fool—how did he expect that she was goin' to twist her thoughts up with a violet, and then keep 'em lodged up amongst her hair like a crow's nest in a pine tree? If I'd set out to make a vaise of po'try, I'd 'ave contrived to gi'n it a leetle sprinklin' of sense, I know, jest to 'ave kept it from spilin'."

"I didn't know, aunt, that you were such a severe critic. The girls, who had gathered round to hear it, thought it first rate.

"Why, Mr. Bagshaw, is that some of your own composition?" said one.

"When did you write it?" said another.

"How sweet!" exclaimed a third.

"What an affecting appeal to a sensitive heart!" was the remark of a fourth.

"You have not told us when you wrote it," said a fifth.

"It was never written," replied Jonathan. "Just at the moment I commenced reciting it, it emanated from my heart of hearts. In a word, ladies, it was an impromptu."

"Oh, everything," exclaimed Miranda, "which passes through the alembic of Philander's mind turns to gold. Philander, I accept the violet, and shall ever consider it as a flower consecrated by genius—one that has been bathed in the sparkling waters which flow from the heights of Helicon."

"The admiration of all present was redoubled when told that it was an impromptu. I will not undertake to describe the envy with which I regarded Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw; but, after I had had time for reflection, I felt determined that I, too, would write an impromptu. Now, although this is a contradiction of terms, I shrewdly suspect that a great part of the impromptus—so called—cost their several authors not a little beating of the brains, and that the occasion is more frequently made for the impromptu than the impromptu for the occasion.

"The night succeeding the pic-nic, the moon being nearly at the full, was almost as light as day; and, retiring to my chamber at an early hour, I determined that I would at once set about composing my impromptu. I walked the floor awhile, seeking inspiration, but it would not come. I looked out of the window with the like success. At last, I went out and walked in the garden, hoping that it would be poured down upon me from the moon. Raising my eyes in the fashion I saw Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw, when he was hunting for the violet, I exclaimed, aloud—

"Oh, silver Luna, gently rolling through—

There I came to a dead stand. Rolling through what? That was the question. Should it be through the sapphire sky, the azure heavens, or ethereal space? A word must also be found to rhyme with *through*. As ill luck would have it, being a little thirsty, it happened to pop into my mind that I should like a good draught of your nice spruce beer, Aunt Tabitha, after which, for a long time, though I rejected the idea of Miranda being engaged in brewing beer with the utmost disdain, the word *brew* was the only one I could think of. At last, after for a full half hour it had haunted me, like an evil spirit, I succeeded in exorcising it. Quite a number of words rose up in its stead, and, among the rest, *shoe*; but this I soon cast aside, for I recollected that Miranda's foot, even if subjected to the most careful paving process, could not be compressed within the limits of a Cinderella slipper, the only kind which I supposed would bear to be introduced into poetry. In an agony of doubt as to which of the words which now came crowding into my mind would be most feasible, I walked up and down the gravel path with rapid strides: 'I have it!' said I, suddenly coming to a stand, and I repeated—

"Oh, silver Luna, gently rolling through
The sapphire sky, thy vot'ry thee doth woo!"

"I could get no further; the garden seemed too circumscribed to admit the full expansion of my ideas. A change of scene I therefore thought might prove propitious, and I jumped over the fence into an adjoining enclosure. I appeared to have more freedom now, and sparkling eyes, starry skies, sweet ruby lips, and rosy finger tips, teeth like pearls, and night-black curls, Cupid's darts, and bleeding hearts, were all floating before me in one chaotic mass. Wholly absorbed in endeavoring to decide which of these phrases I had best first press into my service, I entirely forgot that there was a frog-pond in the centre of the inclosure, and, as I proceeded with upraised eyes, the first thing I knew I stepped into it. The frogs that, long ere this, had hushed their nightly songs, were roused by this sudden splashing of their favorite element, and at once burst into full chorus, which sounded to me as if they said, 'Trip him up! trip him up!' to which would now and then be added a deep, gruff bass voice, saying, 'Souse him well! souse him well!' Altogether, the scene appeared to me so ludicrous that, vexed as I was, I could not restrain a hearty laugh."

"I wish to massy you had fell in and wet yourself all over; if you had, it might 'ave brought you to your senses. Why, you were in a fair way to make a nat'ral fool of yourself. That was the second time in twenty-four hours that you wet your feet, 'cause you 'd got your head so full of Randy Brown. I wonder, for my part, that you hadn't kitch your death a-cold. If I'd had you under my

thumb a week, I'll warrant you, I'd 'ave dosed you with hot airb-drink till you'd come to yourself, and knowed what you were about."

"It would have been serving me about right, I think," said Paul.

"Did you ever finish your impromptu?" inquired Lizzie.

"O yes; though my cold foot-bath so damped my poetic fervor, I could proceed no further that night. The next day was Wednesday, and, early in the morning, I received an invitation to attend a party on Thursday evening at Mr. Brown's. I resolved that my impromptu should be ready for the occasion. The experience of the preceding night having taught me that it was not safe to trust myself to a free range out of doors, when the poetic frenzy was upon me, I shut myself into my chamber and worked all the morning harder than a day-laborer, trying to reduce to order the chaos of phrases of which I have given a catalogue. I scarcely allowed myself time to eat during the whole day, and the midnight lamp found me undecided as to whether I had better make skies or sighs rhyme with eyes. I, however, before I slept, succeeded in disposing of each of the phrases; as, in my opinion, there was not one among the whole which was not too precious to be lost. I cannot now recollect how I arranged them, though I remember that I was extremely well satisfied with them as a whole. I entertained not the least doubt that I should achieve a decided victory over Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw; for, while his impromptu contained only four lines, mine consisted of more than a dozen. As I had so composed it that I must present Miss Miranda with a rose when I repeated it, I took care before going to the party to secure one in a button-hole of my vest. When I arrived, Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw was already there, and, by the manner in which he kept throwing his eyes up to the ceiling, I expected that he was hard at work on another im-

promptu. Determining to get the start of him, I seized on the first opportunity. The full moon was just rising, and shone in at the open windows. This I considered a favorable circumstance. Taking the rose from my buttonhole, and placing myself opposite Miranda, who was sitting at one of the windows, I began—

"Oh, silver Luna, gently rolling through
The sapphire sky, thy vot'ry thee doth woo:
Grant him the power to paint Miranda's charms,
Which vie with hers who roused the world to arms;
Charms which may find their type in this red rose!"

"With which, dear girl, I pray, regale your nose!" said a little blackeyed gipsy, close to my elbow, seizing on a moment's pause which I made at the close of the line.

"Oh, what a falling off was there! Tears of vexation actually started into my eyes to think that little Clara Laurens should, by her real impromptu, throw such an air of ridicule over my pretended one.

"The risibility of all present, except of Miranda and myself, was so much excited that I was obliged to abandon all thoughts of repeating the rest of it. Thus my anticipated victory over Mr. Jonathan Bagshaw was unaccomplished, and he was left alone in his glory.

"From that time to this, I have never attempted to make a single rhyme. For a long time, I was exceedingly sore on the subject of impromptus, and regarded little Clara Laurens with an evil eye."

"Your sentiments as respects Clara have, since then, undergone a change, I believe," said Lizzie, smiling.

"Yes, somewhat."

"Well, Paul," said Aunt Tabitha, "she'll make you a good smart wife; and I, for one, am greatly obliged to her; for, in my opinion, she saved you from making a nateral fool of yourself."

A NIGHT IN THE MOSQUITO TERRITORY.

A TALE WHICH MIGHT BE A CHRISTMAS STORY, IF THE PLOT WERE NOT LAID IN SUMMER TIME.

BY F. N. ZABRISKIE.

ONCE upon a time a mosquito lived in a swamp. He was considerable of a mosquito, and was consequently of great influence in the community. He was a perfect alderman of a mosquito. His stomach was of the finest dimensions, and was kept continually supplied with the very best blood. He never touched the coarser juices of his fellow brutes—not he. When he wanted a repast, he always selected the fairest and tenderest of the human family. He would often break feloniously through the key-hole of a drawing-room, and, selecting the loveliest creature of all that bright circle, he would bend over

some pearly little vein, and, in a most graceful manner, plunge his polished beak into the ruby stream, and sip to his heart's content. And if he felt his spirits rising above their proper level, or his head beginning to swim, he was so prudent as to leave straightway, lest intoxication should render him an easy victim to the destroyer. His eyes were large and brilliant, and the horns upon his head were at least twice as bright as any that adorned the heads of the rest of his tribe. His wings were of the finest gauze, and his sting was as bright and quick as a sunbeam. He floated drowsily all day upon the surface of the

water, and at night he would go forth for an hour or two (for he was not one of those dissipated mosquitos that keep late hours); then returning, he would bathe in the cool, delicious dew, and, rolling himself up in a beautiful water-lily, he would slumber the livelong night away in his fragrant palace. But, on these twilight journeyings, our hero, young Silverbeak, was not alone. By his side, with a gentle hum of pleasure, always flitted the fair Satinwing. He would stop for her at her bower in a blushing damask rose, and off they would hie on some excursion for food or pleasure. One evening, when they had thus started forth in quest of adventure, they were attracted by the melody of delicious music that came from one of the rural palaces of our land, as it lay embowered in tall old oaks, and glistening beneath the silvery rays of the rich harvest moon. Now, Silverbeak was a great musician. His buzz was the loudest of the whole tribe. He had often stood beside a tea-kettle in its most dulcet moods, yet his sonorous voice rose high above the singing steam. In fact, he was chorister, together with old Highpipes, a locust, in the church of insects in the parish of Verminburgh. So his musical ear was delighted, and, pressing Satinwing still closer to him, he turned his wings in that direction.

They entered the hall very quietly, and, snugly ensconcing themselves in the ear of a jolly and very corpulent waiter, they prepared in this style to enter the ball-room. Presently their victim received orders to serve a party with some little refreshment after the fatigues of the dance. So in they went, old Ruddyface with a salver full of rich confectionery and wines, and two mosquitos in his ear. From their elevated position they were enabled to command a fine view of the brilliant company assembled within that stately mansion. Silverbeak looked around, and became perfectly giddy with the sight of so many lovely women. There was one sweet girl, especially, with a complexion so fair that the walls of his lily homestead quite darkened in his eyes by contrast. And near her he saw another, whom he loved immediately, for the tint upon her cheek reminded him of the beautiful rose-bower, where he had spent so many happy hours with his sweet Satinwing. Satinwing, on the contrary, saw not a single lady, although her eyes were attracted to the same group. But she saw two gentlemen, and they were so fascinating that she could not keep her eyes off them, and it was with the utmost difficulty that her lover could prevent her from flying off and giving them a complimentary and distinguishing sting. The gentleman, who was conversing with the lady of the fair complexion, seemed at first sight singularly handsome. There were the lofty forehead, the faultless features, the raven hair. But then the eye! There it shone like a great diamond beneath the heavy eyelash, emitting ceaseless flashes that fascinated, but repelled. It seemed, as you looked down its long corridor, that it might end in a soul as black as itself. The critical observer would be sure to give the verdict "let not that man be trust-

11*

ed." So at least thought Silverbeak, when his attention was drawn to him by the giddy creature at his side, and he determined to keep an eye on him. That pale girl was not one to associate with such as he. And his presence, too, seemed to oppress her, for she did not converse with gayety and ease, but her mind with her eye seemed to wander to the other gentleman of the group, and ever and anon the tell-tale sigh and the truant blush told the old story of love and disappointment. He, too, had an eye of black; but you felt that behind that dark screen smiled a sunny spirit.

All these observations passed through the active mind of Silverbeak in a single moment, as Ruddyface brushed past, with his arms stretched to their fullest extent, encircling the salver. He proceeded first to a prim old dowager, whose desperate attempts to appear young and gay were completely belied by a regiment of equally prim ladies of uncertain ages who hovered about her, rejoicing in the honor of being her daughters. Those ladies were seated in a long and decorous row, close to the wall, watching with lynx-eyes for some unfortunate victim who should offer to drape with one of their number. The oldest, Miss Clearstarch, was just being helped, by a very nervous and bashful young man, to an ice and a glass of champagne, when the demon of mischief took possession of Silverbeak's brain. Drawing forth his polished sting, he made a slight incision. Ruddyface winced and shook his head; but his hands were occupied, and he could not get rid of the unwelcome visitor. Encouraged by success and security, our hero stung him again. Ruddyface became purple, and an earthquake seemed to be struggling with everything upon the salver. This sport was continued for a moment more, until, both happening to make at the same time a more violent attack than before, Ruddyface became frantic. He was in a state of the most exquisite agony; a sting of the most fearful description in his ear, and both his hands struggling to hold up a tray of rich confectioneries. But this last was too much. Involuntarily—for his life he could not have prevented it—he loosed his hold upon the tray with his right hand, feeling that, if he might enjoy the luxury of removing the agony, he would pay any price. But, as bad luck would have it, the side of the tray which was allowed to fall tilted directly into the lap of Mrs. Clearstarch. Down came the ice-creams like Alpine glaciers. Decanters uncorked themselves with wonderful rapidity, and came thundering in the rear. All was confusion. The clatter of glass and crockery as it met in mid air; the external application of ices, cakes, and jellies, when she had intended to enjoy them in quite a different manner; these, as may be imagined, were no sweeteners to the severe temper of Mrs. Clearstarch. In consequence, a fearful scene ensued, which the gentlemanly host had the utmost difficulty in soothing. For all this, Ruddyface had not the satisfaction of punishing the annoyers, who had caused all this disturbance, for Silverbeak had hastily caught up

Satinwing on the first alarm, and did not stop flying until he reached the piazza which surrounded this rural mansion on all sides. Having arrived at that safe position, he left his beloved reclining upon a sprig of honeysuckle, and flew back. He had not shaken his wings twice, however, before he met the host, and flew into the face of the dark-eyed man whom he distrusted. They were engaged in earnest conversation, the old gentleman very much excited and decided, the young gentleman very much confused and undecided.

"It must be done this very night," said the old man.

"But, my dear sir, only consider how premature it would be."

"Premature! are you a fool, sir? Is it not more than a year now since I communicated to you my desire that you should marry my daughter? It is a matter of great interest to me that my own family and that of your father should be united. It is a whim of mine, and I must accomplish it. Take care, however, lest the tide should turn and set in the opposite direction. Yes, my patience even now is almost exhausted. When you know that my daughter would never oppose my wishes, and that everything is plain before you, why is it you delay thus?"

"But, my dear sir!"—

"But! poor delaying coward! you are fast losing ground in my esteem. Beware lest you lose it altogether. Why, for a gentleman to delay in this miserable manner, when he knows that the girl he loves would not refuse him for the world, is unaccountable. And, I say again, unless this very night you are her accepted lover, you lose your chance altogether, and the choice devolves upon herself."

"Well, sir, since such is the case, your will shall be my law. This night shall it be done."

"That is spoken like the son of my best, old friend. I will send her out to you on some pretence. But you must hasten, for the night is passing, and the guests are just preparing to go."

With these words, he disappeared amid the gay crowds within. The other trod the piazza with hurried step for a moment or more, as if to muster energy.

"Why is it," he muttered to himself, "that I, the fearless gallant, should tremble so before this quiet girl? Whenever I am in her presence, my whole spirit bows before superior virtue. Memory will ever stand and point her terrible finger at the black experience of the past, and oh! I cannot, I cannot elevate my base being to the level of her purity, madly as I love her. I feel as if an angel talked with me, and the very thought that I should contaminate her by a union with myself breaks down all selfishness and love for the time, so that I am dumb. But the hour is at last come. In the old man's eye I saw the light of stern resolution, and his word is never broken."

Silverbeak waited no longer, but, flying with all his speed, soon reached the swamp where his tribe dwelt. Here, pitching his voice on its highest note,

he gave the alarm of war. In a single instant, the air was alive. Out flew the mosquitoes; some from the waving grass, on whose long spears they had rocked themselves asleep; some from the cool margin of a puddle; some from the heart of creviced rocks; some from their brightly curtained beds in the flowers; and others, on marauding expeditions, left their work of troubling, and flew to the spot whence that wild gathering-cry arose upon the still air. There was old Stingo, a tough veteran, seasoned by many a hard summer's day; and old Bitehard, who gave lessons in the science of suction. And many a gray-haired captain marshaled his young warriors, and prepared to obey the commands of Silverbeak. A few hurried orders, and they moved off in a cloud towards the scene of the evening's adventures. On arriving at the piazza, Silverbeak, having ascertained that no harm had befallen the fair Satinwing, posted his men at a short distance, and entered through the vines and trelliswork. There, as he had expected, he saw the pale maiden and the dark-eyed man in a retired alcove. The conversation was at first commonplace and embarrassing. She understood his purpose, and her anxious look and trembling form caused him ever and anon to implore her to stay. Desperation at length nerved him, and he was about to speak the words which were to seal her doom, when Silverbeak gave the signal, and his ambushed hosts rushed in. In one moment the head of the lover was enveloped in a cloud of mosquitos. The sudden sight of them, and the many wounds, distracted his thoughts, and the words died upon his lips. The lady, with the quickness of woman rendered doubly vigilant by apprehension, saw at a glance the change in his manner, and, saying in a gay tone, "The mosquitos are really very annoying this evening. Let us enter the house again," she tripped lightly away.

He would have followed her, have besought her to remain and make him happy—no, make her wretched; but the convulsive energy with which he had nerved himself was gone. Oh, how slight a thing may prevent the mightiest, and one small moment control the destinies of a lifetime! He remained for a moment to compose his troubled features, and was just about to re-enter, when he saw that the guests were departing, and all farther opportunity was lost. He drew back, and then, hastily brushing aside the flowery vines that hung in rank luxuriance over the piazza, disappeared amid the shadows of the leafy garden.

Silverbeak thereat raised such a cry of triumph, that Satinwing, in a paroxysm of terror, came rushing in, expecting to find his lifeless corpse. But there he was, in a state of exhilaration absolutely delightful. His eyes snapped and sparkled like the torch of a glowworm. He caught up Satinwing, and, imprinting upon her fair brow a loving sting, he capered about in a speechless and frantic condition. At last, he was able to inform her of the important events which he had been instrumental

in bringing about, much to her regret, for the handsome stranger of the sable eyes had enlisted her sympathies. Having called his attendant, Firefly, to light the way, he started to return, for morn was beginning to ope its sunny eye over the forest-clad mountains of the east. And as they sped homewards, a musical hum so clear, so loud, and so monotonous, arose from them as never before resounded in that mosquito territory. Their song was, of course, in the mosquito dialect, the perusal of which could hardly be very entertaining to the Anglo-Saxon reader; and, as we have a very imperfect knowledge of the language ourselves, we will not presume to act as interpreter.

The song ceased. They were at the ambrosial

home of Satinwing. The morning was picturing its golden phantoms in the eastern sky. The time had come when men should be abroad and mosquitos at home. Silverbeak, bidding his fair one a loving adieu, hied him to his fairy palace.

The moon had once again trod her shadowy path. There was happiness in the still, cool valley, where the mosquitos dwelt in their beautiful homes in the flowers, for Silverbeak had gone to spend a life of love with Satinwing; and there was happiness too in the stately mansion, for the pale lady was the bride of him she loved. She ever had a superstitious dread of harming the mosquitos, sting they ever so sharply, for she remembered that they had once been her preservers.

Fireside Club, May, 1851.

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART II.

MANY perhaps the majority of people, keep such a medley of an existence, so mix up the material with the spiritual, that they either dream not at all, or dream only everyday details and the dull repetitions of common events, of no magnitude in themselves, and throwing no light upon the phenomena of dreams. Their spirits, even in sleep, hover about the chimney corner; they are imps of the kitchen or spirits of the drawing-room, never ranging into the blue empyrean. These must be those whose spirits, after death, are heard rattling the kettles of the cook, or knocking mysteriously, and rattling gossip gathered from higher intelligences who passed through their sphere on their way to a more enlarged life. These are they who, according to Dante, are blown about in limbo; having no aim on earth, they have none in the hereafter; who are reserved for the fiery trial, when it will be seen whether they have "held foothold" of enough of the spirit to survive the test. These are the flitting ghosts of the churchyard, it may be, doomed never to rise into a better state.

Others, again, never dream; they are ridden by incubi, as dyspeptics deserve to be, but have no clear night visions: they never realize the almost beatific state, when "the young men shall see visions and old men dream dreams."

There is still another class, who have a balanced, but not over-balanced physique, who realize the Shakspearian night-comfort—"the innocent sleep" was the mournful assertion of Macbeth—and these yield themselves joyously to the drowsy god, resigning, to the temporary oblivion, their well-cared-for earthly tabernacle, with an unctuous content, at once confiding and refreshing. These remember nothing of their dreams; they

They wake with a new life, conscious only of wandering through interminable scenes of grace and beauty, ravished by sweet sounds, and fanned by breezes softer than those of Araby; they arise with a gladness of the heart, feeling existence is a blessing by itself.

I belong to neither of these. As a child, I used to lay my head upon my pillow with an earnest expectancy. The sleep world was a vast, a peopled, and beautiful world, into which I entered as an inmate. I used to wonder that other children would devour cakes and pies, after having experienced the pains of illness or the horrors of bad dreams from that cause. I, with the most dainty perceptions, never felt even tempted to repeat such an experience. Sleep gave me a sensation of terror, when unattended by dreams, even in early life. To me it was full of images, often too vast for my infantile soul. Huge mountains, piled in solitary grandeur, towered forever around me, and shadows floating like dense banners, were flecked with light, and gave place to rainbows, and stars, and moons. I do not remember to have dreamed of the sun. I seemed myself in light always, without knowing the source from which it came.

I can recall now vividly the awe with which I used to pray before sinking into that state, and how I used to wonder if it was right to pray the good Father for pleasant dreams. Indeed, I was often puzzled to know how to call this sleeping experience; grotesque and disjointed I found it to be in my companions, but with me consistent, solemn, and earnest. I used to wonder "if I did not go to the opinion of my friends, lest they should think me ill, or desirous to appear what I was not; for I was sensitively alive to a shadow of pretension on my own part, holding back the best impulses of my

"Do God's will, and know it not."

being, lest untruth or the love of approval should have a part in them.

I used to dream of joyous shapes floating in the air, which were angels to me. I must have started very early in life the heresy that angels have no wings, because these creatures had none in my sleep. These did not speak to me, but looked lovingly upon me; and I would clasp my hands with such fervency of desire to be worthy of their companionship, that I often awoke in tears. I grew shy when others talked of dreams, lest I should be called upon to describe my world of visions, which then I felt would be a de-ecration. I am confident, one reason why children dread being alone in the dark is owing to the huge shapes and vague impressions of unfamiliar scenes brought to the mind in the process of dreaming. It is cruel to compel them to darkness where this is the case: I have no doubt many a child might trace the morbid action of his faculties to an undue severity upon this ground. "Truly, the light is good, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."

For myself, I needed no indulgence on this score. I was a courageous child, delighting in the mystical, and confidently expecting some revelation—longing to have a voice call me, as did the child Samuel; breading my ear to listen, and ready to say, "Speak, Lord." As life wore on, and the revelation of an actual presence was withheld, I redoubled my little

fasts, and was more earnest in my prayers, that I might be accounted worthy; I inflicted childish penances upon myself, all to no purpose. Dreams of rare significance I had, indeed, and day-dreams of grandeur and beauty too deep for any utterance; poetry, in its manifold forms, came to my mind's eye, but unearthly shapes and strange voices were not vouchsafed.

I used to dream of being poised in space, surrounded with a gray atmosphere which gave back neither object nor voice. I felt a strange pleasure in this pulseless kind of being, so aimless, silent, but yet full of unearthly rest; for I was a sensitive child, so acute in my perceptions, that thoughts were so many pains, and joy and grief had a magnitude disproportioned to my years. They err who say childhood is the happiest period of life. I am sure that, to me, with all the joyousness of my nature, my sense of suffering was so poignant that even now it pains me to recall the remembrance. Intense happiness, as well as intense suffering, had no external manifestation with me. I was still, silent, and often have fainted without the utterance of a word, while the shades of feeling were so many showers of smiles or tears; hence the comfort of this recurring dream of silence and eternal rest, with the consciousness of existence free from all frettings, and holding every wearied faculty in abeyance.

THE DEAD SEA.

(See Plate.)

THIS wood-cut presents an accurate view of the shore of the Dead Sea, for which we are indebted to the Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan, etc., by W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. That officer tells us that, soon after entering the Dead Sea with his boats, and after a perilous descent of the River Jordan, a fresh north-west wind commenced blowing, and gradually increased to a gale, until the sea presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, leaving incrustations of salt upon the clothes and hands and faces of the boats' crews, which, whilst it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. Meanwhile the boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed that their bows were encountering the hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea. "At times," says the fearless narrator, "it seemed as if the Dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of his wrath. But although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt

and ashes mingled with the sands, and fetid sulphurous springs trickled down the ravines, we did not despair; awe-struck, but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen." Suddenly, however, the wind abated, and with it the sea as rapidly fell; the water, from its ponderous quality, settling as soon as the agitating cause had ceased to act. "Within twenty minutes from the time," continues the narrator, "we bore away from the sea, which threatened to engulf us, we were pulling away, at a rapid rate, over a placid sheet of water, that scarcely rippled beneath us; and a rain cloud, which had enveloped the sterile mountains of the Arabian shore, lifted up, and left their rugged outlines lurking in the light of the setting sun."

The next day, after entering the Dead Sea, the commander of the expedition made an excursion along the base of the mountain, towards Râs es Feshka, but on every side the scene was one of unmixed desolation. "The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream of a fountain—Ain el Feshka, Fountain of the Stride—gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so

light a green. Except the canebrakes, clustering along the marshy stream which disfigured whilst it sustained them, there was no vegetation whatever; barren mountains, fragments of rocks blackened by sulphurous deposits, and an unnatural sea, with low dead trees upon its margin, all within the scope of vision, bore a sad and sombre aspect. We had never before beheld such desolate hills, such cal-

cined barrenness. The most arid desert has its touches of genial nature.

'But here, above, around, below,
In mountain or in glen,
Nor tree nor plant, nor shrub nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The wearied eye may ken;
But all its rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone.''']

POETRY.

LONELINESS.

BY GEORGE W. WEEKS.

THE setting sun is glimmering now, and each expiring ray
Is hastening the rapid flight of the bright and glorious day;
But though the sun may hide its rays far from our long-
ing view,
Full many a star shines brightly now in heaven's eternal blue.

Not so my heart! the darkness there is unrelieved and drear—
No single solitary star shines forth its way to cheer;
But it must throb with sorrow still, and nourish all its care
On its own altar, and conceal the pangs that linger there!

And yet it was not always thus, for I was free and gay,
Ere bitter disappointment chilled, and tore my heart away—
Ere I had learned my fondest hopes, though bright,
were weak and vain—
Ere I had felt their beauty hid a world of grief and pain.

The first fair beams of morning came the verdured hill-tops o'er—
The first fair flowers of joy sprang up within my bosom's core;
Each budding blossom filled my heart with incense fresh and dear:
Alas! those flowers have faded, and their leaves are scattered here!

I sought, among a world of bloom, a single bud to gain,
Unruffled by the autumn winds, unsullied by a stain;
I longed to find the spirit one, e'en as an angel fair,
And place the jewel on my heart, and keep it nestling there.

I gazed upon a shining one, all beautiful and bright,
But I raised the curtain of the heart, and saw a mildew blight;
The tendrils of the vine were touched, as by a sudden frost—
The idol I had loved so well was lost, forever lost!

I sought again—but each bright flower, beneath its purple leaves,
Concealed a worm—a flatterer—who smiles, but yet deceives;

And for one bright, unsullied one, I longed, but longed in vain,
To lift the shadow from my heart, and heal my bosom's pain

I turned me from the false array, smarting with wounded pride,
And saw a velvet violet, neglected, by my side;
It blossomed in a barren place, nor claimed a moment's care,
Yet eagerly I grasped it, for *I saw my idol there!*

No blight had yet defaced it, though the Frost King's chilly breath
Had hoarsely moaned an awful song, and that dread song was DEATH;
And so I longed to reach the prize, and to my bosom clasp
That lonely velvet violet—MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST!

A dew-drop glistened in its eye, a shade came o'er its face—
It recoiled from my eager grasp, it shrank from my embrace;
Alas! alas! in my hot haste my sense had failed to see
The violet was too beautiful, too precious far for me!

SIMON OF CYRENE.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

(Matt. xxvii. 32.)

THE paschal morn with cloudless light
Was dawning on my pilgrim way,
When first from far Cyrene's height
In Salem's courts I came to pray.
From glittering spire and gilded dome
I caught the bright reflected rays,
And proudly hailed my father's home
With grateful vows and songs of praise.

I climbed along the rocky side,
But scarce had reached the eastern door,
When from its portals, opening wide,
A noisy crowd began to pour.
The Roman soldiers led the van;
The mob pursued with shout and cry;
And in their midst a captive man
Came forth, a shameful death to die.

I turned, to shun the painful sight;
But soon, their fainting charge to spare,

The watchful soldiers stopped my flight,
Compelled the prisoner's cross to bear.
And slowly o'er the dreary road,
Beneath the strange, disgraceful load,
I followed, with reluctant gait,
That weary pilgrim to his fate.

But from those dying lips I heard
The sound of many a saving word;
His bleeding hands along my road
The seeds of holy wisdom strewed;
Seeds that His sovereign grace hath sown
In souls far worthier than my own;
That nourished for a better life
My Rufus and my sainted wife.*

Along the plain I saw him led,
That sinking form, that drooping head,
Whose holy eyes seemed still to shine
With love all human, yet divine;
Whose gracious voice, though sad and faint,
Spoke words of comfort, not complaint:
Oh, never can my heart forget!
I hear them still—I see him yet.

And in my prospect, never dim,
This rapturous hope unfading lives,
That I, who bare the cross for him,
Shall wear the crown of life he gives:
That I, who shared his earthly shame,
His glorious face at last shall see,
And worship by a nobler name—
The Crucified of Galilee.

MY FLOWER, MY GEM, AND MY STAR!

BY A. J. REQUIER.

As a flower which greeteth the morning
With joy that dissolveth in tears,
When the blush of his glory is warming
The breast she confusedly bares—
So Love, when it kindled thy fancy,
And thrilled thee from fervor to fears,
Was met with a sorrowing pansy,
And worshiped in passionate tears.

As a gem which the furnace but chastens,
Withstanding the steel and the rock,
In which hammer or flame but awakens
New beauties to brighten the shock—
So the tempest that struck thy devotion
Drew out but its depth and its power,
And the loveliest in all the commotion
Was the light of the perilous hour.

As a star that still sweetly shineth,
The same unto palace and cot,
Making holy whatever it findeth,
The darkest or dreariest spot—
So thy smile has a magic that mingles
With all which it lingers upon,
Endearing whatever it singles
To the spirit its sweetness has won.

Gentle flower! that wept in the morning
Of a chaste and changeless love;

* Mark xv. 21; Rom. xvi. 13.

Rich gem! that no perilous storming
From dazzling devotion could move;
Star of morn, eve and night! that shines on me
With constancy nothing can mar—
Not idolatry's self can miscall thee,
My flower, my gem, and my star!

TO HELEN AT THE SOUTH.

BY THE LYNN BARD'S SISTER.

I've been searching earth's treasures, fair girl, every
kind,

For some gem fit to grace the bright casket of mind;
But its riches seem poor, they recede at my call,
And I come, in my hand bearing nothing at all.

I sent forth fleet ships—they have crossed the broad sea,
But no treasure they bear me befitting for thee;
I spy their white sails—they return at my call;
But like phantoms they come—bearing nothing at all.

Then I sought my loved friends, famed for virtue and
youth,
And each pulse of the heart beat with fervor and truth;
But Death, that stern reaper, passed by, as in wrath,
And my friends all, like wheat sheaves, fell thick in
his path.

Seek in youth, then, fair girl, the sure friendship of God;
Though Time's treasures fail, welcome meekly the rod;
And, though earth, sea, and sky shall pass off like a
scroll,

May that treasure immortal, thy beautiful soul,
Stand clothed in white robes 'mid the great and the
small,

And find that the love of the Saviour is all!

CHARITY.

BY ALPH, OF THE MANOR.

SELF, needing so much, we may not deny
Our neighbor who asks it to-day—
His motives are pure as our own, if we try
To see them in that sort of way.
Though it be no great evil, perhaps, if we should
Think our own as the wisest and best;
There is nothing of justness—nay, nothing of good—
In condemning as false all the rest.

These motives are things that are hard to find out,
Though it is now so easy to blame;
And wherefores of which we know nothing about,
To judge as though all were the same:
Yet the whys and the wherefores we hold quite too
cheap,
In the current of life they deep flow;
And acts that come bubbling up from that deep
Are all of them, oft, that we know.

And since wisdom perhaps may not find out in them,
At all times, the cause of their birth,
It hath reason the more to seldom condemn
These keys to our doings on earth.
There are surely good traits in a foe as a friend,
Would we read upon both sides the tale;
Then the better way is over both to extend,
With equality, charity's veil.

ET. MARY.

blame,
smiles
she gazed;
the wave
shall win!
the rhyme,
proud and blest
beardless dower
was never meant
glinting wing;
hence my form
where beautiful
eyes are seen;
well, I ween!
till the shaken curls
dancing o'er—
her look grew calm
from the mirror,
deeply mused the maiden,
when thus she spoke again:
Of the pleasure-loving train,
But ever be their mindless fate
My secret soul's disdain!

"And now, sweet angel of my breast,
O hear my prayer, in sooth;
Keep warm in folly's reckless ring
My feeling heart of youth!
Make bright to passion's wildest gleam
My girdle-star of truth!

"Though many winsome forms, yet vain,
Seek favor in mine eye,
Yet ever burn its softest fire
When the lofty mind is nigh!
My needful smile but render
Endeavor, lone and high!"

On the waves
Of the sea
Our good back
Speeds on a wave
Ay, bright of the
The bow of the
And the star-gleam
In the trades blow
And the rattling shawl
Pipes a chorus loud
To the singing harp of the

Sweet music rings on the sluggish
Of the dull and dreamy air,
And loud it sings as it strangely brings,
To the watcher, pictures rare
Of the dead men cast
In the charnel vast
Of their grave—the yawning deep,
Down under the surge;
And a solemn dirge
It sounds, o'er the sailor's sleep

At sea, at sea, to the brave and free
There's "life on the ocean wave,"

And noble joy 's in the sailor's glee,
 As he sails—sails o'er his grave!
 Not where winds blow shrill
 On the village hill,
 Nor down in the flowery lea—
 But afar o'er the deep
 There 's a quiet sleep,
 And the dead rest well in the sea.

"A WORD TO THE WISE."

BY CAROLINE C—.

How gaineth the eaglet strength
 For his wond'rous upward flight?
 He lies at first such a helpless thing
 In his parents' nest, with unfledged wing,
 Hiding away from the light!
 Is it by lifting his infant eyes
 To the mountain heights which around him rise?

And how doth the timid Spring
 Conquer the veteran Winter?
 How is it her gentle maiden hand
 Is strong to force back the giant band
 Which in its wild pride defies her?
 It is by a struggle long and firm—
 I counsel thee, do not the lesson spurn.

Tell me, how doth the acorn
 Burst forth into the mighty tree,
 Which spreadeth such vast and goodly shade,
 Upon whose breast are the bird-nests made—
 Tell me, whence is this mystery?
 Have faith and labor, and thou shalt know,
 For up from thy heart an oak will grow!

How is it that the streamlets
 All summer sing in the meadows,
 When cold in their winding-sheets they lay,
 With no voice to speak, no word to say,
 In the grim December shadows?
 How is it?—Why dost thou ask of me?
 Such life and death are at strife in thee!
 Which wilt thou gift with the empery?

Slowly these wonders are wrought;
 For the oak had but two tiny leaves
 In the beginning; and but by steps
 Spring treads o'er earth, and her signet sets
 On senseless things, and her life-power breathes—
 Canst thou not read her mighty word?
 Hath it never thy heart-depths stirr'd?

Slowly these wonders are wrought:
 Patience, and thou shalt see.
 Thou need'st not dream of deeds of might—
 Wishing ne'er gave to a blind man sight,
 Nor set the poor captive free:
 Only by labor are great deeds wrought—
 Strive! and it shall not be for naught!

Thou must struggle! 'tis nature's law:
 Cowards only in danger flee!
 Rest not thou till thy race is run:
 Struggle! so shall the goal be won!
 Tell I the "wisdom of gods" to thee?
 No! God giveth the crown to him
 Who counteth not labor disgrace or sin!

MY FLOWER.

Addressed to Mrs. S. S. Morehead.

BY MARTHA G. WITHERS.

SHE was a lovely, tender bud,
 Nestling upon my breast,
 Her little velvet cheek to mine
 In fond affection prest;
 She was a flower that had twined
 Around my very heart
 So closely that of life itself
 She seemed to be a part.
 I watched o'er her as jealously
 As misers guard their store;
 And day by day her opening charms
 New pleasure for me bore:
 I watched her with a loving eye,
 And noted every grace
 That shone upon each lineament
 Of her angelic face;
 But on her cheek the roses burned
 Most strangely, sweetly bright—
 Yet I, in blindness, welcomed them
 With transport of delight.
 Their fatal brightness I but deemed
 The coloring of health;
 So slowly had the foe drawn near,
 I had not marked his stealth.
 A blight was on her, and she sank,
 Drooping 'neath its decay,
 And soon forever from the earth
 My flower passed away.
 Long rayless my crushed spirit was
 When its dear joy had fled;
 But now her mem'ry 's like the sweets
 That withered blossoms shed;
 For I, in climes that never change,
 Where blights possess no power,
 Will see perpetually bloom
 My loved and lovely flower.

"BLESSED BE GOD THAT I WAS BORN"

Suggested by a late anecdote.

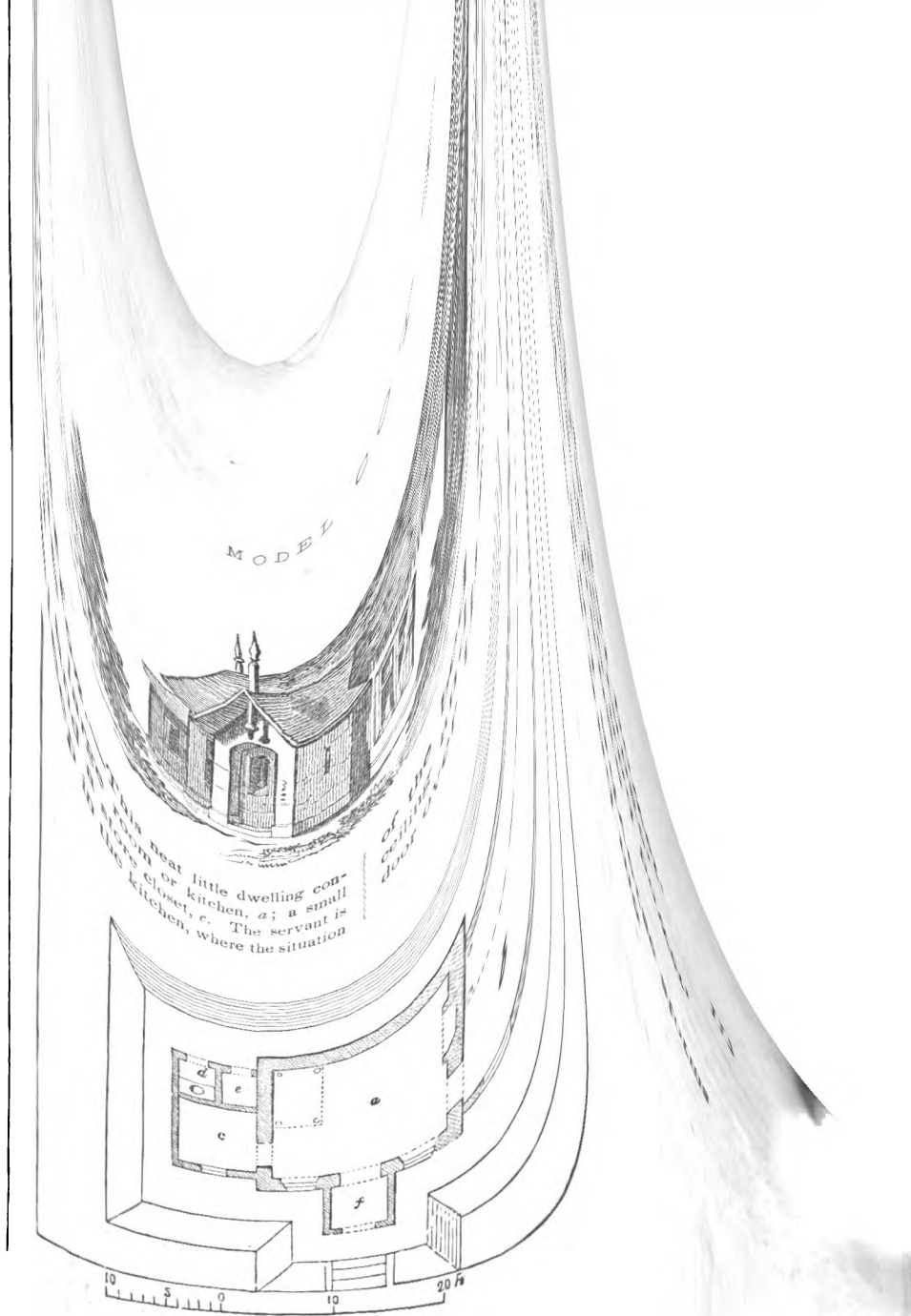
BY J. CLEMENT.

THOUGH "born to trouble" here below,
 My lot I may not, dare not scorn;
 However dashed my cup with woe,
 Blessed be God that I was born!

Sorrow, at times, I may endure,
 Yet, fleeting as the dew of morn,
 Its fountains cleanse the heart impure;
 Blessed be God that I was born!

Misfortunes may my sky o'ercast,
 And render earthly prospects 'lorn,
 Yet naught my heavenly hopes can blast;
 Blessed be God that I was born!

However dark the earth appears,
 Heaven wears for me one cloudless morn,
 Where fade all timid doubts and fears;
 Blessed be God that I was born!



MY FAMILY AND HOME.

BY "MARY NEAL."

I HAVE three flowers fair,
That in my garden bower bloom;
And one that blossoms there
Transplanted from its early home.

I have one cherished tree,
That o'er us spreads its shel'ring arms,
VOL. XLIII.—12

Shielding my flowers and me
From chilling winds and adverse storms

And I would not exchange
My little flowers, my tree and bower,
Through lordly halls to range,
Or share an empress' regal power.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1 is a French bedstead of an improved description. There are two drawers and a cupboard underneath, all opening at the side, for greater convenience.

Figs. 2, 3, and 4 are dressing-glasses of plain patterns, suitable for a cottage chamber.

Fig. 2.

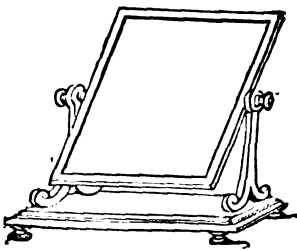


Fig. 3.

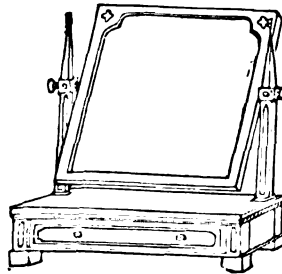
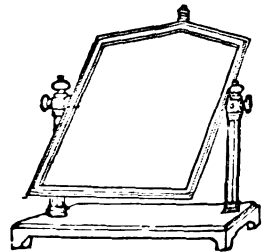


Fig. 4.



SULKY WINDING.

It sometimes happens that a votary of the needle has neither an artificial winder nor a friendly pair of hands at her service, for the performance of an important preliminary of her art. She need not, necessarily, be of a sulky mood to have recourse to sulky winding.

The accompanying diagrams (see next page) show this simple process. The skein of silk, or cotton, or wool must be shaken free of entanglement, and then the thumb of the left hand passed through one end of the loop; the skein must now be passed round the hand upwards, towards the fingers, until

Fig. 1.

UNDERSLEEVE

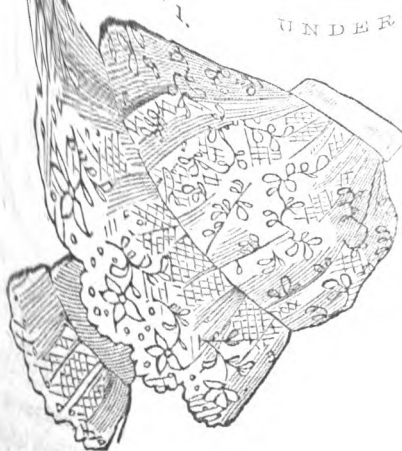


Fig. 1. *Lace Undersleeve*.—This has the effect of a triple sleeve, and it is made in the following manner: First, a sleeve of plain Brussels net of easy fullness, gathered at the wrist on a band of insertion, to the edge of which is attached a frill of lace, which hangs downward. Over this plain sleeve there are two falls of broad lace; the whole con-

fined at the top on a band which is tacked to the lining of the sleeve of the dress.

Fig. 2. *Muslin Undersleeve*.—This is a double sleeve. The lower one is confined at the wrist by a band of needlework. The upper one is loose at the end, and is edged with a frill of scalloped needlework.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

KNITTED LACE STOMACHER, WAIST BAND AND EDGING, FOR AN INFANT'S ROBE.

Needles No. 21, Clarke's Paisley thread No. 50. The second and every alternate row to be purled. Cast on five stitches, and knit five rows.

First row.—Knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two.

Third row.—Knit two, make one, knit three, make one, knit two.

Fifth row.—Knit two, make one, knit five, make one, knit two.

Seventh row.—Knit two, make one, pick up a stitch and knit it, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, pick up a stitch as before, make one, knit two.

Ninth row.—Knit two, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two.

Eleventh row.—Knit two, ‡ make one, knit five, make one, knit three together, repeat from ‡, finish with—make one, knit five, make one, knit two.*

Thirteenth row.—Knit two, make one, pick up a stitch, ‡ make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit one, ‡ repeat, finish with—make one, pick up a stitch, make one, knit two.

Fifteenth row.—Knit two, ‡ make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, ‡ repeat, finish with—make one, knit three, make one, knit two.

Repeat from the eleventh row until you can count six diamonds up the centre, which will be a good size for a first robe; knit five plain rows, and cast off loosely.

FOR THE BAND.

The same needles and cotton to be used. Cast on seventeen stitches.

First row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit five, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Second row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, purl nine, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, every alternate row the same as the second.

Third row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Fifth row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one.

* There will be no repetition between the marks first time of knitting.

Seventh row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit three, make one, knit three together, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Ninth row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit two, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Eleventh row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Thirteenth row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Commence again at the second row and knit as many patterns as may be required.

FOR THE LACE EDGING TO TRIM IT.

The same pins and cotton.

First row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, make two, knit two.

Second row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Third row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit four.

Fourth row.—Knit six, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Fifth row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, make two, knit two together, make two, knit two.

Sixth row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Seventh row.—Knit three, make one, knit two together, knit seven.

Eighth row.—Cast off five, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Commence again at the first row and knit sufficient to trim the stomacher round the sides, also the top of the neck and sleeves.

The other parts of the body should be of muslin suited to the robe.

A PRETTY CROCHET NECK-TIE, WITH CUFFS AND MUFF TO CORRESPOND.

Twelve skeins of scarlet Berlin wool, and twelve of white, will be required; also one skein of black crochet silk.

Make a chain of two hundred loops, and work nine rows of double crochet, working rather loosely, and always COMMENCING at the same end.

In the tenth row work sixty stitches, miss one, work nine, miss one, work ten, miss one, work ten, miss one, work ten; then crochet three stitches to

This is the pattern of the most tasteful robes that has been seen in Paris the past year. It is composed, in the original, of linen cambric and Valenciennes lace, and is intended for a *trousseau*. It may, however, be made of very pretty of any style of plain cambric or muslin, with a loss expensive edging. The body of the robe is, like an ordinary skirt, plaited into a closely-fitting yoke, each surrounded by an insertion of embroidered cambric. The plaits are in bunches of five each, like an ordinary shirt front, and stitched to the waist. A band of the insertion surrounds the throat, and extends nearly as far as the stitching. This is edged with rich lace, or a small cambric ruffle, which should be finely crimped. The sleeves are long, full at the wrist, and gathered into an elegant cuff, to match the yoke. Nothing could be prettier for an invalid, or more comfortable; the collar, which was always easily rumpled, being dispensed with. It is a very pretty idea to have the cap to correspond in edging and insertion with the robe. An invalid's day cap should be brightened or relieved by a ribbon of some chaste and delicate hue. Pale rose color or blue would be better than green or violet, either of which gives a decided paleness to the brightest complexion; though for a morning cap nothing could be prettier. We shall give similar articles from time to time.

ROBE



EDITORS' TABLE.

THERE are a few self-evident propositions, and it would be questioning the common sense of mankind to doubt the general belief on these points. One is that women are by nature better qualified than men to take charge of the sick and suffering; a second, that mothers should know the best means of preserving the health of their children; and a third point is that female physicians are the proper attendants for their own sex in the hour of sorrow. This last point may, at first, be questioned by some who have not reflected on the subject. In the United States, the custom of employing men as midwives has been followed, partially, for nearly eighty years. Till about that period, it was unknown; now it is more universal in our country than in any other in the world. To this practice, and, consequently, to the increased ignorance and helplessness of women as regards their own diseases and their children's well-being, we believe is, in a great measure, to be attributed the increased and increasing constitutional ill health of the American people. In saying this, we do not mean to impute blame to the present physicians; the incongruous office of midwife has fallen upon them from necessity, not choice. Owing to the lack of women instructed in the care of their own sex, after the decease of those who had been qualified in the old country, this branch of practice fell, unquestioned, into the hands of male practitioners, especially in the Northern and Middle States. In the Southern, women are still, in part, employed. That they may safely be intrusted with this branch of medical service is plain from the fact that, among nine-tenths of the population of the globe, they are now the only practitioners: India, China, Turkey, Arabia, throughout all Russia, from the empress to the serf, female physicians at childbirth are only employed. So also throughout Spain, Italy, the greater portion of Northern Europe, and Germany, women are chiefly employed. Even the Duchess of Kent sent to her fatherland for her midwife, Dr. Charlotte; and, in Kensington Palace, the present Queen of England was ushered into the world by a female physician. Only in France, England, and the United States, does this unscriptural and unnatural custom of employing men-midwives preponderate.

It commenced in France. The mistress of Louis XIV., Madame La Valière, wished to have her shame concealed, and the king ordered a physician to be employed, who was taken blindfolded to his patient, in order to envelop the affair in greater mystery. From this circumstance, when it became known, originated the fashion, at that profligate court, of employing accoucheurs, in compliment to the sagacity of the Grand Monarque. This unnatural custom was transferred to the English court, and finally made its way among the nobility and gentry; then to all ranks; and from thence to our country. But the evil effects are now so apparent to physicians themselves that in France a successful movement to educate women for this office has been made and is fast progressing. From five to six hundred female physicians, *sage-femmes* (wise women), are now licensed practitioners in Paris; and several hundreds are licensed every year for the provinces. In

our own country this most desirable movement has also commenced; it is for the purpose of making it better understood by those to whom it will, in every way, prove an inestimable blessing, that we have given the preceding remarks. Our own efforts to awaken public attention to this important subject of *health*, and the means of its preservation, are well known to all who read the *Lady's Book*. We are glad to hear, as we have done, that our articles on "Health and Beauty" were among the first causes which awakened attention to the importance of giving women better opportunities of instruction, so that they may be fitted for their duties; one of the most important is to be guardians of health as they are of morals.

The first public movement in regard to educating female physicians was made in favor of Miss Blackwell; she graduated at Geneva College, N. Y., in May, 1848. She received a full degree, Doctor of Medicine, the first ever bestowed on a woman in America. She had well won it; the President of Geneva College complimented her publicly on her extraordinary attainments, and her thesis on *Ship Fever* was so ably written that the Faculty of Geneva determined to publish it. Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., as she writes her name, soon proceeded to Paris to complete her education; from thence, by special invitation from the Dean of the Faculty of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, she proceeded to London, where she still remains. She is treated with the greatest courtesy and respect by the faculty of London; the most eminent physicians, and ladies and gentlemen of distinction, vying with each other in their kind attentions to Miss Doctor Blackwell. She is English by birth. We trust our noble American physicians will show themselves as kind and encouraging to their own countrywomen who are preparing to enter on this important mission of "female physicians for their own sex."

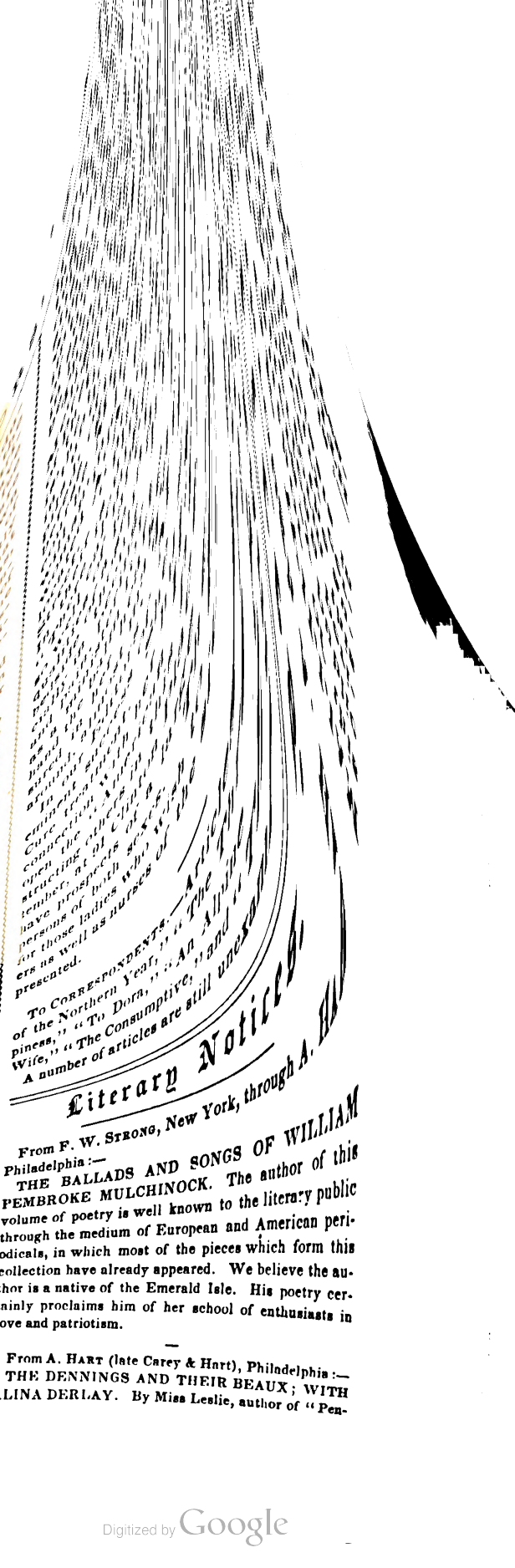
Since Miss Blackwell took her degree, several females have graduated at the medical schools in Syracuse and Rochester; but the most important steps to open the way to this profession for the sex have been in the two institutions recently incorporated as medical schools for females only, one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston. We have before us a report of "The Female Education Society" of Boston, and one made by a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, which passed the act of incorporation by a unanimous vote in the House, and only four dissenting votes in the Senate. We will give an extract from this Report, premising that this society was organized November 28, 1848; that it has already had six courses of lectures in its school, and numbered about sixty students—all females, of course; that some of the most eminent physicians give it their hearty encouragement, and none strive to destroy it; that—but we will quote from the Report of the Legislature:—

"If it has been shown that the objects contemplated are good, it may be asked, Is the association named a safe and suitable medium or instrumentality by which to accomplish these objects? In opinion of the committee, it is. It already numbers over sixteen hundred

...the world before him
...the world before him
...the world before him

We have also a pamphlet written by the
...the world before him
...the world before him
...the world before him

* "Letter to Ladies, in favor of Female Physicians
for their own Sex," by Samuel Gregory, A. M.—Pp.
48. Published by the Society. For sale by Bela
Marsh, 25 Cornhill, Boston; Fowler & Wells, 131
Nassau Street, New York; and by booksellers generally. It ought to be circulated throughout the Union.



To CORRESPONDENTS.—A notice of the
of the Northern Year, "The Consumptive," and "The
Wife," "The Consumptive," and "The
A number of articles are still under consideration.

Literary Notices

From F. W. Strong, New York, through A. Hart
Philadelphia:—
THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF WILLIAM
PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK. The author of this
volume of poetry is well known to the literary public
through the medium of European and American peri-
odicals, in which most of the pieces which form this
collection have already appeared. We believe the au-
thor is a native of the Emerald Isle. His poetry cer-
tainly proclaims him of her school of enthusiasts in
love and patriotism.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—
THE DENNINGS AND THEIR BEAUX; WITH
ALINA DERLAY. By Miss Leslie, author of "Pen-

oil Sketches," &c. Complete in one volume. Price 25 cents. Very agreeable in style and incident.

THE YEAR BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. Exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements of the past year in mechanics and the useful arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology and botany, geology and geography, meteorology and astronomy. By John Timbs, Editor of the "Arcana of Science and Arts." This is a reprint from the London edition of a very valuable work.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE SOLITARY OF JUAN FERNANDEZ; or, the Real Robinson Crusoe. By the author of "Picciola." Translated from the French by Anne F. Wilbur. This, indeed, is not the "Robinson Crusoe" we were made acquainted with in our early readings, and, although it claims to have elevated romance to all the dignity of a "philosophical treatise," still, we cannot but say that we prefer the romance in its unpretending simplicity; nevertheless, as a philosophical treatise, it will prove interesting to the reader.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS. A Collection of Poems. By Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud. This is a very beautiful volume, containing many fine poems worthy of the refined feelings and chastened genius of the author.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

CURRAN AND HIS COTEMPORARIES. By Charles Phillips, Esq., A.B., one of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. This will prove a most acceptable volume to the countrymen of Curran, and, indeed, to all who have ever heard of the eloquence and the wit of that great Irish lawyer. The notices which the book contains of the contemporaries of Curran will afford abundance of material for reflection to those who may desire to observe the strong contrasts of lofty patriotism and basest treachery which so greatly ennobled and so deeply disgraced the period in which he lived, and which has so strangely distinguished the national character of his unhappy country.

A HISTORY OF GREECE, from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Corinth, B. C. 146; mainly based upon that of Connop Thirlwall, D. D., Bishop of St. David's. By Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and author of "A History of Rome, from the Early Times to the Death of Commodus, A.D. 192." In this work, the author has successfully labored to prepare a manual containing, within a reasonable compass, an accurate and complete outline of the history of Greece. It will be found a most valuable work in the hands of teachers and students.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS. Translated from the Cours de Philosophie Positive of Auguste Comte, by W. M. Gillespie, Professor of Civil Engineering and Adj. Professor of Mathematics in Union College. The author of this work has been pronounced the Bacon of the nineteenth century, and the work before us to be of the highest importance to the young student of mathematics.

DEALINGS WITH THE INQUISITION; or Papal Rome, her Priests, and her Jesuits, with Important Disclosures. By the Rev. Goacinto Achilli, D.D., late Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, Head Professor of Theology, and Vicar of the Master of the Sa-

cred Apostolical Palace, etc. etc. The author of this work, as the reader is left to presume, brings to it all the advantages of his practical experience, and of his long professorship in the church and councils of Rome. The great wonder is, how he came to stay there so long.

THE ISLAND OF LIFE. An Allegory. By a Clergyman. Written in a style that will please and instruct the youthful mind, and neatly printed and illustrated.

THE HARMONY OF PROPHECY; or, Scriptural Illustrations of the Apocalypse. By the Rev. Alexander Keith, D.D., author of the "Evidence of Prophecy," &c. This will prove a valuable and interesting treatise in the hands of ministers and biblical students generally.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

LIFE OF ALGERNON SIDNEY: with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Correspondence and Political Writings. By G. Van Santvoord. The eventful period in the history of England in which the patriot and statesman Sidney took a conspicuous part is of the greatest interest to the American reader. To the events of that period, and to the advocacy of republicanism, and of the establishment of civil and religious liberty, as well as to the noble efforts of Algernon Sidney in disseminating his principles, we owe, no doubt, all that we civilly and religiously enjoy under our own equal and happy government. In this work we observe, with pleasure, that the author has kept himself within the guidance of a cultivated taste, and of a sound and impartial discrimination.

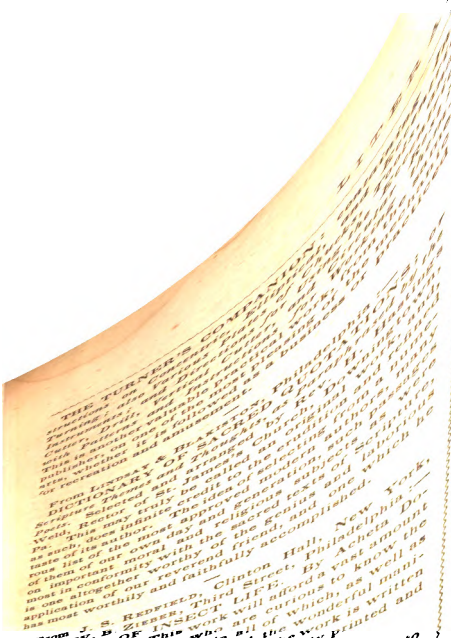
THE GLENNS. A Family History. By J. L. McConnel, author of "Talbot and Vernon," etc. This is a Western tale, with lifelike pictures of Western society, dignified in its language and moral in its tendencies.

A GRANDMOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS. By Ella Rodman. This will be a very amusing and instructive work in the hands of youthful readers, for whom the good grandmother has retained the recollection of many interesting events in her own life.

From H. W. DERBY & Co., Cincinnati, through LARFINSOFT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

SHIP AND SHORE, IN MADEIRA, LISBON, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Rev. Walter Cotton, late of the United States Navy. Revised, from the "Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate Constitution," by the Rev. Henry F. Cheever. It was by the publication of this work that its reverend author first attracted public attention, and established for himself a most favorable position among the literary representatives of his country. Since his lamented death, the volume has been revised, and only such erasures and corrections made as the editor believes the author would himself have made. The present is the first of a series of five volumes, of uniform size, which will appear under the same supervision.

From HENRY C. BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey), corner of Market and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia:—
THE AMERICAN MILLER AND MILL-WRIGHT'S ASSISTANT. By William Carter Hughes. A valuable work by a practical man, who has devoted the best portion of his life in the pursuit of his calling as a miller.



From J. S. BENDIS, Clinton Hall, New York.
through W. H. ZIEGLER, Third Street, Philadelphia.
EPIPHANES OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. By
M. E. S. Those who are curious to know the
of information to those who are curious to know the
habits of the insect tribes, we find the work is written
in the largest and most powerful. The work is written
in a very attractive style, and beautifully printed and
illustrated.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to
Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Phila-
delphia. —

We have received from the above publishers the first
and second volumes of a series of twelve, printed in
uniform style, which, when complete, is to be called
"ARTHUR'S LIBRARY FOR THE HOUSE-
HOLD." The first of these volumes is entitled, "Wo-
man's Trials; or, Tales and Sketches from the Life
around us." It contains nine of Mr. Arthur's admir-
able and practical tales, not one of which was ever
written without a high moral object in view, and no
one of which has ever failed to excite the purest sym-
paties and the most Christian and elevated charities
of the human heart. The second volume in the series
is entitled, "Married Life: its Shadows and Sun-
shine." In this there are ten more of Mr. Arthur's
essays on home incidents, which come home to the bo-
soms and the business of all who have entered into the
marriage life. But we might add that, as prevention is
better than cure, it would be most advisable for those
who have not yet entered into that oftentimes perplex-
ing state, to read these volumes before doing so, assur-
ing them, as we confidently do, that their good advice
and good examples will have the effect of directing
their course free from those ills and discontents which
render matrimony a curse instead of a blessing.

THE TRAVELER'S AND TOURIST'S GUIDE
THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
CANADA, ETC. Containing the routes of travel by
steamboat, stage, and canal; together with directions

From F. H. BENTIS, Clinton Hall, New York.
through W. H. ZIEGLER, Third Street, Philadelphia.
EPIPHANES OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. By
M. E. S. Those who are curious to know the
of information to those who are curious to know the
habits of the insect tribes, we find the work is written
in the largest and most powerful. The work is written
in a very attractive style, and beautifully printed and
illustrated.

From F. H. BENTIS, Clinton Hall, New York.
through W. H. ZIEGLER, Third Street, Philadelphia.
EPIPHANES OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. By
M. E. S. Those who are curious to know the
of information to those who are curious to know the
habits of the insect tribes, we find the work is written
in the largest and most powerful. The work is written
in a very attractive style, and beautifully printed and
illustrated.

From WM. H. MOORE & Co., 253 Market Street,
Philadelphia: —

THE COURSE OF CREATION. By J. W. MOORE,
son, D. D. With a glossary of scientific terms.
persons have objected to the study of geology, because
as they apprehended, such investigations were calcu-
lated to undermine the faith of Christianity and of its
great foundation, the Bible. This work, however,
comes to us from the pen of a pious clergyman, who
affirms of all the geological phenomena that have passed
under his view, that, in their darkest, deepest places,
they have uniformly led him "from nature up to na-
ture's God," and that he has found inscribed upon
them, in the highest characters, "Benedictum sit no-
men Dei." The work is divided into four parts, em-
bracing the geology of Scotland, of England, of France,
and Switzerland, and six chapters on general prin-
ciples. The most valuable feature of this work to the
student is the glossary of scientific terms, without

which it would be impossible to understand the beauties of the science.

—
From WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

MAY YOU LIKE IT. By Charles B. Taylor, M. A., author of "Is this Religion?" etc. First American from the sixth London edition. This is a neat volume of near three hundred pages, and containing eight sketches on familiar subjects, peculiarly adapted to interest and to instruct the youthful reader. It is not, however, a mere child's book. In its language and reflections, it cannot fail to arrest the attention of moral and religious readers of every age and class.

—
From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Hugh Miller, author of the "Foot-paths of the Creation," "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. The admirers of this author will find in this volume much to please and to gratify them, as well in his style as in the scenes he describes, and the reflections which they call forth.

—
From JNO. R. NUNEMACHER, New Albany, Ind., through HOGAN & THOMPSON, Philadelphia:—

MRS. COLLIN'S TABLE RECEIPTS. Adapted to *Western Housewifery*. This little work, which embraces, nevertheless, a vast amount of information serviceable to families in all circumstances of life, though prepared especially for the housekeepers of the West, will be found well worthy of the patronage of the East, and, we may add, the North and the South. Without any pretensions whatever, it presents to the economical housewife a variety of preparations, from the plain meal of a family in humble circumstances to the most sumptuous fare of a *table d'hôte*. Although there is nothing very surprising in the fact that this neatly printed and handsomely bound volume, on the subject of good and fashionable cookery, should come to us from New Albany, yet the writer of this notice cannot help remarking that he very well remembers when the building lots of that "backwoods town" were first offered for sale by an enterprising Yankee. Success to American progress in all good things.

—
SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The Gold Worshipers; or, the Days we Live in." A future historical volume. By the author of "Whitefriars." No. 536 of the "Library of Select Novels." "London Labor and the London Poor." Parts 5 and 6. By Henry Mayhew. With Daguerreotype engravings, taken by Beard. Our readers have been made acquainted with the interesting character of this work in former notices. "The Wife's Sister; or, the Forbidden Marriage." By Mrs. Hubbard.—From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart): "The Library of Humorous American Works," containing "The Yankee amongst the Mermaids," and other Waggeries and Vagaries. By W. E. Burton, Comedian. With eight engravings, from original designs by Darley. "The Sea King." A Nautical Romance. By the author of "The Scourge of the Ocean." Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. "The Widow Rugby's Husband, and other Tales of Alabama." By the author of "Adventures of Simon Suggs." With original designs by Darley.—From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street:

"Louise La Valliere; or, the Second Series and Conclusion of the Iron Mask." Being the final end of "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Bragelonne," and "The Iron Mask." By Alexander Dumas. The admirers of Dumas, and he has many in this country, who consider his works as the most unexceptionable among the modern romance writers, will be gratified with the appearance of this work. "Shakspeare's Dramatic Works." No. 38. Containing "Othello." The publishers having been urged to complete this work by the addition of Shakspeare's Poems, the first number has already made its appearance.—From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: "The Heiress of Derwentwater." A Novel. By E. X. Blanchard, Esq. "The Pocket Companion for Machinists, Mechanics, and Engineers." By Oliver Byrne, Editor of the "Dictionary of Machines, Mechanics, Enginework, and Engineering," etc. etc. A very valuable work.—From Samuel Houston, 139 Nassau Street, through W. B. Zieber, agent, Philadelphia: "The Illustrated Domestic Bible." By the Rev. Ingram Corbin, M. A. Nos. 29, 21, and 22.—From Swain & Sherwood, Greensborough, N. C.: "The Southern Methodist Pulpit for May, 1851." Edited by Charles F. Deems, President of the Greensborough Female College. This number contains a Sermon upon the "Dispensations of the Law and the Gospel," by the Rev. Whiteford Smith, D. D., of the South Carolina Conference, which may be read with profit by Christians of every denomination who desire to trace the analogy of the Law and the Gospel, in the redemption and salvation of man.

Publisher's Department.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—With this number commences the cheap postage system. In the following States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky—the postage is only two cents per number. To insure this, go to your post-office and pay six cents, which will be three months in advance. This is all you have to do to insure the benefits of this change in the post-office rates. Any subscriber living over five hundred miles from here, and not over fifteen hundred, which comprises Texas on the southwest, and Iowa on the northwest, and seven hundred miles west of the Mississippi, will receive his "Book" for four cents postage by paying twelve cents in advance at his post-office. Editors all over the country will receive the "Lady's Book" free of any postage charge.

Success to the "Lady's Book," "free postage," "lady contributors," and "magnificent embellishments!"

—
The plate of the "Dead Sea" in this number is from Lieutenant Lynch's "Expedition to the River Jordan," published by Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia. See description, page 112.

—
We have something like an apology to make. We are forced still to reprint the numbers for 1850. The public will have them; but we are ashamed of them. The plates are completely worn out; and one of the plates used in the January number, 1850, was destroyed by fire some months since.

THE author of the words, "Hope on, Hope ever," set to music in our May number, is J. S. Freligh, and not J. T. Freligh.

CAN our friend of the "Southern Methodist Pulpit" put us in a way of procuring some of the designs for cottages he mentions?

A CLASSICAL NUMBER.—The illustrations in this number are from the works of Goethe and Scott: the "Wilhelm Meister" of the former, and "The Pirate" of the latter; and "The Last Visit," from a picture painted by Rothermel for L. A. Godey.

"THE MINISTER'S WIFE."—We are promised a story with this title by a celebrated author. It is a good subject. There are few persons aware of the trials and tribulations of the lady who gives the name to the story.

PORTRAIT OF AN EDITOR.—We have seen, with great pleasure, in the studio of that excellent artist, Mr. Humphrey, a fine portrait of our friend, Morton McMichael, Esq., of the North American. We recognize in the portrait all the peculiar and striking features of the original, which, as his friends know, form such a compound of firmness and pleasantness, intelligence and wit, that none but an artist of superior merit and tact would be able to do him justice. We therefore cordially congratulate both our friend McMichael and the artist on the success which has crowned the effort to prepare for posterity a correct memorial of one of our self-made men, and a most prominent and patriotic citizen.

THE BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION, of which we have just received the first number, is a monthly journal, devoted to the objects and interests of the Fine Arts in this country. It is issued by the American Art Union, New York, exclusively for its members, and is designed, as it is eminently fitted, if we may judge from the initial number, to promote the cause of art, and to disseminate correct ideas and tastes regarding the works of genius in that department of human effort. It is a valuable and highly interesting publication.

HINCKLEY'S PICTORIAL HEARTHSTONE.—A very excellent paper, under this title, has been commenced in this city by Mr. Hinckley, the accomplished engraver on wood, at only one dollar a year. The several numbers already published speak well for the enterprise. Mr. Hinckley, the publisher and editor, is not only a good engraver, but a very accomplished writer.

THOSE of our lady readers who wish to know how Royalty and her attendants dress can read the following:—

"At the drawing-room, her majesty wore a train of buff watered silk, having flowers of white and yellow brocaded on it. The train was trimmed with tulle, yellow ribbon, and bunches of lilac, ornamented with diamonds. The petticoat was of white satin, with an upper skirt of blonde, trimmed with bunches of lilac and tulle, and ornamented with diamonds, to correspond with the train. The head-dress was formed of diamonds and feathers, and a wreath of lilacs.

"The Princess of Prussia wore a train of blue silk, brocaded with silver, and trimmed with bouquets of flowers, with diamond ornaments. The stomacher was

also decorated with brilliants. The petticoat was of white watered silk, trimmed with flowers, to correspond with the train. The head-dress was composed of diamonds and feathers with flowers.

"At the state ball, the queen wore a blue silk dress, with three skirts of blue and white tulle, trimmed with branches of apple blossoms ornamented with diamonds. Her majesty's head-dress was formed of a wreath of apple blossoms ornamented with diamonds.

"Her royal highness, the Princess of Prussia, wore a dress of white tulle over white satin, trimmed with white satin ribbon and bunches of flowers, and ornamented with diamonds. Her royal highness wore a garland of geraniums as a head-dress, and diamond ornaments."

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

HOW TO DESTROY FLIES.—Pour a little simple oxymel (an article sold by druggists) into a common tumbler glass, and place in the glass a piece of cap paper, made into the shape of the upper part of a funnel, with a hole at the bottom to admit the flies. Attracted by the smell, they readily enter the trap in swarms, and by the thousands soon collected prove that they have not the wit or the disposition to return.

WINTER HERBS.—The best time for gathering herbs for winter use is when they are in blossom. If left till they are in seed, the strength goes to the seed. They are best picked from the stalks, dried quickly (but not burnt) before the fire, and rubbed into powder, then bottled.

AN excellent wash for the mouth is made of half an ounce of tincture of myrrh and two ounces of Peruvian bark. Keep in a phial for use. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient.

TO MAKE LEMON WHEY.—Pour into boiling milk as much lemon-juice as will make a small quantity quite clear; dilute with hot water to an agreeable smart acid, and put in a bit or two of sugar. This is less heating than if made of wine, and, if only to excite perspiration, answers as well.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES.

It will be noticed that we have combined in this print household as well as costume fashions, a happy idea of the designer, who has introduced the latest style of Parisian window curtains to the apartment in which the groups are placed.

The first windows are casements intended to open inwardly, and the drapery is composed of an under curtain of embroidered muslin, the second being rich crimson brocatelle, of a heavy antique pattern. The fall from the cornice is of brocatelle ornamented with a gold cord, and studs, from which depend cords and tassels of crimson silk, similar to those that loop back the folds. The cornice itself is of a tasteful design, richly gilt.

The second is of the same material, of exquisite gold color, or *bouton d'or*, with a narrow crimson band or border. The fall is reversed, being of crimson edged with gold. The cornice is slightly arched, of alternate carving and gilding.

COSTUMES

Fig. 1st.—A carriage dress of pale blue and white India foulard, in large cheques or symes, a favorite style this season. A broad sack of ribbon, an exact match, is tied about the waist. The sleeves are very short, with hanging ruffles of embroidery or lace. A chemisette of lace comes closely to the throat. The bonnet is a light summer straw, with a full lining of pink crape. The crown is covered by narrow edges of black lace, which also surrounds the cape, and mixes with the bow at the side.

Fig. 2d.—Dinner dress of mode-colored brocade silk, with three deep flounces, each headed and bordered by a quilling of rich satin ribbon to match in color. Only a tall light figure should venture upon this style. The sacque, or visite, is of rich lace or muslin, with full hanging sleeves looped by a knot of pink ribbon, the same as that worn in the hair, which is otherwise simply dressed, with low Grecian braids, at the back of the head.

Fig. 3d.—Dress of pale blue solitaire, with no trimming but a scalloped edge to sleeves and the folds of the corsage, each of which is finished by an embroidery of some small and delicate pattern in the centre. This is also tasteful in merino or cashmere for a morning dress. Hanging ruffles and chemisette of lace, with a cap of the same, and bunches or knots of pale straw-colored ribbon. Little or no jewelry is worn with a morning dress.

Fig. 4th.—Rich evening dress of pale apple-green brocade. Its novelty consists in the cord of gold lace, which forms the trimming, the same, with tassels depending, crossing over the lace chemisette. Full undersleeves fall a little below the elbow. The head-dress is formed of coils of gold lace mixed with bandeaux of hair.

CHIT-CHAT OF THE AUGUST FASHIONS.

There is "a painful dearth of incident," as newspaper reporters would say, in the world of fashion this month. The steamers are bringing over the pattern bonnets, mantillas, cloaks, and dress goods, that in October will be opened in the warerooms of our merchants and milliners. The gay customers who will then surround them to admire, and perchance to purchase, are now planning fancy costumes for the last Saratoga and Newport ball, that grand event which will give the only opportunity many of them will ever have to be chronicled in the columns of the *Herald* as "the fascinating Mrs. Green," or "the truly elegant and distinguished belle of —, Miss Brown."

But to these we have little to say. They would no doubt despise our hints as far too homely for their acceptance, and our notions of propriety as too antiquated for the age they live in. They leave to their maids the plainer details of the toilette, which come in this article more especially under our notice.

The subject was suggested by the exclamation of Madame —, a well-known stay or corset manufacturer of this city; for be it known there is a revival of the fashion for some time obsolete, and ladies are once more casing themselves in an unnatural armor of jean and whalebone.

"Ah, madame, the ladies who come here, they dress very well, they look *magnifique* when you look at them; but if they will be fitted—bah!" And she

finished with a gesture of contempt, as only a French woman could give.

And we are very sorry to believe that many ladies who have a dashing make up for it by the poverty of undergarments, the silks and grenadines conceal. No doubt there is no greater promoter of a well-appointed wardrobe, neat and tasteful details; and we presume to speak freely to a woman, and in an article addressed to ladies. It is far better to wear plainer, costly bonnets, if it be necessary, and things in keeping. The material should be of medium fineness at least, and well made "in cut or stitches, to be excused with it's only a skirt," or "No one will ever be basted together." A plentiful wardrobe of frequent changes, which are essential to neatness, and is little regarded by those who would not like to be seen wearing the Sundays in succession. We have seen of an otherwise tasteful toilet ruined by the appearance of a coarse or discolored undergarment, the peeping up of a yoke with dilapidation upon the shoulder.

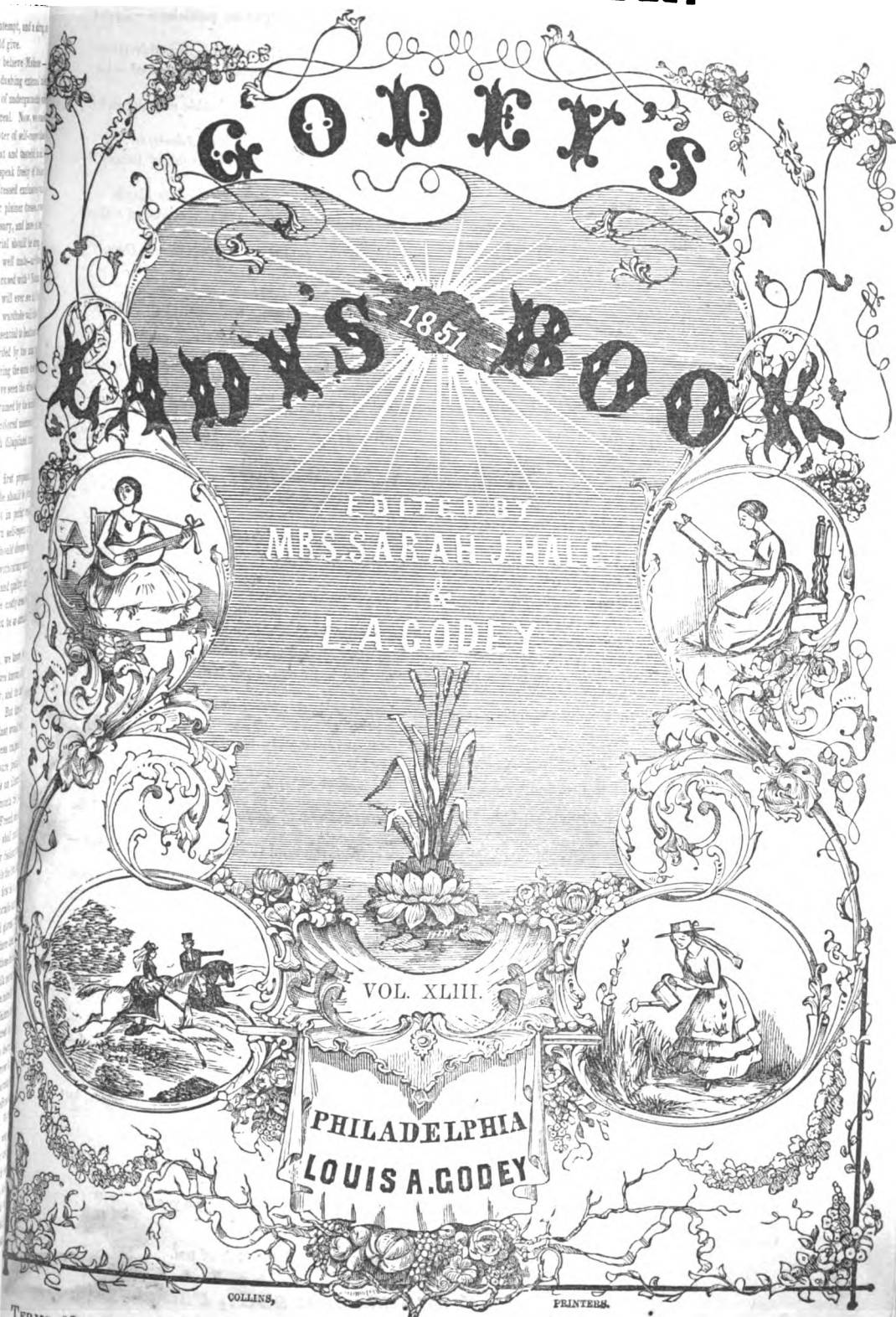
Therefore, to return to our first subject, underclothes of a lady's wardrobe should be well and neatly made, and kept in place, as she wishes to preserve her own self, and that of those about her. She should be prepared for an illness or journey, without preparation, both in quantity and quality. It can be done at the expense of one cost, not, any season, or we should not be our advice.

There is the opposite extreme, we do not dangerously frequent. We have the application of the richest embroidery, an lenciennes lace, to this purpose. But extremes in all cases, and while the last savor of extravagance, it is far less abundance of means will in a measure that to which we first alluded. As a matter of strictures, we commence this month of articles of *Lingeries*, as the French call articles of the kind, which we give at intervals, in addition to other.

We have left little space to chronicle that have come under notice. The few ladies make themselves uncomfortable warm months by the wearing of kid substitutes of every variety of color, reduced, the shades being as delicate as the sizes made to correspond. Black gloves are also worn by those who care more for the shape of their hands. Measure suspended, except in a full slippers, and walking shoes of various Slippers of linen, or bronze, with a the instep, are in high favor for home. For the street, we have buskins, tie Jenny Linds, all made of kid and more recommend the first and last for comfort. The gaiter is fully in the extreme of the mode off the pavement. "Jenny Linds" are laced from the toe to the top of the way that the white stocking shows very pretty peanant-like effect. Slippers with bows or rosettes.

The Postage on this Magazine for 500 miles is 2 cents; for 1500 miles, 4 cents.—See
Extract from the Law, on fourth page of cover.

SEPTEMBER.



TERMS, \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions for subsequent years, when not paid in advance, \$4.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey has a go-aheadativeness which is sure to render him the prince of magazine publishers.—*Lyons Whig*.

It is a long way ahead of all similar magazines in its getting up and general appearance.—*Ala. Advertiser*

No man, woman, or child can read "Godey's Lady's Book" without feeling ennobled and improved.—*Va. Pilot*.

The "Book" is an "art union" of itself, and in no way can so many truly fine and valuable engravings be procured as by subscribing for it.—*Woodstock Age*.

Godey is truly deserving of the premium of publishing the best magazine extant.—*Maine Advertiser*.

Godey's is emphatically a book for the ladies. It might appropriately be termed "The Book of Beauty."—*Nova Scotian*.

The utmost that art in its highest perfection can do, is now lavished on this work.—*Perryville Eagle*.

For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female in Canada was a reader of "Godey's Lady's Book."—*Intelligencer, Canada West*.

The truth is, Godey is unsurpassable in the style, taste, and talent of his periodical.—*New Castle Dem*.

It still leads off at the head of American magazines.—*Plymouth News*.

Godey is certainly ahead of all the other monthlies, both in style and matter.—*Newmarket Democrat*.

All the magazines are enterprising, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Godey with his "Lady's Book" bears off the palm.—

For beauty and taste, we place it first among all the magazines.—*Romney Argus*.

A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the "Lady's Book." In fact, no parlor is complete without it.—*Troy Times*.

The literary matter and the plates are, by common consent, ranked at the head of magazine enterprise.—*Huntingdon Messenger*.

We invite all who are desirous of seeing the greatest work of the day now published—the "Lady's Book"—to call at our office.—*La. Register*.

Godey's we think the best of all the magazines published in America.—*Perrysburg Reveille*.

Godey certainly publishes the best magazine in the country.—*Wet Chester Times*.

Godey still keeps ahead.—*Elliotville Republican*.

Godey keeps his position at the head of the literary caterers for the people.—*Canton Reporter*.

Godey keeps a little in advance of his cotemporaries in many respects. His "Book" ranks A No. 1 among the *literati* of the land.—*N. Y. Messenger*.

Each number is a perfect jewel, and we cannot wonder at its immense popularity.—*Reading Advocate*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the best magazine of the kind that comes to us.—*Conn. Daily Register*.

This magazine is the most splendid of any published in the United States.—*Macon Cadet*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the prettiest work our mortal eyes ever looked upon.—*Centreville Whig*.

We have looked upon this as THE magazine for a long time. We have never yet received a number that was not worth half the subscription price.—*Dalton Times*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" undeniably excels any of its cotemporaries, both as regards matter and embellishments.—*Jerseyman, N. J.*

Always having been at the head of American magazines, Godey is obstinately determined that his "Lady's Book" shall continue there.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

It is faint praise to say that it maintains its character as being first among the periodicals of the day.—*Johnstown Republican*.

As a book for the ladies, it is really invaluable in its tendency to refine and elevate to a high standard the intellectual character of woman.—*Paudling Clarion*.

This is one of the very few periodicals that makes its monthly issues equal to the first one of the year.—*Ohio Intelligencer*.

Its articles are of a high order, and display a spirit that will benefit American literature.—*Ballston Mirror*.

We have never known Mr. Godey to make a promise that he did not fulfil, and very often does better than he promises.—*Huntington Herald*.

The ladies of no country have been served by intellectual knight-errant so chivalrous and true. His last number is always the best.—*Ohio Telegraph*.

No just idea can be formed of this magnificent work without ocular inspection.—*Mich. Gazette*.

Of all the works devoted to the interests and amusements of the ladies, "Godey" is undoubtedly the best and most splendid.—*N. Y. Christian Guardian*.

It is far ahead of its cotemporaries in magnificence and worth.—*Portsmouth Dispatch*.

This is just what it professes to be, an excellent "Lady's Book," and in this respect stands unrivalled.—*Irishburgh Gazette*.

Godey is ahead of the world in magazine enterprise.—*Vevay Palladium*.

Godey certainly keeps a great distance between himself and all competitors. He has many imitators, but no equal.—*Lima Argus*.

TERMS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Single number 25 cents.

One copy, 1 year, \$3	Five copies, 1 year, or one copy 5 years, \$10
Two copies, 1 year, 5	Ten copies, 1 year, 20
One copy, 2 years, 5	

And an extra copy one year to the person who sends the club of ten.

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

OK

8-1411

12-1411

14-1411

16-1411

18-1411

20-1411

22-1411

24-1411

26-1411

28-1411

30-1411

32-1411

34-1411

36-1411

38-1411

40-1411

42-1411

44-1411

46-1411

48-1411

50-1411

52-1411

54-1411

56-1411

58-1411

60-1411

62-1411

64-1411

66-1411

68-1411

70-1411

72-1411

74-1411

76-1411

78-1411

80-1411









Painted by J. G. Kneller

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Printed by J. G. Kneller





CURIOSITY.



“O M A B U P S P R”

Engraved by J. H. Pease for Goddard



Fashions for September.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

STARKY POLKA,

BY W. F. BIDDLE.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND INSCRIBED TO

MISS LIZZIE M. CUTHBERT.

8va.

ff

Legato.
Introduzione.

pp

The musical score is presented on a single page. It begins with a vocal line on a single staff, marked '8va.' and 'ff'. Below this is a piano introduction, also on a single staff, marked 'Legato.' and 'Introduzione.'. The piano introduction is in 2/4 time and consists of several measures of music. The main body of the score is written for piano and consists of several staves of music. The tempo is marked 'Legato.' and the dynamics range from 'ff' (fortissimo) to 'pp' (pianissimo). The score is in 2/4 time and consists of several staves of music.

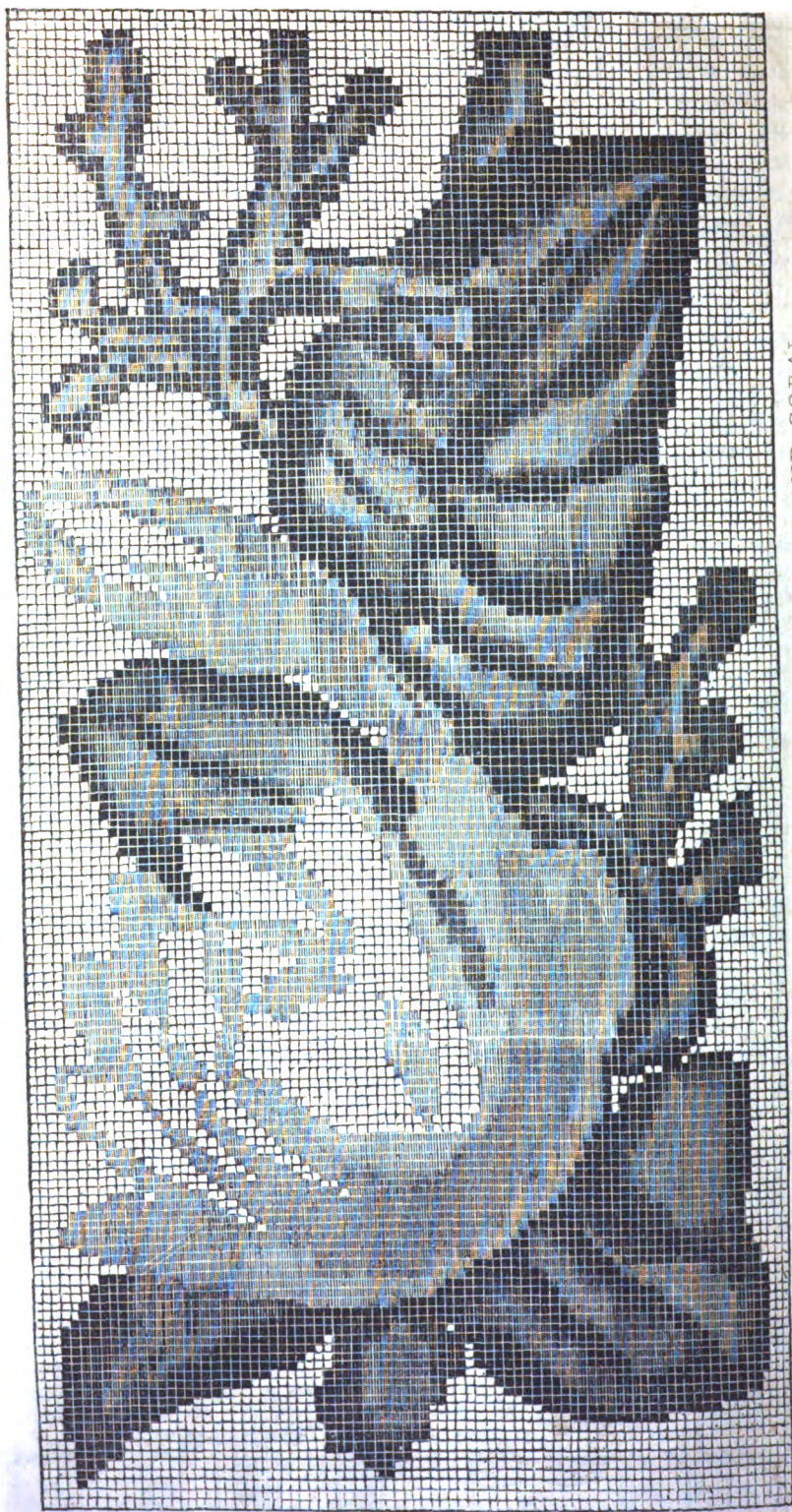
loco.

TRIO.

pp

pp

8va.



BERLIN WORSTED WORK.—BLUE WATER-LILY AND CORAL.
SFM DESCRIPTION.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1851.

SOUR GRAPES.

BY KATE BERRY.

(See Plate.)

THE family of Foxes play a conspicuous part in history, and the many instances on record of their successful feats of stratagem have become such a byword in course of time, that the name of fox is synonymous with whatever is dishonorable in war and politics, or characterized by low cunning in private life. In short, Reynard has always had a wonderfully bad reputation, and the individual who undertakes his defence assumes no enviable position. It is not the less necessary, however, that the work be entered upon; and, as it is high time that he had found a champion, such I declare myself to be.

Is it not a worthy task to rescue from obloquy the name of one who has been invariably maligned? It were an undertaking befitting the present age, when learned writers all over the world are ransacking the chronicles of the past for proofs to convince this generation that men who, for long years, were regarded as rascals or nuisances, or at best as grand mistakes in human nature, were in fact the especial benefactors of their kind, and should have justice, tardy though it be, rendered to their memories. Nero, Caligula, Cromwell, Robespierre, and Napoleon, not to mention a host of others, are now held up as demi-gods for the adoring admiration of mankind in these latter days. So would I—recurring to that period, the records of which have been my profound study; that golden, blissful, Arcadian age, when animals talked and reasoned, held councils of state, fought Punic wars, or dwelt together in societies distinguished by all the usages of modern times—to that era going back, would I seek to clear away the aspersions which have been unsparingly heaped upon the family of foxes.

We have been so much in the habit of dwelling upon the bad points in their character, of taking for granted all that has been said against them, of putting the worst construction on all their actions, as to lose sight of their really commendable qualities,

and to refrain from seeking out what was grand and good in exploits heretofore indiscriminately condemned as most graceless. I do not attempt to justify the fox who used such unworthy means to obtain the raven's cheese; but he should not be unconditionally blamed, for the raven may have played upon him some annoying trick, of which neither Æsop nor La Fontaine gives account. Moreover, he was terribly hungry—the usual condition of foxes—and necessity knows no law. Kings and subjects have, before now, made war under the same dread impulse; and should we not forbear to blame the fox who, for the sake of a dinner, flatteringly cajoled his sable acquaintance? This same individual of cheese memory, he that lost his tail, and that other one who invited Madame Stork to an entertainment so served up that only himself could get anything to eat, have so long been marks for the scorn and ridicule of the world that it becomes necessary, in the course of events, to undertake their justification.

The retaliatory feast of Madame Stork is dwelt upon with malicious exultation, and never a doubt is expressed that her revenge was perfectly ladylike. Now, the fox has never been rich—every incident related of him proves his poverty—his larder has always been proverbially scanty, as says the poet whom I shall have frequent occasion to quote:—

“That sly old gentleman, the dinner-giver,
Was, you must understand, a frugal liver.”

He was so from stern necessity, being reduced to all sorts of expedients to secure enough provision to keep soul and body together. As for Mistress Stork, she was, like turkeys and similar gentry now-a-days, a monstrous glutton, and was never satisfied even with the best and most abundant fare. Sir Fox was a wag, I am sure, and relished a joke full as keenly as ever he did a fat goose. That the unap-

proachable dinner was not provided through stinginess, but was rather the result of limited means joined with a propensity for fun, I have not a doubt. It is equally clear that the guest went to it with a full stomach, her resources being more abundant at all times than those of our poverty-stricken, hunger-smitten Fox, and consequently she must have suffered nothing at a scanty repast, which, consisting as it did merely of "thinnish soup served on a platter," would not have gone far, even could she have got at it, towards satisfying a ravenous appetite.

Now what, I ask any candid, unprejudiced man, should have been her revenge? Would it not have become her sex and standing to prepare a feast, even as she did, most savory and plentiful, but, furthermore, to serve it up on proper dishes, so that the hungry Fox might have one grand meal in his life? For my own part, I always pitied that Fox; and, when I was a child, rejoicing in the possession of a "Pictorial History" of the golden age, to which attention has been called, I could never look at the long-legged, full-fed Stork, poking her beak, with a most self-complacent air, into the slender neck of the vase, while her guest sat near, his gaunt form resting on its haunches, without experiencing a feeling of disgust for the gormandizing bird, and for the tortured Fox sentiments of profound compassion.

When Reynard lost his tail, he was undeniably engaged in a not very creditable expedition, though, as for that matter, we should not condemn him without reflection. Wars are more often pronounced justifiable than otherwise; and, when the leader of a foray is successful in bearing away the spoil, he is looked upon as a hero. Had the famous General Lopez captured the whole Island of Cuba, instead of "making the fizzle" which he has, our citizens might (I do not affirm that they would) have hailed him as a deliverer, and gladly appropriated the orange groves and cotton fields of that fair region for the benefit of free independent Americans.

Success is everything; and if the Fox, who had managed to get a livelihood one way and another, escaping with a whole skin, was at last disgracefully trapped and exposed to ignominy, his fate is not unusual, and demands commiseration. But what I would call special attention to, in this instance, is his conduct after being deprived of his tail. Did he sneak away, and hide himself from the face of his fellow foxes? Did he bury himself in his hole, and relinquish all society forever? By no means. Like a true philosopher, he made the best of his misfortune, and, going boldly among his friends, fearlessly proposed the sundering of their tails. The ill reception of his proposition in no wise detracts from the merit of its deeply philosophic spirit.

Those instances in which the conduct of the Fox has been equivocal, or where good and bad qualities have been exhibited so interwoven as to deserve a mixture of praise and blame, are repeated and dwelt upon, to the exclusion of others that display only what should elicit unhesitating admiration. Such a course is anything but that dictated by justice, and

shows a feeling utterly inconsonant with the spirit of the age in which we live.

Let us briefly refer to some of those incidents which reflect unmingled credit upon the Fox.

A great crowd had collected, to admire a colossal bust of some hero or other, which called forth loud and indiscriminate praise. The Fox heard their comments, and witnessed their deification of the hero's semblance with emotions of deep disdain. His sense of the beautiful led him to appreciate its outward symmetry, but he looked beneath the surface, and knew that the object of their worship was—hollow. We will give the substance of his remarks on the occasion, in the words of the poet:—

"The Fox admired the sculptor's pains;
'Fine head,' said he, 'but void of brains!'"

Now, if the Horse, the Lion, or even the Sheep, had given utterance to an observation so fraught with wisdom, so indicative of a capacity to look beyond mere appearances, it would have been greeted with boundless applause; but proceeding, as it did, from a decried Fox, it has hitherto passed unnoticed.

The reply of the youthful Fox to the Horse shows a sagacity becoming an older head. The poet tells us that—

"A Fox, though young, by no means raw,
Had seen a Horse—the first he ever saw:"

and, struck with admiration for the elegant creature, hastened to describe him to his friend the Wolf, when in company they went to view the stranger, and ascertain, if possible, who he might be. They paid their respects; and then, with a simplicity worthy of that unsophisticated age, proceeded to inquire his name. The Horse replied that his shoer had inscribed it round his heel, at the same time raising it with an air of dignified politeness, and inviting them to approach for the purpose of satisfying their curiosity. The Fox, wisely suspicious, excused himself on the ground of being unable to read, informing his new acquaintance that, as the poetic legend hath it—

"Me, sir, my parents did not educate—
So poor, a hole was their entire estate."

And here, by the way, is one of those numerous, incidental proofs of the poverty of the family, borne out by various corresponding circumstances. Our Fox went on to say that his friend—

"—the Wolf, however, taught at college,
Could read it were it even Greek."

Whereupon the Wolf, too susceptible of flattery,

"Approached to verify the boast;
For which, four teeth he lost:"

the Horse bringing down his hoof with such a powerful stroke as to lay the foolish Wolf bleeding on the ground; a mean trick in the animal, as all will acknowledge; for what right had he to scan the motives of his visitors, or to suppose them actu-

ated by a desire to secure a new species of prey? Time enough for him to raise his heel when they began to growl and show their teeth. As the Wolf, who, however, may have deserved such a reception, turned howling away, accompanied by his friend, the latter added, to the strong impression already made, the following important lesson:—

—“This shows how just

What once was taught me by a Fox of wit—

Which on thy jaws this animal hath writ—

All unknown things the wise mistrust.”

A maxim worthy of foxly teaching.

Let us take another instance. What could evince a keener observance of the actions of their fellow-creatures, a deeper insight into brute nature, than was displayed in the message sent by the tribe of Foxes to their monarch, when his majesty commanded them to send deputies to his court? The King of beasts was confined to his den by illness—whether real or pretended, history does not definitely pronounce; but it appears to be the universal opinion that his indisposition was assumed from motives of state policy, the royal exchequer being exhausted, and a new method of replenishing it luckily discovered. He sent forth a command,

“That of his vassals, every sort

Shall send some deputies to court;”

solemnly promising,

“On faith of Lion, duly written,

None shall be scratched—much less, be bitten.”

The order was unhesitatingly obeyed by all his subjects except the Foxes, who declined going, giving answer by one of their number, selected for the purpose, to this effect:—

“Of those who seek the court, we learn,

The tracks upon the sand

Have one direction, and

Not one betokens a return.”

They proceeded to say that this fact had caused some distrust among them, and, begging him in his clemency to excuse their attendance, wound up their address thus:—

“His plighted word is good, no doubt;

But while how beasts get in we see,

We do not see how they get out.”

Their reply shows that, whatever might be their opinion of his majesty's illness, they were very certain that he had not lost his appetite.

Be that as it may, the old king died after a while, as it is elsewhere related, and the beasts met to install a successor.

“Forth from a dragon-guarded, moated place,

The crown was brought, and, taken from its case,”

was in turn tried on by all present, but not one would it fit. The heads of most of the candidates were too small; some were too big; others had great, awkward horns, which interfered quite decidedly with the wearing of royalty's insignia. At

last, the Monkey, with an air of dignity very ridiculously human in its assumption, yet with all the “antics and grimaces” which monkeys never know how to lay aside, approached, and,

“With what would seem a gracious stoop,

Passed through the crown as through a hoop.”

The assemblage were so much amused with this monkey-trick, that they immediately voted him his late majesty's successor, and did homage to the new king. The Fox alone declined voting, and in his own mind greatly deprecated the result of the election; but he made no fuss about it, and does not appear to have dreamed of getting up an insurrection. Nor did he insist on a re-election, for universal suffrage being the fashion then, he very well knew that such a course would not better the matter. A wiser method than a resort to arms, or a new election, to place the king in a proper light before his infatuated subjects, was suggested by his penetrative mind, and he proceeded to carry it into action.

Having paid his respects to monkey-royalty, he proceeded to inform the king that he knew of a place where was concealed a great treasure, which by right belonged to his majesty.

“The king lacked not an appetite

For such financial pelf,

And, not to lose his royal right,

Ran straight to see it for himself.”

Alas for the poor king! “It was a trap,” the poet says, “and he was caught;” and, struggling vainly to get free from such a disagreeable situation, the ridiculous monarch was obligingly furnished with Reynard's opinion of his abilities and character in these words:—

—“Would you have it thought,

You ape, that you can fill a throne,

And guard the rights of all, alone,

Not knowing how to guard your own?”

The beasts were duly impressed with the lesson which the Fox designed to convey, and unanimously concluded

“That stuff for kings is very scarce.”

But, not to multiply instances, let us proceed, in conclusion, to cite that one which, more than any other, is dwelt upon in these days—the story of the “Sour Grapes.” I am free to say that the character and spirit of that celebrated Fox are nowise appreciated. We will consider the circumstances. This individual lived I know not how long ago, but it must have been a great while before the time of Æsop, who first put on record his one memorable speech. It is not certain that he possessed larger discriminative powers than others of his race, who are well gifted in that respect; but his philosophy was quite remarkable, as is distinctly shown in the case we are contemplating. It is generally believed that he was first cousin to the Fox who had his tail cut off, a supposition borne out by the striking

similarity in their conduct, when placed in unpleasant circumstances.

Our Fox, while taking a walk one summer day, was delighted to espy some grapes, hanging in ripe and tempting clusters upon a trellis. The poor fellow was hungry of course, and would gladly have devoured them, but they grew so high as to be quite beyond his reach; and, after several desperate attempts to obtain the prize, he quietly desisted, remarking that they were, without doubt, sour and utterly unfit for eating. With this most philosophical consolation he trotted off, saying, as he cast a backward glance at the rich, purple fruit—

——— "Such grapes as these!

The dogs may eat them if they please!"

And the poetic historian makes this brief, but most emphatic comment on his conduct—

"Did he not better than to whine?"

Verily, he did; and his spirit is worthy not only of praise, but imitation, by beings gifted with reason. Yet, how few view it in a proper light! The majority regard him as a carping, discontented Fox, disposed to find fault with everything, and imagine him as retreating, after such grievous disappointment, with a most fretful, unhappy expression of countenance, and an ill-natured snarl. Not so do I think of the animal. He walked off, despairing of the feast, it is true, but with an air of resignation that made him look even serene, his bushy tail waving in undiminished foxly dignity.

And who are they that, by mankind at large, are likened to that Fox? Most usually, peevish, ill-tempered, slanderous persons, who malignantly decry what they cannot obtain. A man is disappoint-

ed in love, jilted by the maid whose favor he seeks to win, and straightway falls to railing at the sex collectively, and most particularly depreciates her who has been the object of his zealous pursuit. The neighbors all cry out "Sour grapes," thereby casting an unwarrantable slur upon the character of that Fox of olden times. Rather let us say "Sour grapes" in application to the manly demeanor of one who, meeting frowns where he sought for smiles, turns not from the even tenor of his way, but, with cheerful aspect, though his heart may ache, assures his friends that "there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught."

I am sure that my little nieces, Lilly and Mary, had the true spirit when, the other day, they declared that uncle's grapes were "sour." Their beaming, merry faces, as you see them in the shadow of that vine-wreathed summerhouse window, indicate anything but disgust and fretfulness. And, after all the longing glances at the tantalizing display far above their heads, the light-hearted little things contented themselves as completely with the less rare and tempting fruits in the garden below, as if there were no grapes in the world. Therefore do I commend them as true expositors of Reynard's meaning words; and, in closing this imperfect tribute to that animal's virtues and sagacity, would say that there is no phrase of like brevity which, when rightly understood, breathes so much of cool, calm, inward resignation, which implies such serene disdain of this world's disappointments, such determination to go on, heedless of its petty vexations, and make the most of its not unfrequent comforts and delights, as that same expression which fell from the Fox of the olden time, of "Sour Grapes."

XARIFA, OR, THE CASTLE OF MALVINO.

A ROMANCE.

BY HELEN MATTHEWS.

In sunny Spain, some ages past, there stood,
In gloomy grandeur, braving war and flood,
An ancient castle; to the wond'ring eye
Its giant turrets seemed to kiss the sky.
Proudly it rose, yet sterner than its walls
The haughty chief who ruled within its halls;
No smiles on that cold brow were seen to rest,
No soft compassion moved his iron breast;
For years no gleam of hope or joyful light
Appeared, to gild his soul's unchanging night;
The gentle solace of his wayward life
Had closed in death her spirit's weary strife;
Yet, ere the blossom drooped its head to die,
One fragile bud received her parting sigh:
Xarifa, offspring of her mother's love,
Appeared like some blest cherub from above;
One fleeting look, one feeble, trembling kiss,
The mother's soul had sought the world of bliss.
Now, like the rainbow's soft and timid beam,
Or sweet embodiment of some bright dream,
The peerless maid grew lovelier each day,
And shed amid the gloom one heavenly ray.

Her father's frown struck terror to her soul
Her timid nature feared his stern control;
Yet, when alone, her books, her fav'rite bower,
With song and lute, beguiled the heavy hour.

* * * * *

'Twas eve. Malvino's daughter was alone;
The moon had long since climbed her azure throne
The maiden loved that calm and silent hour—
Why wept she, then, within the orange bower?
Alas, Xarifa loved! that heaving breast,
That fitful blush the fatal truth confessed.
Fatal; for ah! beneath her rank she loved,
To one of humble birth her heart had roved.
A youthful follower in her father's train,
Lorenzo, strove upon the battle plain
To win high honors and undying fame,
And twine the laurel round his lowly name.
Ah, little dreamed his proud and stately lord,
When coldly praising his successful sword,
That this fair stripling, spite of pride and power
Had dared to love Malvino's priceless flower

Hark! a light step, a step of youth and joy—
 (Ah, who could wish such visions to destroy?)
 'Tis he.—Lorenzo!—yes, he 's at her feet:
 "My own dear love, what bliss once more to meet!
 But why these tears upon my loved one's cheek?
 What means this grief? Xarifa, dearest, speak!"
 "Lorenzo, all is vain; we meet no more,
 Until we pass to that eternal shore
 Where my sweet mother's spirit dwells in light:
 We part forever, oh, beloved, to-night!
 This morn, my father called me to his side,
 And told me I was destined for the bride
 Of him—the Count de Valois! 'Twas in vain
 I strove to speak; a dull and icy chain
 Hung on my lips, and froze each rising word.
 I spoke not; but, oh misery, I heard!
 Too well I heard the stern, relentless doom!
 Would that I slumbered in the silent tomb!"
 "And thou wilt wed him!" wildly cries the youth,
 "Spite of this aching heart's eternal truth!
 Ah, cold one, must I say, *indeed*, farewell?
 Must I forever break the magic spell
 Which holds me at thy feet a willing slave?
 Say, wilt thou weep upon my early grave?
 For, when those cruel lips bid me depart,
 Think not that life can linger in this heart!"
 "Oh, speak not thus!" the trembling maiden cries,
 The tear-drops glist'ning in her lustrous eyes:
 "Ah, couldst thou view my inmost heart, 'twould prove
 That *thee* alone I fondly, truly love!"
 He clasps her waist—those words, like heavenly balm,
 Shed o'er his soul a sweet celestial calm;
 He feels her breath amidst his raven hair,
 She speaks his name—away all cold despair!
 Love—love alone their hearts and lips engage.
 —What form is that transfix'd with sudden rage?
 Great powers!—Malvino! Fly, Xarifa, fly!
 Dost thou not fear to meet thy father's eye?
 "What! ho! my guards! secure yon stripling slave!
 Chains and a dungeon for the traitorous knave!"
 "Hold! hold! my father! hear thy suppliant child!
 Mine be the blame!" she shrieks, in accents wild.
 "Away, base girl, devoid of shame and pride,
 To-morrow sees thee Count de Valois's bride!"
 She sinks to earth—"Oh, spare! in mercy spare!"
 All 's darkness—all is misery and despair!

* * * * *

Midnight: the storm is raging round its walls,
 But lamps are gleaming in the castle halls;
 The lightning blazes 'mid the orange bower—
 Alas, 'tis poor Xarifa's nuptial hour!
 The torches flame, the solemn strains arise,
 The Gothic chapel waits the sacrifice;
 Her haughty bridegroom stands in glittering state,
 Headless of poor Xarifa's hapless fate.
 She comes at last, the folding doors unclose;
 But where has fled that bosom's sweet repose?
 That quivering lip, that pallid tear-wet cheek,
 Ah, what a tale of suffering they speak!
 Pale as herself, Lorenzo stands apart,
 Forc'd to behold what breaks his manly heart;
 A prisoner still, yet doomed that fearful night
 To see his loved one give the fatal plight.
 One look!—he cannot, if he would, suppress
 One glance of agonizing tenderness—
 The trembling victim meets his earnest eye;
 A wild, convulsive sob, a smothered sigh
 Escapes her breast, then silently she kneels:
 The count receives her hand—how cold it feels!

How the rich jewels mock that drooping brow!
 No rival lustre lights that dark eye now.
 And canst thou, stern Malvino, coldly see
 That helpless victim, in her agony,
 Tear from her heart the pure, unsullied love,
 And pledge those icy vows, unblest above?
 Thou canst!—then Heaven hurl terror in thy path!
 For thou art doomed to feel thy vengeful wrath.
 It comes! it comes! look to that fearful flash!
 The bolt has fallen; hark! hark to that loud crash!
 "Fly for your lives!" each frightened guest exclaims
 The eastern wing is wrapt in furious flames,
 The chapel blazes, shrieks of woe and fear
 Strike on the heart and paralyze the ear!
 Pursued by death, they throng on every side;
 But where is *she*, Xarifa, the pale bride?
 All have escaped save *her*. "My child! my child!"
 The tyrant father cries, in anguish wild.
 "Too well have I deserved this fatal blow;
 But oh, in mercy for a father's woe,
 Rescue Xarifa! bear her to my side!
 Let him who saves her claim her for his bride!"
 All rush with eager haste to win the prize;
 Alas, devouring flames assail their eyes!
 The fiery demon quells the stoutest heart;
 All—all save *one*—are turning to depart;
 But *he*, with magic love's all-powerful might,
 Climbs the rude wall and gains the casement's height
 "Lorenzo, hold, thou rushest on to death!"
 Exclaim the shuddering crowd, far, far beneath.
 They little know the feeling of that breast—
 To die for *her* would be to die most blest.
 In vain the flames around his form entwine,
 He leaps within—she 's kneeling at the shrine!
 "Xarifa!" Ah, she knows the loved one's voice!
 Amidst destruction, still their hearts rejoice.
 "Come to these arms," he cries; "this throbbing heart
 In life or death, we never more shall part!"
 He bears her through the suffocating gloom;
 But *one* false step, and fearful is their doom!
 He tears the sicken curtains from the wall,
 Their idle grandeur mocks the blazing fall;
 Slowly descending by their fragile aid,
 With words of hope he cheers the fainting maid.
 All, save the roaring flames, is still as death,
 The lovers' safety hangs upon a breath!
 Down, down, while burning ruins fall around—
 That shout of joy!—they 're safe!—they reach the
 ground!
 Blackened and scorched, but free from wild alarms,
 He bears Xarifa to her father's arms!
 Gone, gone forever, is Malvino's pride—
 "Take, generous youth," he cries, "thy well-earned
 bride;
 'Tis Heaven ordains Xarifa should be thine;
 Thou hast its choicest blessing, with it *mine*!"

* * * * *

Where once Malvino's haughty castle frowned,
 A graceful palace stands, encircled round
 By orange groves and gardens rich and rare,
 Whose grateful perfume fills the gentle air;
 'Twas there Xarifa passed the joyous hours,
 Her life one scene of sunshine, love, and flowers!
 'Twas there Malvino learned to love his child;
 All sorrow vanished when Xarifa smiled.
 Lorenzo won high honors in the field,
 And bore a noble crest upon his shield:
 Crowned by the brightest blessings from above,
 His proudest boast was still Xarifa's love!

THE SPORADES: AN HISTORICAL LEGEND OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MRS. S. H. WADDELL.

(Concluded from page 76.)

CHAPTER VI.

"Thou art written down old with all of the characters of age. Hast not thou a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? a broken voice?—ay, every part blasted by antiquity!"
—*Second Part of Henry the Fourth.*

"WINTER had called his ruffian blasts far to the north," and nature's magic wand had summoned spring, with her orient sky, her fragrant flowers, and velveted isles, till the land, the waters, and the air vibrated with the hum of animated existence. Creative-breathing, reanimating Spring, from mouldering decay, from the wreck of matter thou recallest young life! Thou type of the Deity, how deep a lesson of piety do we read in thy resurrection dawn!

Leaning upon his staff, in the court of a handsome mansion, situated near the sea in the Isle of Syme, was an aged man. Two individuals stood by his side.

"What did he say?" said the antiquated gentleman; "what did he say? Was it of Nathan and the little ewe lamb? I am sadly weak."

"Sit down, sire," answered L'Isle Adam, gently leading him to a portable chair.

"Well, call Admita; she has been a long time away. Oh! Holy Father!"—he clasped his trembling hands, and raised his dim eyes to heaven—"lost! lost!" He sank into a lethargic silence.

"St. Giles," said L'Isle Adam, "the condition of Christendom is deplorable. The loss of Palestine has encouraged the Mohammedans so much that they think themselves almost invincible. Their oppression, too, by sea and land, ought not to be overlooked. All of the islanders cannot live in the fortresses, and those who are near the sea are trampled upon most cruelly." He lowered his voice to a whisper: "The situation of this noble gentleman calls loudly for redress, and we must see that his only child is restored to him, even if war should be the consequence; for, take my word, he will not be a solitary example of outrage."

"Justus es, Domine," and the prior crossed himself. "Julia did not tell an idle tale, then, of the Turkish pirate Cortug-Ogli, when he said that he stole the lady."

"Poor Abas! we know not," said L'Isle Adam, "whether he be in the land of the living or not. He left the country after the arrival of the Carack, staying only long enough in the fortifications to make inquiries of Cato. Whither he went we have

never heard. It is now five years. Poor lad! were he here, it would only be to be agonized, for the light of his life was this young lady."

One of the domestics came into the court, and, placing himself at the back of the chair, touched his cap, and remarked that his honor, the marquis, always retired to rest a while at that hour of the evening. The knights followed the chair, and saw the aged gentleman placed upon his couch, the damask folds of his curtains drawn, and from his breathing felt assured that he slept.

L'Isle Adam paced the floor in sombre melancholy. The sleeper dreamed: "My daughter, return, child of my soul, forsaken; thy father's heart is scarred, lacerated, bleeding. Was not that a point of war? Bring my armor, Janus."

He breathed deeply now, and the silence of the chamber was broken only by an occasional sigh, with a shudder such as children heave who sleep in tears.

"I've been in battle, St. Giles," remarked L'Isle Adam; "but this tries my manhood infinitely more. The heart is softened and the spirit saddened. Would to God that my blood could wipe away the tears from his aged cheeks, and restore joy to his stricken heart! I would pray with him; but his is now almost a vegetable existence, and the consolations of his child would end and commence in her presence. Vacuity has monopolized the place of thought, and memory's chronicle has faded into illegibility."

The marquis continued to repose, and the knights left the apartment for a short walk.

"Were it not," remarked the grand-master, L'Isle Adam, "that I had such powerful reasons to hope in God, through my Redeemer, from a knowledge of my nature, I know that I should be miserable. The ancient Greeks, Orpheus, the Stoics, Pythagoras, and Plato, derived their metaphysical science from the Vedas of the Brahmin and the Zendavesta of the Parsees. Here we see the height of the majesty of thought in man, and how unsatisfactory was their theory, to the ever-restless soaring mind, that the soul was incapable of individual existence; that at man's birth it emanated from the creative Power, and was reabsorbed at his death." The expounders of the Islam Alkoran (the Sonnites and Motozzalites) were divided; one contending for the resurrection of the body, the other for that of the soul. And to what a pitiful corporeal paradise did their disputations consign them? The classical Roman besought Mars for success in war, and kept

alive the fires of the Vestals. By the by, St. Giles, this reminds me of the Madonna's lamp in the vintager's cottage."

The prior was neither metaphysician nor philosopher. The only book he ever read was his missal. He was of negative character, with but two exceptions—irritability of temper whenever there was a smile or laugh (unless from palpable causes unconnected with himself), and a grotesque vanity in regard to the beauty of his rough flaxy hair.

"Justus es, Domine!" ejaculated the prior. "It was a grievous penance, the *manual part*. Poor boy, poor boy! his mother left but himself, at her death, to Lord Morton. Believest thou, grand-master, that some men are born to worse luck than others?"

"All nature," answered L'Isle Adam, "proclaims a generic inequality throughout her works, each within its proper sphere. But we should not believe that happiness is confined to any one position. The vicissitudes of life affect individuals differently, according to their peculiar class of natures and prior circumstances. God has given us Hope and Fear, the guardian legions of our sources of happiness. Remember, and please you, brother prior, the parable of the talents. Some are born with better gifts than others; but, according to our *positions here*, and the use we make of them for good or evil, so shape we our *future* destinies. God is just, and will make many more allowances for us than we could expect from our fellow-men. I have often thought of David's exclamation when he sinned, and was given a choice of evils—'Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great, and let us not fall into the hand of man.'"

The prior crossed himself. "Justus es, Domine! Five years! A long time, poor lad! The Madonna's lamp, Julia says, has been burning ever since. He is oil manufacturer, you know, for a part of the Sporades. It was pious in him. We must remember his father's soul—not forgetting the lad—on the festival. It will soon be here, the coming Fêtes de Dieu."

"Few men," remarked the grand-master, "could have borne so heavy a penance with so gay a spirit as that inflicted by the Vatican upon Lord Morton, whose cottage is now before us. Banished to this island, under the disguise of a peasant, for fourteen years, to live by manual labor for his daily bread, his estates confiscated, and deprived of his position in society, surely he was well qualified to encounter such transitions, particularly when we recollect that he possessed native refinement! How many inconsistencies do we see in man! His health was exuberant, his spirit most buoyant. You recollect, St. Giles, from our residence abroad, we were not aware of his history until the arrival of the dispensation of Leo the Tenth. The day after his murder, we believed him an educated peasant, indebted to the St. Mary of Victory for such learning as the monastery afforded to laymen. He was never spoken of but as 'Bias the Vintager,'

from fear of excommunication, as we afterwards were informed."

They had now reached the arched gateway in front of the cottage. It was the first visit of the grand-master since the tragical death of its proprietor. Wild and unpruned ran vine, shrub, and flower. They curtained the walls and carpeted the court; and the sea-breeze returned to the billows filled with odors. The windows and doors were hung with floral drapery. Birds warbled and trilled melodiously, and the butterfly spread her golden wings and slept upon roses. The deepest depression passed over the mind of the grand-master, as he drew aside the long tendrils and brushed away the spider's web on entering the cottage. As he turned towards the little parlor, his attention was attracted by the mild light from the lamp of the Madonna; but he started at the same moment, and stepped back, for the vintager stood before him, and so deadly pale that he resembled a Parian statue. "Ave Maria!" groaned the prior, while his rosary rattled from the swift manner in which his fingers ran from bead to bead. The next moment, and Abas Lord Morton was folded on the bosom of his friend.

It was but a few days after L'Isle Adam's visit to the vintage that a storm, almost of equinoctial violence, arose in the island. Far as the eye could reach hung black and heavy clouds, over which the west, ever and anon, displayed for a second his broad banner of light, or severed their density with streams of vivid fire. The waves of the Ægean dashed far over the strand, and the sea-lark, screaming, dipped her wing in the foaming billows as they rolled themselves into ravines and precipices. Large drops shattered into pellucid fragments, and distant thunder shook the air; the winds in their fury grappled the trees, which, creaking and bowing down, mingled their "torn laurels" with wheeling pillars of sand.

As the tempest subsided, many vessels of different nations came hovering in sight, and upon the beach stood a solitary Saracen, bearing a Mohammedan ensign. By his side was a sea-chest, upon which he had placed a handsomely-mounted scimitar.

A Turkish merchantman, observing the flag, dropped his boat into the water, and conveyed the individual to his vessel, where, upon reaching the deck, they appeared well acquainted; and, after some conversation, he paid his passage as a Tripolitan silk merchant, and, entering the cabin, threw off his wet garments, dressed himself handsomely, and sat down to read over a package bearing mercantile ciphers. The Saracen was handsomely formed, athletic, and tall; his features were prominent, with a dark and glittering eye; upon his forehead nature had written (not his destiny, but) four crimson spots, such as a Bohemian gipsy would have selected as a key to his "*fortune*." Had he been closely observed, it might have been seen that he read not a word, nor turned over a sin

gle page. Arriving at the haven of Constantinople, he disembarked, hired a shop in the exchange, and over the door placed an advertisement stating that he had for sale the rarest silks, such as were adapted only for the robes of the Sultan, or anterys, cäf-tans, and curdees of the first ladies in the empire; as well as gold fringes, cords, and tassels of silk, gold, and silver, with pearls, and many other articles of the richest and most luxurious material.

It was not long before one of those old personages called, in the seraglio, the *kadun*, all wrapped in her *ferigee*, came into the mercer's, and, calling for the best silks, was shown so rich a display of the finest kind, that her avaricious eyes glared with delight, and, in expressing her surprise, she became talkative. The merchant soon discovered that she greatly coveted an embroidered satin, which she appeared never weary of praising and examining. It was now that he made a bargain with her, which was that she should recommend him to the ladies of the harem (or Forbidden), as surpassing all of the mercers in Constantinople in the texture and price of his silks, and, in return, that he would present her with the piece she so much desired. The old woman fell into an ecstasy of delight, and begged him to place it aside until she called again.

It was customary with the Saracen silk merchant to close his shop at a certain hour every day, for the purpose of sailing, in a boat he had purchased, up and down the Bosphorus where it unites with the Propontis. When opposite the seraglio, he would cast anchor, and, lying down upon the deck, with his head resting upon his hand, he would throw out his line, or watch the dolphins for hours.

One evening, he observed the gardener of the grounds in front of the seraglio open the gate and pass over to the beach for the purpose of casting his lines. He sat himself down upon one of those long flights of stone steps which end in the gurgling and wavy waters, but, soon falling asleep, fell with a sudden plunge headforemost into the sea, where he struggled and sank, rose again and sank, in utter ignorance of swimming, and equal loss of all presence of mind.

Swiftly as swam Leander of Abydos over the Hellespont, swam the Tripolitan through the whirling and rapid current of the mingled waters of the Propontis and Bosphorus. He reached the drowning man, and, seizing him, bore him to his barque, where he was restored sufficiently in half an hour, by simple applications, to sit up and return praises to Allah. He afterwards knelt and kissed the hand of his benefactor, who lifted him up, saying, "Brother, render thanks to Allah only, the giver of all good!" and, setting his boat in full sail, he placed the dripping Triton upon the borders of his own territory.

Upon returning to his shop, he found the *kadun* impatiently awaiting his arrival. She inquired particularly after the health of her "figured satin," hoping that no one with an "evil eye" had examined

"Hager," said she to the mercer, "thou art a fortunate man. The sultana and ladies of the harem have ordered me to take an exact description in figures of thy silks. I remembered thy generosity."

"Mother," said the dealer in silks, "see, here is a heavy purse of gold."

The *kadun* looked wildly and eagerly at the coin, as she said—

"Oh! Paradise d'or, what meanest thou? Does the black spirit hover over thee, or art thou mad? What! wilt thou tempt me to spill poison?"

The struggle between fear and avarice was too strong a conflict for her aged frame. She trembled and sat down.

"Only, mother, to tell me how my little sister is. Thou knowest that, a short time since, she was taken captive, and carried by the Janizaries to the seraglio. She was walking upon the beach, and, ere assistance could reach her, she was borne off to their ships."

"Thy sister!" growled the hag, the brief power she was clothed with generating in her savage bosom the disposition to tyranny. "Thy sister! And dost thou wish me to lose my head? How! ask after the 'Forbidden'?—Death!—death!" And she looked from under her shriveled brow keenly and suspiciously.

"Ah, mother, may be thou hast had a little sister or daughter!"—

He unexpectedly touched the chord upon which hung all her sorrows.

The old woman clasped her hands, and wrung them in silent agony.

"What wilt thou have, young man?" she at last said.

"Take this purse, *kadun*."

"No, no!" She pushed it from her. "Yes, stop!" Avarice dashed aside the tear which had, for a moment, dimmed the lustre of the gold, and, seizing the purse with an unnatural energy, she said, in a whisper, "What wilt thou? anything which does not foreshadow the struggles of the bow-string? Thy sister? Well, wast thou ever upon the Thracian Bosphorus?"

"Yes," he eagerly answered, while his throat tightened with apprehension.

"Sawest thou an irregular and long range of buildings in white stone, whose turrets and spires flash with gold, whose gardens stretch from the sea to the north and the south? Sawest thou that part of the garden which touches the water? Now cast thine eyes upward, and over it hangs one of those gilded towers. Look at the lattice of the second story. There sits Admita, so grand that the summit of Olympus is not whiter than her thin face. She is called the 'Snowflake' in the harem; and, being brought to the seraglio ill, she has been seen by no one but myself and a Greek lady, who is called 'Romaica,' from her beautiful style of dancing."

"Mother," said the Tripolitan Saracen, "call to-morrow morning, and say to Admita that her brother—(he lifted his turban from his forehead, and

displayed the dark spots)—say to her that her brother, bearing this mark upon his forehead, will send her a dish that will restore her to perfect health. Come to-morrow early. I will dress it to-night, and the Sultan himself will reward thee for having been the cause—shouldst thou choose afterwards to mention the circumstance—of restoring to health and beauty one he will not now deign to look at. Another purse awaits thee if thou deliverest the dish privately into her own hand.”

The *kadun* hid her purse carefully beneath her *ferjee*, and disappeared.

After a fervent prayer, the mercer rose with a confident countenance, and, opening a box, took from it a large quantity of silk cord, rolled it tightly into a large ball, fitted it to a deep earthen pan, and, finding that it answered his purpose, he carried the empty dish to a pastry cook, and ordered a crust baked over the top, stipulating that it should be such a one as might be easily removed without breaking. He next prepared a thick glue, and, when the crust was baked and taken to him, he removed the cover, placing a note and the ball within the pan, ornamenting it with sugars and confectionery.

So suddenly was the little boat in front of the *seraglio*, that one might have supposed it summoned from the shell-paved sea by an enchanter's wand. The Tripolitan had but a short time to await the appearance of the gardener, who made a sign that he should cross the bay, that he might hand him a basket of fruits, and, stepping into the boat, sat down to converse awhile.

“Brother,” said the gardener, “eat those grapes and pomegranates, and may the blessing of Allah rest upon thee! I would I knew in what way I could repay the debt of gratitude I owe thee; but how can I, when thou gavest me life, even when Azrael's wing was quivering over me?”

“Thou canst now, then, repay it, brother, by saving one in whose soul mine liveth.”

The Mohammedan rose in the energy of his will to benefit the mercer.

“Brother,” said the merchant, “I have in yonder tower a captive sister; my affection for her has made me a miserable broken-hearted man.”

The countenance of the gardener changed from joy to the deepest disappointment.

“Peace! hush!” said he in a whisper, while he looked around to see if there was any one in sight. “Brother, the viper's coil surrounds thee—the poisoned arrow is cleaving the air to thy heart!”

The gardener paused, looked down upon his shadow in the water, and appeared for some time abstracted in thought; but the Saracen's countenance was firm and determined.

“Brother,” said he, “is there no way in which thou canst leave the doors of the garden open?”

“None, none,” he quickly answered, “but by my passing through the gate of death by the most cruel tortures.” He continued to sit with his arms folded upon his bosom, as immovably as if he had been carved out of stone. He suddenly looked up;

his eyes were no longer dimmed and subdued as he said, “Allah has even now taught me the way; I will open the gates for thee at night, and when, at dawn of day, I am found with a poniard run through the flesh of my side, my mouth gagged, and bound fast to yonder sycamore tree, whose boughs hang over the wall, then only will I escape: but, brother, after that, I must beg permission to leave the Sultan's service; for, although my heart tells me that I am acting but justly to one who has been cruelly robbed, yet it also tells me that I am unfit for so responsible a situation. I grieve for thee, for the gates of Eblis are not more terrible than these! I fear that I shall never again behold thee living.” The Mohammedan wept.

CHAPTER VII.

“Et tu, Brute?—Then fell Cæsar.”

Julius Cæsar, Act 3d.

THERE was at this time a faction in Constantinople, arising in part from the dissatisfaction of the Janizaries and other functionaries with the Grand Seignior, for having in a great degree abandoned all attention to equity in the divan, or the more important web of politics, which rendered the Turkish Empire one of the most powerful despotisms in the world. The privy council dreaded his becoming another Sardanapalus, and there was a murmur in the street that the *Giaour* was the cause of all their difficulties. The followers also of Merza, brother of the Sultan (who twelve months previously had been strangled in prison), stood ready to revolt at any time, from their disappointed hopes in the loss of him they designed as their monarch. A conspiracy was planned, and guarded with the utmost secrecy. The impression was disseminated that Merza was living, and that the body thought to be his was that of a poor Moldavian. The individual selected to personate Merza was none other than Don Miguel the Hospitaller, now a renegade, from his striking resemblance to him, and he was sent towards the Danube, Wallachia, and Moldavia, to collect soldiers and horses, the latter abounding in those districts.

Among the relics brought to Constantinople from Rome by Constantine, was a pillar of red porphyry, upon which were carved garlands of laurel, surmounted by a statue of Apollo. This inimitable specimen of art was surrounded by mechanics, who were busily engaged in repairing the ravages of an earthquake upon its basement. Curiosity had carried the Vizier Rustan to the spot, and his imagination had just dethroned the youthful god of poetry and music, and mounted in its place a statue of himself, clothed with honors, when he was pulled by the sleeve, and, looking around, saw the mastiff face of Cato, who made signs that he should follow him.

The very next morning a proclamation was is-

sued that a divan was to be held immediately by the Sultan, and that there were to be present the first bashaws and agas, with one hundred of the Janizaries

It was early on the same morning that the *kadun* entered the harem, and, carefully covering the basket which contained the pastry, beneath the folds of her *ferigee*, passed into Admita's apartment. The chamber was beautifully proportioned, the walls encrusted with mother-of-pearl, intersected with the richest enamel, representing wreaths, baskets of flowers, and flowers as though just broken from their young stems. Venetian lattices, deeply gilded, composed the windows and ceiling; a border four feet from the floor, of delicate rose and white marble, belted it around, and a fountain of the same "played sweet waters" into a large basin of mother-of-pearl, representing a shell upon sea-weed. A Persian carpet corresponding in color, and heavily fringed with gold, was piled with cushions of embroidered white satin. But she who reclined upon them was blanched by misery, and well deserved the appellation of the "Snowflake." Her chestnut hair hung in long tresses over her slender figure; her eyes, dimmed with weeping, yet possessed all the beauty of the dove's; while the hand supported a face such as Apelles sought in vain.

The deep melancholy of the lady was suddenly surprised by Zaire's springing into the room saying, "Admita, still with that dismal face, worn out with tears? I am here for life; I know escape is out of the question; yet I am satisfied, and I do not know that I would care to leave the harem."

"Oh Zaire, Zaire, for pity's sake think!" and she fell into an hysterical fit of weeping; but Zaire laughed, and, dancing the Romaica, sang—

My life is like the butterfly,
When newly dressed in gold;
My life, my life 's without a sigh—
My stars are joy and hope, I'm told.

I look not at the pearly tear,
Unless they drop from Evening's eyes;
I look not at the tempest drear,
But only where the rainbow lies.

And Music's breath is ever mine,
When all her lyres are gayly strung;
How dearly do I love the Nine,
And garlands from Parnassus flung!

The dance was interrupted by a knock at the door, and another *kadun*, followed by a couple of slaves bearing ebony boxes, entered the apartment.

"Here," said the old woman with much pomp in her manner, "is a present from the great Sultan to the Romaica: he says she must be most splendidly dressed, and for such an occasion as never happened before, for her rare beauty is to be displayed to the divan! Ah! lady, thou art now the only *Sultan* in the Ottomans' dominion!"

Zaire was delighted. She opened the boxes with pride, and, holding up the magnificent apparel, looked with a glance of mingled pity and contempt at

her tearful companion. She was soon dressed in the fairest blush-colored silk wrought in silver; her veil was of silver gauze, and her long silken tresses were secured by bodkins of diamonds, which were also closely strung around her girdle and bracelets. The depths of Golconda had placed upon her forehead a diamond of inestimable value. So beautiful was she, that Pliny would have paused ere he classed her among the *fuites*.

When the *kuzler aga* called to conduct her to the council chamber, she playfully turned to Admita, saying, "I am going to legislate. Be in a better humor when I return."

As she entered the divan, she was met by Solyman the Magnificent, a monarch of imperial and most majestic bearing, splendidly attired, the jewels of his scimitar alone being valued at a year's revenue from Cairo. Taking her by the hand, he threw aside her veil, and, looking scowlingly and sullenly around, said—

"Can you censure me? Is she not a Hour?"

A murmur of admiration and applause rose from the crowd. The Sultan paused for a moment, laid his hand upon her jetty tresses, and, drawing his gleaming scimitar, severed her head from her body.*

With an exulting laugh, he held it aloft, while her stag-eyes were yet open, and the bright lips and pearly teeth were playing with smiles. The long silver veil hung heavily, as the crimson rain poured down, and ran in rills upon the pavement. So silent was the divan that the pattering of Zaire's life-drops grated harshly upon the ear, and, as they tesselated and veined the marble beneath their feet, her eyes slowly closed, her smile faded away, and Death claimed his victim forever.

When the *kadun* called again, she trembled so violently that Admita inquired the cause.

"Oh, child—lady—hast thou not heard of Zaire?"

"No, *kadun*."

"Only, dear, that the Romaica's soul is in Paradise, and her poor body with the fishes in the depth of the sea."

Admita fell back upon her cushions. When she recovered herself, the moon was sailing high in the blue heavens, the nightingale singing sweetly in the sycamore boughs, and the sea sounding her anthem voice as though no tragedy had happened in the harem. She saw, from a star which trembled in the west, that she had but half an hour's time. The *kadun*, thinking that she had only sunk down to weep, had left the chamber.

Admita locked the door, dropped a paper upon the carpet full of hieroglyphical characters, such as enchanters use—(this was designed as a protection from the dreaded bowstring for the old woman)—and, taking the ball of silk cord, secured the end to a ring below the window; then, wrapping her hands in silk handkerchiefs, slid back the Venetian and

* This tragedy occurred during the reign of Mohammed, great-grandfather of Solyman the Magnificent.

looked down. There was a solitary person standing below. She lost all of the little strength she possessed; for a foreboding, from the first, had seized her mind that the adventure would end in horrors. Yet, in the terrors of her situation, she summoned her scattered and terrified thoughts, and said to her swelling and suffocating heart, "Peace, be still!" and, raising her eyes to the lit heavens, prayed even as a little child. The Holy Dove hovered over her. Taking the cord in each hand, she closed her eyes and slid down. The weight of her body, as she suddenly swung in the air sixty feet above the ground, for a moment tried all of her powers. Finding that she was becoming giddy, and dreading, above all things, discovery, with the blood-stained Zaire ever before her, she slid rapidly downward until she alighted upon the pavement, with a whirling head and palpitating heart. In a moment she was snatched up, placed upon a barrow with a muffled wheel, and rolled rapidly through the garden. The cold, dashing spray of the Thracian Bosphorus restored her to animation.

"Oh, Abas, we must be spirits from the grave!" she whispered. But a hand was tenderly placed upon her mouth, while she was lifted and again nestled upon cushions—not of embroidered satin, but far preferable, had they been of the coarsest serge. As she looked around she saw, by a small lamp, that many comforts had been provided for her; but in vain did she endeavor to compose herself, for Zaire's song rang ever in her ear—

"My life is like the butterfly,
When newly dressed in gold;
My life, my life's without a sigh—
My stars are joy and hope, I'm told."

"Poor, poor Zaire!" she exclaimed; "her golden hue is exchanged for one of gore, and her bright star of hope for midnight darkness. Oh, Father, for my Redeemer's sake, let it not be forever!" She closed her eyes; but, when the misty clouds of slumber gathered around her, she could not lose her senses in forgetfulness, for Zaire's wail was in the winds, and her headless body fell with each splash of Abas's oar.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALADDIN's lamp had never in a shorter time summoned the genii than arose green tents, pavilions, and camps on the following morning, in the suburbs of the city. The Sultan had already gone into his portable palace (for such his pavilion might be called), and the horsetails and gilded balls waved and glittered before those of the bashaws and other dignitaries.

Directly after sunrise, a procession was formed from the mosque to the encampment, headed by an effendi mounted upon a camel, who read from the Koran, which was placed on a cushion before him,

appropriate verses; these were chanted by boys clothed in white, who followed after him. Next came twenty thousand troops; and last, the volunteers, who were uncovered from the waist upwards, having, as a mark of their zeal for their monarch, arrows run through their arms, knives stuck into their heads, while others gashed themselves until the blood spurted around them.

In another direction, a body-guard of archers was drawn up; and here, beneath an inferior tent, sat, *vis-à-vis*, Cato, alias Caleb, and the kuzler aga Amine. Their breakfast had just been brought them from a booth, consisting of boiled fruits and *ingurthe*, or bonnyclaber, the *syllabub* of Galen's time, with onions and bread.

"Those be strange bows and arrows," said Cato to his companion. "How are they made?"

"Only, brother, of the ox's horns, made fast with glue and flax. The bone ring thou seest on the thumb of the right hand is for drawing the string. I would hate to have one of that band shoot at me. Believe me, Caleb, they have been in practice ever since they shed their first teeth."

"But what is this, kuzler aga? I've heard of an enchantress being in the harem."

"I can only tell thee, brother Caleb, what I understand the muffa said, when he was sent for at break of day to interpret the figures found upon strips of paper on the floor, 'O king, live forever!' How shall we enter into the mysteries of those who deal in such wonders? where can we find another Daniel to give this second '*Mene, tekem, upharsin*' an interpretation? But, worse than this, there is a deep political treason on foot, and all men"—he lowered his head and whispered—"are speaking of the *Merza plot*."

Cato's countenance underwent a rapid change; but he recovered himself, and, turning suddenly, said—

"Heigh-ho! what have you been about? Have you all turned Christians, that you be talking of the Old Testament?"

"Why, Allaacha, hear him! Knowest thou not, brother Caleb, that we are descendants of Ismael, and that we regard the Old Testament equal with the Koran in sanctity; and that the Koran succeeds it to us as the New Testament succeeds the Old to you? We do not regard our Prophet, however, as you do Issevi."

Cato made no reply, his countenance was full of anxiety, and he rose to depart. He was checked, however, by the kuzler aga Amine, who stepped up to him, and, gripping him by the shoulder, eyed him closely for a moment.

"And what reward," said he, in a whisper, "did the Grand Vizier give thee for betraying the Hospitaller, Don Miguel, alias *Merza*? Thou knowest," said he, with a nod, "the other day at the porphyry pillar."

Cato looked at the kuzler aga with feigned surprise, as he said, with a forced laugh—

"St. Martin! why what art thou talking about?"

"Now, by the Cauba, that game won't do. Look, thou mayst not know that I am half Tartar, and would eat thee as soon as I would!"—He bit the hand of Cato until he roared with pain; then, laughing savagely, dropped it, while he kept watch over him as a cat plays with a mouse before destroying it. Again he renewed the discourse: "I will tell thee, brother Caleb, or Cato, I know that of which we have just spoken; and I know more—this much more—that thou didst also betray the Hospitaller to the grand-master and council at Rhodes, bartering thereby the saving of thy forfeited life and the confiscation of thy property in the Sporades. Thou recollectest the *vintager*, brother?"

Cato looked wild with astonishment; he withdrew his eyes, by degrees, from the kuzler aga to the ground, and pondered in what possible way the latter could have gained information which he thought confined to the circumference of two men's heads. He saw, with horror, that all he had sold his soul and body for was gone. He was roused from his miserable reflections by the kuzler aga Amine saying—

"Brother Caleb, it may be that thou knowest something of the enchanter and the loss of the lady. I only think so from the circumstance that thou wert the cause of her being stolen, having, thou dost recollect, represented her as perfectly beautiful, and sketched the easy manner in which she could be taken captive and brought to the seraglio."

Cato was now trembling with fear, and lost all self-command; for it appeared to him impossible that, to the suspicious minds of the Turks, he could justify himself as innocent; and the tortures of a lingering and cruel death, with a hasty glance at a future state, so powerfully wrought upon his imagination that he covered his face with his hands, and writhed upon the floor.

Amine enjoyed his wretchedness for some time. At length he relieved him of the last accusation by saying—

"Keep thy fears for another time. I know thou hadst nothing to do with the loss from the harem; but, to say the truth, I never thought well of thee for that one act. Thou oughtest to have had more mercy than rob an old man of his only child and comfort, because thou didst hate the young man she was to have married." So are "linked to one virtue a thousand crimes;" and so was it with the kuzler aga Amine.

"Ha!" said Cato, grinding his teeth, "I only wish I could live to get my hand on him! When he chained my waist to his, I thought it was linking a radiant angel with a devil."

"Thyself, then, was the devil, and the radiancy the reflection of his flames. Was it not now, Caleb?"

But Cato had already become moody; the thought of losing all of the money he had so sinfully procured harassed him sorely; and he knew Amine too well not to know that he would demand or take

from him even the last asper, and he dared not demur. In this condition, he sauntered to his little hut, at every step believing himself followed by spies of the kuzler aga. He was now desolate, a stranger, pennyless, and his life at mercy, as he well knew.

Hard and wicked as his heart was, he was softened when he entered the hut. Upon the saint's head was placed the robe of the Hospitaller; for, after his apostacy, it was used for various domestic conveniences. The cross stood in such a position as to disclose its eight points in any direction he turned. Cato paused before it, and, for the moment, felt all of the bitterness of self-reproach; he next became superstitious, and each moment looked over his shoulder, fearing lest the Hospitaller might step in. He felt that he was in one of the state prisons, awaiting his execution, if it had not already taken place. Anon, the vintager would rise up before his mind's eye, and then he would think of his outcast, dangerous situation—afraid to stay, and afraid to go away. He could not remain at home; and, leaving the cabin, returned in fear and trembling to the encampment, where, finding a party preparing to go out on the Thracian coast for the purpose of procuring fish for the army, he informed the kuzler aga Amine of his wish to join them, lest, missing him, and not knowing where to find him immediately, he might deliver him over to destruction. Such is vice.

Cato could not enjoy himself as he did of yore on such occasions. He sat in the boat with a hanging head, while dark memory assumed the place so lately occupied with golden schemes, hedged in now with fire and sword, as it appeared to him, forever. The playmates of his childhood rose with the associations of his early life: "There is Julia," thought he; "they tell me he is pious and firm, that he halted in his downward way. Oh, if I had acted in the same way! He believed in sorcery, and its practice destroyed his health and courage; but now he is a new man, respected by all. But me!—children run from me when they see me, and I am despised by every one who knows me. I am a miserable man!"

The boat made several leagues, and halted in front of the identical prison in which the Hospitaller, Don Miguel, was placed. Here they were to spend the night; and, kindling a large fire, they were joined by the soldiers garrisoned in the castle in preparing a supper of fish, pelauß, and bread.

Here, Cato in vain attempted to be merry; and, finding that he had lost all appetite, he withdrew to a small boat, shook some barley straw in the bottom of it, and, securing the hemp cord to a stake which was driven before a small cove in front of the castle, stretched himself out to sleep.

During this time the Hospitaller, or rather now the renegade, Don Miguel, was sitting alone in the gloom of the donjon, with the certain doom of a cruel death before him. Happy would it have been for him if he could have imitated a philosopher, who

not far distant from that spot, four hundred years before the time of our Saviour, meditated alone, in that hour of approach to the grave, on the immortality of the soul. His troubled passions formed a legion of fiends around him, too difficult for one to subdue who had thrown, for many years previously, the uncurbed bridle to their entire government. His mind was in constant agitation. He looked down upon his left shoulder for the cross, but it was gone: alas, from his heart it had also vanished! The vesper hymn now burst from his lips; but the associations connected with it, the gallant and faithful brethren he had deserted and betrayed into an approaching war, his degradation, the policy of his religion, his treachery—all arose to his mind, and hushed the hymn forever.

In a paroxysm approaching mania, when he next thought of Cato and his hydra-headed disappointments, he kicked the wall with all his strength, and, to his great surprise, saw it tumble in, disclosing a long subterraneous passage, which, though but slightly closed for centuries, had all the external marks of security. As soon as he recovered from his surprise, he eagerly set forth, and, groping his way some distance, came to a turn which formed an acute angle; this brought him into the passage again, where, met by the sea breeze, he saw before him myriads of moonbeams broken into fragments of light by the restless waves of the Propontis. Above its roar bursts of festive mirth from the soldiers and boatmen met his ear, and occasioned him to look with hurried apprehension about him.

On one side, boats of various forms were crowded together; on another, red fires leaped into forked flames, and, from the shower of sparks which occasionally rolled out, he was confident that some vigilant Vulcan was in attendance. He now cast his eyes in front, where the little boat lay secured to the cove, and thought of sliding into the waves and swimming for his life; but this he could not do. Being heavily dressed as Merza, he had not time to throw off his apparel, and feared to lay down his weapons. The cry of a sentinel determined his course, and, drawing his dagger, he gently severed the boat's cord, and, stepping down with the utmost caution, sat himself above what he supposed were provisions with a canvas sail thrown over them, and, taking the oar, pushed off.

The apostate Hospitaller scarcely breathed as he floated upon the starry waters, fanned as he then was by the sable wings of Death. It is said that the human hair has been known to become gray from intense feeling in a few hours: so was it with Don Miguel, to whom the free waters below, and the tranquil heavens above, formed a striking contrast. His streaming hair was blanching in the winds, and his powerful frame shivering like an aspen leaf. Such was his love of this finite life, *his Alpha and Omega*.

"Memento mori!"—Don Miguel would whisper, by way of propelling his flight the faster—"me-

mento mori!" Cato lifted his head and gazed wildly at him. Their eyes met—the fascination of the serpent, with all of his venomous destructiveness, was in that deadly stare. Vengeance had met his peer on the broad and troubled waters of the main.

Cato saw that the castle was not far distant, and, springing up, with the utmost strength of his lungs yelled and screamed for help. A fierce struggle ensued, and Cato was tossed overboard covered with blood.

Don Miguel had not proceeded more than a league when the moon went down, and darkness was upon the deep; but no "Divine spirit moved upon those waters," although death had been, and was, hovering over them.

At dawn, the little boat passed the side of a man-of-war, sent out, immediately after the suppression of the Merza plot, to convey a declaration of war from Solymán the Magnificent to L'Isle Adam. Flags and streamers were flying from every mast, garlands covered their summit, and beneath a sumptuous canopy, upon a corresponding cushion, was placed the Sultan's letter, all wrapped in a scarf of cloth of gold, secured with a cord and tassel of the same. Two Turks sat upon the deck.

"I would know, Mustapha," said one, "what it could be. How didst thou say the words ran? It must be very glorious, as it is from the greatest man in the world."

"These were the very words, brother—for I was holding, by the bridle, a horse for the chief aga when he repeated them over to a friend of his—I can never forget them: 'Solymán, by the grace of God, king of kings, lord of lords, greatest Emperor of Constantinople and Trabezond, most mighty King of Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, Lord of Asia and Europe, Prince of Mecha and Aleppo, Ruler* of Jerusalem, and Master of the universal sea—to the reverend Father Philipppus Villerius Liladamus, Great Master of the Rhodes, and Legate of Asia, greeting.' There was much said about giving up the Rhodes—but see yonder! Boat! ho! boat!"

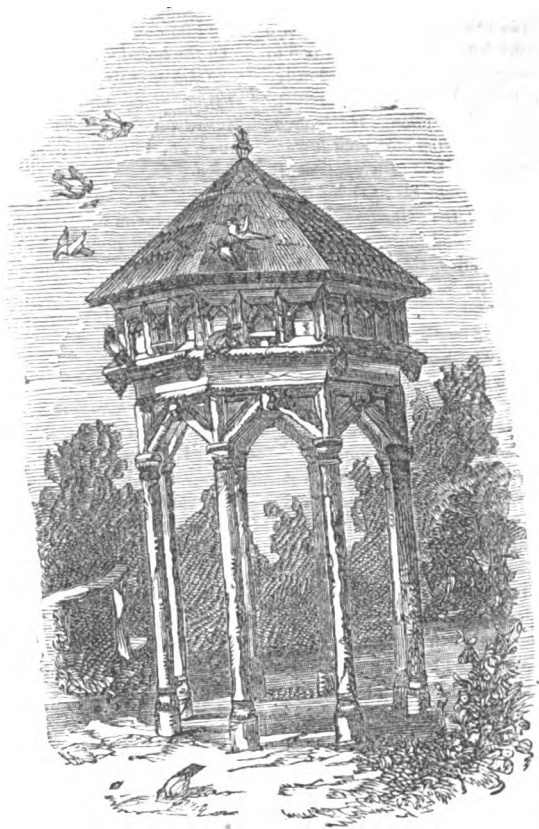
A stir began, which amounted to a tumult, when "Merza!" "Treason!" "Allah! Allah!" "Mohammed!" were heard.

The commander seized a trumpet, ordered silence and immediate pursuit.

The dress of Merza betrayed the Hospitaller renegade, who leaped into the sea, and, in attempting to swim, was shot through the heart.

The ship was soon as still as death itself; there was not a being visible as she furrowed the waves in her rapid sail; but Don Miguel's head stood nailed to the foremost mast, and already carnivorous birds flapped their wings over it, and screamed his requiem to the rising winds.

How little thought the apostate that the same ship which conveyed that declaration of war would also bear upon its summit his ignoble and bleeding head!



GARDEN DECORATIONS.

THE design for a pigeon-house, represented in the figure, is made in rustic work and thatched in the roof; the columns are young larch trees, with the bark on. The upper part is divided into square holes for thirty-two nests, to which there are eight openings for the pigeons, with projecting shelves on the outside for them to alight on. The little shutters to these openings should be made of zinc, about the eighth of an inch thick, and grooves formed at the sides, so that the shutters may slide easily up or down. To these shutters strong cords are attached, which run along just under the rafters till within a few inches of the centre, where they pass through small rings strongly fixed, and thence to a large ring in the trap-door. By these means it will be seen that, when the trap is pushed up, the shutters will slide down, and any of the birds can be caught. The interior should be frequently white-washed, and a pitcher-fountain should be placed on the floor, which will give the birds a constant

supply of water with very little trouble to their keeper.

SONNET.—CRUCIFIXION.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

OUTSIDE the city's massy wall, his sheep
Tends now the shepherd all unconsciously;
Grazes the loud lowing herds all peacefully
Amid the banks of Jordan. Calvary's steep,
Far other scene hast thou! Upon the tree
Hangs the great Sufferer, Lord of earth and skies,
While on each side of Him a felon dies—
Sol blushing to behold man's villany!
Darkness enshrouds the world. Soon, with loud voice,
The dying Just One to his Father cried,
" 'Tis finished! "—bowed his godlike head and died!
" 'Tis finished! " Sons of the Most High, rejoice
To see redemption wrought—a world forgiven—
The lawful captive free—an opened Heaven!

A NIGHT HUNT UP THE CUNGAMUNCK.

BY C. W. WEBSTER.

A FISHING excursion towards the north, during the summer, led me, among other interesting localities, to explore that wild and singular region of New York in which the West River, as it is there named, takes origin. This is the western fork of the Hudson, and of its main branch is the Sockendog River, the head spring of which, the Cungamunck, outlets between Elm Lake and Lake Pleasant. Here, being sated with fishing for the time, we sought for variety of sport in deer hunting. I mean by *we*, my guide, myself, and my friend, an Englishman, whom I had familiarly christened Piscator, for no name was ever more appropriate.

Although the most inveterate of veteran fly-fishers, Piscator had, even in our short survey of these wild sporting-grounds, become thoroughly aroused to a sense of "higher things" than brook trout; and, not in the least discouraged at the signal failures of the first flights of his ambition at the great lake trout, he now breathed quicker, with a yet more eager emulation for nobler quarry still! In short, as our guide, George, said, "He's down on the deer up Cungamunck!"

The reader is, no doubt, familiar with the mode of hunting deer by "torch-light," which has been so often described; but I have some doubts about his being so with that of hunting them "by candle-light," which, I believe, is peculiar to the lake country. This hunt must take place during the warm months, when flies are most abundant. Indeed, it is as much to escape from their persecutions as to browse upon certain varieties of water-plants, which then make their appearance along the edges of the marshes, streams, and lakes, that the deer come into the water to feed, and thus afford an opportunity for this evening sport.

Yes, the "dander" of my placid associate, Piscator, "is riz!" He vows, in his mild, but not the less significant manner, that nothing short of a "ten prong buck" will satisfy him, and so proceeds, in a severe and ominous silence, with his preparation.

The beautiful "double-barrel," which had heretofore been guilty of nothing more serious than woodcock and ducks, was to be unscrewed, taken apart, and cleaned to the last degree of scrupulous nicety, in preparation for the more important work on hand. Then, with mathematical precision, it was duly charged, and then, with a flask in each pocket—for two kinds of ammunition are indispensable on such occasions—and a well-filled cigar case, he is ready. And he casts his eyes about: something is wanting. Yes, yes, the "India rubber overall." For Piscator, like all true brothers of

the angle that I have yet met, has a peculiar horror of risking the wetting his skin.

I have, after much study, accounted satisfactorily for this phenomenon by the philosophical conclusion that they are haunted by the constant apprehension of transmigration into the corporate forms of the trout, to which they are so devoted. I had even ventured to hint as much to Piscator; but the nervous dread with which he evidently avoided the subject caused me to forbear, in courtesy, pressing it farther. Being a zealous disciple of Priessnitz, I have no fear of cold water before my eyes; and therefore my equipment in this respect was considerably simplified, though I must confess to you I had an ever-present terror of the flies, which was quite an offset to Piscator's transmigration, and cost me quite as much preparation to guard against.

I knew that the oil of pennyroyal was a specific against their attacks; but, aside from my aversion to the use of so disagreeable an article, I had forgotten it, so that the only resource left me had been to buy a green veil at Northfield; and, cutting a hole in the centre large enough for the crown of my broad-brimmed Leghorn to pass through, I had the ends taken up and a "puckering string" run around them, so that they could be drawn close about my neck; thus securely surrounding my face with a net which would defy even "black gnats." Thus, with rifle (which is my favorite weapon) in hand, and my personal dividend of *ammunition* in pocket, I, too, considered myself equipped for the night hunt.

Piscator was characteristically disregarding of "the flies," and laughed quite as much at my precautions against them as I had done at his against getting wet. He said, somewhat pedantically, that "Patience was a more magnanimous divinity than Prudence, seeing that the one was always irritable, distrustful, and guarding herself against the wisdom of the Higher Powers, while the other was content in calm humility to abide the evils the gods might send along with the good."

Whereat I replied, "The gods do not send black gnats, Piscator; for I have sufficient proof in their color that they are hatched in Acheron, and are loosed upon earth by the evil deities to make good men swear against Jupiter; therefore I guard against the crime rather than provoke it, while you impiously shield your shoulders against the rain, which is confessedly the chiefest benediction of the covering heavens."

Piscator did not reply, but somewhat petulantly tossed his India rubber overall upon his shoulders,

and, calling our guide, tramped away, followed by me, towards the boat at the outlet. There we found everything needful already in the boat. The additions to its ordinary equipment were very few and simple. A stout pine stick had been let into an auger hole through a board which had been placed across the bow. This stood some four feet high; and, upon the top of it, was placed a triangular-shaped box, open at the wide end, and which was intended to hold the lighted candles. Then there was a low seat, which was intended for the marksman, who sat forward, just behind the staff and box-lantern; then we had a paddle, which was to be used when we reached the scene of operations, where the ordinary oars were to be laid aside.

Now we embarked, and set off down the narrow but deep outlet. It here takes the name of Sockendog River, and its course towards the southeast is through a wide valley, between two chains of hills. The water spreads over the surface of this valley in reality, though it is so overgrown by the "marsh" of tall grass, flags, and water-lilies, that the real channel seems like a dark shining ribbon laid along a rippled and rustling waste of green. Soon we reached Cungamunck Bay, which spreads a quarter of a mile in width, with the hills rising abruptly on the east. It is a pretty sheet of water, covered with the white and yellow flowers of the lily. Sockendog plunges on through a gorge by the foot of the hills, while we turn towards the northwest, pushing through the grass and lilies for the thread-like channel of the Cungamunck River, which comes winding down from out a forest of wild hills.

Now the valley narrows rapidly, and the hills stand marshaled on either hand in close dark lines. The sun is yet over an hour high, and its yellow glitter is broken upon our faces through the firs and pines which bristle on the ridges. We are gliding, with a "stilly creeping" glide, beneath their long shadows and up the tortuous vistas of this curious stream, which comes creeping slowly down through the grass like a great snake out of its lair of night, with here and there the golden morning glistening on its scales.

It was a strange, lonely scene, and a dream-like hush was over it, so that we could hear our hearts beat above the soft lapsing of the deeply winnowed oars. It seemed so wild, and was so still here, that no other sounds should intrude but the splash of the plunging bull-frog, the rustling ripple of the wading deer among the flags, and the musically shrill metallic warble of the black-winged scarlet tanager, from out the deep shadows of the hillside forest of old pines and hemlock. Now is the time when the deer begin to come down from the hills to feed upon the tender grasses and water plants that grow in the bed and along the edges of the stream; and we may expect any moment, when we make the short turns, which, although the stream is deep, are often hardly long enough for the boat to lie in, or wide enough for the oars, to see a tawny head uplifed in the startle, and reaching out from the long grass

over the channel to gaze at our coming with pricked ears.

Piscator and I drew lots for the first shot at starting, and I won, so that I had the forward seat; and, with rifle at "present," I sat in statue-like and breathless expectation, as we made each turn, and came upon a new and always wilder and more lovely picture of green islets, deep receding coves, where the trout leaped like quick gleams of moonlight over the white lilies, or small meadows waving to and fro, in live contrast with the gray and solemn-looking boulders of granite which are piled up behind them, with the matted and snake-like roots of the ancient pines above, twisted and twined along their edges. I was so lulled and enchanted by the constantly varying beauty and the presiding repose of these scenes that, with all the eager instincts of the sportsman rampant in my veins, I could not help hoping, at moments, that no deer would make its appearance, and thus compel me to mar this harmonious calm. Nor did it happen so; for, contrary to our expectation, not one showed itself to tempt me, although it was three miles up to where this stream outlets in Elm Lake.

It was in the last half mile of our approach to this and around its marshy shores, that we looked for the sport of the night to begin in earnest; and any that might have occurred on the way would have been incidental, and could therefore be well dispensed with for the higher and more placid enjoyment of the scene. As we approached the lake, the stream became more shallow, and we were compelled at last to get out and let our guide drag the boat up the ripples. The sun was now setting, and, at the first place where the low water thus compelled us to land for a few moments, we were suddenly introduced to that most inconceivable torment, the black gnat!

As the shades of evening advance, these gnats, which at first hover near the surface of the water, rise slowly on the strata of miasmatic air. Wishing to examine some object on the sand-bar more closely, I stooped, when instantly, as if an infinitesimal shower of red-hot sand or fine vitriol drops had been dashed into my face and eyes, I felt them; blistering against neck and bosom, up sleeves and pants, they at once invested me in a maddening reality of the fabled terrors of the shirt of Nessus! No imagination is sufficiently vivid to conceive the intensity of that keen-poisoned, stinging nettle-rash with which we found ourselves suddenly assailed by this invisible torturer from Avernus, rising to meet us on its thick, pestilent airs. I did not know what it meant at first; and, blinded with the pain, rushed, with the instinct of the cold water man, to plunge my face in the stream for relief. This was, fortunately, the best thing I could have done; and I now gasped out, "George! George! what is it?" "The gnats, sir, the gnats! You had better put on your veil."

I did so as quickly as possible; and, when I turned, there stood Piscator, with a wild look of

endurance, earnestly fighting away at his invisible torturers with a leafy bough which he had plucked. His warm face glowed again with the malignant ardor of their stings, and he stopped at intervals in the fierce battle to rub his goaded limbs, and fairly danced in the restless shifting of his feet. Suffering as I was, or rather had been, I could not help laughing at the comical sight. But he did not regard me, and coolly proceeded to stuff the legs of his pants down his boot-tops, to protect himself from their assaults in that quarter; and then turning up his coat collar, tied his handkerchief about his ears, and soon, with recovered equanimity, came smiling to his seat in the boat, while the bough played yet faster about his face. I could but wonder at the man. I watched him in utter amazement, puzzled whether most to admire the thickness of his skin or the immovability of his temper. As soon as the boat was in motion they left us, for they were drifted behind on air-currents in our wake.

We were soon at the wider marsh meadows, which indicated our approach to the outlet of Elm Lake, and here was the ground where the night hunt was to commence. Darkness had not yet settled down, and, until it came, our lights would be of no avail; so the oars were hid, and the boat run through the marsh to shore, and there we were to stand until it became dark enough to light the candles.

We stood underneath the bordering pines, and, as soon as we became stationary, heavens and earth! the dusky air thickened with the black and venomous swarms of mosquitos, flies, and gnats, and the hungry diapason of their blistering music was fairly roared into our ears! No herd of famished wolves was ever so desperately ravenous as this fierce multitude seemed to be; for, as I was fully protected by my veil, I could afford to be philosophical in my observations on the suffering of the two outside unfortunates.

George was very loquacious, and, having provided himself with a thick bough, kept that in motion with his words; for he seemed to have a desperate sort of feeling that he must keep up our courage and his own by talking, or else we would be compelled to give in. He amused us in this trying interval with many stories of his bold adventuring through these northern snows—a fortunate contrast!—in hunting the dangerous moose; while Piscator puffed his cigar, patiently fought in open battle his myriad foes, and smiled appreciatingly through his torture as the stories sped. How I admired the superhuman heroism of the man!

I could not help enjoying the forlorn and melancholy efforts of the guide to be merry in his suffering. But the night settled rapidly, though it brought no alleviation of the plague of flies, which, on warm evenings, most abound after sunset for some hours. Now George stepped cautiously to the stern of the boat, and, taking the candles from the box, proceeded to light them and place them in the triangular box on the staff at the bow. Then, with great care,

we noiselessly took our seats, and he paddled the boat with surprising stillness up the outlet. Mine was the foremost seat—as allotted—and, though the light above shone powerfully upon the shrubs and grass in front of us on the side of the channel, yet not one ray of it fell upon me. So, with a far-thrown light before us, we glided in darkness up the channel, seeing every blade of grass as we advanced, while we were ourselves unseen. But the sky had now clouded, and the white mist began to curl up before us, and we only saw the rank grass and elder bushes in advance as it lifted at intervals.

We glided through the white-wreathed silence for awhile, with the marsh plants and grass showing through the gloom on one side, and the tall shrubs on the other, when suddenly there is a splashing to our right; the boat stops—splash! splash! splash! off they go with a loud whistle as they plunge away—two deer are gone! They had been frightened by the incessant movement of our hands in striking off the clinging flies!

George curses strong and deep, "*sotto voce*," and we move on into the lake without a word from us. Now we are gliding along its marshy shore, and the only sound we make is that caused by the low grating of the bottom of our boat against the heavy leaves of the water-lilies, which cover the whole surface as far as we can see, but that is not far. The heavy mist-wreaths still curl up around us, and, arching to our light, roll and spread their whitened volumes murkily. The slow boat ploughs through these fantastic shapes as if it labored with their weight; but now and then an eddy of the mountain wind lifts them, whirling in broken masses, and reveals the dark shadows of the forest on the shore, with shining flags that push up among the bordering lilies. The night is becoming chill, and we have crept into every cove and winding strait among the inlets along the shore, and still the same slow-rising vapor twists and rolls in huge white phantoms, brushing past us, and lifted in solemn sweep upon the winds; the jaws of darkness open over the broad water, as if on that side the abyss of black infinity were yawning to engulf us. No deer yet, for they seem to have been all startled by our first misadventure; we should have seen a dozen eyes reflect our light before this. We are cold as cold can be (for much time has now passed), and chilled, too, by the disappointment. Now we shoot into a narrow cove between two islands. The long grass and shrubs on either side nearly meet above our heads; we must move with still greater caution, lest we brush them.

Now the narrow way widens again somewhat, and we go winding on, while our advance light dawns with a strange gleam beneath the curling vapor upon the dense wall of leafy stems on either side, and we seem urging up, among ghostly clouds, the glistening steep of night. It is a wild, unearthly scene; we shudder with chilly awe, for the vast weight of midnight has crushed the world, the wide and mighty world, into that little circle of light, with

its weird shapes thronging above and around us! All else is void—nothing! nothing!

Ha! close to my hand a little summer duck comes swimming. That looks as if there were an outer world—a something beyond this wizard chaos! See, it comes close in our charmed circle; it cannot get away. Its great black eyes shine still, as if it were in a dream of dazzled splendors; it does not see us; it moves as the sleep-walker moves, round and round, yet not away. There—I had nearly caught it with my hand! but it glided like a beam-eyed shadow from beneath my grasp. It seems as ghostly as all else here.

Hark! a splashing plunge in the deep marsh to our right; that sounds like earth—like a reality!

"Hist!" says George, in a whisper, "rise up—rise softly—he stands there—over the bushes—see his eyes!"

"Steady, George." I rise as carefully as my stiffened limbs will permit, and now the mist-wreaths, on an eddy of the night-wind, rise with me. Slowly! slowly! Lo! the antlered head above the cover and the shining eyes. A shrill, loud whistle—I fire as he bounds—a heavy plunge—a struggle in the tossing covert, and all is still!

"You've got him!"—you got him that time, sir!" shouted George, and the sound of his human voice broke the spell that was upon me, as of a heavy vision; and, with a long breath of suppressed excitement, I plunge after him to assist in dragging our prey to the boat. It was a fine buck, and I had shot him between the eyes. Ah, that was a moment of cruel exultation! but I will not tell you how I triumphed at the blank looks of poor Piscator, when, as he took his seat now in front, we discovered that the lights were nearly exhausted, and that there would be little chance for him to get a shot at all! The candles soon gave out, and we got lost upon the lake, where our bewildered guide continued to row up and down until nearly daylight, through the pitchy darkness; at last, he found a landing by accident, and, nearly frozen, we made our way to the house of a hunter, whose kind hospitality gave rest to our weary and chilled frames.

THE APPROACHING FOOTSTEP.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

(See Plate.)

WHY comes he not? Surely, he said
He'd meet me in the woodland glade
While yet the golden day rode high;
But now eye walks the western sky!

An hour—nay, more—a day it seems,
I've lingered, weaving dismal dreams—
Nor were all dreams—would that they were!—
Of men turned false to maidens fair,
And maidens wasting day by day,
While sorrow burned their lives away.

And, as the ripples of the brook
Went by, my fancy from them took
Emblem of man, whose dimpling smiles.
And low-voiced words, and honeyed wiles
Are to us maidens as the flow
Of this sweet brook to flowers that grow
Upon its brink—a presence bright,
Winning their love that love to slight.
And then would come from yonder wood—
From out its gloom and solitude—
The plaintive coo of some poor dove
Mourning a false and wandering love;
And I grew sad, and wept that fate
Had left me lone and desolate;
So like the flowers the brook had won,
So like the dove whose mate was gone.

Why comes he not? What need I care!
Let him seek out another fair,
Pour his false words upon her heart,
And win her! Not from me shall start
One other sigh; but scorn shall grow
Rankly, and choke the seeds of woe!
No more I'll think of him! The earth
Is broad, and better men have birth
Than he, poor wretch—

But hark! I hear
A rustling footstep drawing near;
And youth and love are in that tread,
For it boundeth on, though the leaves lie dead
'Tis his! Now scorn and sorrow fly!
And cease, ye tears—I wondered why
Ye flowed—for well, ay, well I knew
His love, his faith, to me were true!
Return, ye blushes, to my cheek!
Come, thoughtful joy, with radiance meek
And chase dull watchfulness away,
Who brought such darkness o'er the day
As made me think 'twas night drew nigh,
Though full two hours the sun rode high!

"I LOVE THEE!"

TO ———.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I HEARD a little bird this morn
Pour forth a liquid lay,
And very soon I could translate
The words he joyed to say:
He changed the carol wild and free—
But still it echoed, "I love thee!"

I bent me down with rapture o'er
The lily's fragrant bell;
It drooped its head, but from its heart
Rose music, as to tell
What welcome, precious was to me,
For still it murmured, "I love thee!"

Sweet is the bird's gay matin song,
And sweet the lily's chime;
Not theirs alone, for from this heart
Hath risen, many a time—
As thy bright smile I joyed to see—
Rich spirit-music, "I love thee!"

THE CHILD-LOVE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all."—COLERIDGE.

"I AM sure *you* love me, little Miriam?"

"Love you?—oh, so dearly!" And, as if her childish words needed a stronger confirmation, she put her arms caressingly about his neck and laid her head upon his bosom. Her face was very lovely as she looked up to him in all the winning truthfulness of an affectionate heart. Large gray eyes, with lashes so long and deep as almost to give them a sorrowful expression at times, and a mouth now smiling, and so disclosing small pearly teeth, and then the crimson lips would meet in pouting fullness—

"As though a rose should shut,
And be a bud again."

So thought the student as he bent down to return the fond caress, and mingled his darker locks with the light floating curls that were thrown back over his shoulder.

"And will you *always* love me, Miriam?"

"Oh, always!"

"But when I am gone—for I may not be with you long; and then, when you do not see me every day, and you have other friends who love you better, and can make you more beautiful presents?"

She seemed to be pained, as if she understood the worldliness thus imputed to her, young as she was.

"But why must you go? and where will you go? Home?"

"Home! Ah no, my child; I have not had a home these many years."

And then they were both silent for a little while; she pitying him because he had no home, and he dwelling on thoughts and recollections which the word had called up. The low brown farm house where his boyish days were passed, with the mossy bank around the well; the little garden at the entrance of the orchard; the orchard itself, white with blossoms at this very season of the year. And then there was the brook, gurgling through the alder bushes, and reflecting the tall spires of the crimson cardinal, or the field lily, that sprung among the rich grass. He seemed once more to lie, an idle, careless boy, watching the clouds floating lazily overhead, while the summer insects sang around him, and the wind came gently to lift the hair from his sunburnt forehead.

This brought a recollection of his mother's kiss. It always seemed to him like the summer wind, so

quiet, so warm, so loving. Her kiss and blessing, as she bent over his pillow, and then she would kneel and pray so earnestly for her son, her only child. How unlike his father was that gentle woman! He had wondered at that even when a boy. His stern, rigid parent, who rarely smiled, and made self-denial and never-ceasing labor his religion, as though he felt the curse of Cain ever upon his rugged fields. They were united only in one thing, their love for him, and the zealous prayer that he might be, like Samuel, called even in childhood to the service of the Temple. So they had dedicated him; and, when he saw the grass springing upon their graves in the churchyard, and took a last look upon that humble home, now passed into other hands, he remembered this strong wish of the hearts that had loved him so, and were now mouldering to dust beneath his feet.

"But where are you going?" said the child, who had been thinking of many other things, and had now returned to this new fear of parting.

"Many, many hundred miles from this, Miriam, away from the busy city and its crowded streets. Far off to the still woods, where there are no church bells, and even no Sabbaths. I am going to the poor Indians, to teach them where to look for the Great Spirit they worship, and to the settlers of those western lands, ruder still, and in darker ignorance. They scarcely know there is a God."

"But they have the sky there, and the sun; and who do they think made them and the little flowers in the grass? They could not make the flowers!"

"But they do not love the flowers and the sky as you do; they are blind: 'Eyes have they and they see not; ears, but they do not hear.' So I am going to them with God's own word, that will speak more plainly to their hearts. Do you not think it will be a beautiful life?"—and his sunken eyes glanced with strange enthusiasm—"devoting every power of soul and body to those benighted people, forgetting this life and its comforts and pleasures in the thoughts of that which is to come?—reaping the broad whitening harvest?"

He forgot that he was speaking to a child. And yet she seemed to understand him, at least to feel that he was swayed by some noble emotion; for she raised her head and listened eagerly, as if a new life of thought was opened to her.

"And will you have a *home* there?"

"Nay, I shall never have a home on earth; parents, wife, children are not for me. I go forth with neither purse nor scrip, following our Divine Master; I shall not have where to lay my head. But his love constrains me; he will not desert his

servant." And his voice sank, as it were, to a thought of prayer, for the strength he would need in the arduous path he had chosen.

"But you will be all alone and sick, and there will be no one to take care of you; then perhaps you will die." The look of sadness we have spoken of came into the child's earnest eyes, as she laid her soft head against his cheek, and wondered why he should choose to go away from her.

"We will not talk of this any longer, little one. I have made you so sad and grave. I do not like that look on your face; it is too womanly for such a little maiden. You are too young to understand all these things, and you must not try to; but you must love me, that is all I ask. See, there is your kitten come to invite you away from me."

It was with a strong effort that he had shaken off the sombre mood into which he had fallen, and attempted to enter into her childish amusements once more. He was startled by the earnest, dreamy look that she still retained. As he had said, it was too womanly for that young fair face.

She smiled again; obedience to those she loved was the strong principle of her nature, for she had ever been governed by affection. No one ever spoke a harsh word to Miriam, motherless Miriam Arnold, the light of her father's lonely life, and the pet of the neighbors, who looked out to catch a glimpse of her light figure as she bounded up the dark court like a flitting ray of sunshine. It was a gloomy abode for such a bright young creature, or a stranger would have thought so. The house so old and cheerless, far away from the gay shops and the beautiful women who frequent them. There was not even a green tree or an ivy wreath to refresh the eye, nothing but Miriam's little pot of mignonette upon the window-sill; fresh and fragrant like herself, and her bird, who sang above it with a carol as light-hearted as her own. The bird, the child, and the flowers, these were the light of that lonely house, since Miriam's mother had faded in its dreariness. And it was home, too, even if the old servant, who moved with such a cautious tread among the dusty books of her master's study, was the only companionable creature, save the bird. How carefully she rubbed the dingy furniture, and mended the threadbare curtains, long since faded from their cheerful neatness! It was, perhaps, this still seclusion that had given Miriam, with all her eager childish grace, thoughts above her years; and, after her friend had gone, she put the kitten from her lap and leaned out of the window to watch for her father's return, musing, as she had never done before, how men could ever live without knowing they had a Father up in Heaven, and who else they could thank for taking care of them through the long dark night? And then her friend—Paul, he had told her to call him, when he first came to read those strange Hebrew words to her father, a daily study of the ancient language of the Bible he revered so much—Paul was going away to tell them to love Him. How very good he was! She

should miss him a great deal though. Perhaps he would take her, too. Oh, she had not thought of that before! But, then, there was her father! No, Paul must go alone. Poor Paul, with no one to love him but herself. How gravely he had made her promise to love him, as if she had not always done so from that very first day when he had taken her upon his knee and talked to her as no one else could talk!

The young curate, for such he was, of a wealthy parish church, old and "lukewarm" because of its long prosperity, had gone to his daily duty of reading the evening service to a scattered congregation, half hidden in the high straight pews, that almost stifled their faint responses. He went with a heavy load upon his heart, for he was a stranger among them and to their sympathies. There was no poverty to call such as he to their homes; the rector only was bidden to the rich man's feasts. He came and went to and from the gilded chancel, with scarce a smile of recognition from those to whom his rich voice had read the "comfortable words" of their Master, and his. The Bible told him they were brethren, but his heart said they were utter strangers. It was this cold supineness that had first turned his thoughts to a more earnest, active life among men "ready to perish," while his present ministry was to those who were "full and had need of nothing." And, at last, after many a struggle and many a prayer, he had steadfastly turned his face to a mission in the western wilds of his native land.

In all that wide, wide city there was one only object his heart could cling to—the little child whose arms had circled him, whose kiss had comforted his loneliness. This was perhaps from his own reserve, for he had been solitary even from a boy. He had never attached his playmates to him, he could not seek for sympathy among strangers; opening to them the sorrows of his heart, a gentle heart like the mother who had given him life; but he checked its longing sympathies with a pride inherited from his sterner parent, and turned to fasting and lonely vigils of prayer and meditation. Miriam was the frail golden link that bound him to active human sympathies. He was attracted by her strange loveliness as she came, half pleadingly, half timidly, to prefer some request to her father, and since then she had been the prattling companion of many a lonely hour, when the task was ended, and his teacher had gone forth to impart to other pupils the stores of his great learning.

She was watching for him the next day at the entrance of the court, as he came slowly along, absorbed in one of those abstracted moods which had now become habitual to him. Her eyes brightened as she caught sight of his slender figure, and she ran to place her hand in his with the confidence of an habitual favorite. Something which pleased her very much had evidently occurred; but when she was questioned, she only smiled, and said it was a great secret; even papa was not to be told. Yet

it was not naughty: Margery had said so. Every day after that, for a long time, he found the faithful little sentinel at her post; and sometimes their walk was extended, and she would go with him into the busy street, clinging closer to her dear companion, and looking up with smiles into his face, if the crowd jostled her, the embodiment of the spirit of faith.

At last the secret was revealed. It was when he came to tell her that he was going, all was ready for his departure, and he had but one farewell to make. He was later than usual, and she was watching for him with more eagerness than ever. She tripped demurely by his side, looking so beautiful in her clean white dress, and her curls in such rich profusion flowing round her delicate throat. He could not bear to pain her happy heart by the sad news of their parting, so he drew her gently to his bosom for the last time, while he waited for her father's return; and they were all alone but the kitten purring in the sun, and old Margery bustling in and out intent on household cares. They did not talk much, but now and then she would pass her hand caressingly over his face, or he would bend down and kiss her tenderly. At last he said—

"I am going, Miriam. This is the last time I shall see you in many a day."

"Going!" she said, echoing the word sorrowfully.

"Yes, as I told you when the spring first came. To-morrow I shall be on my way to the deep woods and the boundless prairies of the western land."

He expected at least a burst of passionate sobs; but she only nestled closer to his heart, and twined her arm more tightly about his neck.

After a little time, she slid from his knee, still sorrowful, and came back to him holding a little picture. It was a miniature of herself, exceedingly lifelike, and it had the dreamy, serious gaze which he had first noticed when speaking of his mission. This was her innocent little secret. It had been painted by a poor artist, with more talent than friends, who had his home in the same dark court. He had thought her so beautiful, that he begged her to sit to him, intending a surprise to her father, who, in his unostentatious way, had once been of service to his poorer neighbor. That very day she had brought it home, so she told Paul, and laid it in the book before him.

"And he was pleased," said Paul, "and kissed you, and thought it was very like you, as I do?"

"I don't believe he liked it so very much. I don't think he likes pictures at all," answered the child. "He never looks at my sweet mother, with the blue dress and the rose in her hair. But he smiled, and told me to give it to the person I loved best in the world."

"And you gave it to Margery, perhaps?" Paul smiled at the thought of bestowing such a gem upon Margery's dark little kitchen.

"No, I don't love her best, and that would not be right. I kept it for you, because there is no one but

papa and you I ever dream about. Sometimes I have such lovely dreams, and think you are never going away. But you are, and you must take this, and keep it always. I'm sure you will, Paul."

A tear, yes, a tear, fell upon the beautiful picture—so touched was he by the earnestness and sincerity of her affection, and the thought that he was so soon to leave her.

Her father came, a mild, benevolent-looking man; but, nevertheless, the air of one who had no strong hopes or desires. He was sorry to part with his favorite pupil, but blessed him in God's name; for he, too, had been "a minister about holy things," and knew the burning zeal which had filled the heart of the young devotee.

The morrow came, and Miriam was restless and sad as the hour for their walk drew near, and there was no friend to join her. Many and many a day did she linger at their old trysting-place, her heart beating fast, if she saw in the distance a face or figure that might be his. But one day after another came and went, and he was not there. Then she found other friends, and Time was her consoler.

Years, many years had passed, and the missionary sat at the door of his rude cabin, and leaned his weary head against the rough unhewn beams for support. He was far older, and had a dejected, sorrowful air that had deepened the lines upon his forehead, though his dark clustering hair had not silvered, and his eyes still lighted with the fire of manly thought. Yet the fresh vigor of his youth was spent, and his heart was weary and athirst for closer sympathy than he had found among the rude dwellers of the land. Their numbers had greatly increased since he first came among them, and the Indian haunts had retreated from before approaching civilization. They had prayed him to remain among them, to visit their sick and bury their dead, and they were kind to him in their own way. They had built his cabin, and furnished it with their own rude manufactures, and brought him presents of game from the forest, and fruit from their thriving farms. But, now the zeal of his first consecration was spent, he saw little fruit of all his labors; the wilderness had not yet blossomed as the rose. He longed for some one who could sympathize in his ardent desire to do good, and to encourage him to cast his "bread upon the waters." He covered his face with his hands and prayed, communing with the only intelligence that could read his heart, and then he looked around him and still sighed.

Perhaps it was that he had seen the cheerful blaze from the fireside of some of his people, as he came homewards, and stopped to speak some playful word with the urchins before the door; but as he sighed, he wondered if he could have been happier had he not denied to his starving heart all human, household love. "Perhaps I have wronged my nature," he thought. "It may not be required of me to lead this lonely life." And then—he never could tell what brought the recollection so vividly before him at that moment—there came a yearning

thought of the little Miriam of years ago—his child-friend.

She must be a woman now, and beautiful and good. Perhaps she had already a home of her own, and her children about her. At any rate, she had forgotten him. If she had not, if she still remembered her childish promise to love him always—but no, he would not be so mad, so selfish, as to ask her to sacrifice her youth and beauty to his life of lonely privation. But he could not banish her from his mind, and he went in and unclasped the miniature he had not seen for many a day. It was a little faded now; but there were the earnest, serious look, and the soft curls, and the fond smile. How she had loved him! and he could almost feel her arms about his neck and her heart beating close to his. It was the isolation of spirit as well as outward life which had impressed these remembrances so forcibly upon him. Everything seemed as if yesterday. Again that yearning thought; and even before a resolve, he had smothered a fear, and was pouring out to her, or what he felt to be her now, all that was in his heart.

After the letter was gone, there were weeks of anxious suspense; and then he began to wonder at his own madness and folly. Sometimes he would try to calm himself with thinking that they had left their old home, and it would never reach Miriam; and then he almost wished it would be so, for she would never learn his presumption. But at last the answer came, when he had quite ceased to expect it; and he knew only by the tumult of his emotions, as he broke the seal, how much he had periled upon what would now be revealed. He did not think to glance at the signature to see if she was still unmarried, but, as one resolved to drain to the dregs a bitter cup, he tore open the sheet, allowing himself no hope.

"Paul—*dear Paul!*"—he was so dizzy that he could scarcely see the words—"you will think me strange, unmaidenly, when I tell you that my pen trembles in my hand for very happiness. I have heard from you once more! The dream of my youth, of many, many years, has at last been fulfilled! I *knew* you had not forgotten me; and I have kept you ever in my mind, mingled with all that I counted good and noble. I have kept the promise which you recall, unconsciously, for I had forgotten it was ever required. I have 'loved you always,' Paul.

"No doubt much of this has been wild imagination, nursed in the lonely life I have ever led. I mean the seclusion; for we are still here as when you left us, except that my father is older and more feeble, and I have assumed Margory's household duties, for we are very poor. You have sought a portionless bride. But we will come to you, as you have asked, for we know you cannot leave your people, and your heart will grow strong again and be comforted by my father's gentle counsels; and I

will be your 'home.' I can remember asking you if you were going home.

"Do not fear that I shall not be content. I am strong and well; I have never been accustomed to luxuries; and am I unwomanly in telling you how my very heart has gone out to you, at your first bidding? I have never lost trace of your labors. I have seen what you have done for those scattered people. I read of the consecration of your little church; and once I have seen one who had met you, and who told me of your fervor, and that you were wearing yourself out by your never-ceasing labor. He said your eyes were large and dark, though sunken, and that you looked too frail for so rude a life. You see it was not *all* imagination.

"Yes, we will come. My father has said so with his blessing, and he will renew his youth living among the beautiful things of nature; and I shall know you there face to face as I know you now in spirit, gentle, patient, unselfish."

The promise was kept, strange as it may seem to those who walk ever in the beaten track of cold formalities. It was again evening on those broad prairie lands, and Paul Stanbridge waited the approaching twilight, pondering on the new revelation of life, the seals of which another day would open. He wondered if it were not a blessed dream, and then he turned to look once more at the few comforts he had recently gathered in his little cabin for her who was henceforth to be its mistress. She had always loved flowers. How fortunate that he had twined the prairie rose and the clematis over the misshapen walls of his dwelling! and the smooth lawn-like slope to the river-side, how peaceful it all seemed as it slept in the sun's last rays!

Suddenly, he felt rather than saw an approach, and he turned to find two coming slowly towards him. No, no, it was a dream—they could not reach even the village before the morrow—and the strangers were alone, and coming as if they knew the foot-path.

It was no dream; one more glance, and he knew that venerable form; an instant, and that noble woman was clasped in a welcoming embrace. There was no coldness, no formality in that greeting. She was all that he had dreamed and pictured; she was much more than he had dared to hope; and she had bound him forever by her trustful confidence, her womanly devotion. So they were united for life or death. Her father blessed them as he had done before, calling them by that holiest and dearest of titles, "man and wife," and, for the first time in many years, the missionary had a home.

You will wonder if there was no sad awakening when the romance of youthful girlhood had passed, and Miriam knew that the step was irrevocable. You would need no other answer than a glance at the peace and happiness which sprang up in the quiet dwelling, a light that was diffused among his little flock; for he had found the key to the

hearts—his creed was no longer gloomy and morose, looking coldly on all their social joy. And every one loved Miriam, who became, young as she was, a guide and a friend to many beside her husband.

But did she truly love him?

Her father, happy in his serene old age, did not doubt it, as he saw her place their first born, Paul, in his arms, and look up to him with the trusting confidence of old, mingled with a deeper, because wife-like, tenderness.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER V.

THE following extract from the last sermon Latimer preached before the youthful King Edward gives a good idea of the dresses of 1550, and of the rage for French fashions. Speaking of the ladies, he says: "They must wear French hoods, and I cannot tell you, I, what to call it. And, when they make them ready, and come to the covering of the heads, they will call and say, 'Give me my French hood, give me my bonnet, and my cap,' and so forth. But here is a vengeance devil; we must have our power"—a name he gave to the bonnet—"from Turkey of velvet. Far fette, dear bought, and, when it cometh, it is a false signe. I had rather have a true English signe than a signe from Turkey; it is a false signe when it covereth not their heads, as it should do. For if they would keep it under the power, as they ought to do, there should not be any such *tussocks* nor *tufts* be seen as there be, nor such laying out of the hair, nor braiding to have it open."

The gentlemen in this reign wore velvet caps, with a band round them, and a rosette of ribbons and jewels on one side. The beard, too, flourished greatly. Ruffs were worn by men and women, and flat caps and jackets by the former; while, with the latter, the annexed head-dress, though of a curious



shape, was a great favorite; the ornaments on the sides of the head resemble feathers.

Let us now turn to

"The lovely rose of Bradgate's sylvan shades."

The amiable and unfortunate Queen Jane is represented in most of her pictures in a very long-waisted gown of some rich material, with a pointed stomacher and tight sleeves. Her hair is generally simply braided on the forehead, and a veil hangs

down behind; but, on the day of her coronation, she was sumptuously attired in a gown of cloth of gold, rai-ed with pearls; a stomacher blazing with jewels, and a surcoat of purple velvet edged with ermine, and embroidered in gold; her head-dress was a coil, or caul, of velvet, of the form then in fashion, and usually adorned with gold and precious stones.

At this time, gowns were made very long; the sleeves covered the arms to the waist, and but little of the neck was allowed to be seen. Sometimes the bodice was pointed, and of a different color from the petticoat, and the hair was simply arranged.

When we speak of the reign of Mary, we may exclaim—

"Here, Fashion, motley goddess, changing still,
Finds ready subjects to obey her will,
Who laugh at Nature and her simple rules;"

for this may well be considered the era of ruffs and farthingales, and, as the fashion of both came from Spain, it is probable that the queen first wore them out of compliment to her husband. They soon became quite the rage among all classes.

At first, no doubt, the British ladies found these extraordinary modes inconvenient and unpleasant; but they remembered the adage, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*," and submitted with a good grace. The queen herself had all her royal father's love of splendor, and revived much of the magnificence of apparel that had been forgotten during the reign of Edward. Bigoted, cruel, and bloodthirsty as she was, possessing neither the majesty of him whose

"Smile was transport, and whose frown was fate,"

nor yet any of the proud beauty of her mother, she endeavored to make up for her want of personal attractions by the aids of the toilette. Her usual dress was a robe of colored velvet, trimmed with costly fur and jewels, and upon her head she often wore a caul of cloth of gold, set with precious stones.

At this time long stomachers were worn, which made the waists look very small, and the farthingale, suddenly swelling out over the hips, gave the figure an appearance very different from that intended by Nature. Hanging sleeves also were invented, and open gowns, with embroidered petticoats underneath. The hair was worn quite plain, or simply curled on the temples.

After the "good Queen Bess" came to the throne, the fashions altered in a most remarkable manner. Her majesty, who was as devoted to dress as any modern votary of fashion, possessed costumes of all countries, and is said to have left three thousand habits in her wardrobe when she died. Her vanity and weakness on this subject have been frequently alluded to by historians; and, in an old report of the presents made to her, we find that the courtiers used to give her gowns, petticoats, kirtles, doublets, or mantles, some embroidered, and adorned with jewels.

Queen Elizabeth, whose ruffs were always of larger dimensions than those of her ladies, was much troubled to find a laundress who could undertake the difficult task of starching her cambric and lawn ruffs; for her majesty disdained to encircle her royal throat with those made of Holland, usually worn by her subjects; she therefore sent abroad for a Dutchwoman, whose knowledge of this art was celebrated. "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil," says Stubbs, "hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." He also alludes to a device made of wire, "crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold, thread, silver, or silk, called a *supertasse*, or *under-propper*."

The *partelet*, or habit-shirt, was sometimes worn with the ruff; at others, the latter fabric alone encircled the throat, and partially concealed the bosom, which at this period was more uncovered than it had hitherto been in the annals of fashion. But the abomination of wearing short sleeves, which once, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, astonished and shocked the fair dames of Britain, appears to have been a mode that they could not bring themselves to follow; indeed, for many years, arms "naked down from the elbows," as Hall describes them, were looked upon with horror and disgust.

French hoods were now the mode, and continued fashionable till the reign of Charles the First. "Then on toppes of their stately turrets (I mean heades)," says the indefatigable Stubbs, "(wherein is more vanitie than true philosophie now and then) stand their capitall ornaments, as French *hood*, *hatte*, *cappe*, *kercher*, and such like; whereof some



one of velvet, some of taffatie, some (but few) of wool; some of this fashion, some of that, some of

this color, some of that, according to the variable phantasies of their serpentine minds. And to such excess is it growne, as every artificer's wife (almost) will not stick to goe in her hatte of velvet every day; every merchant's wife and meane gentlewoman in her French hood; and every poore cottager's wife in her taffatie hatte, or else of wool at least."

Frontlets were now worn very broad, and frequently highly ornamented; they fell over the face, and served to protect the skin from the sun. Bonnets, too, began to be *la grande mode*; they were first brought from Italy. Hall mentions "millen bonnets of damaske gold, with lose gold, that did hang downe their backes," and "millen bonnets of crymson satten, drawn through with cloth of gold."

Elizabeth is represented in one of her portraits with a head-dress, ornamented with jewels, very nearly resembling a cushion; a richly-laced ruff, laid in close plaits, stands out on each side of her face for a considerable way, and rests upon her bosom. From the back of her gown two wings, probably of fine lawn, edged with a border of jewels, and stiffened with wire, rise in semicircular sweeps as high as the top of the head-dress, and turning down to the ears, form the general shape of a heart, with the face, encircled with the ruff, set in the



mid-st. A short, clumsy cloak, covered with jewels and embroidery, covers the body of the gown, but allows the small cuffs of the sleeves, the full ruffles, and an ornament above the former to be seen. The straight and formal stomacher gives her majesty an immensely long waist. It is covered with jewels and embossed gold; and her lower garment, or petticoat, is of rich velvet.

In another portrait the hair is also turned over a cushion, but without any ornament. Instead of the

immense ruff and wings mentioned above, a sort of fan, of clear muslin, edged with rich lace, stands up behind the neck. What this curious fabric is called, or why worn, fashion alone can tell; but it is frequently seen in the pictures of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The robe is made very tight, quite plain, long waisted, and has tight sleeves; but the farthingale which puffs it out over the hips gives it a very ridiculous appearance.

In general, the size of the ruffs was enormous, probably to keep the farthingales in countenance.

As her gracious majesty is represented, in almost all her portraits, with the hair dressed as we have described, we may suppose that it was her favorite coiffure; and, if so, it was undoubtedly the fashionable head-dress of her time. Sometimes she is seen with a small cap, ornamented with frills, placed on the back of her head.

It is perhaps strange that Elizabeth, hating, as she certainly did, everything Spanish, should have adopted two of their modes, and continued partial to them for so many years.

A FARMERY IN THE OLD ENGLISH STYLE.

Fig. 1.

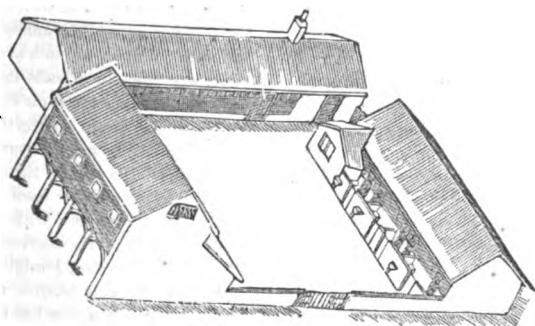
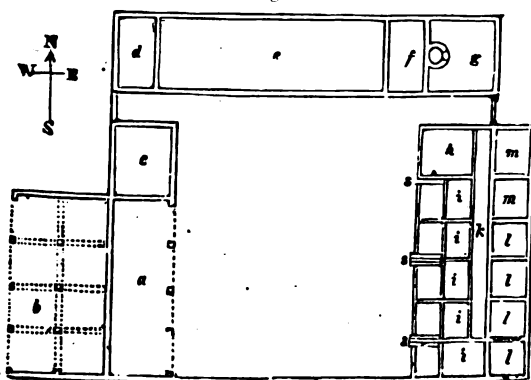


Fig. 2



THE Farmery, of which Fig. 1 is the isometrical elevation, and Fig. 2 the ground plan, is in the Old English style.

Accommodation.—The plan, Fig. 2, to a scale of forty feet to an inch, shows a cattle-shed, *a*; wagon and implement-house, with a granary over, *b*; hay-store, *c*; calf-pen, *d*; cow-house, *e*; another calf-pen, *f*; slaughter-house, *g*; well cisterns and tanks for holding liquid food, and bins for dry food for the pigs, *h*; piggeries, *i*, *i*, *i*, *i*, *i*, *i*; passage between the

piggeries and fowl-houses, *k*; low-houses, *i*, *l*, *l*; and two places for fuel, *m*, *m*. There is a pigeon house over the granary, as may be seen by the elevation. These buildings are placed on three sides of a farm-yard, open to the south, and overlooked in that direction by the farmer's dwelling. The centre of the yard is occupied with a dung-hill, which should be covered with a roof, and nearly surrounded by the reservoir of liquid manure, conducted thither by gutters from the buildings.

THE COUNTRY VISIT

BY CAROLINE E. SUTTON.

"Well, Morton, have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"What news! You speak as if that article were a staple commodity in this world of *ennui*, when here it has produced as wonderful a commotion in the circles of Uppertendom as the advent of some five-tailed comet. It has saved three-score and ten old ladies from *rouge et noir* and hysteria (always consequent on a stagnation in scandal), and as many young ones from the equally inevitable alternative of Byron and blue-stockings. It has effected more transformations in wardrobes and whiskers than my inexperienced tongue could relate; given an entirely new impulse to dentistry; caused an order for a fresh importation of French perfumes; raised the price of false hair fifty per cent., and reduced twelve tailors to skin and bones. It has broken off flirtations without number, spoiled their romantic elopements, and blighted a first love of some six weeks' duration. And yet you ask 'what news!'"

"Well, I repeat it."

"But can you not conjecture?"

"No, Harry, I really have not the least idea."

"Listen then, my dear fellow! What would you say to the anticipated debut of an orphan heiress, lovely as an angel, amiable, accomplished, and the uncontrolled possessor of a cool hundred thousand?"

"Is that all?" said the other quietly, while an expression, the least bit in the world contemptuous, curved his handsome lip.

"Is not that enough? How can you pretend such provoking indifference on a subject that has turned half of Gotham upside down?"

"I do not pretend—I feel it."

"But do you really mean?"

"I really mean," assented the other, fixing his dark eyes steadily on the face of his gay companion, "that I take no interest whatever in any subject of the kind; and that, however beautiful and accomplished the young lady might be, her claims to heiressship would effectually deter me from either anticipating her debut with pleasure, or seeking an acquaintance thereafter."

"Pardon me! I forget to consider those foolish prejudices of yours."

"Call them foolish if you please, Harry," returned Morton, calmly; "but even if they do seem so to you, I must still consider it right to cherish them. I never would marry an heiress."

"Really! what a self-denying, disinterested young gentleman!" exclaimed Harry, with an expression of conical surprise. "He refuses beauty, accomplishments, a hundred thousand dollars, and all the

emoluments thereunto pertaining, before they have been even offered him! 'Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?'"

"Ah! you will have your own fun, Harry," replied his friend, laughing in spite of himself. "But I know you too well to fear being misunderstood. I said I never would marry an heiress. What then? I certainly do not anticipate the honor of refusing this fair prize, but I mean I shall take no steps to obtain her. I might as well say so first as last, and, by so doing, escape the annoyances I have hitherto endured. Whenever such a *rara avis* comes on the tapis, my officious friends crowd around, pointing her out as if she were some eligible office that a little electioneering might secure, thereby assuming that I possess principles and feelings which I hold in utter detestation. To assure them of this, I shall stand as far aloof as possible from this young *debutante*; no one shall class me with the mercenary crowd ready to prostrate themselves before her golden car. Were I wealthy also, I might possibly woo her for herself, lovely and amiable as you represent her; but, being merely a poor barrister, depending wholly on my profession, I will never place myself in a situation to win, undeserved, the despicable title of 'fortune-hunter.' Besides, experience has sufficiently convinced me that marriages of this sort invariably result in unhappiness and regret. However disinterested the husband's attachment may be, his sense of honor cannot but suffer abasement in the knowledge that he owes his elevation to a woman, and that woman his wife; and she, on her part, will the real indifference of a heart that never loved be constantly construing the slightest lack of devotion, even the ordinary *retenu* of married life, into aught but her wealth. I would rather toil my life out in a desert than roll in splendor under the ban of so degrading a suspicion. Now that you know my precise sentiments, do you wonder I should feel no interest in this rich orphan beyond that of any upright man for a young, innocent girl exposed to many dangers?"

"You are a noble fellow, Morton," returned Harry, grasping his friend's hand with affectionate warmth, "and the loveliest and richest lady in the land might consider it a lucky day that made you her husband. I'll be hanged if I believe the heiress is good enough for you, after all. But we have heard enough of her for the present. When do you start on your western tour?"

"In about a fortnight."

"As soon as that? Ah! you will have a delightful time—there glorious autumn days pass so

brightly, and yet so dreamily, in the quiet shades of the country! I can feel the soft hazy wind playing about my temples now. It is too bad that I shall have to remain in this noisy city, stifled with dust and smoke, while you are enjoying yourself so much: but I will be generous for once, and not envy you. Do you intend visiting A——?"

"The 'loveliest city of the plain!' certainly."

"That is fortunate! I have a maternal uncle residing a few miles distant, in a most charming rural district. It would just suit your romantic ideas of pastoral beauty and simplicity. He is one of the finest old fellows that ever breathed—free-handed, free-hearted, patriotic and jovial; and would be delighted to see a friend of his scapegrace nephew, who was always a *prime* favorite, notwithstanding his mischievous tricks. He must have several pretty daughters grown by this time, too; I recollect a couple of rosy-cheeked little romps. Altogether, I fancy a visit of a few days would be quite an agreeable interlude, and, if you wish it, will gladly furnish you with a letter of introduction."

"I should be delighted beyond measure, my dear fellow!" replied Morton, cordially; "nothing would please me better; and I am only afraid it would unlock stores of hospitality and kindness I should never be able to requite."

"Pshaw! show a *due* sense of appreciation by enjoying them as much as possible; that is all the requital necessary under the roof of my excellent relative. He is a capital old fellow, as I said before; you will like him immensely, and I will not say that the predilection may not extend to one of his blooming daughters. You are so fond of rustic charms, and unsophisticated innocence, and all that, who knows what may happen?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, Harry," returned the other gayly; "these country visits are sometimes very dangerous affairs; but, if any misfortune does befall my susceptible heart, I shall certainly lay all the blame on your shoulders!"

It was on a lovely afternoon early in October that Frederick Morton pursued his way along the level turnpike leading from A——, through all the fair and fertile sections of Western New York. He had journeyed thus far, constantly reveling in beauties that every traveler admires and celebrates; but cloud-capped mountains and thundering cataracts had not destroyed his appreciation of the simpler charms, the mere every-day operations of nature. He loved her in all her aspects, and, as he curbed his impatient steed, and suffered his gaze to wander over the glowing landscape, the delight it imparted was fully expressed in the play of his kindling features. It was full of quiet pastoral beauty. The last wain had long ago tottered from the field; but tall corn-shocks stretched to the wavy distance like tents of plenty, pitched by the ranks of the victorious husbandman. The orchards were bending with their rarest wealth, suggesting thoughts of many a pleasant gathering. Groups of sober cattle were scattered about the meadows, lazily browsing, or switching

away the flies, and white sheep dotted the ridgy upland. Many a spiral wreath of pale blue smoke indicated where some quiet farm house nestled amid its clustering shrubbery, and the gilded vane of a church spire sparkled above the distant trees.

"How beautiful! how full of peaceful happiness!" murmured the young tourist. "One might almost believe, in viewing a scene like this, he had discovered a fragment of the original arcadia; and yet there may be many a foolish spirit, pining like Rascelas, to know the vain world beyond."

Just as he arrived at this speculative point, a sudden turn of the locust-shaded road brought him before the place of his destination—a large, irregular, old-fashioned building, conveying an idea of comfort and plenty, although embellished by none of those mongrel contrivances as much unsuited to the country as a haystack to the middle of Broadway. There were no Gothic doorways, no Venetian blinds, not even a Grecian portico. The house was so perfectly in keeping with everything around, that it seemed to have lost its own identity as an abstract thing, and become part and parcel of the landscape. Its weather-beaten gables were draped with clambering vines, mingling and wreathing in wild luxuriance. The grass plat was decorated with a few substantial fruit trees, with lilacs and rose-bushes interspersed; and a primitive balancing pole, hung close to the whitewashed paling, added not a little to the quaint simplicity of the old homestead. Morton received a cordial welcome from the old farmer and his pleasant, kind-hearted wife; polished too by a touch of genuine refinement that made it a hundred times more flattering. They were delighted to hear from Harry, and seemed fully prepared to esteem his favorite friend. But the young guest lent a somewhat divided attention to the discourse of the worthy couple. His thoughts were constantly wandering to the fair nymphs peopling this rural paradise; and when at length the spare room door was gently opened (after a slight preluding rustle in the entry), his heart palpitated with an emotion he would have been quite at a loss to analyze. But, alas for the downfall of romance! The two hearty, healthy-looking girls who curtsied to his polite salutation were as different as possible from the Hebes his fancy had portrayed, and, it must be confessed, a momentary shade darkened his frank brow. But it was only momentary; they were really pleasant, and had sufficient cultivation to converse very agreeably; besides, they were evidently much struck with the handsome stranger, and the complacency of gratified vanity helped not a little towards softening his disappointment.

The summons to tea was cheerfully obeyed after so long a ride in the bracing air; and, in the very teeth of romance and sentiment, we must aver that Morton surveyed the delicate white bread and golden butter, the rich cheese, the transparent preserves, and all the other staple dainties of a well-filled country table, with the satisfaction of a hungry man.

The operations of handing and helping had barely commenced, when an outer door was flung suddenly open, and a young girl, shawled and hooded, bounded lightly over the threshold. She checked the animated exclamation on her lips, and blushed deeply as she exclaimed to the stranger; then, with timid grace, removed her bonnet, and seated herself also at the social board.

Accidental circumstances often have a great influence on a first meeting. It was so in the case before us. Morton had made up his mind to reconcile himself to the plain, good-hearted girls who had taken such pains to entertain him; and this last advent, like half the pleasures in the world, was a thousand times more delightful from having been unexpected. He stole one covert glance as she trifled over her plate, then another, and another, and each was longer and more admiring than the last. And yet she was not strictly beautiful; her features might have been more faultlessly regular, her complexion more purely white; but there was a freshness, an innocence about her young face that Morton thought particularly lovely. He admired the rich bloom on her cheek (so different from the gaudy counterfeits by which his fashionable city acquaintances strove to conceal the ravages of excess and dissipation), the dewy brightness of her lip, the clear, healthful radiance of her eye. Her attire, too, was so charming in its neat simplicity: a dress of printed cotton, a black silk apron, and a narrow band of black velvet encircling her snowy throat. Morton had seen many an idolized belle; but he thought, as he sat there, not one had realized his ideal of feminine loveliness like the sweet country maiden.

He soon learned that she was a niece of the good farmer, bearing the same cognomen, and at present residing under his roof. They called her *Mary*, the favorite name of the poets. Morton's well-stored memory instantly called up a thousand verses chiming to its plaintive sweetness, and he thought it precisely suited to her fair young face and the gentle grace of her demeanor. It requires but a very short time for people to get acquainted in the country. The chilling etiquette of fashionable society there gives place to a free social communion that places all on a footing of friendly intimacy. In less than an hour after their first meeting, Morton was conversing with sweet Mary Williams as unconstrainedly as if he had known her for years, and every moment of that twilight *ête-à-ête* served more fully to confirm his previous impressions.

She was evidently a child of Nature, wholly unshackled by the cold theories of worldly wisdom. There was nothing artificial in her sentiments, nothing studied in their expression. She spoke of what she loved with a warmth bordering on enthusiasm, and advanced her objections, in an argument that Morton purposely commenced, with an earnestness as delightful as *naïve*. He watched the quick color as it came and went, the drooping of her long lashes beneath his admiring but respectful gaze, the

dimpling smile that played upon her lips, and felt, for the first time, a strange fluttering in the region of his heart.

"What," thought he, "are the obstacles to my wearing this sweet wild rose in my bosom? I am independent of control, and privileged to please myself. If I were only sure that *her* affections were disengaged!"

That night the image of the gentle maiden hovered around his pillow the long night through, and he greeted her the next morning with an involuntary *empressment* that brought a still richer color to her cheek. He was indubitably under the influence of love at first sight—a passion that time could only refine and heighten in a nature so noble and so true; and, with scarcely concealed joy, accepted the good farmer's urgent invitation to prolong his stay. Mr. Williams had taken a wondrous fancy to his favorite nephew's favorite friend, and could not bear the idea of relinquishing his society so soon. He had so many things to show him, so many improvements it would take hours to explain, Morton must not think of going for a week at least. The young romancer accommodated himself without a murmur to all the old gentleman's caprices; followed him through "histy stubble fields and furrows brown," to see a new fence or praise the piling of a haystack, gave ample credit to all his manifold contrivances, admired his fine flocks and herds, and decided that his farm was immeasurably superior to that of his rival neighbor, Tompkins. Of course, his popularity with Harry's uncle was sovereign and supreme. Meanwhile, how fared he with "*la belle cousine*?" Every hour revealed new excellences in her character. He saw the unvarying sweetness of her disposition, the sunny vivacity of her temperament, and discovered also that her intellect was cultivated to an extent her modesty had at first concealed. The chains of love were now fully riveted. He was convinced that her dear society would make life a perpetual paradise, and determined to set about securing it with all the expedition possible.

Conscious that he occupied a somewhat ambiguous position, his attentions were never very marked or obtrusive; but there are innumerable delicate ways in which a lover may safely convey his sentiments. These Morton did not hesitate to employ, and was soon convinced they were not wholly disagreeable to the gentle Mary. The mantling blush at his entrance, the suppressed sigh at his departure, the timid veiling of her soft glances, the tremor of her voice—all raised a thousand sweet hopes in his bosom. The farmer's good-natured daughters seemed to regard the movements of the young couple with intense interest, and Morton could have hugged them both for the quiet manœuvring with which they evidently strove to advance his cause. They were never inconveniently sociable during his *ête-à-êtes* with the lovely cousin; never intruded on the long twilight walks in which he was her constant cavalier, and, in short, manifested a sincere

disinterestedness in their own behalf that, in ancient days, would certainly have procured them an immortality in the stars.

Time passed on; the last day of the precious week was rapidly drawing to a close. To-morrow's sun must see the young tourist on his travels. Such circumstances, trivial in themselves, often influence the events of a lifetime. In the present instance, they decided Morton upon a full confession of his sudden and strange attachment. They were strolling for the last time in that locust-shaded lane; the red haze of an autumn twilight tinged everything with hues of voluptuous softness; the languid breeze scarcely stirred the green boughs that arched, arbor-like, above them. The whirring of wings and the low hum of insects were all that broke the repose of Nature, as Morton, with strong and manly eloquence, urged her to partake his fortunes, to go through life by his side.

Was he successful? The fair cheek of the maiden burned with a still deeper carmine, the long lash drooped more heavily over the downcast eye, the sweet lips breathed a timid affirmation, as she dropped her beautiful head on the bosom of her lover.

"Ha! ha! ha!" such was the rather *mal-à-propos* ebullition with which Harry Stanly received his friend's happy confidence—"ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, but it is so very droll."

"What?" demanded Morton, stiffly.

"Oh," returned Harry, more gravely, "that things should have turned up so; that you should really have fallen in love with one of my country cousins. Who would have thought it? Well, I am rejoiced that our long friendship will be henceforth cemented by the ties of connection, and—satisfied in every other respect, if you are. But are you quite sure that this sudden passion, and the circumstances in which it originated, have not blinded you to deficiencies that a more intimate acquaintance might reveal?"

"I would stake my life on it!" replied Morton, warmly. "I tell you, Harry, she is an angel! Why do you smile? Perhaps you think that too rhapsodical to influence an impartial judgment. Well, then, she is a high-hearted, high-minded woman, as nearly perfect as one of her sex can be. Her beauty alone would have failed to bind me; though she is very, very lovely—such soft, dove-like eyes, such a rose-bud mouth! Ah, Harry, the sweetness of those divine lips, such a beautiful bloom, the delicate lining of an ocean shell! Yes, she is very lovely; but, as I said before, that alone would have failed to produce any enduring impression. It was the sweetness of her disposition, the unclouded sunniness of her temperament, the goodness of her heart, the rich wealth of her intellect that awakened my respect and admiration—that convinced me of the inestimable happiness I should design in not securing her for my own. She may

not thoroughly understand every point of *etiquette*, every restriction of fashion; but she has a natural grace, an innate refinement that will carry her safely through the initiation—if, indeed, such is necessary. Fear not, Harry; I will never regret my choice."

"Well, I must trust to your representations," replied Harry, with a sly twinkle in the corner of his mischievous eye, "and sincerely hope that you have not been deceived."

"Pshaw! Will you not believe?"—

"Anything, everything, *mon ami*! Do not be so very sensitive. If I have shown an unnecessary anxiety, ascribe it all to my deep interest in your welfare. I do not doubt but that your fair *fiancée* is everything you so confidently believe; of course, she cannot help being a little superior from her near relationship to me. I offer you a thousand congratulations on your happy prospects. And now for my own secrets. I am half determined to try for the heiress myself."

"What heiress?" inquired Morton, coldly, hurt at his friend's unwonted levity on a subject that concerned him so deeply.

"Oh, I suppose you have forgotten all about it. Why, the heiress you so magnanimously rejected on the eventful day when I first made you acquainted with the existence of our mutual uncle—ahem! that is to be. I am not swayed by such chivalrous scruples, and will not pretend to scorn the filthy lucre any more than deery the ravishing charms that fame allots her. She will be here shortly, as soon as the gay season commences, and then I shall make my best bow. Ah, Morton, I am afraid you have been rather rash in forming that hasty engagement."

"Say no more on the subject, if you please," returned Morton, indignantly. "I shall forget our early friendship, and all its generous manifestations on your part, in this cold, unwarrantable trifling. The wealth of Ind, the beauty of *houris*, would not alter my decision or chill my affection; nor the disapproval of the whole world convince me that I had done wrong. I fear I have misjudged your heart, Harry, that you should judge me by so fickle a standard."

"A plague on my foolish tongue!" said Harry, humbly; "it goes like a runaway horse, carrying all discretion and prudence with it. Forget that last unfortunate expression; trust me, I did not mean it. I must go now, or I shall say or do something else to offend. Am I forgiven?"

He extended his hand with repentant gravity; but Morton again saw that lurking twinkle in his eye, and caught his suppressed "ha! ha!" as he swiftly descended the stairs.

Time passed on. Morton fully realized how absence endears the beloved one. The sweet face of his Mary was ever present to his view, her soft eyes beaming in his own, her low silvery accents thrilling in his ear. He applied himself to his studies with renewed perseverance, more than ever

anxious to attain that position which her dear smiles would bless.

We should perhaps have informed the reader that our hero was an advocate, highly talented, and possessing every requisite for success; but, as yet, young in his difficult profession. His practice secured him an income every way adequate to his wants, with a small surplus; but he was eagerly anticipating the day when a well-won popularity should enable him to increase it fourfold, and give him a proud claim to the hand of his lovely bride. Their union was to be deferred till that indefinite period, which he felt could not be far distant, if his indefatigable labors were successful. They were both young; an engagement even of several years could but test their mutual constancy, and render its ultimate reward more sweet. Meanwhile, he corresponded regularly with his gentle lady-love, dispatching long letters overflowing with love and hope, and receiving many a timid missive in return.

Harry's visits were, as usual, of almost daily occurrence. He conversed but little on his friend's affairs, evidently thinking that a somewhat dangerous topic; but never failed to launch out into some new confidence on the subject of *his* anticipated conquest. Morton was surprised at the constancy with which his giddy brain adhered to this one idea, and would have been grieved and disgusted, had not the young aristocrat's own wealth and station exonerated him from all mercenary motives. He therefore regarded it merely as one of Harry's numerous caprices.

One day he made his appearance, breathless with excitement.

"Congratulate me, Morton! the heiress is in town! She arrived some time since; and, Friday evening, there is to be a brilliant *soirée* at Mrs. Greyson's in her honor. Of course, we shall both receive an invitation; and, of course, you will go."

"Well!"

"No excuses!" interrupted Harry; "it is indispensably necessary. I want your opinion on the lady before I commit myself. If that is favorable, I am in for it, heart and soul."

Morton was obliged to yield to his friend's urgent solicitations, though really caring very little about the matter, and promised, if he received an invitation, to accept it. It came anon. The eventful evening arrived; and Morton, attired with elegant simplicity, and looking exceedingly handsome and *comme il faut*, was whirled, in his friend's stylish equipage, to the gay scene of festivity.

It was one of those brilliant assemblies, the lavish magnificence of which often causes an after life of penury. Immense chandeliers diffused their softened radiance through the large saloons, lending everything an aspect of almost fairy splendor. Curtains of the most costly damask swept the floor with their golden fringes, gracefully looped and festooned around the polished mirrors that reflected every movement. Vases of rare exotics made the air heavy with odors, and specimens of the finest

statuary peopled every niche. Books, paintings, articles of *vertu*, everything that wealth could purchase or taste invent, was scattered in splendid profusion. And the guests—how proudly moved that aristocratic crowd through the superb rooms they honored with their presence! There was a collection of the best and fairest. Forms that might have served *Praxiteles* for a model, eyes brighter than the diamonds that flashed back each glancing ray, cheeks lovelier than the rose-wreaths, bosoms whiter than the rich lace that half veiled their voluptuous charms. But Morton cared not for them all; he thought of his own sweet Mary, his timid wild flower, and sighed with weariness in the midst of the brilliant throng. Suddenly, his friend's impatient voice sounded in his ear.

"Come, Morton, I have seen her, have been introduced to her, and have now the privilege of presenting you. Report has not erred for once. She is an angel of beauty! Come, she is resting in the conservatory."

Morton turned mechanically from the fine picture he had been contemplating, a pastoral scene of great fidelity and beauty, and followed Harry to that wilderness of sweets.

What saw he there? A graceful female figure, magnificently attired, bending over a vase of rare exotics. Her long bright tresses were decked with gems and flowers, and, in the position she stood, half veiled her countenance from view; but Morton felt his heart beat with uncontrollable agitation. The introduction commenced.

"Miss Alwyn!" She raised her eyes. Power of goodness! could he believe his own? Yes, it was even so! Mary Williams and the beautiful heiress were one and the same!

The amazement of our hero may be better imagined than described. His fixed gaze was a concentration of the most intense astonishment that human mind can experience, and we will not say what image he might not have been transformed into, had not Harry's gay voice broken the spell.

"There, my dear fellow, that tragic stare is undoubtedly very *à propos* and affecting; but I think it has lasted full long enough. You are making my fair cousin there feel very awkwardly. Are your eyes irrevocably glued? Well, then, at least lend me your ears, while I rehearse a little story for your particular benefit. Once upon a time (I will commence in the true *Scheherazade* style) there lived a young maiden, beautiful, exceedingly, and endowed with every grace and excellence that Nature can bestow. But, alas, she had the horrible misfortune to be *rich*, the uncontrolled possessor of increasing thousands. This was the one bane of her life, the golden stumbling-block in her way to happiness. She viewed everything through a jaundiced medium, and looked upon love and friendship as mere heartless subterfuges at the shrine of her wealth. But there was one she did not distrust, her madcap cousin Harry, and to his sympathizing ear she confided all her tormenting suspicions, her

unhappy prejudices. He was not prepared to combat them with regard to the world in general; but, in pride of heart, told her of one bright exception, one noble soul that scorned the petty interests by which she suffered so much. He described its purity, its excellence, its high-minded integrity; and she, from mere feminine curiosity, perhaps, expressed a desire to see the form that enshrined it. He promised to favor her wishes; but, first, to assure himself that he had not been deceived, made use of a little finessing. It was successful; the heiress was repudiated as indignantly as the woman could have desired, and the gratified diplomatist had now only to achieve a meeting. In that also he was successful. To the house of a country relative, who was likewise an uncle of the fair *cousine*, he directed his unsuspecting friend, and there, under cover of an imposition, which the amused family favored, she saw and—but there the chronicle ceases. I am not clearly informed beyond that point."

"She saw and loved him," said Mary Alwyn, resuming the thread of the narrative, and lifting her soft humid eyes to the changing countenance of her lover. "She knew the integrity of his principles, the high nobility of his nature, and, as his other manifold excellences developed themselves, she gloried in surrendering the rich wealth of affection that had lain hoarded so long. I say this," she continued, "to prove how implicitly I trust in your love, how sincerely I believe in the disinterestedness of your motives. Were you to prove a very Bluebeard in after life, I could not accuse you of having wooed me for my wealth. Your most weighty prejudice is overthrown; but there are others which require a different consideration. I ought not ask you, so proudly sensitive, to compromise yourself in the opinion of the world, nor will

I do so. I am your affianced wife, bound to you by every tie of love and honor; but none shall know it now. Strive upward in your noble career—Mary Williams is still the guerdon; win the high goal which is already yours in perspective, and then openly claim the hand it will be my pride and glory to bestow."

Need we inform the reader that Morton caught the dear girl to his bosom, and impressed more kisses on her glowing lips than the delighted Harry could enumerate?

Time passed on. The world wondered at the impenetrability of the beautiful heiress, who could still remain "fancy free," while so many were sighing at her feet, and had arrived at the conclusion that she would ultimately prove that unheard-of thing, an old maid from choice; when, one bright morning, the fashionable papers came out with the astounding intelligence that Miss Mary Alwyn, the wealthy heiress, had been led to the hymeneal altar by Frederick Morton, Esq., "one of our most talented and distinguished lawyers." Of course, there were a few hints, a few innuendos, from disappointed mothers and rejected sons, and then it was decided that it had been a brilliant match on both sides.

Yes, Morton had attained his object; his unwearied labors had won their rich reward. He had married an heiress, and still rejoiced in the proud consciousness that there had been no apparent condescension, even on her part. By mutual consent, they renounced the heartless gayeties of fashionable life, and took possession of a charming residence on the banks of the romantic Hudson; and there, through long years of unclouded conjugal happiness, blessed in their changeless constancy, loving and beloved, they never found cause to regret the important consequences of the "country visit."

THE CONCERT AT D— SPRINGS.

BY "WANDERING WILL."

READER, do you love reminiscences? Do you look back with a pleasure-throbbing heart to the remembrance of some schoolboy frolic and its *dénouement*, and sigh again for those happy days, whose clouds are all forgotten, and whose bright suns are still as brilliant as ever in the firmament of memory? Then I can ask your company for a time, while I stray once more among scenes which are, and ever will be, a source of merriment when I look back upon them.

A reminiscence has its own peculiar character to me, whether it dates one or fifty years ago; so, without saying when or where, I will simply mention that it was vacation at the University of —, and I was thrown suddenly upon my wits' end for something to do to amuse myself during the holidays.

Among my friends in "our town" was Will Kuhner, a young man of considerable musical talents, and whose abilities on the piano were really of a high order. A young Frenchman, Jean Mortier by name, who was an exceedingly beautiful performer on the violin, was passing some little time with us. A thought, a word, was enough with young wild-fires like us—and, *presto*, we resolved to set off to visit the far-famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and to pay our expenses on the way in no less a manner than by *giving concerts*, to heighten the frolic of our trip.

I was no musician; but was soon drilled into some seven or eight songs. We obtained the assistance of another, a Mr. Morly (who was to be flutist and vocalist extraordinary), that at least one reasoned head might restrain our over-boisterous

spirits, if need be: but no, no, Messrs. Mortier, Kuhner, and Company must be dignified; there could not be that danger.

I will not delay to speak of all the practicing, disputes, rehearsals, and contentions that were gone through with; enough, our tickets were printed on fine green glazed cardboard, posters and programmes all ready, our newest coats brushed up, and, with as little baggage as need be, off we started in the stage on a bright Tuesday morning.

D— Springs was our first aim. There we could make our *début* in style, and fill our purses well to start upon. Why, there were eight hundred visitors at D—! We scrupulously emptied our pockets of every cent, except enough to take us to the Springs, and, committing ourselves to Dame Fortune, started for the Mammoth Cave.

As became us, we grew most dignified immediately; talked in the most familiar manner of the latest operas; carelessly alluded to this thing that had happened, or that person we had met during our stay in London or Paris, in Boston, New York, or New Orleans. And, in fact, had we been attacked on these subjects, some one of us could have extricated the party. Mortier being a Parisian, Kuhner of German descent, Morly an Englishman, and your humble servant a son of New England, and a resident, lately, of the Crescent City, we pretty well represented all neighboring parts of the globe.

Ere many hours our staging was over; and, to our great satisfaction, we were soon quietly seated in comfortable arm-chairs on the boiler-deck of a trim little steamer, gliding down the river upon which was situated the fashionable D— Springs. No matter what river, whether the Alleghany or the Mississippi, the Cumberland or the Illinois, it was a beautiful stream; and, as we glided along, the cool breeze swept refreshingly upon our heated and aching brows under the sultry sun of August.

"We will arrive by dusk," said Kuhner, at length, as we sat ruminating on our approaching *début*, "and in time for the ball to-night, which is Tuesday. Give our concert to-morrow night."

"*Diable!*" exclaimed Mortier. "Concert! It there is *tout le monde* at D—, and they know what music is, we will give *two*."

"Certainly," cried I, "we will not leave eight hundred rich, gay, and fashionable loungers without at least two concerts."

"Agreed," returned Kuhner; "that is, to-morrow and Thursday nights. We can leave on Friday morning. And where next?"

"It is not worth while to stop at small places," answered Mortier. "Let us go clear through directly to Louisville."

"Louisville!" exclaimed Morly.

"Yes, *pour quoi non?*"

Morly only shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

I doubted myself whether *some of us*, at least, would pass muster at Louisville, and proposed another town of some considerable size, but a few hours steambating from the Springs.

"*Bien,*" replied Mortier. "There on Friday night."

"Agreed," said the rest; and we fell to musing again.

Will you take a look at the quartette, reader, as we sit here?

Mortier was tall, handsome, and dark complexioned, of about twenty, the only one of us, I believe, who was at all wealthy. His was a very aristocratic air, increased by a thick black mustache and imperial, from the effect of which appendages alone we expected to reap much success.

Morly was a tall, solidly-built Englishman, of large and marked features, a very pleasant companion, and a downright sort of man, to whose judgment we would have trusted much, had we ever once connected the idea of judgment with our enterprise.

Will Kuhner and myself were but about seventeen or eighteen, the youngest and most sanguine of the party. Will was a little the taller, quite handsome, gay and volatile in his disposition, and, as I have before stated, a perfect master of the piano. As for myself, it matters little. I was merry at times, sober at times, never disheartened by anything real, often by nothings, and always "wide awake" for a frolic.

And there we sat, in positions characteristic of our nations. Mortier, of course, had his cigar. I believe Kuhner was composing a waltz, he looked so abstracted; while Morly and I were illustrating the saying, "The English believe a chair to be a quadruped, Americans a biped." I do not know of what *they* were thinking; I was wondering if there would be many pretty girls at D—, how to get introduced, before or at the ball, &c. &c. &c., when Kuhner exclaimed—

"Chauncy"—he called me by my middle name—"how do you think the profits will stand at D—, after two nights' performance?"

"Finely," said I—"finely."

"Right," answered Will. "There are eight hundred visitors, according to the last accounts. They must be dying for amusement. Say half of them will come: is that unreasonable?"

"Not at seventy-five cents," said Morly; for we had fixed our price at that. "You need not expect four hundred at seventy-five cents."

"Shall we reduce it?" asked I.

"No," vociferated Mortier; "I will not perform for fifty cents! They will think us more aristocratic if we charge much."

"Well, say three hundred," resumed Kuhner; "and even," added he, in a low voice, "to be perfectly within bounds, at fifty cents, and three hundred a night; that makes three hundred dollars gross receipts."

"Just so," said I. "And fifty dollars will cover all possible expenses, bills, programmes, and all, will it not?" looking at Morly.

Morly nodded.

"I tell you what I will do, Chauncy," said Will

Kuhner, "I will insure you fifty dollars for your share of the profits at the Springs, if you will give me all over."

"Make *me* that offer," said Morly.

"No," returned he; "one is enough. I offer that to Chauncy."

"Seriously?" asked I.

"Seriously."

I laid it over and over in my brain; recollected our last rehearsal, which was pronounced by our select little audience to be splendid; thought of the likelihood of having an increased number the second night, if we came off with *éclat* the first; and deliberately refused it.

"I will take seventy dollars," said I, "and nothing less."

But here the bell, interrupting, called us to an early tea; and, soon after, we were put on shore. An omnibus shortly appeared, and, having committed our luggage to a baggage-car, with the exception of the sacred violin of our M. Francais, we drove off, uphill-ward.

An hour's slow dragging along gave us ample time to think how to make our appearance at the far-famed D— Springs. It was agreed that those who did not appear to appreciate themselves would not be thought much of by others; and therefore it was necessary to put on an air of modest worth, try to look as aristocratical and as much at ease as possible in any situations into which we might happen to fall, and, above all, not to be too much elated by our success, and to take it as perfectly a matter of course. Mortier must promenade the most fashionable resorts several times during the day; for those mustaches and imperial!—they alone would be worth to us forty or fifty dollars. But stop; we have arrived.

We stepped from the omnibus, fully impressed with the importance of maintaining our dignity, and walked slowly towards the main buildings. These were situated on the top of a pretty large and high hill, while other smaller cottages stretched in two rows along down the slope, and also faced the first upon the lower grounds. Others were scattered irregularly around, more or less distant. Parties of ladies or gentlemen, or of both, were to be seen at their ease, walking, sitting, reclining here and there: from one shady spot were heard the soft notes of a guitar, accompanying some fair songstress; from another, the merry peal of childhood's laugh; a third was redolent with the aroma of cigars. On the whole, the appearance was very prepossessing, and D— Springs promised to be a very agreeable place. Amid these scenes, we passed on to the main piazza, where Kuhner and Morly stopped for a moment, while Mortier and myself went into the office and registered our names. As soon as we could obtain the ear of mine host, who bore the exceedingly rare cognomen of Smith (I do not recollect whether his Christian name was John or not), we stated the object of our visit to the

Springs, and desire to give a concert there the following evening.

He was a cool, calculating man, Smith was, and surveyed us all for a little time (the other two had joined us), as if judging what sort of a concert we would give. We spoke of it, however, as a perfectly customary thing; none of us looked at all abashed; and, finally, a glance at Mortier's mustache and imperial carried the day, and he answered—

"We have a very fine large ball-room you can use. There is a fancy ball there to-night, and dancing every evening; but that can be set aside for your concert on to-morrow."

"What kind of a piano have you?" asked Kuhner.

"You shall see in a moment," returned Mr. Smith: "a very excellent one."

Morly asked to be shown the ball-room. At that, he led us to the second story, and ushered us into quite a large, well-aired apartment, opening on one side and end upon an outer, on the other side upon an inner, gallery. The walls were thickly studded with windows reaching to the floor.

"This room," said our landlord, "my servants can arrange. Seats in abundance are at hand; the piano can be brought up, and the chandeliers lighted just before supper. All these preparations I will see attended to myself."

"And *combien* your charge for the one night's *soirée*?" demanded Mortier.

The accent was purely French—there was no doubt about it—and, after a moment's hesitation—

"Twenty dollars will be very reasonable," said he.

This struck us as exorbitant; but not being by any means sure, and fearing to show we were not used to giving concerts and to concert-room prices, we dared not remonstrate. He saw dissatisfaction, doubtless, in our looks, and added—

"The Hautburg family were here last week, and gave a concert in this room to a large house. I charged them the same."

I will not spin out my story. We assented to an imposition from fear of showing our ignorance, and a servant soon led the way to our rooms. Our rooms, we fondly hoped; but, alas! D— Springs was too crowded; a little room at the bottom of the hill, about twelve feet square, containing two double beds, a table, and a washstand, two windows and a door, was allotted to us! And this for four! With a sigh, we received our trunks, then carefully made our toilet, and spent the evening at the fancy ball.

By daylight next morning, I commenced posting our large bills in the most conspicuous positions, and plentifully distributing the programmes. We strolled about among the woods much of the day, feeling about as contented with our prospects as we could wish, and impatiently looking forward to the evening's performance. And yet Mortier spoke

truly, as, coming behind me once while writing in my diary—a constant habit with me—he said—

“Put down, ‘We are very trembling.’”

Yes, we were very trembling; we were about to appear in public, before a large and fashionable audience, where it would be necessary to subdue all embarrassment that might reveal us as novitiates in the life, and acquit ourselves of our various duties in a suitable and becoming manner. The different trials of our *débüt* were fitting before my mind, as I approached the main building, in my walk, where several omnibuses, coaches, and vehicles of every description were standing, and which crowds, pouring from all parts of the grounds, were rapidly filling. I knew that those who desired to take the boat left daily at this hour for the river landing-place; and now, to my dismay, I beheld a major portion of our expected numerous and fashionable audience departing.

On inquiry, I found the fancy ball of the night before had closed the season, and D—— Springs was about to be depopulated. Smith, cautious fellow, had told us nothing of this.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder; I turned, and beheld the visage of Will Kuhner, as blank at this unexpected exodus as you can imagine.

“Chauncy!”

“Will!”

“Is it four hundred, at least, we will have to-night?”

“Well, *diable*!” exclaimed Mortier, who now joined us, “they cannot all go away: for, *parbleu*, there are not carriages enough to take them.”

No, they did not *all* go; but it became necessary to redouble the attractions to bring in as many as possible of those who remained, and also advisable, even Mortier acknowledged, to reduce the tickets to fifty cents.

I was forthwith dispatched to oversee eight servants in their awkward task of moving the piano up stairs. Not knowing precisely what positions were and what were not injurious to the instrument, I determined to seem to the bystanders rather over-particular than ignorant, and therefore to scold them all the way up, unless they carried it perfectly level. But my fear of seeming over-vigilant was useless; for the blockheads began to roll the piano (minus its legs and pedal board) up stairs, as a drayman rolls along a box of merchandise, without regard to the “*This side up with great care*” painted on the side, alternately appearing and disappearing. All my orders and entreaties were of no avail; it was rolled into the concert room, and, one end being set upon the floor, the other was *dropped*, until its legs were reattached.

I should have been in despair, had I not thought it would give Will Kuhner an excellent opportunity to display his tuning and repairing abilities.

I sent for him: we took off the top, opened all the gallery windows wide, for the edification of the listeners and promenaders without; and friend Kuhner commenced repairing the strings broken by

the fall, and then tuned the whole piano into as good a state as was possible, much to the admiration of the little volunteer audience; for, as I have before said, Kuhner was quite a young-looking fellow of only seventeen.

The evening came; guards were mounted on the bordering galleries; for it was too sultry to close the windows, and, the outside accommodations being more comfortable than the inside, and decidedly *cheaper*, we feared they would be better patronized. We were all dressed in our Sundays; I had eaten no supper, for fear of injuring my voice; and all things were ready.

A few occupied the front seats. Mortier and myself entered the room, he carrying his violincase, and I some music, which we laid upon a table near the piano, and stepped out upon the cool gallery to await the arrival of the company.

They came slowly. Will Kuhner stood watching them with a quizzical look, Mortier was dusting his patent-leather gaiters with his handkerchief; I was trying to recollect the air of my first song, when Morly joined us.

“I have just learned,” said he, “that not one hundred of the company remain at D——, and that they have been satiated with concerts of late; and therefore even what are left here will not turn out very well.”

No time was left us to comment upon this chilling information, for the impatient stamping of our audience hurried us into the room.

We made our *salams* (between you and me, kind reader, I think we looked like a very genteel company upon the whole), and William Kuhner opened with Hertz’s brilliant “*La Parisienne*.”

It was well received—it deserved to be—and I, poor novice I, who did not know a note of music to my name, “took the stand.” The symphony ended, I dashed at once into one of the popular songs of the day, and went through four lines of the first verse, while I was collecting my courage. But I forgot the fifth; I hesitated, referred to the music in my hand, in my confusion looked to the wrong page, and was obliged to come to a full pause. Reader, imagine it, and pity me! What should I have done, had not Will come to my aid, begun a second symphony, as if it was all right (he always extemporized his symphonies), and whispered me the next words! He concluded, I had collected my wits, found my place, and went on through the piece; but how, only the audience can tell—I know not.

I gave place to a solo on the violin, and devoted myself to the study of my next song; and, presenting myself again, had it by heart, and confronted my judges with an undaunted air. The piece was “*The Old Arm-Chair*.” As I sang, I counted the little crowd before me. Fifty—only fifty—ten free! Forty pay—twenty dollars receipts!—hem! Expenses: twenty dollars for room; two days’ board for four, sixteen dollars; four dollars for being brought up from and taken back to the river! I did

not stop to think of expenses in getting to D—, and how we should get away! But one dollar twenty-five cents in the common purse! I will not vouch that I did not suit the action to the word, when I desired that the audience would

"Call it not folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drop starts down my cheek."

But we went on gallantly. We thought nothing beyond us. Morly sang Russel's "Maniac" and "Wind of the Winter Night." We drew boldly on the most difficult works of Barriot, Hertz, Bellini, Lafont, Louis, and Loder. Will Kuhner wound up with an original grand Fantasia on our National Airs, and we retired amid the heartiest applause.

One little act of courtesy on the part of our landlord, the good Mr. Smith, I must not forget. We had engaged, and were to pay twenty dollars for, the room for the evening; but three times before we were through, he sent up to us to hurry over, once asking us to omit part of our programme to dispatch the concert, as he wished to set the company to dancing as soon as it was possible. We took our time, however; and, when done, gathered together our music, &c., and abandoned the room to Terpsichore and her disciples.

We separated on the spot, without a word. It was a beautiful night, and we each probably wandered for a few moments among the quiet woods around. I did, at least; and we reached our cabin one by one, and retired without a word spoken between us.

Next morning the rising sun shone brightly in the window behind me, and aroused me early. I looked about and sat up; a dim recollection of the last night and our present position came over me, and I hesitated whether to laugh or—not to cry, I hope, but—to lay down again in despair. At this moment, Will Kuhner, who was on the farther side of the opposite bed, awoke and confronted me for a moment in silence. We looked at each other, then at our still sleeping comrades before us, and then at each other again.

"Will," said I, at last, "I will take the fifty dollars."

"Ne'er time," cried he; and we both burst into a merry peal of laughter. Our companions were aroused *instantly*.

"Yes, by heaven!—yes, by heaven, it's driven me mad!" sang out Morly, with a serio-comic air.

Mortier could not relish the joke. "I see nothing very amusing in all this," said he, dolefully.

Morly nodded assent to him. "Yes, by heaven!—yes, by heaven! it's driven me mad!"

Kuhner and I fairly roared. Mortier groaned.

"There's a good time coming, boys!" chimed in I.

Mortier looked round for his violin; whether to break it in his despair, or to play "*La Melancholie*," I was in doubt.

"You are very happy," mournfully ejaculated he
"Comment you think to get money to pay and go

home? or will you go on and give some more concerts? *Diable!*"

"Concerts!" exclaimed Kuhner. "Thank you, quite sufficient. No more, I'm obliged to you;" and he whistled "*Begone, Dull Care.*"

Morly and I tuned up again, in duet—

"Let those who sigh in sadness here
Rejoice and know a friend is near."

"*Parbleu!*" ejaculated Mortier. "I should like to see him."

"Ah, Jean Mortier," exclaimed Will, "why did you not shave before you came to this ill-fated spot? Those mustaches of yours have cost us ten dollars extra; at least. But, Morly, my friend," continued he, with great mock gravity, "here, take this watch"—suing the action to the word—"companion of my sorrows and my toils, hie thee unto some wealthy gentleman, and see what moneys thou canst gain upon 't."

"Take, too, this diamond ring," returned I, suing the action, and the action merely, to the word; "and speedy pray return."

Morly sprang into his inexpressibles, swung on his coat, and disappeared. Mortier, believing, doubtless, sleep to be "a balm for all woes," had relapsed into that state of blissful ignorance.

Kuhner and I gayly dressed ourselves, and packed up. I then approached, and woke our friend Jean once more.

"Shall I go up to the house," asked I, "and post the bills for a second concert to-night?"

"*Mille tonnerres!* No!" vociferated he; and he poured forth a torrent of French, which I never attempted to translate.

Morly soon returned. He had met a gentleman from "our town," who had forced the *accommodating* and *obliging* Mr. Smith to reduce the charge on the room to ten dollars (which was twice what he should have asked us at first), and also lent us enough to settle our bills and take us home. Will Kuhner clasped his watch to his bosom again in the most affecting manner, while Mortier, springing up, asked—

"You have all the money—enough for us?"

"I have," returned Morly.

"Then, *diable!* bring the hack immediately, and let us leave this place *vite*ment!"

But we had to wait till the omnibus went to the landing in the afternoon, when, joyfully forgetting our dignity from that moment, we jumped into it and drove off. We took the boat that night; and, on Saturday afternoon following our departure, we rattled back into the city of our residence in a state somewhat analogous to drowned rats, perfectly satisfied with concert giving, and, of course, *delighted with our visit to the Mammoth Cave!*

Jean Mortier returned soon after to the land of frogs; Morly went to reside in the city of Louisville; but Will Kuhner and myself are yet near enough to each other still to laugh heartily and often over our first and last Concert at D— Springs.

THE ODD FELLOWS' SECRET; OR, A WARNING TO THE LADIES.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

SOME wise *man* has suggested that, if certain legal proclamations should commence with, "Know one woman," instead of, "Know all men by these presents," &c., the object of said proclamation would be much better effected. It was probably the same erudite reasoner who argued that the Mohammedan doctrine of "no women in Paradise" must be correct, because St. John, in the Apocalypse, expressly states, "There was *silence* in Heaven for the space of half an hour." But, however much the other sex may ridicule the loquacity or the tattling propensities of their weaker sisters, the late researches into the history of the "heroic women of the Revolution" have proved most conclusively that, in the midst of danger, and in the face of death, some of our sex can keep the tongue from betraying the well-guarded secret; and the history of that learned lady, a most worthy member of the once ancient and honorable fraternity of Free Masons, also adds some weight to the conclusion. That secret, the boast of knights masculine, and guarded by the pomp of imposing ceremonies, has once been committed to the porcelain vessel of frail woman's heart; and, strange to say, the delicate vase neither burst by the explosive nature of its contents, nor overflowed with its abundance.

But, nevertheless, we frankly acknowledge that all of our sex are not thus gifted. There are Arnolds and Gorgeys among the brave men who gird on the helmet and sword, and it would be, indeed, a wonder if there were not, among those who have less strength of arm, also sometimes less firmness of purpose. At any rate, "Aunt Woodbury," though she had great confidence in her own power of secret-keeping, was known throughout the neighborhood for her love of gossip, and her insatiable thirst for the marvelous. No one delighted more to drink water out of *another's* well, and running water out of her *neighbor's* cistern. She knew how often Mrs. Smith went shopping, and how much she gave per yard for all she bought. She learned how many dozen eggs her neighbor Todd sold during the season; and she never rested quiet in her bed afterwards until she found out how many eggs this same lady put in her squash pies.

She was particularly prying into the affairs of newly-married ladies and young housekeepers; their secrets, could she once get hold of them, were not only rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel, but were digested, and re-digested, as if she had the two stomachs of a ruminating animal. She never attended parties; for she was a member of the "Old South Presbyterian Church;" not the noted

Old South in Boston, dear reader, but one thus named in the flourishing village of Glastenbury.

There were two streets in this village, one called North Street, in which was the Methodist Meeting-House; the latter South Street, where Aunt Woodbury lived, and where also she went to meeting, very regularly, in the large, old-fashioned, high-steepled Presbyterian House. Well, as I said, she never attended parties; that self-denial was a part of her creed, one of the steps of the ladder which elevated her above some of her neighbors; but, in lieu thereof, she was a most punctual member of "The Sewing Society," and no one did better service with fingers and tongue. She was also (we must present the bright side of her character) a most punctual attendant upon every church meeting. Her husband, "Good Brother Woodbury," as he was called in the neighborhood, was an elder, and, of course, conversant with all the private business of the church. As in honor bound, he never revealed it even to his loving spouse, unless under peculiar circumstances, which circumstances we shall presently explain. Well, some items of their private business would sometimes leak out in the church meetings—often in the prayers—at other times in the remarks of brethren, whose hearts were burdened with care or sorrow. Whenever one prayed "for that erring brother who had gone astray," or that the "Achan might be removed out of the camp," then Sister Woodbury's wits were suddenly set to work.

"Well, pa," she would say, as soon as she arrived, and had deposited her bonnet and shawl in its place, and seated herself by the fire—"well, pa, what now? Who have you got up before the session this week? It does seem as if wickedness increased in high places. I thought when we got Mr. Clark out of the church for going to see Mrs. Hall so much, we should have some peace. But do pray tell what now?"

"Nothing particular that I know of, my dear."

"Nothing particular, Mr. Woodbury! Just as if I didn't know any better. Do you suppose Mr. Green would pray as he did if there wasn't some trouble? But that's just the way with you men, afraid to tell your wives anything. Just as if I couldn't keep a secret."

"Well, to tell the truth," said the patient husband, on one such occasion, "I did not attend the last session meeting, and there may be some business that I know nothing about. It does strike me that there was something rather peculiar in the prayers to-night."

"Yes, indeed, there was; and I should like to know what it is that troubles the elders so. You, as one of them, ought certainly to know. It is very strange that you should neglect the meetings."

The good elder did not answer; for, had he told the real cause of his non-attendance, it would have excited his wife's combativeness a little more than he cared to do just then. The truth was, he had one infirmity wholly beyond his ability to overcome, and which placed him completely in the power of his wife whenever he was intrusted with a secret. It had caused him much trouble, especially when finding, some years after his marriage, that his wife's head, or rather her tongue, was totally deficient in *secretiveness*. He could conceal nothing from her; for, however he might resolve, and re-resolve, to lock fast within his inner sanctuary any important matter, he invariably found that, before he was aware, she was mistress of his treasure. He never tempted her, like "Blue Beard," with *his* key, but alas! she possessed a duplicate. You may wonder, my dear married ladies, and wish you knew the mystery. It is easily explained. Elder Woodbury *talked in his sleep*; and his wife, by asking questions cautiously, could elicit correct answers on almost any subject she chose to select. Again and again have the elders wondered how matters known, as they supposed, only to themselves, should be village talk.

At last, the following incident gave them some clue to the mystery. It seems that Mrs. Woodbury had judged correctly in supposing that the session had some cause for praying as they did. There *was* one offending brother; and Elder Woodbury, having some inkling of the matter, and knowing his peculiarity and his wife's failing, had resolved to be absent from the meetings.

His safety lay in his ignorance. But he was defeated in this plan. The next afternoon, when the session was to meet, he found, on his return from his place of business to dinner, that his wife had aired his clean shirt, brought out his coat, and made ready his shaving materials. His favorite dinner was smoking on the table, and his wife said, pleasantly—

"Our minister has been here, and says that he hopes you will not fail to attend the meeting this afternoon. He has many burdens to bear, and needs all the sympathy and aid his church can give him."

Poor Mr. Woodbury! He *did* sympathize with his minister, and no one in the church was more ready to bear his share of the burdens; but he wanted to have no more secret cases of discipline intrusted to his keeping. However, warmed by his dinner, and pleased with the good humor of his wife, he was persuaded to go, hoping that he should hereafter be able to keep watch and ward over himself, even in sleep.

Alas, for his resolution! He came home quite late, and very tired, with his mind perplexed and disturbed (a most favorable state for sleep talking).

He said little; neither did his wife ask any questions. Those were reserved for the occasion. After reading the thirty-seventh psalm, and praying with his family, the good man retired. Mrs. Woodbury, as was her custom, bustled round awhile. She prepared her coffee for boiling, washed the potatoes, put things in order, meanwhile saying to herself, "Never mind; I'll find out their secrets."

Her husband was sleeping soundly when she laid her head upon her pillow; but she had no idea of following his example. A good, strong cup of green tea had produced its enlivening effect upon her brain. Towards midnight the elder became more restless, and began to mutter in his sleep; his wife pushed her night-cap from her ears, and listened with all the eagerness of a cat when she hears the scratching of a mouse. She could catch nothing distinctly at first. At last, she heard the words, "Poor Pratt!" She repeated it to herself, "Poor Pratt! What in the world can that mean?" Now Mr. Pratt, one of the prominent men in the church, and a trader in the place, was their nearest neighbor. "It was wrong, *wrong*," muttered the elder; "but the temptation was great." He then became easy awhile, leaving Mrs. Woodbury in a delectable state of suspense and curiosity. Once more he turned, and she heard him say, "It was *stealing*, after all." "What! has Pratt been stealing?" she ventured to ask. "Oh yes, yes," he answered. Just then, the old clock in the kitchen struck twelve, and aroused the sleeper to conscious wakefulness. His wife feigned slumber, while he arose and walked the room for some minutes; then, taking a glass of cold water, he retired again and slept soundly till morning.

Not so with his helpmate. She was as wakeful as David, when he meditated in the night watches, and to her, as to him, the subject was sweet as honey and the honeycomb. Would that her thoughts had been as profitable, or of like nature! But while he fed upon the precepts of God's word, she "ate up the sins of God's people as one would eat bread." "It is good enough for the Pratts," she said; "they need humbling for setting themselves up above their neighbors. I never can get her to make a social visit here; and, when I go there, she always acts as if she was afraid she should say a word too much. Indeed, she once had the impudence to remark, 'I think it is better to say nothing about a person than to speak evil of them.' Just as if the truth shouldn't be told. Well, well, we shall see now."

Mrs. Woodbury "*was not slow*" in completing her usual domestic operations the next morning. After "putting things to rights," and giving a careful look to her pot of beans in the oven, she threw on her blanket shawl and hood, and went in to see her neighbor, Mrs. Todd. The latter was busy in her kitchen; but Mrs. Woodbury, telling her not to mind her presence, seated herself by the cooking-stove and took her knitting-work.

"How nice your wheat bread looks, Mrs. Todd!

"I think your flour must be good. Pray, where do you get it?"

"We always buy of Mr. Pratt," was Mrs. Todd's answer, as she busied herself arranging her loaves in the oven.

"Well, so have we," answered the elder's wife; "but, somehow or other, the last we bought didn't seem to be just the thing—a little 'runny;' and, when baked, full of large holes. Now bread, to be good, should look more uniform, full of small holes, like a piece of nice sponge."

"Yes, I know that. But I have had no trouble, if I get the best brand—Beach's flour. But it comes very high. Only think, eight dollars a barrel!"

"Yes, it is a great price. No wonder Pratt is getting rich. I guess he makes great profits."

"He asks enough, if that is all. But they do say, if his debts were paid, he wouldn't be worth much."

"Very likely. And I guess his wife an't no great profit to him: keeps a hired girl all the time, so as to devote more time to her children."

"Lawful sake! She has only three; and I get along with my four, and do all my own work. I've my doubts whether children are any better for so much attention."

"My husband says *example* is better than precept on all. Mrs. Pratt's teaching won't do much good, if her husband don't set a better example."

"Well, I don't know much against the man, after all," said Mrs. Todd, as she went on rolling her pie-crust. "They're rather strict with their children, and too close-mouthed; but pretty good neighbors, after all."

"Well, I can tell you something about 'em that'll astonish you, Mrs. Todd!"

"What can you mean?" asked the good woman, as she dropped her rolling-pin, and stood with powdered hands and wondering eyes to listen.

"It's a matter now before the session; and, I suppose, I've no business to tell of it; but you must promise not to let it be known. I wouldn't have it come from me for the world."

"Oh, of course not. You know I never would reveal it."

"Well, only think, he's accused of stealing! Yes, downright stealing! The elders and deacons are dreadfully worried about it; but they don't wish anybody to know it just now."

"Well, I never! Who would have believed it?"

"For my part, I never took any great fancy to the Pratts—rather stiff sort of folks, I always thought. But I must run and see to my own baking."

"Don't pray be in such a hurry. Why, I am so astonished I can hardly believe my senses!"

"Well, it's the sober truth; and we shall all know more about it soon."

As my readers may anticipate, it was soon a village secret that Mr. Pratt had been guilty of a great theft. All knew it but the accused party and his family; and they wondered, in sadness of heart, at the coldness of their neighbors and old friends, and

the sudden falling off in their sales. They had no, lived in the village many years; but, with the exception of a few who thought Mrs. Pratt not sufficiently gossiping to their taste, they were universally beloved. It was true that their income was small; but good management and economy "made both ends meet." It was true, also, that Mrs. Pratt preferred to take the whole management of her children, instead of sending them to the village school, and intrusted her housework to a faithful domestic, though she still "looked well to the ways of her household." An unpretending, meek, and pious woman, she aimed to do her duty to God and man. She could not, of course, be insensible to the cold looks and evident neglect of her neighbors; nor could her husband be ignorant of a great change in the course of one month in his business. He was almost deserted of evenings, while the other stores in the village were filled with eager readers of the "Post" and the "Courier," or neighbors retailing the news of the village.

Some two months had elapsed; the gossiping tongues had not ceased their wagging; when Aunt Patty Dunn wended her way to the ministers, one morning, for the purpose of making her semi-annual visit. Now Aunt Patty was a rare sort of a news-vender. To be sure, there was no need of a Daily Gazette where she lived, unless to report the *foreign* news, for she made up a regular budget of all domestic concerns, not forgetting "prices current" and "terrible disasters." Like some of our more modern papers, she also added "births" and "intended marriages;" and, in little choice tidbits of scandal, well seasoned, she excelled even the more noted caterers for the public taste in our large cities. But, with all this, she had the peculiar faculty of never getting into trouble herself, or exciting the indignation of others. Had she been an editor, she would never have been sued for libel, or obliged to sue for quarter under the upraised cowhide. Her curiosity and benevolence were so well balanced, and her destructiveness so small, that, though she delighted to retail gossip, she always "smoothed over" the harder parts of her story, so as to avoid giving offence. She was an amusing companion for mending-day, when one must, perforce, darn stockings, sew tapes, and close rents. Then Aunt Patty, with her snuff and her spectacles, her old velvet bag and her knitting-work, was heartily welcome.

But I am digressing. As I was saying, Aunt Patty made her semi-annual visit to the minister's; and, of course, his good wife must listen to a rehearsal of events that had taken place since her last visit. The Pratts were not forgotten. Now, from some sort of moral affinity, Mrs. Pratt and Aunt Patty were good friends; not that the former confided greatly in her sociable neighbor, for she was not one to "hew for herself cisterns that could hold no water," but the kind heart and native shrewdness of the chatty gossip won her interest. It was not necessary, however, to tell any one now that

the Pratts were perplexed and troubled—I mean any one as familiar in their family as Aunt Patty. Not a word, however, had been exchanged between them on the subject. When at their house, the ladylike reserve of Mrs. Pratt forbade such allusions, even to those most in her confidence. But, once at the minister's, Aunt Patty (who had long thought about it) resolved upon a bold step. She would learn from the minister himself what the session was going to do with Mr. Pratt.

"I was determined to ask you," said she, after making known her errand; "for I do feel so sorry for his wife. She don't complain a word; but I believe she is dying by inches. Why, I reckon she's lost ten pounds within a month."

"His wife, did you say? I did not know he had a wife."

"Didn't know John Pratt had a wife! Well, I declare, I knew you spent considerable of your time poring over books and writing sermons; but I thought our shepherd knew more about his sheep than that comes to." And Aunt Patty opened her snuff-box to relieve her astonishment.

"But how did this story get round, Aunt Patty?" asked the minister, now a little more upon his guard, and sitting down by her side, as if thoroughly interested in all she had to say.

This was a new thing to the vender of news, quite a treat, to have Mr. Laurens interested in her stories; so she launched forth and told all that "they said," and that Sister Todd said, and that Brother Hanson said; "and, to tell the truth," she added, "I am afraid Sister Woodbury is at the bottom of it, for she always knows all the church affairs; and how in the world she finds out, I can't tell, for a pruder man than the elder never lived."

The minister heard her through patiently, and then merely added—

"I am sorry this affair has made so much talk and trouble. I will explain it all to you, Aunt Patty, before long." After saying this, he immediately entered his study.

It was this very day that Mr. Pratt returned from his store almost disheartened. He found his wife in the nursery surrounded by her sleeping children. She, too, had had a gloomy day. Not a word was said for some minutes. Mr. Pratt drew off his boots and put on his slippers, took the newspaper from his pocket, and, after putting more wood upon the fire, said—

"Shall I read aloud, Mary?"

She burst into tears. Those few kind words had unlocked the sealed fountain.

"I must tell you," she added, "that Bridget has left us. She gave no reason, but said she liked us; we had treated her well, and paid her wages regularly, but she would rather not stay any longer."

"This is strange," said Mr. Pratt, laying down his newspaper, and rising; "and, what is more, it is not the only strange thing of late. Why, Mary, my business has decreased fifty per cent.; and, with the exception of Mr. Laurens and Elder Wood-

bury, and a few others, I seem to have hardly a friend left. What does it mean?"

"Why, husband, you say you have hardly a friend left. I feel as if I had none. I meet averted faces and cold looks wherever I go. I do not know what we have done to merit this. I must tell you one little incident that occurred to-day. I sent Charley out for a walk, and he stopped to play awhile with some little boys. But James Todd said, 'No, we won't play with Charley Pratt; his father's a thief!' I don't generally listen to the complaints of children; but, taking this in connection with other things, it has troubled me."

"It is unaccountable," said Mr. Pratt. "I am determined"—but just then the door-bell rang.

It was their minister, Mr. Laurens. He stayed some time longer than was his custom, and, though no reference was made to Mr. Pratt's peculiar situation, yet there was much sympathy and cordiality in his manner. It did them much good; and both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt retired that night in better spirits than they had known for some weeks.

The next day was Sunday. At the close of the exercises in the afternoon, Mr. Laurens stated that he wished all the members of the church to meet him in the vestry on the afternoon of the next day. He hoped none would be absent, as there was some business of importance to be transacted. He particularly requested *all* the church members to be present, ladies not excepted.

The good housewives of the village, such as were numbered among the church members, were early at the washtub on the following morning, speculating, meanwhile, as to how the Pratts would feel, and what they would do and say. "Of course, they'll not be there," said one and another, as they met on their way to the vestry. But they were disappointed; for both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were in their accustomed seats at the appointed hour, unconscious of the surprise their presence occasioned, and equally ignorant of the object of the meeting.

The minister was late—an unusual thing with him; but, when he entered, who should come with him but Joseph Pratt, a young man well known to them all—for he was, as Aunt Patty would have said, "Old 'Shiah Pratt's son, that used to live at the Hollow." The old man was dead, and the widow with her children, moved into a neighboring town. Little had been heard from them since, and they had been almost forgotten by many. But this son, Joseph, had been a very interesting lad; and becoming, as he hoped, a sincere Christian, had joined the church just before leaving his native village. He had never removed his relation from the church, there being no church of that denomination where he resided, and because he occasionally had the privilege of still worshipping in the house of his fathers. He was a fine-looking young man, and never appeared more interesting than at this time, when, following the minister with downcast eyes and flushed cheek, he seated himself on one of the benches, and leaned his head upon his hand, as if

oppressed by some trouble. After a short prayer, Mr. Laurens said—

"Our young brother, Mr. Pratt, has a few words to say to the church."

The latter rose, in evident agitation—

"Through the kindness of your session," he said, "I should not have been required to make this public acknowledgment of the sin I have committed; but, learning that an innocent man is suffering for my error, I resolved to come here in person and make my confession before the church. When my family left this place, as you are all aware, we were poor. I was clerk for Mr. Barmun, whom you probably all remember"—

"Yes, that we do," Aunt Patty inwardly ejaculated; "one of the greatest skinflints the town ever produced."

"And, as he moved about the same time we did, I still continued with him. He gave me fifty dollars a year and my board. Sickness and trouble came upon our family. I will not stop to tell you now of the death of my young brother and sister, or of the efforts of my mother to keep the children together: enough, that she labored beyond her strength, and thus produced a disease which finally ended her life. One stormy night, after closing the store, I went home to stay with her until morning. I found her destitute of almost every comfort. I had expended all the wages due to me, and I had not a cent wherewith to buy her the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and some wine, which he had said might possibly restore her strength a little. I hastened back to ask Mr. Barmun for a month's pay in advance. He was very surly, and refused me. As I left his door, and was hastening back, I met a gentleman on my way who said he wished to pay five dollars to Mr. Barmun, and requested me to hand it to him. I took the money. The gentleman rode away, and I stood for a moment irresolute what to do. But I thought of my mother; the temptation was too great, and I yielded—resolving, however, to pay the sum the moment I should receive my wages. Stifling all thoughts, save of my dying mother, I immediately purchased the articles she needed and ran home. I dared not tell her how I came by them; but, when she blessed me that night, and called me her beloved son, I shuddered as I thought how she might feel if she knew the crime I had committed. She grew worse rapidly, and I did not leave her until she died—no, not until the grave hid her from my sight.

"Meanwhile, my employer had found out my theft; and, when I returned to the store, he threatened me with imprisonment. I went to the gentleman from whose hand I took the money, and told my story. He wept as I related it; and, through his influence, I was saved from jail, and also put in a way to earn a larger salary than that given by Barmun. The latter was still determined upon revenge, and wrote to the session of this church that I was guilty of theft, and had proved myself an unworthy member. He knew my attachment to the

home of my childhood, and to the church of which I am a member. The session dealt kindly with me, and concluded to keep the matter secret, if possible, until I had time, by sincere repentance for my sin, to regain my character; for sin it was, though the temptation was great."

We have not time, or rather we will not, lest we should be tedious, enlarge upon the story of this young man. Such suffering, and such temptation, are, alas! too common in this world of ours, where everything appears to be so much out of joint—hoarded gold and starving poor, splendid palaces and beggars' rags, the iron heel of despotism and the despairing cry of crushed humanity. But all these need be, that we may be the more perfectly fitted for that other life where we see no more "as through a glass darkly."

That good Elder Woodbury's wife (not Elder Woodbury's good wife, dear reader) was little profited by this meeting, we may learn from her remark to Mrs. Todd on her way home.

"Well, really, I do think it's odd enough that we all forgot that old 'Si Pratt's son was a member of the church!'"

The false reports about Mr. John Pratt were, of course, soon silenced, though it took some little time before many could really believe that he had not robbed a bank, or forged a note for some five hundred dollars or so.

"But what has all this to do with the Odd Fellows' secret?" says one, who has read thus far, and finds no connection between the title and the tale. I beg your pardon, good sir, for being so prolix, and ask your indulgence but a little longer.

We have seen that Mrs. Woodbury was a gossip of the most inveterate sort. The poison of asps was under her tongue, and she delighted in scandal, not merely because she loved to hear and tell some new thing, but for the mischief which evil speaking did, and the stab it gave to a neighbor's peace. Soon after the affair of the church meeting, a lodge of Odd Fellows was established in the place. Elder Woodbury hesitated awhile about joining it, not that he had scruples because it was a secret society, but he feared his ability to keep that secret. The members were very desirous to enroll him among their number; and finally, being a conscientious man, and unaccustomed to subterfuge, he told them the truth. "I do talk in my sleep," said he, "but never reveal much unless led on by questions. Now, I am sorry to say that I cannot trust my wife. Patty is a good woman in her way, but she has dreadful itching ears."

Yes, that they all knew, though they did not say so to the elder; and it occurred to one of their number—something of a wag, by the way—that, if they could cure this propensity in Mrs. Woodbury, they would be doing community a service. The next day they communicated their plan to the elder, who was, however, somewhat reluctant at first to consent.

"I'll see how Patty feels about it," he said and

returned home to discuss the matter. He did not need to study even an instant, for he had no sooner seated himself at the tea-table than Mrs. Woodbury began—

"Well, husband, I've been out making calls this afternoon, and nothing is talked about but the 'Odd Fellows' Society.' Gracious me, what a name! None too good, I warrant, either. There is always some wickedness where there's so much secrecy. I hope you'll never be guilty of doing anything you'll be ashamed to tell your wife."

"Oh no, Polly; but if I should join the lodge, and solemnly promise not to reveal the secret, you would not wish me to tell a lie, even for your sake."

"Why no, not exactly tell a lie; but then a man should have no secrets from his wife. I do wonder, though, what it is they are so private about."

"Well, wife, I suppose if they were willing to tell you their secret, you would hardly have the courage to go to their room to hear it."

"I wonder who you think you are talking to, Mr. Woodbury! If there's a woman in town that's got more spunk than myself, I'd like to see her. Didn't I go and stay all night in the haunted house at Witch Hollow, and didn't I go at midnight to the graveyard to see old Hanson's ghost?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; but you forget that you persuaded me to go and stay all night with you in the haunted house, and that we had good reason to believe, before we went to the churchyard, that the ghost was nothing more than Bob Wilkes in a white sheet; but you said that you wished to see how a ghost looked."

"Well, then, I am no more afraid of the Odd Fellows than of Bob Wilkes in a white sheet, and it's my opinion they're no better."

"I am glad that you have so much courage, for to-night I intend to join the lodge, and to-morrow evening you are requested to meet with them and hear their secret. You must know, I told them that you were opposed to secret societies. You must not, of course, reveal what you hear."

"Trust me for that," said Mrs. Woodbury.

The next day at sunset Mrs. Woodbury, in her black silk gown and best bonnet, was in readiness for her husband. She was obliged to stifle her curiosity some two hours at least before her husband appeared. Now, be it known that she had never seen the room or the regalia of the members. She knew not even that they wore any but their ordinary dress. Her surprise was therefore great, as she entered the spacious and elegantly furnished hall. A rich tapestry carpet covered the floor; heavy curtains fell from the gilded cornice in thick folds; while lamps of curious workmanship, suspended from the ceiling, shed a soft light upon the rich damask canopies of the lodge. Burning pastilles perfumed the place, and the rich regalia of the members—the white satin, red and blue velvet aprons, and flowing scarfs—mingled their colors

like the various hues of the rainbow in the reflected light.

In a massive chair, beneath a crimson canopy, invested with all the insignia of his office, sat the Grand Master; a large Bible lay open before him. Poor Mrs. Woodbury stood for a moment petrified with amazement. Bob Wilkes in the white sheet was nothing to it. A chair was given her, and she sank into it. Her husband glided from her side, and, returning in a few moments dressed in his regalia, took his own seat, which was some distance from his wife. The Grand Master then rose, and read in a clear, full voice, but slowly, and with much solemnity, these beautiful words of St. Paul—

"Charity suffering long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Just as he concluded, the lamps, all excepting the one near the Grand Master, were extinguished, and, in a moment after, the recess, in which was a black velvet canopy, was dimly lighted, but the light seemed to come from two ghastly, grinning skulls or skeleton heads, one on each side of the arch formed by the canopy. Thither was Mrs. Woodbury led, and requested to retire within and robe herself in a black and white sack which hung upon a chair. "It need only be flung over your dress," said her attendant; "but, meanwhile, you can draw this curtain and be entirely secluded from the rest; after this you will lay aside your bonnet, and be conducted to the Grand Master, when, kneeling, you will receive the secrets of our order, upon swearing a solemn oath of secrecy."

"Where is my husband?" gasped Mrs. Woodbury, in a trembling voice.

"He is occupied at present; but if you do not care to proceed, I will inform the Grand Master, and you can be released."

"Let me go, now, if possible," said the lady.

She was led back to his most worshipful presence, and there, after being exhorted to read often and practice the passage of Scripture just read, she was required to promise solemnly, that, after having refused to listen to the secrets of the order at this time, she should never of any one, sleeping or waking, ask them to be revealed. "Hear them now, or henceforth and forever hold your peace as regards the 'Odd Fellows' Secret.'"

How the secret of Aunt Woodbury's interview became known I cannot tell; but this much I know, that one brother Odd Fellow was overheard saying to another—

"A little stratagem in a war of defence is justifiable. If we have silenced the tongue of slander in our busy village, we have conferred a public benefit, and are doubly worthy the name we bear."

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH

PART III.

As I grew older, and my undeveloped reason was filled with perpetual questionings, and a conscience, morbidly alive to the shadow of an evil, became oppressed with unchild-like dread, my dreams were changed into a more vivid character. I would find myself in a world of such glowing beauty and happiness in my sleep, that I confidently asserted my right to heaven and my claims to goodness from the character of my dreams. Bred in the strictest Calvinistic school, this self-righteous spirit was severely reproved; but I boldly asserted that, if God condemned me to eternal punishment, when I so much desired to be good, and when I did nothing I knew to be evil, he would be not only unjust, but cruel. Here was a polemic of six years, roused to antagonism, and suffering all the terrors of the law, not one of whose prohibitions I had ever dreamed of violating. Falseness in any way seemed so unworthy a little lady, that I hardly reckoned the most transparent truth as a virtue. Wilful, indeed, was I, but not obstinate, and so courageous in my moral sense that a thousand punishments would not have tempted me to the concealment of a wrong. A spirit of audacious fun might prompt to mischief, or the defence of a weaker child make me violent, but then I prayed so fervently over my misdemeanors, over my errors of temper or shortcomings in duty, that I was quite certain that God would not only forgive me, but love me; for my childish logic was in this wise: "If everybody that knows me loves me, notwithstanding my many mistakes, surely God, who sees right into my heart and knows how I love goodness, will love me more."

I was warned in every shape against this self-righteousness, till my whole little being became chaotic, for I obstinately adhered to the assertion that "I was a good child, and ought to go to heaven, and that if I did not go there it would be wicked." At this time I had a terrific dream. I recollect a baby brother was sleeping with me, and I hugged him closely, for some one had told me that the evil spirits were tempting me, and that was the reason I thought so hardly of God's laws. I dreamed of being in a *«saire country»*, with all that was light and joyous about me, when suddenly a grave, severe personage looked me in the face and said, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Suddenly every little misdemeanor, every unkind word, every piece of harmless mischief seemed to rise up before me like so many accusing spirits. Indeed they were spirits. I thought, actual shapes, that barred the way to a golden gate, over the top of

which I could see faint gleams of ravishing beauty. I awoke in a torrent of tears, and now felt indeed as if shut out from heaven. So great was my distress, that it cost me a fit of illness, the cause of which I dared tell no one, lest it should be known how very evil I felt I must be in the sight of God.

After this, I was a long time too miserable to dream; but I fell into another state with which dreamers are sometimes haunted; a state, either of the mind or body, by which figures not altogether human stand before me, or, if the state be less perfect, float in the air. These were not a procession of shadows merely, such as Locke describes, changing like the colors of a kaleidoscope, but forms perfect in themselves, often stationary for a length of time, and so palpable that I recognized their recurrence as shadowy acquaintances. Sometimes these images were inconceivably frightful. Enormous glittering creatures, with fiery eyes and armed to the teeth, stood regarding me fixedly, while I looked on with a not unpleased terror. We had an attendant in the family, who was a perfect black-letter book, full of wild traditions of ghosts, and fairies, and men who had sold themselves for lucre to the Father of Evil. At this time I had not read Milton; but one lofty creature, that seemed to fill the space of my little room, cold, still, and erect, I firmly believed to be Satan himself. I became accustomed to this shape, and, though not clearly defined, it impressed me with majesty, while an army of impish-looking spirits, with distorted eyes and lolling tongues, overcame me not only with terror, but mortification. I had fallen from the dignity of Lucifer, and was given over to mean, under-strapping devils, I imagined.

I read the miracles of Jesus at this time with great care, especially where he casts out evil spirits, and came to the solemn conviction that I was given over to the powers of darkness to be tempted for awhile, but was quite sure I should overcome, for I prayed day and night for deliverance, and yet I am sure I felt a wild delight in these visitations, a curious child-pleasure in contrasting these hideous images with the lovely and graceful ones that passed in the midst of them, and which I believed were my good angels helping me in the conflict. I had nearly despaired of going to heaven myself, although I felt too proud to talk about it, and was ashamed to let anybody know what an evil-haunted child I was, but I redoubled my intercessions for everybody I loved, or did not love, and used to imagine them all entering the beautiful gate of which I had dreamed, while it was to be shut upon me. I was calm in this conviction, thinking if it was so to be it was useless to

distress others by letting them know my state; yet, with the inconsistency which time does not eradicate in any of us, I used to take a sort of savage comfort in thinking how badly my friends, who loved me so much, would feel, when they reached heaven, not to find me there.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" now gave a coloring to my dreams. I had read the "Book of the Martyrs," and suffered all kinds of daily and nightly tortures on its account, had practiced severe penances, run needles into my flesh, burnt my fingers, and even drawn a blister for the sake of protracted suffering, merely to assure myself that I could endure all things with constancy where I had some great principle at stake. I was sorely puzzled to make up my little creed, but "faith in God, and in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer" were fixed points. That the death of the best would insure the salvation of men I thought perfectly natural, still more so that he should die from *love*. That part of religion impressed me with the most profound and beautiful emotions. I could comprehend it, I thought, because it seemed not usual to die for one that we loved: for I had quietly abandoned the ground that our sins enhanced in the least the magnitude of the sacrifice; because men were so weak, and knew so very little, I thought that God must pity and love them, just as I did those who injured me, and were unkind to me, ignorantly, or were in that state of mind that they could not see how I loved and prayed for everybody, especially for those who were evil in their natures. I was quite sure the more wicked one was, the more pitiful God must feel, and the more he would try to save him. I used to have an indistinct feeling that I was greatly beloved by the celestials, but that I must renounce my consciousness of being good before they would assure me to that effect; but, as I could not *honestly* abandon the belief, I was patient in waiting to see what would come of it, and devoted myself with great zeal in the meanwhile for the salvation of others. I became quite a supernumerary conscience to my playmates, settling casuistic points in the most solemn manner, and keeping a sharp watch upon their state, that I might know when my own prayers were most needed.

In my sleep at this time I was toilsome and oppressed; little children about me told of dreaming of dogs, and fruits, and men's clothes, and going to banquets, and having great triumphs in the shape of school-girl erudition and juvenile rivalships. I was obliged to keep my dreams to myself, believing them to be so much an indication of the real state of the soul, that it was better not to grieve my friends by letting them into its secrets. They were all vast, shadowy, supernatural, weighing upon my spirits with a mystical kind of awe. When these assumed a palpable shape, I was relieved and joyous for awhile; and yet, child as I was, I found myself feeling poor and circumscribed if these images were long withheld. A baby brother died about this time, and I remember how earnestly and sadly I specu-

lated upon his fate: how I used to sleep in the fervent hope he would come to me in dreams. He never did, and I used to have strange questionings as to whether, when he was such a little one, he might not have been caught on his way to heaven by some evil spirit, and that was why I did not see him in sleep; and then I used to pray that God would find him, and take care of him, and love him. I used to wonder how the sun could shine, and the birds sing, when perhaps his dear, sweet little soul might be suffering. It looked strange to me to see people eat and go on in the world as they did, when everything was gloomy and stood still as it were to me. I used to go out and think of the moon shining upon his little grave, so cold, still, such a sad change from our warm room. I let the snow and the rain chill me, because he was chilled, and wept myself ill again and again, and yet did not see him in my sleep. It seemed as if the whole universe was changed, and became black and miserable, and that, after all, people did not live after they left this world. I dared not express this skepticism, because it grew out of my dreams, an experience I rarely intrusted to my ear.

How little do people know of the mind of a child! How little is its world, self-created, understood! There is such a clear, quiet rejection, as false, of all that is beyond its comprehension, while it frames to itself a state perfectly consistent and harmonious. Children's questionings mean much more, too, than they are supposed. It is a mistake to be always putting children into shape, as if the good Father would not look after the needs of the spirit he has made. I remember the grave answer of a child of six years, to whom I had been pointing out some of the constellations, which led to a talk upon the Infinite and Eternal.

He held my hands firmly, lest a thread of his childish logic should be lost. "Now," he says, "I believe in God, because we can think of him, and I believe we have souls, though we can't see them, because we can't see a thought, and yet we know what it is; and our souls must live after our bodies die, because there is nothing in them to die any more than in a thought; but, O dear, dear! (and here his tears gushed to his relief) if it is a *suck in*, what a dreadful suck in it would be!"

The child had exhausted his spiritual vocabulary, and was obliged to find expression in the language of the playground; but how full of far-reaching thought must the child have been to evolve such depth of feeling!

To resume: My sleep at this time helped me in a variety of ways. I used to read my school exercises over night, and in the morning I rarely failed to know them perfectly. Indeed, it must be confessed, I have always trusted much to aid in this way: whatever has worried or perplexed me, I have confidently looked to dreaming to set me right. Once having some favorite plants which became infested with spiders, I was greatly troubled to get rid of them. One night I dreamed I was watering

my plants with an infusion of wormwood, which entirely destroyed these insects. I tried the experiment, and, as I believe, with success; but I think the deeper lesson that came to me was, that the *bitter*, or "herbs of grace," are exempt from these sweet-loving epicures. They spread forth their strong, healthful, and cleanly branches to the rain and air unmolested by any but the poor invalid, to whom they are a life-giving need. Then to him

they grow beautiful, because they supply a great need, while my roses and geraniums, beautiful to all eyes, attract not only me, but instincts of a lower order—loving, fading, illusive are they, while "herbs of grace" honestly present their bitter aspect, and leave nothing to deplore. A blessing on the roses, nevertheless; one can afford to bear the pain of their thorns for the sake of their delights.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

BY G. R. NICHOLL.

Who does not love the country? Who, confined in the city's narrow streets, does not sigh and long for its cheering scenes, its cooling breeze, and its boundless prospect? Who does not think of it in connection with his childhood's days, when he bounded over its green fields and found health in its pure air? He can yet, in imagination, see the old homestead as it stood in the days of his youth, and can recall vividly to his mind all the happy associations connected with it! He yet sees the same spot over which he sported with his playmates; the gently flowing brook on whose bosom he sailed his tiny bark; and the village school-house with all its pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Perhaps nothing on earth is more calculated to improve and elevate the condition of man, both morally and physically, than a rural life and rural scenes. There he takes not a step or turns not a furrow in which he is not reminded most forcibly of the great originator and creator of the beauties and the wonders which, on every hand, surround him. He sees the mighty trees lifting their heads to heaven, and bowing to the breeze that whistles through their branches; the flower exhaling its perfume and making the air sweet with its kiss; the green carpet spreading over hill and dale on every side, as far as eye can reach, dotted here and there with a cottage or a farm-house; while in the distance the spire of some village church, peeping above the trees, points where he may join in offering thanksgiving for the blessings spread so liberally around him.

The contemplation of these various objects, together with others meeting him at every step, has the effect of exercising his thoughts, purifying his heart, and leading him eventually to feel his dependence upon, and express his gratitude to, him who has so beautifully fashioned, and richly ornamented our world to feast the eye, and lead to the greater moral elevation of man.

And yet how many do we see, possessing every opportunity to avail themselves of a residence amid

these scenes, still breathing the city's air, and gasping amid piles of brick and mortar! With the country extending around them, tempting them with its freshness and beauty, with every convenience for a speedy communication with it, and with a conviction in their own minds of the greater freedom, the more exalted pleasure, and the happier state of health there to be enjoyed, they still, with a sort of blind infatuation, cling to dusty streets, oppressive air, and the confinement of a city, with as much tenacity as if health, wealth, and every other blessing vouchsafed to man were only to be realized there, and there retained.

Though these remarks are true as applied to the majority, still there are many, and that many yearly increasing, who have adopted the better course, and abandoned the turmoil and bustle of the city to lead a quiet and contented life amid the hills and vales of the country; and who will say they are not wise in adopting such a course? Who will say that the city, with its crimes and temptations, its dangers and its crowd, is to be preferred to the quiet and sweet seclusion of a rural life? There crimes stalk not, neither by night nor by day; there the giddy crowd draws not into its vortex of dissipation and riot the unthinking and inexperienced youth, only to cast him forth again when his ruin has been accomplished. But there he has every opportunity to enlarge his mind, improve his capacities, and elevate his condition. Should not then these advantages of themselves decide the question? Most assuredly; and they will decide it in the minds of the reflecting, who will perceive at a glance the solid benefits to be enjoyed by the change, and that that contentment, that happiness, and that independence for which so many are seeking, and seeking in vain, through other sources, may be indeed realized and enjoyed here.

Let, then, those who prize health and contentment more than pomp and show or all the trappings of ambition, give this subject their consideration as worthy of their best attention.

P O E T R Y.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE night was dark upon the lake,
The waters rushing past,
The thin clouds scudding overhead,
And rain gathering fast.

The mortal-freighted boat sweeps on
Full farther from the shore;
The iron wheel, the graceful prow,
Will track the deep no more.

Still on she rides, a noble boat,
Queen mistress of the lakes,
When suddenly a sheet of flame
From wheel and gangway breaks.

The groan, the cry, the piercing shriek,
Ring o'er the heaving lake,
And, echoing from the distant shore,
In mournful murmurs break.

The flame ascends; the brightened fire
Sends forth its lurid glare,
And casts its melancholy light
On men in wild despair.

The mother to the father clings,
The husband to the wife,
And, bowing at the fire-king's throne,
Plead earnestly for life.

But see, on yonder deck a boy,
Who cries, with accents wild,
To one who struggles in the sea,
"Oh, father, save your child!"

The father hears not, answers not
That tender pleading tone;
That father finds a watery grave,
The orphan weeps alone.

Call now on God, my gentle boy,
All mortal hope is gone;
Thy dearest earthly friend is dead,
And thou art left alone.

The poor boy hears, and answers not
And still the flames roll on;
He thinks of Him who came to make
Each friendless child his own.

Calm is that brow, serene that heart,
So late with anguish riven;
For God has whispered to that child
Of happiness and heaven.

Again is heard the orphan prayer,
But now in accents mild;
The little sufferer turns to God—
"O Father, save thy child!"

The morning comes, and on the shore
Is stretched one little form,
Whose face is hallowed with a smile,
Defiant of the storm.

THE ANGEL VISITANTS

BY L—, OF EASTFORD HERMITAGE.

FAREWELL sunbeams were enshrouding
With bright hues, this land of ours—
And the balmy even breezes
Gently waved the folding flowers.
Near a mother's grave—where myrtle,
Rose, and cypress sweetly bloom—
Knelt in prayer a little orphan,
In the twilight's gathering gloom.

Swiftly came a band of angels
From the bowers of Paradise,
And their songs with lovely music
Rang along the radiant skies:
On their brows fair crowns were shining,
And their robes were dazzling white;
Glorious were the heavenly strangers,
From the realms of living light!

With the band the sainted mother
Came to see her earthly child,
And her look was passing tender
As she gazed and sweetly smiled.
The angels to the orphan's spirit
Pleasing hope and joy did bear;
Though it heard no gentle whispers,
And it knew not they were there.

Gently as the dew of evening
O'er the thirsty blossom stole,
They conveyed their holy message
To the pleading orphan's soul:
Then on buoyant wings arising,
Upward to their native skies,
While the rustling of their pinions
Sounded like the zephyrs' sighs.

Often come the viewless spirits
From the realms of light above,
Wafting to the earth some message
On their willing wings of love.
Fancy hears them in the zephyr,
And where silvery waters flow—
And it lists for angel footsteps
In the twilight's gentle glow.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE IN THY LIKENESS."

BY MISS E. E. CABLE.

We are travelers here; but a far-off home—
A mansion of glory, with crystal dome—
Is prepared for us, o'er the fearful foam
Of Jordan's strand.

We are travelers here, and the night-watches through
We pause and sleep 'neath the ether blue,
And sometimes dream of the glorious hue
Of the "better land."

The divinity shined in the heart of man
Is sometimes seen through its earthly stain,
Like a glimpse of the future light, and then
We seem to awake.

There 's another night of more fearful shades,
And when the lingering daylight fades,
And death's shadows lie on hills and glades,
A sun will break.

Through the tearful gloom of the vale of death,
That glory around us shall be like a breath
Of incense illumined, that hangs like a wreath
Round the altar's brow.

And a sweeter life shall be given the soul,
As we win through that portal the blessed goal;
And the clouds of earthland forever roll
To the vale below.

Then shall the ransomed one abide
In the land of the just and purified;
Then, with the "peace" be "satisfied,"
For which it pined.

Awakened from earth's cold, charmed sleep,
Then will God's "likeness," engraven deep
On the heart of man, forever keep
Its truth enshrined.

It will shine in the glory of perfect love,
In the blessedness which reigns above,
In the holiness which is always wove
Round the saved by grace.

A heavenly beauty beams on their brow,
And a god-like grace around doth flow
From One who showeth the meek and low
A loving face.

Then shall we happily wake, all free;
Though unsightly and wayworn we here have been,
We shall wear a likeness of purity
Through holy death.

Though darkness is round and our eyes grow dim,
Though weary and wandering we here have been,
We shall wake to the perfect day, through Him
In whom is our faith.

AN APOSTROPHE TO MEMORY.

BY VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN.

SWEETEST Memory! by thy magic wand,
Around me now, ay, now I see,
Rewoven by thy plastic, viewless hand,
The idol scenes of infancy;
Infancy, blest infancy, that ne'er knew
A thought less bright than rosy morn;
And dreamt not, on the stem where blossoms grew,
Beneath their beauty grew a thorn.

Thou faithful link that binds me to the Past,
Thou mystic one in Fancy's train,
Though round me fairest pictures oft are cast,
As oft are those that give me pain!
Nay—oh do not bring the shadowy forms
Of hopes that fled in youth's bright day,
That bloomed like rainbows after storms,
And then as swiftly passed away!

Oh! I would not view the grass-grown knoll,
That spot where weeping willows wave—
Nay! nay! I would not have thee bear my soul
To mourn above my mother's grave!
Alas! I cannot quell this rising tear,
Nor yet dispel my soul's sad gloom;
For thou hast borne me to my sister dear—
Affection weeps above her tomb!

Let me behold my cherished fatherland,
Its loveliest charms of *mirthful* joy;
And let me view the much-loved kindly band,
Who loved and cheered me when a boy:
And, oh! bring back the cherished idol one,
Now slumb'ring in the silent dust,
The sinless maid to whom my heart began
To dedicate its love and trust!

THE DREAM.

BY MISS JANE L. QUINN.

*Glaubst Du nicht dass eine Warnungstimme
In Trauma vorbedeutend zu uns spricht?*

WALLENSTEIN.

SISTER, wake! the day is dawning from the mount-
tain's misty height,
Whence his eager eye is glancing. Day is pouring
liquid light:
In the roses 'neath our window now I hear the hum of
bees,
And the birds are gayly singing their sweet matins
'mong the trees.

Lo! the quivering sunbeam stealths through the richly
shading vine
That around the lowly lattice doth its yearning arms
entwine.
Wake, and listen, while I tell thee of a pleasing won-
drous dream,
Which hath hovered o'er my pillow like a fair star's
exiled beam.

Lone and sadly, I was straying by the calm and silent
shore,
Where with Everard oft I wandered in the happy days
of yore;
And my weeping eyes were roaming o'er the restless
moaning sea,
Which upon its heaving bosom brought no Everard to
me.

Why, oh! why does he thus linger? Has that foreign
sunny clime
Spells with which to bind him? Tell me, then, oh!
can he change with time?
When the vaulted heavens above me change their ever-
lasting blue,
Then will I believe, nor till then, that my Everard's
untrue!

In the dim and shadowy distance, lo! there comes a
vessel now,
O'er the white waves proudly riding, with a home-
ward turning prow!
Onward came it, like an arrow sped by some strong
archer's hand,
And ne'er drooped its snowy pennon till it touched the
flow'ry strand.

With a beaming smile of rapture sprang my Everard
to the shore,
And he softly whispered, "Loved one, we have met to
part no more!"

Then a gush of sweetest music on the breeze was
wafted by,
And methought a band of angels sang our marriage
hymn on high.

Sister dear, now rise and dress me in my bridal robe of
white;
Braid the pearls among my tresses; let the diamond's
living light
Flash with splendor from my forehead; call my maids
of honor round;
For to-day he surely cometh—let his bride be ready
found.

* * * * *

Softly crept a lingering sunbeam through the vine at
eventide,
But it fell upon the white brow of the calmly sleeping
bride:
She had met the waiting lover on the spirit's distant
shore—
Death had their souls united—they had met to part no
more.

TO OLIVER PERRY ALLEN, U. S. N.

BY N. S.

WHERE frown the towers of Vera Cruz upon the bat-
tle-day,
Thou didst thy duty, fair and well, amid the fearful
fray;
Thus, 'neath our glorious flag and stars, be ever firm
and brave—
'Tis better far to die, and sleep beneath the yielding
wave,
Than fill a coward's living grave, the quailing slave
of fear,
Though life be long, and wealth and friends come with
each smiling year.

God loves the brave, my noble boy! the generous and
the true:
Then emulate, in danger's hour, the bold and hardy few
Whose deeds have won them high renown—the favored
sons of Mars,
Whose names gleam out, on history's page, in dazzling
fire of stars:
With them, we pray, in after times, thy name may be
enrolled—
Thy hero deeds, like theirs, flash out in characters of
gold.

And, when the hour of peril comes, amid the battle
strife,
Remember, boy, the earnest hopes of him who gave
thee life—
We'd have thee often think of home and its endearing
ties
Of gentle sisters, and of one whose fondness never dies;
And ever when, in reverie, through pictured scenes
you roam,
A blessing to the sailor-boy will be his *thoughts of
home*.

THE FLOWERS.

BY M. S. A.

Oh! they are very beautiful, these heaven-painted
flowers,
That bloom around our pathway in this fair bright
world of ours;
And from their tinted petals doth a dewy fragrance
float,
As if their leaves were perfumed scrolls on which the
angels wrote.

Flowers are the living letters that are writ o'er Na-
ture's book,
Whose pages are the hillside, the green vale, and quiet
nook;
And if, with vision clear and bright, we read its hea-
venly lore,
There flows sweet influence through the soul to dwell
there evermore.

There comes a voiceless music from the soft lips of the
flowers—
Oft indistinct it falleth on these *earthly* ears of ours;
Yet to that *inner hearing*, deeply fixed within the heart,
It singeth loud and clearly—living truths doth it im-
part.

Each bud and flower and leaflet breathes a song into the
heart,
That, nestling in its chambers deep, will never more
depart;
They tell us of His loving care and watchfulness o'er
all,
Who decks them with rare beauty, and "marks the
sparrow's fall!"

* * * * *

Oh! it is very beautiful, this glorious world of ours,
With its sunlight and its shadow, its robe of trees and
flowers,
Its sheen of sparkling rivers, its high mountains and
broad sea,
Breathing the Father's presence in sweet strains of
melody.

SABBATH LYRICS

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

No sleep shall close these eyelids.—(Psalm cxxxii.)

No sleep shall close these eyelids,
I seek no couch of rest,
Nor enter in my dwelling,
Where peace should make me blest,
Till for the sovereign Father,
For Jacob's God and mine,
I find a proper mansion,
And build a proper shrine.

Here, by the wild Ephrata,
By Juär's fields so lone,
We rear his habitation,
His worship seek and own.
Be present, mighty Father
Our humble faith employ,
While priests are clothed with judgment
And people shout with joy!

TO MISS L. E. P., OF BALTIMORE.

BY CHRISTOPH DURANG.

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

MARLOWE.

FAIRER thou art than star of night,
More gentle than the air of spring;
And yet the stars seem not so bright
When they on thee their radiance fling.

The stars are fairer when afar,
But thou are brightest by my side:
'Tis thus thou dost excel the star,
Thou more than all, my pride.

The winter wind may rudely blow,
The heavens remove their wat'ry bar,
Earth be submerged with chilling snow,
Yet still thou art my star.

What care I for the outer life,
If thou dost only smile on me!
I'd soon forget its heartless strife,
And lose myself in thee.

In dreams I'm seated by thy side,
But waking soon my pleasures mar;
Within myself the thought I hide,
That thou 'lt not be my star.

Others may proffer louder love,
But none more strong than mine;
Others may tell thee thou 'rt above,
Above all stars that shine:

But I within my heart will swear
—And not within thine ear—
There is not one who may compare
With her I hold most dear.

LINES.

Thou askest, "Am I happy?"

BY MARGARET KERR.

THOU askest, Am I happy?
And I answer thee by sighs;
I cannot speak while o'er me bend
Thy gentle pitying eyes.
I have not heard the loving tone
For many weary years;
And now each word thrills through my heart,
And my eyes gush with tears.

To tell of woe that I have felt
Were but to feel it o'er:
Alas! my heart is burdened now
Till it can bear no more.
Then through the churchyard of the past,
Where I have lain my dead,
Glide softly on, and let thy tears
Of pitying love be shed.

But do not pause to raise the ghost
Of any former hour;
Though they are faded, withered things,
They have not lost their power.

Oh! let them sleep, nor wake to see
The wreck that care hath left—
The bare boughs of life's once green tree,
Of every blossom left.

Ah, do not seek to strike the cord—
One touch will rend in twain;
Naught but its own wild requiem
Can wake its notes again:
Nor seek to raise a broken reed—
'Twill only bend the more;
There is a winter of the heart,
When sunshine comes no more.

Thou askest, Am I happy?
And I answer thee by sighs;
But I thank thee for the pitying look
That beams in thy soft eyes.

POETRY.

BY MISS E. BOGARZ.

It sparkles in a sunbeam,
It ripples on a wave;
It flashes from a lust'rous eye,
Or hideth in a cave.

It riseth o'er a mountain,
And reacheth to the skies;
It pierceth through the gathering clouds,
However dark they rise.

It whispers in the breezes
Which stir the forest leaves,
And lingers in the reaper's field,
Amid the harvest sheaves

It shineth in the gleaming
Of myriad stars at night,
Or wanders with the "young May moon
Through silvery tracks of light.

It hangs upon a rain-drop,
Which meets the tender vine;
It hovers o'er a beetling cliff
Along the ocean's line.

It walks the earth in beauty,
And resteth on a rose,
Or accents the violet in the grass,
Before its leaves unclose.

It breathes upon the daisy
Which by the wayside springs,
And steals into the humble cot,
Or palaces of kings.

It worships in the temple,
By heaven's blue arch o'erspread,
Which circles round the living world,
And o'er the silent dead.

It hath no outward limit,
The power of poetry—
But stretches to the utmost verge
Of earth, and sky, and sea.

Thus the poet has a blessing
Forever in his heart:
His life is in a brighter world,
Created by his art.

MORNING DRESS, AND CAPS.



No. 1.



No. 2



THE still sultry weather induces us to give a novelty in the shape of an elegant morning dress, particularly suited to a trousseau. It is composed of white cambric muslin; and intended to be worn with a fine under skirt, as it is open in front. The two front breadths are ornamented with embroidery in a rich and elegant arabesque design. The corsage is without a collar, and scalloped to correspond with the skirt. A plain lace chemisette is, of course, intended to be worn beneath. The sleeves, which are demi-long, may be worn with or without undersleeves. It will be noticed that they correspond in style and design with the robe itself.

Several pretty morning dresses have been made of lawns and cambrics, of what are called solid colors, as blue, pink, and buff. They are trimmed with linen gimp and buttons, with a thread of the

same shade as the dress on a white ground. The corsage is either quite plain, or slightly full, and confined with a belt and mother-of-pearl buckle.

CAPS.

Nothing decidedly new has, as yet, appeared. But we give some that are slightly varied from what has been worn. No. 1 is composed of thick cambric insertion, the open style so fashionable of late, with quilling of lace between. The strings are still worn long and wide.

No. 2 is intended for a younger lady, and composed of India muslin. It is a graceful coquettish shape, coming about half way over the head. The knots of ribbon should match the morning dress in color or style. This pattern, in lace, is also pretty for dinner or small evening company.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY

INFANT'S KNITTED LACE CAP.

(LYRE PATTERN.)

Twenty-four stitches are required for each pattern. Clarke's thread No. 60. Two needles No. 21. Cast on two hundred and forty stitches.

Knit twelve plain rows.

Thirteenth row.—Make two, and knit two together to the end.

Fourteenth row.—Knit plain.

These two rows form the openings for ribbon to be run through, and will have to be repeated as hereafter described, the double stitch to be taken off as one long stitch.

First pattern row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit one, knit two together, purl four, knit two, purl two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat to the end of the row.

Second row.—Slip one, knit four, purl three, knit two, purl two, knit three, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Third row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit one, knit two together, purl two, knit two, purl two, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Fourth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl five, knit two, purl two, knit one, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Fifth row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit one, knit two together, knit two, purl two, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Sixth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl seven, knit two, purl one, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Seventh row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit one, knit two together, purl two, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Eighth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl nine, knit two, purl two together, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Ninth row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, make one, knit one, make two, purl two, knit one, knit two together, purl one, knit seven, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Tenth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl four, knit one, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl three, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Eleventh row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit one, make

one, knit one, make one, knit one, purl two, knit one, knit two together, purl one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Twelfth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl two, knit one, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl five, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Thirteenth row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, purl two, knit one, knit two together, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Fourteenth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl one, purl two together, purl one, knit two, purl seven, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

Fifteenth row.—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, purl two, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, purl two, knit one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat.

Sixteenth row.—Slip one, knit four, purl two together, knit two, purl nine, knit two, purl two, knit three; repeat.

The above sixteen rows form one pattern. You now knit the two rows, as described at the commencement, for the ribbon; then repeat the pattern twice more, knitting the holes between each pattern, and again before commencing the head part of the cap, which will make four rows of openings. Repeat the pattern rows six times, and cast off.

FOR THE BACK.

Cast on ninety-six stitches.

Knit the twelve plain rows and the two rows for the holes, which will be even with the fourth row of holes in the front of the cap when sewn in. Knit the pattern six times, cast off and sew it neatly to the other part of the cap, taking care that the holes are even with the fourth row of holes in the front.

FOR THE CROWN.

Cast on eight stitches, placing three on each of two needles, and two on the third.

The first and every alternate round to be plain knitting.

Four needles No. 20, and same cotton.

First fancy round.—Make one, and knit one plain; repeat all round.

Second round.—Make one, and knit two; repeat.

Third round.—Make one, knit three; repeat.

Fourth round.—Make one, knit four; repeat.

Fifth round.—Make one, knit five; repeat.

Sixth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit three, knit two together; repeat.

Seventh round.—Make one, knit three, make one, knit two, knit two together; repeat.

Eighth round.—Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, knit two together; repeat.

Ninth round.—Make one, knit seven, make one, knit two together; repeat.

Tenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit seven, knit two together; repeat.

Eleventh round.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit six, knit two together; repeat.

Twelfth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, make one, knit five, knit two together; repeat.

Thirteenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, and knit two together three times, make one, knit four, knit two together; repeat.

Fourteenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, and knit two together four times, make one, knit three, knit two together; repeat.

Fifteenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, and knit two together five times, make one, knit two, knit two together; repeat.

Sixteenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, and knit two together six times, make one, knit one, knit two together; repeat.

Seventeenth round.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit two together eight times; repeat.

Eighteenth and Nineteenth rounds.—Purled.

Twentieth round.—Make one, and knit two together; repeat, purl two rows, and cast off very loosely.

FOR THE LACE BORDER.

Cast on twenty-two stitches.

Clarke's cotton No. 70, and two needles No. 20.

First row.—Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make two, and knit two together twice, knit four, make two, and knit two together twice, knit one.

Second row.—Slip one, knit two, and purl one

twice, knit six, drop one, knit two, drop one, and knit the rest plain.

Third row.—Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit two, make two, and knit two together twice, knit five, make two, and knit two together twice, knit one.

Fourth row.—Slip one, knit two, and purl one twice, knit seven, drop one, knit two, drop one, and knit the rest plain.

Fifth row.—Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, make two, and knit two together twice, knit six, make two, and knit two together twice, knit one.

Sixth row.—Slip one, knit two, and purl one twice, knit eight, drop one, knit two, drop one, and knit the rest plain.

Seventh row.—Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit four, make two, and knit two together twice, knit seven, make two, and knit two together twice, knit one.

Eighth row.—Slip one, knit two and purl one twice, knit nine, drop one, knit two, drop one, and knit the remainder.

Ninth row.—Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit twenty-two.

Tenth row.—Cast off twenty-one stitches, knit the rest plain. Commence again at the first row. One hundred and thirty-four patterns will be required for the length, to sew round the cap, and one hundred for the second border. Satin ribbon should be run in the openings, and a lace pearl sewn on the edge of the lace. For the edging round the crown, use the one for infant's robe. (See August number.)

BERLIN WORSTED WORK.—BLUE WATER-LILY AND CORAL.

The pattern shown in the engraving in the beginning of the book can be worked either in tent or cross-stitch; it is a Blue Water-Lily and Coral. It makes a most beautiful border for a table-cover, worked on very coarse canvas, grounded with buff-colored silk grounding, and finished at the edge with three rows of scarlet, of three different shades, the lightest shade being next the buff, and trimmed with buff fringe; or it makes a very elegant pillow; or an ottoman cover, if worked on finer canvas in the same manner, with royal blue velvet between the stripes. It may also be worked on Java canvas, when the effect is very good.

The small leaf on the left of the engraving to be worked in four shades of blue green: work on the left side of the leaf two rows of the darkest green, next; then work down the centre of the leaf with this shade, then fill up with the lightest; work the

other side to correspond, with this difference, that the darkest green must not be carried to the point of the leaf.

The centre leaf to be worked with three shades of olive green: work three rows of the darkest shade on the left side of the leaf, and one on the right; work the same with the second shade; fill up with the lightest.

The leaf on the right-hand side to be worked with four shades of bright middle green, neither too blue nor too yellow; work two rows of the darkest shade where the pattern is darkest; then two rows of the next shade, and two rows of the next shade; filling up with the lightest.

For the leaf under the lily, three shades of olive green; work the darkest shade where the pattern is darkest, and down the centre of the leaf; then the next shade; fill up with the lightest.

The lily is worked with white floss silk, white

wool, and two shades of a good green gray, one very nearly white, the other rather darker; the bottom leaves of the lily, in deep shade, are worked with three shades of imperial blue.

The centre part of the lily, where it is left white, is to be worked with white silk, and white wool; then the lightest gray; finishing with the darkest gray.

That part of the lily in deep shadow to be worked with the darkest blue; then the second shade, finishing with the lightest.

For the bud: the stalk of the bud on the leaf to be worked with two shades of blue-green; the white part of the bud to be worked with white silk and white wool; the outer part with three shades of blue, the darkest where the pattern is represented darkest, then the second shade, filling up with the lightest blue.

For the large leaf four shades of middle green: work three rows of the darkest shade round the leaf, one row down the centre, and also across the leaf, where there is a dark shade; repeat the same with the next two shades, and fill up with the lightest.

For the coral, three good shades of scarlet: work two rows with the darkest shade, on the left side and one row on the right; repeat this with the second shade, and fill up with the lightest.

Great care should be taken in selecting the colors, so that an equal distance may be preserved between each shade; by attending to this the perspective will be preserved.

To continue the pattern, begin again with the lowest stitch of the central leaf, just above the high stitch of that part of the coral which is nearest the leaves.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1

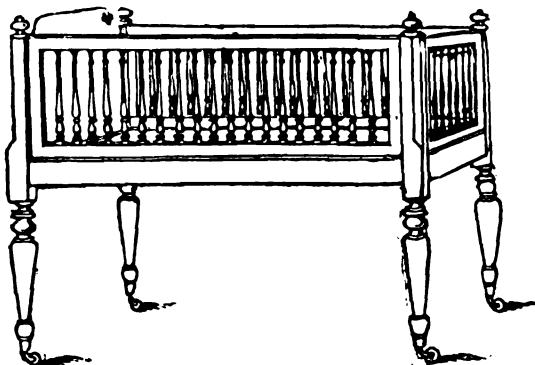


Fig. 2.

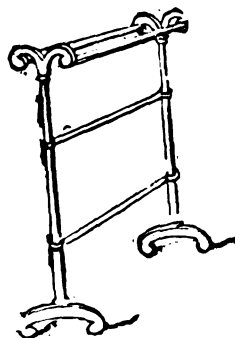


Fig. 3.

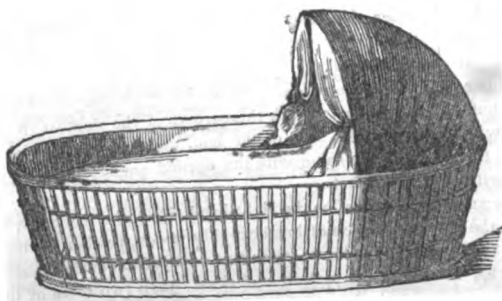


Fig. 4.

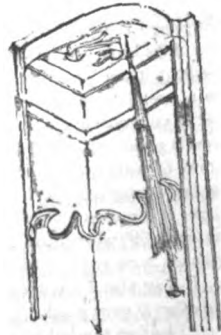


Fig. 1 is a crib of a very pretty pattern, much in vogue in our cities.

Fig. 2 is a towel-horse of very convenient pattern, and well balanced against upsetting.

Fig. 3 is a basket cradle of a neat pattern.

Fig. 4 is an umbrella-stand of very simple construction, formed by merely bending a piece of brass or iron wire, and attaching the ends to the walls in a corner of the porch or vestibule.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD,"* is a work of much merit and interest. Written as it is for young people, the Christian spirit which prevails in it, the elevated Christian principles which it inculcates, cannot be too highly commended. The narrative is easy and flowing; considerable analytic power and nice discrimination in the development of character are displayed, in which the conversations always assist. It is the history of a most interesting little girl, disciplined early by a pious mother, and then thrown upon the "wide world," to wrestle with numerous trials and temptations.

There are not many books written for children that nowadays possess the power of drawing us on, from interest in the story, through so many pages. We read the whole of these two thick volumes, however, without scarcely a moment's weariness; and, when we arrived at the end, felt sorry there was not more.

The author, Elizabeth Wetherell—for the name which appears upon the title-page is, we presume, a real one—is to us a new writer. Internal evidence proves her to be a Scotch woman, residing in our country. From this circumstance arise the prominent and grave defects of these volumes. The book appears as an American book, but it is utterly deficient in American spirit; and we should be wanting in duty to those of our young readers into whose hands it may fall, did we refrain from this comment. Children read with a blind, unquestioning faith, and mothers are often too careless of the influence which books exercise over the plastic minds of the young and imaginative. Many a sailor has been made by reading Robinson Crusoe; and many an earnest and devoted patriot has owed his loftiest aspirations to the germs sown in his mind in boyhood, as his imagination kindled over some legend of Wallace or Tell. "Let me write the songs of a people, I care not who writes their laws," was the saying of a shrewd, far-seeing mind. Let me write the tales which are to satisfy the cravings of the youthful imagination, would have as much point and truth.

It is folly to say that the young are better without such food. God has implanted the imaginative faculty deeply in our nature, and in childhood it is often strongly developed. He never intended that we should crush out this faculty more than any other with which He has endowed us. We are to guide, nurture, or restrain it, as we do all other intellectual gifts which he has given us for our improvement and happiness. Children, in a greater or less degree, require this sort of mental food, and it is right that they should have it. In this branch of literature we are greatly deficient. Reprints we have in vast numbers, illustrating the history, deeds, and virtues of those of other lands. But American boys and girls should learn to revere and admire what is noble and good in their own country—as do the children of every other nation who have an independent literature—before they have recourse to foreign sources for amusement and instruction.

Inestimable as the advantages are which we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon blood and tongue, as far

as our nationality is concerned, we pay dearly for our birthright in the language of Shakespeare and Milton. No people on the globe read so universally as the Americans; and, of the time thus employed by most readers in our country, nine-tenths of it is spent in viewing the world through English minds and English prejudices. This evil is, in a measure, neutralized by the acknowledged foreign parentage of these works, and therefore we read understandingly. In the work before us there is no such beacon; and it is for this reason that we feel bound, as conductor of a public journal, to point out its evil tendencies.

"The Wide, Wide World" appears as an American book, with an American copyright; but it is as English in its tone as if written by Mrs. Trollope herself. The heroine of the tale is the daughter of a Scotch woman married to an American. Captain Montgomery, her father, is depicted as a cold-hearted, selfish husband, and most neglectful parent. Now, we do not say that there have not been bad husbands and fathers among us; but, as a type of American fathers and husbands, the picture is eminently false. In these relations the men of America take a higher position than any in the world. As the necessities of fiction, however, require that great monsters should be created to bring about certain catastrophes, we should cheerfully overlook Captain Montgomery's shortcomings, if we did not find the same spirit pervading the whole book. All the Americans introduced are vulgar, illiterate, and utterly disagreeable. The good, the estimable, and the refined are invariably foreigners. The Humphreys family, so worthy and lovable, are English. Kind Mr. Van Brunt is a Dutchman. Pious Mrs. Vawse—who, by the way, like a great many people in the world, is excellent at reforming naughty folks abroad and doing good to strangers, while her own inmate and grandchild remains a perfect imp—is a Swiss woman. That agreeable family, the Marshmans, are English people, with English habits and customs; and, we have no doubt, had the mysterious old gentleman who, in the beginning of the book, so remarkably befriends Ellen, again appeared, we should have discovered that he also had been born on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

Has our author never met with refined, educated, well-bred people in America? Or has her lot been cast in some border settlement, where the inhabitants are still struggling with the first elements of civilization, obliging her, if she wished to paint characters of an elevated stamp, to select them from foreign models?

Ellen's Scottish relations, though wanting in vital religion, are not persons to call forth our contempt. They are estimable people, proud, certainly, and aristocratic, but refined, educated, and enlightened characters. They find fault with Ellen, to be sure, on the score of religion; not that they object to her being religious—people who belong to established churches consider a certain degree of religion as proper and respectable—they only persecuted her, in a small way, for having too much. She is, in their eyes, what our kinsfolk across the water call a "Methodist," and that is not gentle.

* Lately issued by Mr. Putnam, New York.

Ellen's patriotism, which the necessities of the tale and positive justice both require should be elicited by her enforced residence in a foreign land, is but dimly shadowed out. It is exhibited solely in her defence of the Americans in their Revolutionary struggle, and in an eulogium upon Washington—two incontrovertible points, upon which all civilized people are now agreed. In her discussions with her uncle, many excellent reasons, obvious to the mind of a child, might have been given for defending and clinging to our country. A sensible girl of fourteen, such as Ellen is described, needed but to look from the windows of her Edinburgh home, and think upon its starving, miserable poor, and upon those in every other capital city in Europe, and then turn in thought to her own happy land, where the weary and heavy laden from every clime find an asylum; where no man, woman, or child need want a meal; where the road to independence and distinction is open to all; and where all alike are free to cultivate their talents, without seeking farther for an argument. Some such tribute as this would have been peculiarly appropriate and graceful in a work coming, as we presume it does, from the pen of one who has voluntarily adopted our country as her own.

One of the best and most carefully drawn characters in the book is the young clergyman, John Humphreys. In his last interview with Ellen, before leaving Scotland, he enjoins upon her—not to read novels! This species of disingenuousness, be it said, is a common thing with novel-writers. Is it not an affectation of humility? Or does each novel-writer, who condemns that sort of work, consider his or her novel an exception to the rule? Such writers forget entirely the homely but wise injunction, to "honor the bridge that carries us in safety." "The Wide, Wide World" is essentially a novel; the author perhaps thinks, because there are no professed love scenes in it, that it may escape this title. Both love and matrimony are insinuated in the concluding pages; and it does not require much knowledge of the mechanism of fiction to detect in John, from the beginning, the embryo husband of Ellen, notwithstanding their dubbing each other brother and sister; this, after all, is but an old and hackneyed trick of the sentimental school, which we do not at all approve. The relation of brother and sister is too delicate in its sacredness to be thus made the cover of a more ardent affection. But to return from our digression. This pious, excellent, and really delightful young man requires Ellen, when she is between fifteen and sixteen years old, not to read novels! He does not say—read Scott, and Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen; they will enlarge your mind, inspire your heart, and improve your manners. No!—he says read none at all. Yet this evangelical young clergyman has already placed in her hands, when she was only ten or twelve years old, the "Life of Nelson!" We should, in preference, have submitted to the pure mind of a little girl one of Miss Austen's novels, and laid "Lord Nelson" upon the shelf, till her experience was more mature and her judgment riper, seeing (through our American spectacles) but little in his character or life that was conformable to the Christian standard or laudable in the eyes of woman.

Our author very properly makes Alice Humphreys correct Ellen's vulgarisms of speech. In many instances, she is right; in others, she loses sight of the fact that what are Americanisms, so called, of the present day, are Anglo-Saxonisms of a century or two ago. There will come a time when in these matters

we shall cease to follow the lead of England. Why not begin at once to read and speak the language of our forefathers as it came down to us? "Fix" is a very ugly word, and very inappropriately used in our country—almost as much so as the word "nice" is by the English. Let any one who chooses war against "fix;" we owe it a grudge ourselves, for it forces itself so insidiously upon us on all occasions that we look upon it as an enemy in the camp—or rather as a shabby, good-natured friend who helps us at a pinch, though we are ashamed of him. It is amusing to find that our author has caught the contagion, and uses herself this ugly word, which she condemns so strongly. Mason, the Scotch maid, who is innocent of having crossed the Atlantic, uses the word "fix" à l'Américaine twice in the same breath. Our author lays great stress upon Ellen's speaking pure English. The reader will be surprised to find that there are numerous deviations from grammatical correctness in the book.

Before closing our remarks, we must comment upon one error in conduct which these volumes contain. Mrs. Montgomery, represented as a lady of high family in Scotland, suffers her young daughter to accept a dress and other articles of apparel from a stranger, on her first interview with him. She continues to accept from the same anonymous old gentleman, who soon disappears from the book, repeated presents. This is not American good breeding! No lady, properly brought up, accepts presents from strangers. She does not receive anonymous presents at all!

We have now found fault enough. If there are any who think we have found too much, to these we will say—"We should never have taken the trouble to blame at all, had we not found in the work so much to praise."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Treasure-trove," "Evening Revery," "To the Weak," "Spring on the Prairies," "The tall waving grass of the prairies is seen," "First and Second Love," "Clarchen's Prayer," and "Laura."

G. E. S. It will be acceptable.

NOTE.—There was a mistake, or rather omission, in the title of the Society alluded to in the Editors' Table of August. It is "The Female Medical Education Society;" and its Secretary, Samuel Gregory, Esq., may be addressed at No. 17 Cornhill, Boston.

Literary Notices.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

CALEB FIELD. *A Tale of the Puritans*. By the author of "Passages in the life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," etc. This volume is dedicated "to Robert Barbour, Esq., of Manchester, as one of the most liberal and wise supporters of that church in England, which claims to represent the brave and gentle Presbyterians of 1603."

YEAST. *A Problem*. Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from "Fraser's Magazine." This is more of a controversial work than we deem comes under our dictum, and we must therefore leave it to the decision of the religious polemics. We may say, however, that the author entertains the opinion that the young men and women of our day are fast parting from their parents and each other; the more thoughtful are wandering either towards Rome, towards sheer mate-

rialism, or towards an unchristian and unphilosophic spiritualist epicurism, which, in his eye, is the worst of all three, because at first sight it looks most like an angel of light. The author's effort therefore is to provide a better way for all.

HISTORY OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By Jacob Abbott. With engravings. This is a neatly printed and finely illustrated volume, forming one of an historical series now in the course of publication. The author has already contributed a great deal for the instruction of the younger class of American readers, and we may safely say that the present volume will not prove the least worthy of their perusal.

THE HEIR OF WAST-WAYLAND. A Tale. By Mary Howitt. The name of the author of this excellent domestic tale will be its best passport to the affectionate confidence of the reader.

COSMOS. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otté. This is the third volume of a handsome edition of Humboldt's valuable works, heretofore noticed.

From **ROBERT E. PETERSON**, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

FAMILIAR SCIENCE; or, the Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. This is a very valuable publication, containing a vast amount of information useful in the school-room, and highly instructive and amusing in fireside conversations with the juvenile members of a family, who are prone to ask questions which cannot always be readily answered by their elders.

From **A. HART** (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—
THE AMERICAN COTTON SPINNER, AND MANAGER'S AND CARDER'S GUIDE. A practical treatise on cotton spinning, giving dimensions and speed of machinery, draught and twist calculations, etc.; with notices of recent improvements, together with rules and examples for making changes in the size and numbers of roving and yarn. Compiled from the papers of the late Robert H. Baird. A practical and highly useful work.

THE MOULDER'S AND FOUNDER'S POCKET GUIDE. By Fred. Overman, Mining Engineer, and author of "Manufacture of Iron," etc. This is a valuable treatise on moulding and founding in their several branches, with tables on the strength and other qualities of cast metals, and also forty-two wood engravings.

RENA; OR, THE SNOW BIRD. A Tale of Real Life. By Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," the "Mob Cap," etc. This is one of our amiable author's most agreeable productions.

From **BLANCHARD & LEA**, Philadelphia:—
A SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By Dr. G. H. Katschmidt. In two parts. II. English-Latin. This volume is one of the classical series edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. It has been highly approved by many of the best classical teachers of the United States.

LETTERS TO A CANDID INQUIRER ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. The author of this work is an enthusiastic believer in almost all the phenomena of animal

magnetism, and thinks that the time is approaching when the subject must receive the attention it deserves from men of science in general. His investigations appear to have been made with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth.

From **C. G. HENDERSON & Co.** (late Geo. S. Appleton), 184 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG WHIST-PLAYER. Containing most of the maxims of the old school, with the author's observations on those he thinks erroneous, and also several new ones, explained by opposite cases, etc., to which are added observations on short whist. By T. Mathews, Esq. This little book is very neatly printed, and, for all we know to the contrary, may be very correct and valuable in its contents.

From **TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS**, Boston, through **WILLIS P. HAZARD**, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, POET LAUREATE, D. C. L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. In two volumes. Edited by Henry Reed. These volumes contain the memoirs of a poet whose reputation is already world-wide, and whose fame has been as warmly cherished on this side the Atlantic as in his native country. What renders this, the American edition, more valuable, is the sanction which has been given to it by the author, who expresses much gratification that the memoirs of his relative are introduced to the notice of the American reader by a zealous friend of the poet, and the skillful editor of his works, Professor Henry Reed.

From **A. S. BARNES & Co.**, New York, through **LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

LAND AND LEE IN THE BOSPHORUS AND EGEAN; or, Views of Athens and Constantinople. By Rev. Walter Colton, late of the United States Navy. Edited, from the notes and manuscripts of the author, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. This, we are informed by the editor, is the substance of a work published during Mr. Colton's lifetime, under the title of "Visit to Athens and Constantinople." The editorial work, we are also told, has been that of revision and extension. We have had no opportunity to compare the original with the present edition; from the reputation of the editor, however, we presume that he has neither added to nor taken from the first impressions of Mr. Colton.

From **CHARLES SCRIBNER**, New York, through **A. HART**, Philadelphia:—

FRESH GLEANINGS; or, a New Sheaf from Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ike Marvel. Mr. Ike Marvel is a very rapid traveler, and, of course, a very spirited sketcher. Nevertheless, he takes time to throw off some sober reflections, which will most likely arrest the attention of his readers.

From **JAMES MUNROE & Co.**, Boston, through **WILLIS P. HAZARD**, 78 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. The text restored according to the first editions. With introductions, notes, original and selected, and a life of the poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In eleven volumes. This is the first volume of a new edition of the works of Shakspeare, which, strange to say, have just passed through two rival editions in the city of Boston. The present edition, however, will differ in

many respects from both of those referred to, it being the intention of the publishers to render it as near an imitation of the celebrated Chiswick edition, published in 1826, as the present state of Shaksperian literature renders possible. It has never before been reprinted in this country, and the public are assured that the reprint now offered will retain all the advantages of the text copy, without any of its defects.

HORÆ VACIVÆ. *A Thought Book of the Wise Spirits of all Ages and all Countries, fit for all Men and all Hours.* Collected, arranged, and edited by James Elmes, author of "Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren," etc. This little volume has been aptly styled a collection of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," gathered from the literary treasures of all ages and all countries.

HISTORY OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST. By the Rev. William R. Alger. This is a neat little volume, the contents of which may be read with profit and pleasure by devout Christians of every denomination.

ELFIN LAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Benjamin West Ball. The poetry of Mr. Ball evinces, in every article of this collection, a classical and cultivated taste, and will therefore challenge a higher consideration than is usually granted to the poetical efforts of the present times.

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—
Volume IV. of **THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARTIN F. TUPPER, D. C. L., F. R. S.** This volume closes the series, and contains "Proverbial Philosophy," "A Modern Pyramid," and the "Poems of King Arthur." It is not necessary that we should take any further notice of the merits of the author, or the beauty of this American edition of his works.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

We have received from these enterprising publishers the following tales, in a series of volumes, comprising parts of a complete and uniform edition of the works of T. S. Arthur. Having had frequent occasion to speak of the moral influences which govern the pen of Mr. Arthur in everything he writes, and aware that his name and his principles are now as familiar as household words to the majority of American readers, it would be needless to do more at present than to give the titles of the several little volumes now before us:—

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE; or, the Death of All Things.

LESSONS IN LIFE, FOR ALL WHO WILL READ THEM.

HOME SCENES AND HOME INFLUENCES.

We have also before us, from the same publishers, **THE REGICIDE'S DAUGHTER. A Tale of Two Worlds.** By W. H. Carpenter, author of "Clairborne, the Rebel," "John the Bold," etc. This is a chaste and interesting story, and is of uniform size with those of Mr. Arthur's books.

MECHANICS FOR THE MILLWRIGHT, MACHINIST, ENGINEER, CIVIL ENGINEER, ARCHITECT, AND STUDENT. *Containing a clear Elementary Exposition of the Principles and Practice of Building Machines.* By Frederick Overman. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty-four engravings, by William Gihon.

ELEMENTS OF LATIN PRONUNCIATION, for the Use of Students in Language, Law, Medicine, Zoo-

logy, Botany, and the Sciences generally, in which Latin Words are used. By S. S. Haldeman, A. M., Professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania. In the study of a dead language, most people very naturally seem to care but little about its pronunciation. We have lost it, they say, and it cannot be recovered. But, instead of diligently applying themselves to the restoration of that characteristic by which the dead might live again, they very foolishly labor to construct a new system of pronunciation, which they well know is wrong, based upon that of their own spoken language. Hence it is that we have the Oxford Latin, the German, and the Italian; and hence, also, that the spoken Latin of England cannot be understood by an Italian or German ear. One or the other pronunciation must be wrong; and, in all likelihood, both. The little work of Professor Haldeman, on cursory examination, appears to be one which, by collecting, comparing, and combining the views of different authorities, both ancient and modern, upon the subject, may be said to have erected a new, philosophical, and, perhaps, correct standard of pronunciation for the Latin language. Such, at least, is our first opinion; and, believing thus, we cordially recommend it to the attention of those for whom it has been prepared, with the hope that many productions, as creditable as these "Elements," may be added to the educational literature of our country.

From the EDITOR and PUBLISHER, Philadelphia:—

THE WHITE BANNER. *A Quarterly Miscellany, devoted to Popular Literature and Social Progress.* By George Lippard. The industrious and good-intentioned editor of this work has been so long before the American public, that it seems scarcely necessary for us to say more on this occasion than merely to announce the appearance of the first number, and the terms of his present literary enterprise. We may add, however, with great justice that, aside from his flashing style, which is original and peculiarly his own, Mr. Lippard is also an original and independent thinker, and, withal, a bold and fearless declaimer against every movement and practice which he conceives to be an abuse of power in the social, Christian, or political orders.

From LOOMIS, GRISWOLD & Co., 233 Broadway, New York:—

THE PARTHENON. *Containing Original Characteristic Papers by Living American Authors.* Illustrated by Darley, Billings, Waller, Wade, Croome, Kirk, and others. This promises to be a most valuable work, and is not only beautifully illustrated, but contains original productions, in prose and verse, from the pens of the most eminent writers of the present day. The title-page and illustrations are really splendid. Price one dollar per number.

From STAVELY & McCALLA, No. 12 Pear Street, Philadelphia:—

THE MENTOR. *A Magazine for Youth.* The number of this valuable juvenile magazine for July contains the usual amount of interesting and instructive matter. We have, on several recent occasions, spoken of the merits of this publication in terms of high approbation; but not in higher terms than we consider it justly to deserve. The reader is referred to an advertisement on the cover of the "Lady's Book" for the prospectus and terms of the new volume.

From **TROUTMAN & HAYES**, 193 Market Street, Philadelphia:—

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, POET LAUREATE, ETC. ETC. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Of the reputation of the author, and the world-wide fame of his poetical works, it would be superfluous for us to speak in a brief notice, which is merely intended to record the publication of a splendid volume, comprising all the poetical works of the author up to the latest period of his efforts as a writer.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

Series for 1851. No. 2. May. This number of the Bulletin is finely illustrated, and contains a great amount of information which will be found of great interest to the practical artist and connoisseur. The American Art-Union has been of incalculable service in the progressive development of the fine arts in our own country, and in awakening a sense of duty in their behalf among our countrymen.

SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street: "The Roué; or, the Hazards of Women." A domestic romance, published in London twenty-four years ago, and generally attributed to, and said by all to be written by, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Price 25 cents. "Shakespeare's Complete Works." Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, having completed their beautiful edition of "Shakespeare's Dramatic Works," have commenced a uniform edition of his "Poetical Works," to be completed in three numbers, of which the present is the first. The second number will contain a magnificent vignette title-page, and the third, a splendid engraving of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse. "Ginevra; or, the History of a Portrait." By an American Lady, who is said to be one of the most promising writers of this country, a resident of Washington City.—From W. B. Zieber: The twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth numbers of the "Illustrated Domestic Bible." By the Rev. Ingram Corbin, M. A. The edition is now complete.—From S. Robinson, No. 9 Sanson Street, above Sixth: "The Comic Natural History of the Human Race." Designed and illustrated by Henry L. Stephens. This original work has reached its fourth number. It will be completed in eight. The paper, printing, and illustrations are fine.—From Stott & Martin, 84 South Third Street: "Fireman's Monthly Magazine." No. 1. This work is handsomely and appropriately illustrated, and promises to add a new and commendable feature to our magazine literature.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." This interesting work abates nothing in its historical reminiscences or its artistical beauties. "London Labor and the London Poor." By Henry Mayhew. Part 7.—From H. Long & Brother, New York: "The Adventures of Paul Periwinkle." By the author of "Cavendish," etc. It is claimed for this work that it is the most brilliant sea story ever written.—From Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings, New York: "Ecarté; or, the Salons of Paris." By Major Richardson, author of "Waconsta," etc. Revised edition.

MUSIC.—From Lee & Walker, 193 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we have received the ballad of "Kate
VOL. XLIII.—18

Moore," a very excellent musical production, the words of which, by Thomas J. Diehl, relate to an incident of peculiar interest, which happened near the light-house on Fairweather, Connecticut. The music is by D. L. Stephens.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, Boston, we have "Czerny's Method for the Piano Forte," and the "Seminary Class Book of Music," designed for Female Seminaries, High Schools, Private Classes, etc. By Edward L. White. These are recommended, by good authority, as very valuable publications to those who are desirous of cultivating a correct musical taste.

Publisher's Department.

THE NEW, OR PROPOSED NEW COSTUME.—Although we have been repeatedly called upon to present our views on this question, we have chosen rather to allow it to take its natural course, without our interference, not doubting, as in regard to all other questions relating to their own dignity, propriety, and convenience, the ladies would eventually settle it satisfactorily for themselves, and consequently to the satisfaction of every one who might be concerned in the matter. Our very silence, however, might have assured our readers, as well as our contemporaries of the press, that we did not look upon the proposed innovation with the least approval or favor. In fact, it is well known to our readers that we have never been the advocates of hasty or unconsidered changes; but, on the contrary, have uniformly deprecated all advances towards extremes of every kind.

It will not be necessary for us therefore to array the numerous facts that are at hand, and which positively establish the utter impossibility of bringing this new costume into universal, or even general or partial usage, one fact, to our mind, being all-sufficient. It is this: that the very differences which exist in the peculiar points, and in the shape and structure of the human form, will be the single obstacle that will tend more than all the rest to prevent the adoption of this new style of dress.

In brief, it must be apparent to every one that the prevailing female fashions are the most appropriate for the great diversity to be found in the female form and stature; and that, consequently, they must continue to prevail so long as those diversities are thereby equalized, or rendered, in a measure, uniform, to the exclusion of the most formidable innovation that ingenuity and personal perfection may attempt to introduce.

We would, however, give our hearty approbation to a reform in the length of ladies' walking-dresses, considering the present fashion out of all form of neatness and comfort.

We have received three dollars from Levi Langdon. No postmark to the letter and no date. We cannot give the proper credit until we ascertain the residence of Mr. L.

OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER.—A beautiful line engraving, "Sour Grapes," by W. E. Tucker, "The Approaching Footstep," by Rice & Buttre, "Curiosity," and a superb "Fashion Plate." Various styles of engraving and subjects.

In referring to our "Dream" in the July number, the editor of the "Kennebec Journal" says, "The publisher

has had a notable dream, in which he beheld his army of delinquent subscribers marching up to pay their bills—being induced thereto by his promise to devote the proceeds to the establishment of a home for editors and publishers who have been ruined by similar delinquency in their 'patrons.' Mr. Godey says it was *all* a dream; but, nevertheless, he would devote the proceeds of his old debts to the benevolent purpose indicated, *if* the bills were to be paid." And so he would. Let our delinquent subscribers try us. Certainly there are many of them that cannot have read this "remarkable dream." Turn to page 60 of the July number.

THE "Sandy Hill Herald," in noticing the July number, says:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JULY, 1851.—This number commences a new volume. Every article in it is written by American ladies, and reflects much credit on that rapidly increasing class of authors. Indeed, we think it would trouble the 'lords of creation' to beat it."

WE cannot resist publishing the annexed testimonial, and we return our thanks to the fair writer for the handsome remittance that accompanied it:—

"Dillsburg, Pa.

"I was much gratified on perusing the number above referred to, to find that, after a lapse of twenty years, the 'Lady's Book' has maintained the character with which it first appeared before the public—that it has not depreciated. I was among almost the earliest subscribers to that work; my subscription commencing in January, 1831, with the second volume, which is now before me; and it is with much satisfaction that I review its pages, which calls back the past with many associations, with all the joys and sorrows that have been thrown into that period of time.

"Very respectfully, M. M. S., P. M."

THE editor of the "Hickman News Letter," referring to the price of the "Lady's Book" and the low rate of postage, says: "Why will people borrow when they can buy so cheap? Our 'Book' is kept for binding; we cannot lend it."

THE following, from the "New York Picayune," is very much to the point; and, we are sorry to say, will suit the latitude of Philadelphia as well as New York: "Mr. Pick has said a great many very clever things in favor of Mr. Barnum, while he had the disposal of Jenny Lind tickets; but, like the rest of the newspaper press, now that Mr. B. hasn't got any more tickets to give away, we shall say what we honestly think of him."

WE give a few more specimens of how royalty dresses, especially for our lady readers. It will only cause them to love more and more the simplicity of dress that characterizes American women.

DRESSES AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.—The queen wore a train of blue watered silk, brocaded with gold, trimmed with blue ribbon and tulle, and ornamented with diamonds. The petticoat was of white satin, trimmed with tulle and white ribbon, and also ornamented with diamonds. Her majesty's head-dress was diamonds and feathers.

Her royal highness, the Princess of Prussia, wore a train of white watered silk, trimmed with gold blonde.

The petticoat was of the same material, ornamented in front with poppies. The head-dress was formed of diamonds and emeralds, with feathers of gold blonde.

Her royal highness wore the Louise Order, and also the decoration of a Russian Order of Knighthood.

DRESSES AT THE STATE BALL.—The queen wore a blonde dress over white silk, with colored flowers of various kinds worked on it, ornamented with bunches of flowers to correspond, and diamonds. Her majesty's head-dress was formed of a wreath of flowers of various kinds, to correspond with the dress, ornamented with diamonds.

Her royal highness, the Duchess of Kent, wore a black tulle dress over black satin, trimmed with black lace; the front ornamented with bouquets of diamonds and amethysts, and the stomacher also ornamented with diamonds and amethysts. Her royal highness's head-dress was of white velvet, with feathers and blonde lapets, and the ornaments amethysts and diamonds.

Her royal highness, the Princess of Prussia, wore a dress of pale blue crape over blue silk, trimmed with blue satin ribbon and white blonde, with roses and lilies. Her royal highness wore as a head-dress a garland of lilies and pink roses, and diamond ornaments.

Her royal highness, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, wore a dress of white tulle, over white satin, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and ornamented with flowers. Her royal highness wore a head-dress of flowers and diamonds.

CAPE MAY AND THE STEAMBOATS.—This now celebrated resort during the warm weather has been greatly crowded during the season, which is now drawing to a close. The accommodations at the several hotels have been excellent, and have far exceeded former years. This is no less true of the fare and the accommodations on board the steamboats running between this city and the Cape. Among these, we feel called upon to notice particularly the TOM POWELL, a safe, swift, and convenient steamer, with a most agreeable and gentlemanly commander.

YELLOW SPRINGS, PA.—This time-honored watering-place, we are happy to know, has been fully attended during the season by those who have learned to appreciate the healthy and salubrious air which surrounds it. Under the skillful superintendence of Mrs. Neef, whose attention and care for her guests are nowhere excelled, the Yellow Springs has been a home and a spring of consolation to many a weary heart.

OUR attention has been called to a beautiful painting of the Patterson House, at the town of Patterson, opposite Mifflintown. The morning train for Pittsburgh, that leaves here at a quarter before seven o'clock, arrives there at two o'clock to dinner, a distance of one hundred and fifty-six miles. The half past ten o'clock night train breakfasts there the next morning. It is a beautiful and, as a friend informs us, a well-kept house. The dining-room is one hundred and four feet long. The building is owned by Messrs. C. and I. Fallon. The worthy landlords are Messrs. D. H. Lusk & Brother.

SUMMER RESORT.—Among the many desirable places of summer resort, few, if any, offer stronger attractions to those who purpose going into the country than Schooley's Mountain Springs, N. J. This place has long been known as a watering-place, and, of late

vears, has grown in public favor. To many of the citizens of this city, it is a favorite place for the summer. In pure air, beautiful and romantic scenery, it excels. In a word, we say to those who want to spend the summer pleasantly, in as good society as New York and this city afford, go to Schooley's Mountain.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

THE only way to preserve polish on rosewood French-polished furniture, is to keep it continually rubbed with a chamois leather and a silk handkerchief. We have no better remedy to offer for scratches on the wood than filling them in with a little oil colored with alkanet-root. The following varnish for furniture not French-polished has been highly recommended: Melt one part of virgin white wax with eight parts of petroleum; lay a slight coat of this mixture on the wood with a fine brush while warm; the oil will then evaporate, and leave a thin coat of wax, which should afterwards be polished with a coarse woolen cloth.

SOAP is not at all a desirable medium for cleaning the teeth, as, though it may whiten for the time, the alkaline process destroys the enamel. A very good tooth-powder is as follows: Red bark and Armenian bole, of each one ounce; powdered cinnamon and bicarbonate of soda, of each half an ounce; oil of cinnamon, two to three drops. This is a powder recommended by a medical publication.

THE preparation of a substitute for yeast has long engaged the attention both of the scientific chemist and the practical tradesman, but they have generally failed. Ordinary beer yeast may be kept fresh and fit for use for many months by placing it in a close canvas bag, and gently squeezing out the moisture in a screw-press till the remaining matter becomes as stiff as clay, in which state it must be preserved in close bottles to keep it moist.

ESSENCE OF NUTMEG is made by dissolving one ounce of the essential oil in a pint of rectified spirits. It is an expensive but invaluable mode of flavoring in the arts of the cook or confectioner.

ESSENCE OF GINGER is made by well bruising four ounces of Jamaica ginger, and putting it in one pint of rectified spirits of wine. Digest for a fortnight, press, and filter. A little essence of cayenne may be added, if wished.

GALVANISM A PROTECTOR OF TREES.—A German journal states that the application of galvanism has been made in Austria for preserving trees and plants from the ravages of insects. The process is very simple, consisting only in placing two rings, one of copper the other of zinc, attached together, around the tree or plant. Any insect that touches the copper receives an electric shock, which kills it or causes it to fall to the ground.

A VERY good pomatum is made by beating half a pound of unsalted fresh lard in common water, then soaking and beating it in two rose-waters, draining and beating in two spoonfuls of brandy or whisky; draining it from this, and then adding some essence of lemon or other scent.

To mend tortoiseshell, bring the edges of the pieces to fit each other, observing to give the same inclination of grain to each; then secure them in a piece of paper, and place them between hot irons or pincers; apply pressure, and let them cool. Take care that the heat is not too great, or it will burn the shell.

DIAMOND CEMENT for glass or china is made by dissolving a quarter of an ounce of isinglass in water by boiling it to the consistence of cream. Add a table-spoonful of spirits of wine. Use warm.

EVERTON TOFFEE.—To make this favorite and wholesome candy, take one pound and a half of moist sugar, three ounces of butter, a tencupful and a half of water, and one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water, and half the rind of the lemon together, and when sufficiently done—which will be known by dropping into cold water, when it should be quite crisp—let it stand aside until the boiling has ceased, and then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish, and pour it in, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire must be quick, and the toffee stirred all the time.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress of pale apple-green silk. The corsage is very novel in form, being slightly full to the waist, where it is fastened by a narrow sash and tiny bow. A *berthé* cape, of the V shape, fits loosely to the outline of the shoulder, and is about a finger in depth. The skirt is made with three deep flounces, a favorite style for the approaching autumn, and headed by a double row of very narrow velvet ribbon. For a tall figure, this is the most stylish skirt that can be named. The pagoda sleeves have undersleeves of white cambric and narrow Valenciennes lace, of the same width. The chemisette is of India muslin, gathered in folds to the throat, where it is finished by an edge corresponding to that upon the sleeves. Bonnet of white chip, with bouquets of full blown roses.

Fig. 2d.—Dinner-dress of *crape de Paris*, a light ground, with bouquets of blush roses with their foliage scattered over it. A lace Spencer, made to come in full folds to the waist, and confined by a belt and pearl buckle. The sleeves are demi-long, reaching below the elbow. Throat-tie and bracelets of blue velvet ribbon, both in excellent taste for a blonde. Shade bonnet of Leghorn, with a deep frill of lace from the brim.

DESCRIPTION OF WOOD-CUT FASHIONS.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress of heavy India silk, of a large fluid pattern in bright colors. A jacket is the English term for the close-fitting corsage and *basquine*, which makes the waist *Américaine*. The sleeves are open from the shoulders down, the scollops meeting in the centre, but disclosing the entire undersleeve, of plain cambric muslin, with a slightly ornamented band at the waist. The *basquine*, or short skirt, is double, and finished to correspond with the sleeves.

The child's dress is pretty and fanciful, but rather suggestive than to be imitated. We would also call attention to the elegantly-fitting dress of the young cavalier, although out of our province as far as description is concerned.

CHIT-CHAT WITH LADY READERS UPON DRESS-MAKING.

It may at first seem that we have chosen a topic upon which very little is to be said, as far as information goes. But we do not forget that, while our magazine lies upon city centre-tables, by far its warmest welcome is in the far-off homes of the North, West, and South, where our countrywomen are, in a measure, dependent upon their own resources of fancy and invention.

"Makes her own dresses! oh my!" says one would-be belle of another, who has been discovered in the *degrading* task of fitting a robe with her own neat and skillful fingers. Yet Miss Jones does all her own plain sewing, and considers it praiseworthy, while she cries out at Miss Smith's dress-making. So much for the fiat of fashion even in villages. Let us whisper in your ear, my dear young lady, that some of our most fashionable ladies make their own dresses, and bonnets, too, if inclination prompt, while the long task of plain sewing is accomplished by a seamstress, who is dependent for her daily bread upon the employment. A dress-maker's charge is seventy-five cents a day, and, including mantillas and capes, no family can well dispense with less than a week's service every season. Or suppose that the work is put out, the amount soon doubles. This would amply pay a seamstress, where less skill was required, for three or four weeks, and then the mother of the family would not be so borne down by the pressure of "sheets, shirts, and pillow-cases." There would still be fine sewing enough to keep you out of mischief; and, with your taste brought to bear upon outer garments, there would soon be a change of style in your appearance.

Besides, who knows but, in the very natural course of human events, you may consent to share the fortune of some noble-minded adventurer in the new country—California or Minnesota; or, if your lover happen to be in the army, Fort Leavenworth or the Mexican frontier may become your abiding-place. As an American woman, in this era, you may be placed in many positions quite as remote. And then what becomes of the helpless? So make it a rule that everything is worth knowing, from cooking upwards and downwards, that woman is called on to undertake, and show, by indifference, your pity for the narrow-mindedness of your scandal-loving neighbors, who pronounce dress-making "vulgar."

First as to material. A lining of stout muslin or holland, thin elastic whalebones, cord, hooks and eyes, or buttons, thread and silk. To fit the lining, if you do it yourself, it is well to cut a pattern from some dress that sets nicely, allowing for the seams. Cut your lining by this; first the back, then the front, of the corsege, which should always be bias to insure a good fit. If a coat-dress, and very few others are worn now, baste up the side seams, called the "darts," technically, hem the fronts, and baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arm. Any one in the family will tell you what alterations are needed; whether there are wrinkles to be smoothed or seams taken in. Remember, in cutting, it is always easier to clip than to piece. Creasing the seams with your nail, that you may close them at the exact point of basting, rip them all open, and you are ready to fit the material of your dress to it.

It is as well to tear off the skirt first, measuring by another, and allowing for a hem wherever it is possible, if not, a facing. Then you can calculate better for

sleeves and trimming. The lining should be covered exactly with the material—let us suppose it to be *mousseline-de-laine*—if it be a coat-dress, that is all that is necessary before closing the seams once more, stitching the darts, side bodies, etc., and binding the throat and waist with a cord, faced down on the inside. Skirts are now gauged with one or two rows, half an inch apart, and care should be taken to have the breadths hang evenly and well. The tight and open sleeves of the present day are very little trouble, and the trimming of fringe, gimp, folds, or puffs, easily put on. A full corsage is more difficult, but can be mastered by time and observation. Like everything else, dress-making requires care and experience to be successful; but it has very little mystery. It is well to have a good supply of what the ladies call "needle and thread trimmings" always on hand; it is a saving both of time and money.

Now, all this may be very uninteresting to those who have opened to our article expecting a glowing description of fall fashions, with visions of silks, velvets, and cashmeres dancing before their eyes. But there is time enough for that next month; for our issues are in advance, and no lady has her full dresses made before the first of October. But since we have discussed dress making in its humbler forms, suppose we give you a view of the interior of a fashionable *modiste's*; one, indeed, of whom you have often heard through this very column, and whose good taste has more than once suggested amendment and improvement to the costumes selected for your good pleasure.

There is an etiquette to be observed; for you must remember that a person can be a true lady, and yet use her hands in her own support. Only a plain door-plate, with the last name; you would never notice it in passing. No sign, no advertisement; only the initiated are admitted. A servant shows you to a parlor, well furnished and well kept; your card or your name goes to the fitting-room, and presently you are waited on by the lady herself, who receives you as if you were paying a morning call, although you are at once expected to enter upon your errand, as "time is money," where twenty girls are to be kept busy. But beware of impertinence or patronizing. The wife of an honorable United States Senator was shown the door again only last winter, for her rude vulgarity of bargain-making; our *modiste* declining to do anything for her. You have a silk dress to be made. She will tell you the various styles, or perhaps send to the work-room for one in progress, which she thinks suitable for the material or your style. The fitting-room is also like a parlor, with a lounge, cheval glass, etc.; and here you are secure from all intrusion until the task is accomplished. Perhaps a girl from the work-room, with a rich robe upon her arm, comes for instructions, or a box, half packed and marked for the South, reveals a just finished bridal-dress in all the daintiness of tulle and orange flowers. You are told what is required for trimming, when your dress is to be sent home—and then your hostess accompanies you to the door with a polite good morning. Could you glance into the various work-rooms, you would see groups of young girls surrounded by muslins and silks, one just commencing the skirt of a riding-habit, with its heavy green folds, and another putting the last row of Valenciennes upon the flowing sleeves of a linen cumbric morning-dress. So much for the difference between town and country; for we have drawn a correct picture from frequent observation.

FASHION.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

From the 1st of July, 1851, the Postage on this large and popular Family Journal is reduced, and, at the beginning of 1852, it will be again enlarged by adding Six Columns more of Reading. Persons subscribing in the interim will secure the elegant Premiums, and have the benefit of the enlargement—the "Paper" is now the largest of the Philadelphia weeklies—without incurring any additional expense for subscription or postage.

The publisher, to accommodate all, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but to have in their possession also a beautiful house ornament, he proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS:			
Single copy, one year (with an elegant premium engraving),	-	-	\$2
Four copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club),	-	-	-
Ten copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club),	-	-	10
Twenty copies (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber),	-	-	20

THE PREMIUM PLATES.

Any person sending \$2 in advance, will receive "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" for one year, and any ONE of the following costly and beautiful fine mezzotint and steel large size parlor Prints:—

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—*Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*—Matt. xix. 14.

[This is one of the very best large size mezzotint engravings. It contains seventeen full-length figures, engraved in the very best style of art, and covers a space of 285 square inches—cost of engraving, \$1800. The retail price is \$3. For \$3, we will furnish the paper one year and the colored print.]

THE FIRST PRAYER.—*"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."*

[This is a neat, chaste, instructive, and appropriate parlor print, 26 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in superior style. The store price of this print is also \$3.]

[There are no wood-cuts or lithographs in our premiums.]

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

[Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the Club will receive any ONE of the following beautiful mezzotint and steel large size parlor engravings:—

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY PREACHING IN THE GWENAP AMPHITHEATRE.

[This engraving is a fine mezzotint, and is the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving, \$1500. The picture is 23 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$2.]

AMERICA GUIDED BY WISDOM.—*An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity.* The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price, \$2.]

PRESIDENT TAYLOR AND HIS WAR HORSE.—*A fine mezzotint, engraved at a cost of \$1000.*

THE REVERSE.—(Plain). This beautiful mezzotint will be furnished, uncolored, to club subscribers. The store price of this print, plain, is \$2.

REMARKS.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive any one of the last four described plates he may select. By paying \$1, he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less than \$2. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving, in the last list, he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it. Address, post-paid,

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MAGAZINE FOR YOUTH. A NEW VOLUME OF

THE MENTOR

COMMENCED ON THE FIRST OF JULY. THE JULY NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING, AS A FRONTISPIECE. *It is one of Sartain's Best Mezzotints!*

During the past year, the publishers have MORE than fulfilled their promises, giving SEVEN HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS, a great variety of fine Wood Engravings, and two pieces of MUSIC; besides sustaining most creditably the Literary Department of the Magazine, under the direction of its experienced Editor.

The publishers thus refer to what they HAVE done as a PLEDGE of what they will do in the coming year; they are determined to make each succeeding number better than the one before it, if possible.

They will adorn the "Mentor" with many excellent and beautiful Engravings, and accompany them with choice Contributions from the best Writers. THE CONTENTS will be chiefly Original. The Editor, being a resident of the city, will devote himself entirely to its supervision.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year in advance; Six copies for \$5; Thirteen copies for \$10.

The POSTAGE on this Magazine (when paid quarterly in advance) will be one cent for 500 miles—over 500 and under 1500 miles, two cents.

The first two volumes will be neatly bound and for sale at \$1 25. Persons sending us \$2, shall receive the Mentor for the coming year and the bound volumes, which can be sent by mail at a small expense.

STAVELY & McALLA, Publishers, No. 19 Pear Street, Philadelphia.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum,	-	-	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum,	-	-	\$15 00
Three copies "	-	-	5 00	Fourteen copies "	-	-	20 00
Six copies "	-	-	10 00				

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an extra copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

[All letters must be POST-PAID.]

[Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made will be taken in payment for the paper]

[Postmasters throughout the United States will act as our agents; or those who wish to subscribe can transmit the money direct to us by letter.]

[Be sure, in ordering the paper, to give the name of the Post Office, County, and State where it is to be sent]

Address

T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,

No. 107 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent, and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. Over 500 and under 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for 1500 miles, or twenty-four cents for three months for a distance over 1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

**THE BOOK OF THE NATION,
AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.**

VOL. XLIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

- | | | |
|--|-------|------------------|
| 1. SOUR GRAPES. A beautiful line engraving, by | - - - | W. E. TUCKER. |
| 2. THE APPROACHING FOOTSTEP. A mezzotint engraving, by | - - - | RICE & BUTTER. |
| 3. CURIOSITY. An engraving on tinted paper, by | - - - | TELFER & LAWRIE. |
| 4. "CHERRY RIPE," containing the only true fashions for September, by | - - - | J. I. PEASE. |
| 5. FASHIONS (additional) FOR SEPTEMBER, by | - - - | J. FROST. |
| 6. BERLIN WORSTED WORK—Blue Water Lily and Coral, by | - - - | G. W. JONES. |
| 7. MUSIC—STARLIGHT POLKA, by | - - - | W. F. BIDDLE. |
| 8. GARDEN DECORATIONS. Engraved by | - - - | M. A. JONES. |
| 9-11. COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS. Three engravings. Engraved by | - - - | J. FROST. |
| 12-13. A FARMERY IN THE OLD ENGLISH STYLE. Two engravings. Engraved by | - - - | W. CROOME. |
| 14-16. MORNING DRESS AND CAPS. Three engravings. Engraved by | - - - | J. FROST. |
| 17-20. COTTAGE FURNITURE. Four engravings. Engraved by | - - - | J. FROST. |

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

Sour Grapes, by Kate Berry.	133
Xarifa; or, The Castle of Malvino, by Helen Matthews.	136
The Sporades: an Historical Legend of Other Days, by Mrs. S. H. Waddell.	138
Garden Decorations.	146
Sonnet, by Wm. Alexander.	146
A Night Hunt up the Cungamunk, by C. W. Webber.	147
The Approaching Footstep, by Jno. B. Duffey.	150
I Love Thee, by Miss A. D. Woodbridge.	150
The Child-Love, by Alice B. Neal.	151
Costumes of all Nations.	155
A Farmery in the Old English Style.	157
The Country Visit, by Caroline E. Sutton.	158
The Concert at D— Springs, by "Wandering Will."	163
The Odd Fellows' Secret; or, A Warning to the Ladies, by Ann E. Porter.	168
Confessions of a Dreamer, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.	174
Town and Country Contrasted, by G. R. Nicholl.	176
The Child's Prayer.	177
The Angel Visitants, by L—, of Eastford Hermitage.	177

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy Likeness," by Miss E. R. Cable.	17
An Apostrophe to Memory, by Virginius Hutchen.	17
The Dream, by Miss Jane L. Quinn.	17
To Oliver Perry Allen, U. S. N., by N. S.,	17
The Flowers, by M. S. A.,	17
Sabbath Lyrics, by W. Gilmore Simms.	17
To Miss L. E. P., of Baltimore, by Christoph Durang.	17
Lines—Thou askest, Am I happy? by Margaret Kerr.	17
Poetry, by Miss E. Bogart.	17
Morning Dress and Caps.	17
Infant's Knitted Lace Cap.	17
Berlin Worsted Work.—Blue Water-Lily and Coral.	17
Cottage Furniture.	17
Editors' Table.	17
Literary Notices.	17
Publisher's Department.	17
Various Useful Receipts.	17
Fashions.	17

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

Remittances may be made to L. A. Godey for Arthur's Home Gazette, on the terms mentioned in the advertisement on the third page of this cover, and the paper will be promptly forwarded from the office of publication.

The Postage on this Magazine for 500 miles is 2 cents; for 1500 miles, 4 cents.—See
Extract from the Law, on fourth page of cover.

OCTOBER.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE
&
L. A. GODEY.

VOL. XLIII.

PHILADELPHIA
LOUIS A. GODEY

COLLINS,

PRINTERS.

TERMS, \$3 per annum, in advance. Subscriptions for subsequent years, when not paid in advance, \$4.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

SECOND VOLUME.

THE HOME GAZETTE, EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR,

completes, on the 1st of September, 1851, the first year of its existence, during which time it has attained a circulation more than double what was expected by the publishers. So many papers had been started, and such extraordinary promises of excellence set forth by the various candidates for public favor, to fail in execution, that when the announcement of "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" was made, thousands stood aloof, saying: "We will wait and see what is to come of this; we have confidence in the Editor; we like his writings; we want just such a paper for our families as we know that he can make. But, will he be able to establish the Home Gazette?" Thousands, on the other hand, came promptly forward with their subscriptions to aid in doing the work proposed. And the work has been done. The "HOME GAZETTE" has passed through its first year, approved by the right feeling, right thinking, and virtuous everywhere, and it begins another volume under the most encouraging auspices.

To those who have taken the "Home Gazette" nothing need be said of its character. To those who have not yet introduced it into their families, we will say, that it is

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF PURE LITERATURE;

designed for the instruction, entertainment, and amusement of old and young. Entirely

FREE FROM VULGARITY, LOW SLANG, OR PROFANITY,

or anything that can corrupt or deprave the human mind.

A supporter of Religion and Virtue, and the conservator of good morals and social well-being.

The publishers have given to Mr. Arthur the entire control of the Gazette. Not a line goes into it without his supervision, and he is responsible for all that appears therein. So that just the same confidence felt in him by the public as a sound and safe moral teacher, may be felt in his HOME GAZETTE.

In order to make the Home Gazette what such a paper should be, the best writers in our country are engaged as contributors for its columns. In its Original Department, no magazine in the country is better sustained. The following are our regular contributors, from whom our readers will receive a constant succession of articles in their best style:-

Miss C. M. Sedgwick,
Wm. Gilmore Simms,
Mrs. Alice B. Neal,
Arthur J. Stansbury, author of
"Recollections of the Presidents,"
Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,
Henry Wm. Herbert,
C. W. Webber,

Mrs. E. F. Ellet,
Wm. H. Carpenter,
Park Benjamin,
Author of "Widow Bedott,"
H. Hastings Weld,
Mrs. Sarah G. Hayes,
Sarah T. Wilbur,
Mrs. Caroline Orne,

Fanny Fales,
Esther Wetherald,
"A Lady of Baltimore,"
Emerson Bennett,
Mrs. M. A. Denison, author of
"Hetty and Nell,"
Paul Creyton,

AND MANY OTHERS OF EQUAL ABILITY. Besides a regular series of articles from such writers,

Nearly all that the Editor writes will appear first in the "HOME GAZETTE."

Besides a succession of the Editor's brief moral stories, the Home Gazette will contain, during each volume, from three to four of his longer tales or NOUVELLETES. With the new volume, will be commenced

LOVE IN HIGH LIFE,

by Mr. Arthur, a copyright story, which has never before appeared in a newspaper. Following this will be from his pen,

THE DEBTOR'S DAUGHTER

and TWO OF HIS ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES besides, ere the close of 1851.

In order to keep the columns of our paper perfectly free from all that may injure either body or mind,

All Medical Advertisements will be excluded; and also, all advertisements of bad books, or anything that can do harm.

The Home Gazette is embellished with ONE OR MORE ENGRAVINGS IN EVERY NUMBER, in most cases from original designs. It is printed on white paper, with LARGE CLEAR TYPE.

TERMS OF "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE."

One copy, per annum, - - -	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum, - - -	\$15 00
Three copies " - - -	5 00	Fourteen copies " - - -	20 00
Six copies " - - -	10 00		

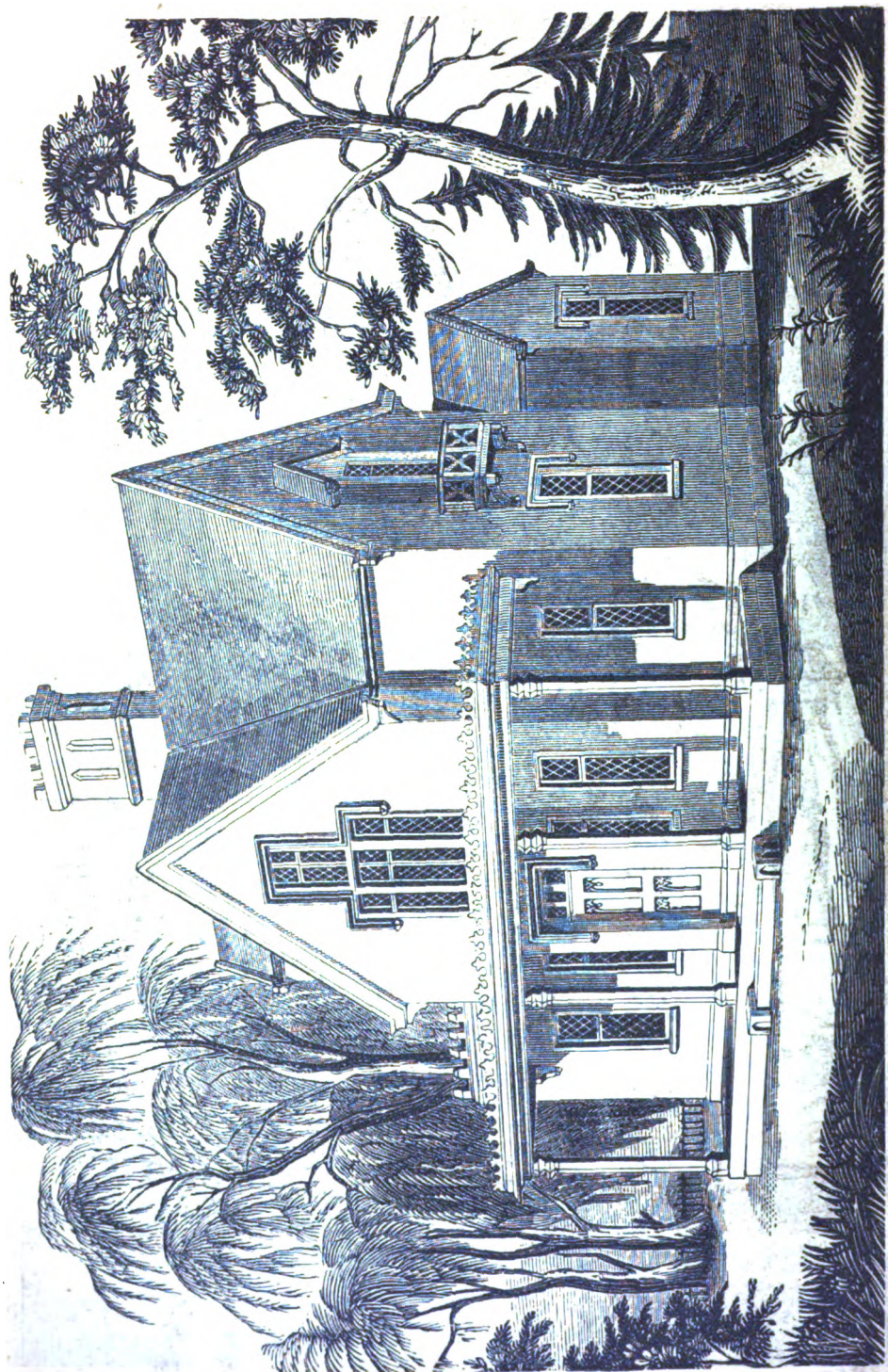
Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

Address

T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,

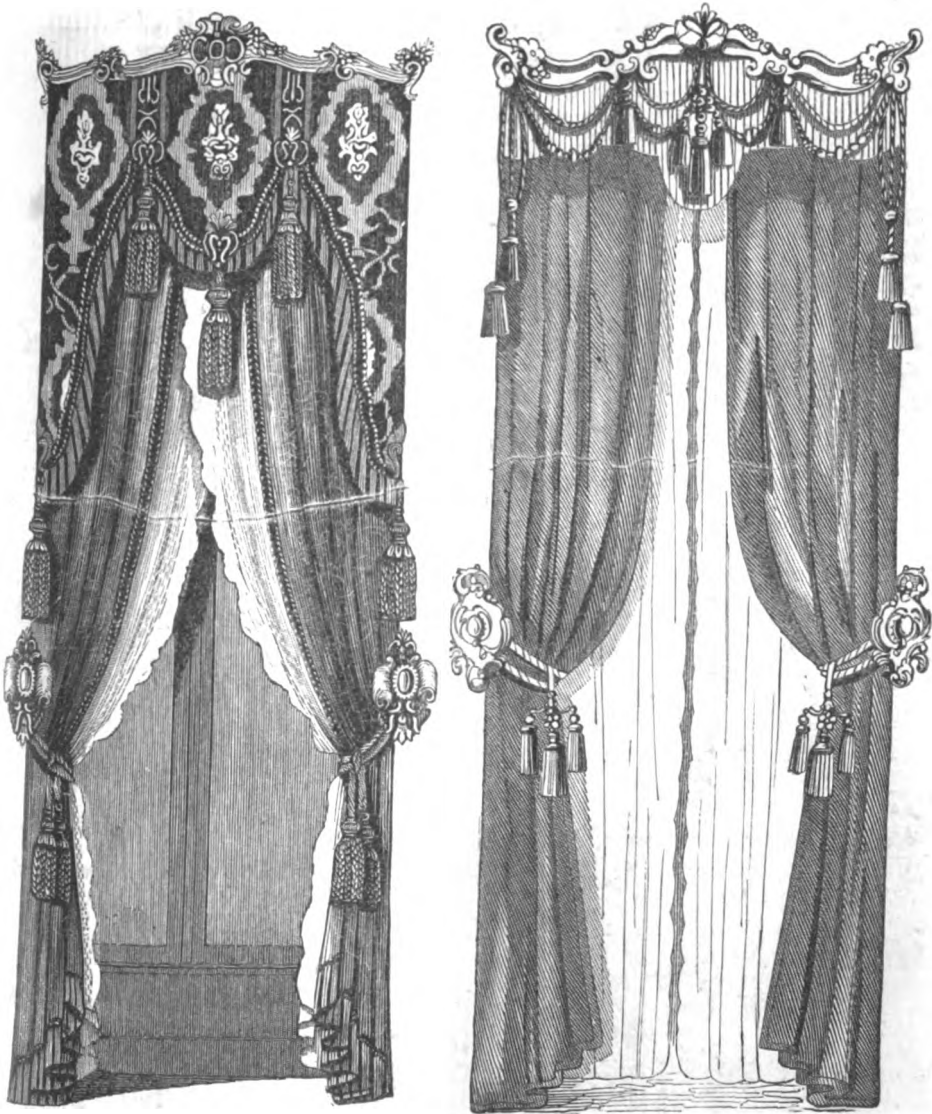
No. 107 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.







DECORATIONS FOR PARLOR WINDOWS FOR 1861



Curtains ready made, or materials for Curtains of the above and various other patterns, can always be had at W. H. CAREY'S fashionable Curtain Store, No. 218 Chestnut Street, below Ninth, directly opposite the Girard Hotel

SONG OF THE AFFECTIONS.

WORDS BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND DEDICATED TO

WILLIAM E. RICHARDSON,

BY HIS FRIEND,

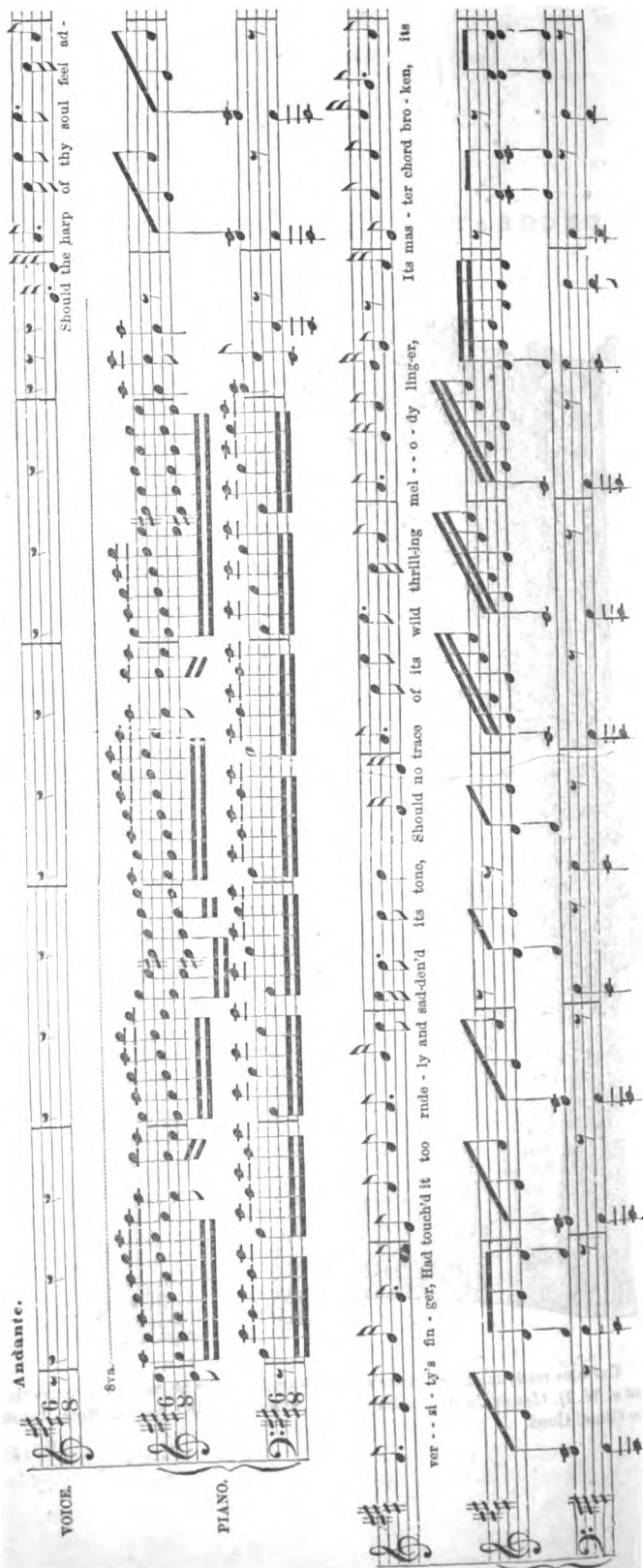
JAMES M. STEWART.

Andante.

VOICE. *8va.*

PIANO.

Should the harp of thy soul feel ad -
ver - si - ty's fin - ger, Had touch'd it too rude - ly and sad - den'd its tone, Should no trace of its wild thrilling mel - o - dy ling - er, Its mas - ter chord bro - ken, its



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the vocal range is indicated as '8va.' (octave up). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables split across notes. The score consists of two systems of staves.

Grave.

mu - sic all gone; And should it a - wa - ken no feel - ing but sad - ness, And an - swer in at - lance its own - er's weak call, Then, then will I haste to at -

Sya.

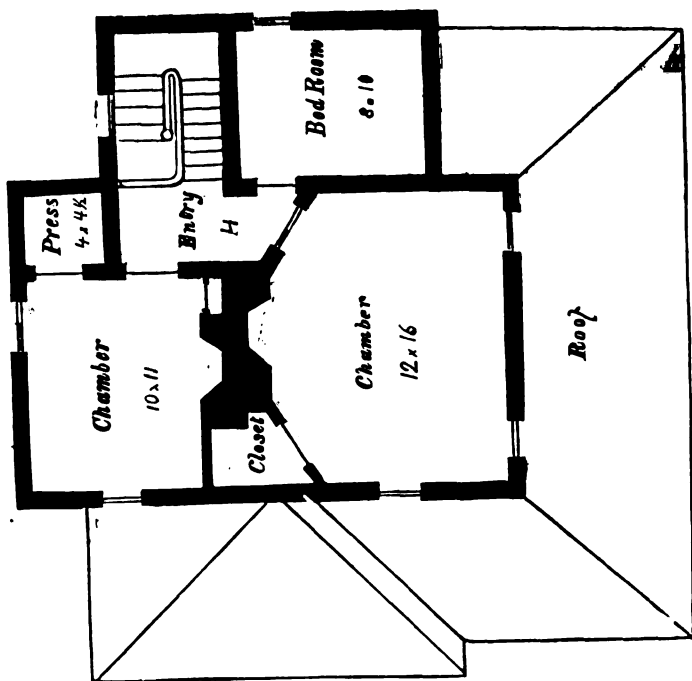
tune it to glad - ness, And bid whis - pers of hope o'er its bro - ken strings fall, And bid whis - pers of hope o'er its broken strings fall.

loco.

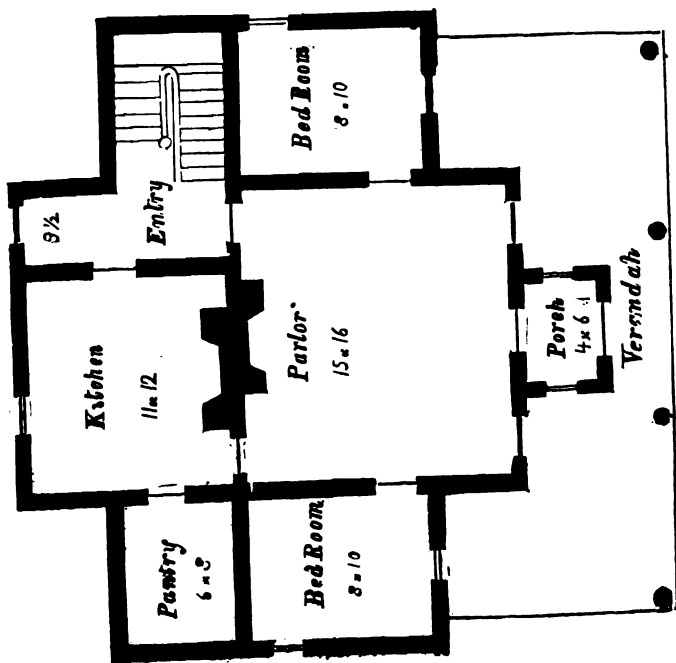
2

But Love, when my hand o'er its injured strings stealing
 Calls back its lost sweetness and wildness again,
 When lightly it moves to the world revealing,
 How free is its music from sorrow or pain.
 Then say with the bard you will never more wander,
 Lest aught should o'ershadow the newly-strung lyre,
 And prove life has nothing would tempt you to squander
 Its touches of Love or its breathings of fire.

SECOND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.



INTERIOR OF COTTAGE IN THE TUDOR STYLE.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1851.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey frisk and fair.
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride on forest green!"
But yet she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldeen."

"But you can't think it a question of duty, Ellen!"

"I have never known another parent; and you know, Jamie, we were both taught by the rector, when we were children, that 'the commandment with promise' included 'all those who had shielded or sheltered our youth.' You have not forgotten the catechizing, surely, when we used to stand in the chancel, with our eyes fixed on the good man, as he explained our duty to God and our neighbor."

James Ellis had not forgotten it; for it was there, in that lonely parish church, standing by the chancel rails, that he had first learned to love his village playmate. "Orphan Ellen" they called her then, though she had found friends and a home in the Lodge of Ayton Hall. There was something in her manner and bearing different from the rest of the children upon the village green. In all their plays, she was the leader; and she never abused the confidence reposed in her by unjust tyranny, which so many children show. James Ellis, the gardener's son, was her favorite among them all; for he loved flowers, and, living always among them, seemed to breathe a portion of their delicate spirit. He was as athletic as his fellows, but never boisterous; and, though he was no laggard at ball and "Hunt the Hare," he loved far better to wander away in the woods, with Ellen for his companion; to read to her from some book the rector had loaned him, or he had begged from the shelves of the housekeeper. They learned their catechism together, sitting

upon a bank they had christened "Fairy Knoll," for the lovely flowers that grew there; and the dull hard sentences had a new charm as he repeated them, guided by her pleasant voice and never-failing patience. Did he remember the catechism in the church? Yes; and how he had watched her even then, in the red light that fell through the stained glass windows, and thought angels must be like Ellen Loyd, who, with meek and reverent face, listened to the holy teachings of their good rector. And there was another recollection—of the happy May-day when she was chosen queen. His father gave him flowers for the garland which she wore; and his sister Annie, much older than himself, made him very happy by a gift of the broad white ribbon with which it was tied. How Ellen had thanked him, with her eyes and with her smile! And they were merry with their dances and songs until—yes, until the young squire came; and here his brow darkened in the reverie. He was a young lad, no older than James, but very proud and self-willed even then. He must kiss the pretty queen forsooth! and Ellen blushed and drew back, while her young champion came to the rescue. There were high words, and almost blows, until his father parted them; while Ellen, weeping and trembling, tore the garland from her forehead, and would sing no more that day.

How strangely our childhood shadows forth our life! Many years had gone by, yet they were sitting on the fairy knoll, as in the days we have recalled; and the boyish rivals of old were rivals still, both suitors for the hand of Orphan Ellen. She had grown up in the Lodge to a tall and stately woman, despite the rustic dress which she always wore, and the household tasks at which she labored cheerfully. James Ellis had removed to another parish, bordering upon Ayton, however, towards which his holiday rambles were always directed;

and the young squire had come into possession of the Hall, with a wild undisciplined mind and heart, and that same fierce will. Caring only for field sports, and associating with the idle followers which they drew around him, it was no wonder that the quiet grace of Ellen Loyd attracted him, meeting her as he did within the shadow of his very roof. And cunning Dame Marjery was not slow to perceive it, or to throw out lures, which were scarcely wanting. He had no pride to overcome; there was no one to consult or advise, and so he demanded at last the hand of her humble charge, never dreaming that he could be opposed or thwarted. Dame Marjery fluttered, threatened, and cajoled. She was old, she said, and needed many comforts they could ill afford with their straitened means. Besides, the squire had helped them in the fever, and she owed him a heavy debt for blankets and coals, and the doctor, which he was willing to forgive, besides making the cottage rent free, so long as she choose to live and occupy it. Then her own foster-child mistress at Ayton Hall! The prospect was too grand to indulge a moment's misgiving on the score of James Ellis.

She was ill prepared for the storm that burst when she confided to him the fine prospects of his friend Ellen. What, Ellen, the playmate of his boyhood, the darling of his manly heart, given to the arms of that rough, fox-hunting, wine-drinking young spendthrift! Never, while he had life! But the contest was not so easily decided, for no promise had been exchanged between them; and Ellen, in the power of Dame Marjery, seemed only the servant of her will. Her heart was not in the Hall, with all its rich furniture and stately appointments—that was plainly seen; but it had come to this, that she had promised to meet him at Fairy Knoll for the last time.

There they sat, side by side, as in childhood, with the brook rippling before them, and the acorn-cups scattered in the soft grass, the very birds singing the song of old—nothing changed but those two human hearts.

"Nelly, you can't mean what you say. There is not any law in the land that can force you to marry him, if you don't wish it. Dame Marjery has been like a mother to you, to be sure; and we will always be kind and good to her. She can have a home with us, poor as it will be now; and I will work day and night until that debt is paid. I'd work my fingers to the bone for you, Nelly!"

But the girl only leaned her head against the gnarled tree at her side, and closed her eyes in a vain endeavor to shut back the tears that trickled down her face.

"Come, you must not be breaking your heart; it drives me mad, and I could burn the very house over his head for tormenting you so. Only give me the right, darling, and nobody shall harm you by a word."

He tried to draw her to him, but she resisted, with a murmur—"I have promised!"

"No—no—not *promised*?"

"You know all now." And she spoke hurriedly, choked by tears. "And, oh! there is such a weight from my heart; for now you will help me to bear it. I think I was mad. They gave me no peace day nor night; and at last they said it was you that hindered me. And Marjery told me strange things of you that I could not believe—indeed, I did not for an instant. But it was not until his dreadful threats that I promised. I could not have blood upon my head—and your blood, Jamie!"

"The coward! He did not dare——"

"Hush, Jamie; it will do no good now—and, indeed, I had not a selfish thought. It will be only a prison to me!"—and she pointed to the brown stone turrets rising above the trees. "But he could ruin you, he said; and Marjery called me ungrateful, and told me to think of the good I could do with the money he was squandering—and bid me beware how I told you what she had said, for she could prove things that would turn your love to hate."

"It's all false together, poor child! There is nothing to prove, and he has not a feather's influence with Sir Edward. The country round despise him for an empty hot head; and as for that whining old——"

She laid her hand upon his arm with a mute pleading look that was more eloquent than words.

"Don't check me now; I can't stand such oppression, and in a country where the poorest may have justice. I swear you shall never be his wife until you walk over my dead body to the altar! Oh! Nelly!"—and his tone changed to one of almost womanly entreaty—"think how I have loved you since we were little children together, and I made you moss-chains on this very bank! You never knew, you could not dream *how* much; for my lips can't speak all that my heart thinks. The brook doesn't make much noise here at our feet, Nelly; but you know how deep it is for all that stillness, and my love was like it. When I grew up to be a man, I thought of you and dreamed of you day and night. You were never out of my thoughts. I said to myself, when I can make a home she shall share it if she will; and so I worked, and saved, and toiled all for you, Nelly; and sometimes when I was tempted to go with gay companions, that kept me back; or, if I was tempted to think the world was very hard, and things looked darker ahead, I would get a glimpse of Ayton church, and remember who lived very near it, and one day she might be mine. Oh! Nelly—God help me—I can't bear it!"

He threw himself prostrate upon the bank, while his hands tore the star-grass convulsively. And yet she looked at him with a weary hopeless gaze, as if she could not understand it, or had no consolation to offer.

"It was a wicked, wicked promise, Nelly."

"But it was made, and I cannot break it; that would be sin. And now Marjery cannot reproach me, and no harm will come to you, and I suppose I ought to be very happy."

He started up once more, and came to her side. "Do you remember the marriage service, and what you promise there? Don't talk of perjury, if you can make those vows—to love and honor. Nelly, you can't do either; you know you cannot—and you will live a lie all your life long! Is it worse to break one ill got promise?—for I know you were threatened to it."

"Oh! I am very miserable!"

And in another moment his arms were around her, and she was sobbing, strained closely to his heart. He did not speak, but he pressed wild kisses upon her hair, and cheek, and brow, tightening his clasp meanwhile as if he feared she would be torn from him. But no; she lay quite still, the tears raining down her face, and sobs rending her very heart.

At last, some recollection seemed to come to her; for she tore herself away, and unclasped those twining arms, saying—"No, no; it cannot be—I have promised. This is all wrong—so very, very wrong!"

"It is not wrong," he answered, passionately. "You are my wife as much as if we stood at the altar. My whole life has been yours, and I will not give you up now."

"You should not have tempted me to this meeting," she said. "It was cruel, when I had steeled my heart so—for it must be. You know it must; for Dame Marjery has commanded me, and he always has his will. Do you remember once, in these very woods, we found a poor little bird, struggling in a snare he had set, with broken wings, and so torn, that it struggled and struggled, but was not strong enough to escape?"

"Ay; but who did set it free, in spite of the fear of him? Don't forget that, Nelly."

Still she motioned him away, and brushed back her long hair that had fallen over her face, as she turned towards Ayton Hall.

"This night—this very night will decide. Do not yield to such a false principle of duty. You mistake it; indeed, you do. Meet me here to-night, Ellen, for they are wearing you out, soul and body, and you shall go to Annie; she has such a pleasant home, and will welcome you for a sister until I can claim you. Say you will; and we shall forget this horrid dream, when I was so near losing you, and my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

How could she resist that pleading, affectionate glance, and turn so resolutely from so much offered happiness?

"Do not tempt me, Jamie. God bless you, and forget me! It won't be long till I am in the churchyard! God forgive me; but I wish it was now!"

"Hear me once more," he said. "I will be here until the midnight, and you will come and let me set you free. Remember, I will not leave this spot till then. I know you will come!"

She shook her head sadly, and walked rapidly

away, motioning him back when he would have joined her.

There was no sympathy in nature for her heavy heart. The sky was unclouded, and a rich light and shade checkered the path she trod so hurriedly. Now and then, through the trees, came a glimpse of Ayton Hall, shaded by oaks as lordly as the mansion, with the broad sloping lawn that, newly mown, looked like the richest velvet in the sunshine. And was there, in this firm denial of all that proffered love, no lingering ambition to tread those stately halls, the mistress of all this beauty and magnificence? She was but human, and power has tempted many a heart. Ah, no, hers had long been too much engrossed by another object to leave room for the entrance of worldly ambition; and she would gladly have shared the meanest cottage upon the grounds with James Ellis, than the mansion with its owner for her lord. She passed the churchyard, and, as she saw the still, green graves, sleeping so quietly in the shadow of the cross, she longed to lie down beside them, to escape the dull pain gnawing at her heart. If the rector had but been there, how soon would she have confessed all, and been guided by his truthful advice; but he was far distant, seeking to regain wasted strength, and there was none to console her.

"It's a brave wedding we shall have, for all," chirruped old Marjery, coming forth to meet her. "But, bless the lassie, we wouldna think you the bride. You've been greeting in those old woods, or down by the brae. Hoot, chiel! let's hae nae sich doings the day."

Ellen sickened at the crafty smile which lit her features. She wondered she had never seen the expression before; but avarice is the sin of old age, and it had sapped the kinder nature of her protector. She pushed by almost roughly, and entered the cottage, which had been so many years a happy home to her. The curious high-backed chairs, the carved oaken table, were as bright as hands could make them, and the clematis that shaded the casement filled the room with its soft spicy breath. Her work was lying as she had thrown it down to keep the tryst; but she was too miserable to resume it, and leaned her head upon the table, unheeding the chattering of Dame Marjery.

"It's na' every bride that has the like o' this, my bairn. See the grand present that the squire hisself has sent you. Well do I remember when it came fra' beyond the sea for his mother that's in her grave. Brocade, such as was never seen in the country beside, and the poor soul took to her bed and never wore it at a'. An' laces to make a duchess of you. That I should see the day Orphan Ellen was decked out in such brave garments! It's a bonny wedding we shall ha' for a'." And the old orone lifted the slashed sleeve of the rich robe, for she well knew the value of the costly fabric, and that few village girls could resist such wooing. It was in strange contrast to Ellen's simple attire,

the rich fabric gleaming in the sunlight as the heavy folds caught its lustre; the snow white ground, with a dainty rose-like flush spreading over it, and softened by laces that a duchess might have worn. It would well become her stately beauty; and perhaps the maiden thought this as she gazed vacantly towards it. But no; she scarcely understood why it was there. There was a sick, faint feeling of head and heart, her thoughts were dull and confused, and she longed only to escape from the sound of a voice she had learned almost to hate.

Oh, the weariness of that weary day! she scarcely knew how the hours passed, except that they seemed interminable. But at length came evening, and then the cool silent night, and the stars seemed more pitiful than the sunshine. She watched until sleep came to Dame Marjery's watchful eyes, and then stole out to seek the open air; for she could not sleep, remembering who watched in vain for her at Fairy Knoll. There lay the robe, as the admiring Marjery had left it, spread out in her very path, and gleaming softly in the moonlight. She could not resist the impulse, but tore it from the chair and trampled it under her feet, as she thought, "And for things like these my happiness is to be bartered!"

The act seemed to give her new life and energy, the night air cooled the fever of her brain, and she began to think once more calmly and clearly. Yet there seemed no escape for her: she was bound by every tie of gratitude to Dame Marjery; she had herself consented to the marriage; she knew the fierce impetuous will which would not brook deferment; and, as she wrung her hands for very hopelessness, the words of James Ellis rose in her

mind with fearful meaning, "*You will live a lie all your life!*" It would, indeed, be so; and whether was it better to break one extorted promise than deliberately to take vows she never could fulfil? To love! when she shrank from his very tread, and trembled at the sound of his voice. To honor! when she respected more truly the very beggar at his gate. To obey! that wild, lawless will. What an intolerable yoke did she bend her neck to receive! Turn where she would, it was too true—*she would live a lie.*

One last, last hope of escape. It was not yet midnight, and she turned to the thrilling thought of the deep love that had that day been proffered her. It assumed a new sacredness, a new strength. It seemed to bind her, to constrain her, by its power. A calm resolve passed through her heart, better than all reasoning, than all argument. She felt what was right; and, in another moment, was bounding down the hill to the forest path. No pause, not even to glance at the hall, more lovely than ever in the soft picturesque light, or to the lodge, to see if her steps were watched. Fear was gone; weakness, doubt, were rolled away. On through the tangled wood, leaping the windings of the stream, penetrating the darksome thicket; on and on, every moment loosing the fetters of her rash promise, until a quick step sprung to meet her, and she was locked in the strong arms of him who loved her so truly.

"I knew, I knew you would come!" he said; "and Annie is waiting for us. You are mine, mine own now, Nelly!—are you not, my darling?"

But she only hid her head upon his breast, and "smiled-upwards through her tears."

MEMORY.

BY JOHN DUFFEV.

(See Plate.)

IN contemplating the various powers of the human mind, it is impossible not to class that of memory among the highest and most wonderful of the gifts conferred upon man by his Creator. In vain have philosophers and theologians of every age, and of every school, attempted to penetrate the deep mystery which envelops the operations of this faculty, so peculiar to man, and upon the free and full exercise of which all his other faculties are dependent in their rational and useful employment. It has been defined as "the faculty which receives, retains, and exhibits again, as occasion may require, all sorts of ideas presented to the understanding." A very singular definition this, when we reflect that the understanding itself would be no understanding without it. Another has made it to consist in a "stock of ideas or images, formed occasionally, by the mind, out of the fine parts of the brain, and disposed or

laid by in order." Still another maintains that the animal spirits, exciting a motion in the most delicate fibres of the brain, leave a kind of traces or footsteps, which occasion our remembrance: to which it has been objected, that it is difficult to conceive how such an infinite number of things, as the head is stored with, should be ranged in so much order in the memory, as that the one should not efface the other, and how, in such a prodigious assemblage of traces, impressed on the brain, the animal spirits should awake precisely those which the mind has occasion for. One of the Jesuit fathers argued, from observations which he had made, that the memory is absolutely dependent on the body; that it is strengthened or impaired according to the changes that befall the body; a fall, the transports of a fever, &c., being frequently found to erase or blot out all the traces, to bear away all the ideas, and to

cause a universal forgetfulness. But Dugald Stewart appears not to have fully agreed with this theorist, for he observes that the various theories, which have attempted to account for memory by traces or impressions on the sensorium, are obviously too unphilosophical to deserve a particular refutation; remarking, at the same time, that the immediate dependence of this faculty on the state of the body, which is more remarkable than that of any other faculty whatever (as appears from the effects produced on it by old age, disease, and intoxication), is apt to strike those who have not been much conversant with these inquiries, as bestowing some plausibility on the theory which attempts to explain its phenomena on mechanical principles.

From these, and numerous other citations which could be made from the works of philosophers, ancient as well as modern, who have written on the subject, it will appear that all the theories, and all the speculations of the human mind, have left this most remarkable of all its faculties without any established explanation of the nature of its powers, upon which infallible reliance can be placed. And after the philosophers come the poets, full of rhapsody and imagination, sketching beautiful pictures of the pleasures, as well as sad memories of the pangs of memory, but leaving the question of its operations as much a mystery as ever. They seem to have been impressed with the truth that, let them reason about it as best they could, it would still remain an incomprehensible spark of the divinity which reigns within us, and which, more than any other of our faculties, reveals and sustains the co-essential spirituality, connecting the soul of the creature, rationally and intimately, with the designs of the Creator. "It is the inspiration of the Almighty," said a good man, "that gives me this understanding." Without this gift, there could be no gratitude required of us, there would be no responsibility imposed. But endowed with it, and capable of ex-

ercising it only in a limited sense, how great is the obligation, how certain is the responsibility which is due to the just and beneficent Being by whom it has been conferred!

In thus referring to this first and sublimest attribute of the human intellect, it would seem to be a needless task to attempt a verbal illustration of a power which all rational beings may fully study in themselves, and which, when carefully meditated upon, will not fail to excite their love and admiration of the Author of their spiritual existence. In fine, we can only say of it, in the language of another, that it is an original faculty, given us by the great Creator of all things, of which we can give no account, but that we are so made.

In the calm but earnest countenance of the beautiful figure before us, we may behold the personification of those moments of placid enjoyment which memory brings to soothe the lot of all, but more especially to the innocent and pure of heart. We behold here, without the possibility of being deceived, the quiet operations of the mysterious faculty, imparting a benignant and spiritual intensity to the eye, and glowing in every feature of the "human face divine." It may be that it is reveling in the joys and pleasures of the past, recalling the scenes of youth, and renewing those hours of unspeakable delight, when love and hope made their first impressions upon the heart, and cast their first glow upon the imagination. It may be, indeed, that, mingled with these, are the reminiscences of many vicissitudes and disappointments, of many sorrows, and of many difficulties which once seemed to be insurmountable and too oppressive for human nature to endure. But these having passed away, even the remembrance of them is now turned into a source of consolation to the one who sustained them; and of grateful aspirations to the good Being whose right hand sustains his creatures in all their difficulties and struggles through life.

ON DRESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY DR. EDWIN A. ATLEE.

THERE is no subject, however frivolous, of which philosophy may not take advantage to draw some instruction, or to convey some light. The art of dress, an art which counts so many amiable adepts, shall this alone be excluded from philosophy's domain? And why should she disdain it, since nothing so ravishes the eyes, and, through the eyes, oft captivates the heart? Dress (I mean that where taste presides) is the auxiliary of beauty; and he who speaks of beauty speaks of nothing else than what is the sweetest, and, at the same time, the most powerful in the world.

But what! Philosophy on an art which seems to sport with all rule, which has no law but caprice,

which exercises itself on things whose fugitive creations vary with each object, disappear with every day! What a pretence! Would you analyze the ripples of the brook that runs through the plain, the fickle outlines of the floating cloud, the rays of the sun as they penetrate the foliage, the undulations of the palm-tree boughs tossed by the wind? In a word, is not good taste in adjustments as undefinable as good grace in persons? Perhaps so. Nevertheless, I think little of a road where some steps may not be taken with observation for a guide: let us then try if observation will not here suggest some certain marks, some satisfactory ideas.

Dress may, I think, be considered under a two-

told aspect—the means and the end; the dress itself and the person adorned. The first comprehends the fineness of texture, the splendor of embroidery, the richness of jewels; the second, the good effect of colors and outlines, their agreement with the proportions of person, with the air of the face, with the habit of body, with the expression of feature and look. It is the distinction of spirit and of matter, applied to the toilette.

From this simple distinction, if I mistake not, is derived the first law of taste in making a dress. It is very easy to see (it is an observation that you may verify every moment of your life) that unseemly persons, in general, do not consider this, because they are more occupied with their dress than their figure, and yield more to vanity and coquetry. This is so true that it may be assumed as a principle within a little as certain as that good taste and extravagancy in attire are in reason the inverse of each other. So then, as a general rule, would you dress with taste? Let your attention be fixed more upon yourself than on the things which compose your attire. 'Tis yourself, not these, that should be esteemed beautiful. Think that dress is not only the design, but the means to please; it is an accessory which has no value but on account of the principal object that ought to accompany it. The belle is in haste to hear the whispers around her—"Oh, the rich diamonds! the superb lace!" more than "the sweet eyes! the charming figure!" To dress, let her reflect, is not to have on the finest cashmeres and costliest jewels; all these can but denominate a woman *rich*. But to dress is to be *genteel*.

People who, in their attire, instead of improving their natural advantages, think of nothing but making a parade of rare and precious objects, seem to me to resemble those musicians without genius, who estimate scientific harmony, not as an accompaniment to a melodious song, or for enforcing a dramatic expression, but simply as learned harmony. *Sonate, que me veux-tu?* as Fontanelle exclaimed on his listening to similar music. When, in this world, could I not say, like Fontanelle, *a crown, a collar, a chandelier, which do you choose for me?*

But this aberration from taste, which leads the world to ruin and disfigure itself, whence can it proceed, and how comes it that so many persons show themselves more sensible of the pleasure of making admirers of their dress, than admirers of themselves? It is because here two propensities are present, propensities almost equally powerful in the human heart—coquetry and pride, the desire to please and the desire to shine. If dress is a mean of embellishment, it is also a mean of giving a high idea of self, of one's rank and fortune; in the first point of view it adds to your attractions; in the second, it adds to your importance. But most people love rather to be important than agreeable. Human nature is so constituted. This manner of thinking, it must be owned, belongs principally to shallow intellects, to minds narrow, perverted, or vain,

which, to say the truth, are all one. Unhappily, it follows that one or the other sways the world. But it should also be observed that, in proportion as intelligence develops and rectifies itself, whether by age or by education, good taste assumes its rights in such a way that, in general, dress is the more natural as the mind is more rectified and clear. As light is acquired, so woman's attire is retrenched. The child, the vulgar woman, dress to be fine; the man and woman, well educated, dress for comfort.

This remark, which may not be without interest and importance, may be generalized with advantage. If we observe the march of civilization, we everywhere see good taste in dress following the progress of intelligence; and its advancement corresponds with nature just as the arts approach perfection.

Go among the savages: you will find man so modified that you can hardly know him. In the weakness of his intellect, he believes that to disfigure is to embellish himself. He applies all his cares to give himself another visage, other forms, another hue, than what nature gave him. He lengthens the head of his new born child by squeezing its skull between boards, then gives to its ears a disproportioned largeness; here you see him painting his body and face; there tattooing them, and incrusting into his skin, by the aid of a coloring powder, figures of plants and animals.

In coming out from the savage state, he begins to follow, in his dress, a process a little less fantastic. He no longer aspires to transform, but is content to disguise himself. His dress now is no longer against nature, but only beyond nature. Man, in this state, seeks his beauty in whatever is not himself: his natural form he effaces, so to speak, under a mass of strange ornaments. Thus, in India, the women have a singular custom of covering their whole body with bracelets and rings. They put them on the arms, the cheeks, all the fingers and toes, the ears and even the nose, as ornaments having, in their estimation, a charming effect.

Let us now leave India, and transport ourselves among people more civilized, but of a civilization altogether imperfect and rude, such as that of the nations of Europe in the Middle Ages, indeed in more modern times. There the progress of dress was something less factitious, still without being perfectly natural. There, we no longer meet with pointed heads, enlarged ears, tattooed skins, or rings about the nose; but we have the brown or white wig, the powder, the rouge, and the patch; we have the vast hoop-petticoats, robes with large flowers, misshapen pendants from the ears, necklaces of pearl or coral. All this baggage of attire, moreover, agreed marvelously with the structure of the furniture, on which histories were laboriously traced, with forms harsh, confused, and heavily set off with monuments of architecture. This, it is true, was no longer the reign of barbarity; but still it was not that of good taste.

But at the end of our journey, with what pleasure do our eyes repose on Greece, on that land of poets

and artists, on that people of all others the most sensible of beauty! Here dress consists no longer in the luxury of accessories, in the gaudiness of attire, but in the purity of outline, the fullness of contour, the elegance and lightness of drapery. Here is nothing factitious; they think nothing of gold, pearls, rubies, heaped upon you to make you well dressed; it is beauty alone.

Dare I avow that, on this point, modern attire is still far from being satisfactory, and that, for some years past, especially, it seems to me that we have retrograded a little towards the false taste of the Middle Ages? Yes, I must say what I verily believe. In truth, I am in pain when I see our young women, so becoming and so pretty, destroying, by a clumsy *fronniere*, the pure and sweet lines of their forehead, or, what is even worse, deforming, by heavy earbobs, the graceful harmony of their figure. Ladies, do you not yet know that what pleases us most in you is yourselves? Why will you change yourselves, when we find you so lovely as you are? That medallion, young Aglaë, suspended by a chain of gold upon your forehead, is of some value, I am willing to believe; but the forehead, so mild, would please me much better to contemplate in its native grace. That sapphire which sparkles on your finger is full of lustre, I admit, but your hand without it would be so pretty! Nothing is finer than the pearls of your necklace, but what business has it to rob me of the undulations of that elegant neck, whiter than the ivory? Those clusters of diamonds are of the finest water, I agree; but why are they there to disturb the happy proportions of a face more sweet to behold than all the diamonds in the world? You do not believe me; well, consult the artist, good judges in matters of taste; tell me what painter ever thought of exhibiting a *Venus* in a diadem, a *Hebe* in earrings, a *Diana* in a river of diamonds? The Greeks are said to have painted the *Graces* naked. This is not precisely the costume that I pretend to be fashionable; but you see, at least, that, with a people the best organized for the arts, and best judges of true beauty, it was not under vain attire that they thought of seeking it.

"He," said Diderot, in his enthusiastic style, "who is smitten with the diamonds that disfigure a beautiful woman is not worthy to look upon a beautiful woman." In fact, what have we to do with this false display of dress? If we wish to see finery, let us not go into the company of women, but into a jeweler's shop. Plainly, one would think that, in matters of this kind, we parade more wonderful things than all the saloons of Paris together could offer.

A very simple observation will suffice, however, to convince us of the vanity of this false taste in dress, which seeks the means of pleasing altogether elsewhere than in the object which it would embellish.

Since the beginning of the world, people have dressed in all imaginable fashions; all modes have had their reign by turns; all the ornaments, from the most simple to the most fantastic, have been put to use. Notwithstanding, having traversed all the vicissitudes of costume, one thing only has not at all changed: the ugly are always dressed ugly.

Almost all young girls appear to us pretty, or at least agreeable. Is this only an effect of the charm attached to the freshness and graces of adolescence? Without doubt, this is something. But it must be owned that it is also an effect of that happy simplicity of dress which their age and position in the world impose on them. This salutary constraint, which perhaps is injurious to a good number of them, is nevertheless in part the source of their agreeableness. These poor young persons are not permitted to make themselves ugly; they are condemned to remain pretty.

From all this, some have inferred that women do not dress for men, but for women. "'Tis vanity alone," say these evil tongues, "which arrays them in such brilliant attire. They know well that the men love them most without all this parade, but they prefer to dress less attractively, and not to yield to other women in luxury and splendor. They trick themselves up in Paris, as they burn themselves in Calcutta, for vain glory." For myself, I do not care to adopt, without reserve, a supposition which accuses of so puerile a whim a sex whom I have so much pleasure in praising. I am rather inclined to admit the explanation given—I know not what author—of the taste that is generally remarked among women to dress themselves in a far-fetched way that disfigures them. He maintains that it is the homely who have introduced the fashion, to make the handsome look like them. This sentiment would not be altogether an awkward one. It is the trick of the fox who, having lost his tail, endeavored to persuade his companions to cut off theirs.

In reality, that would be a little surprising to our elegant beauties, which would trace all the luxury of their toilette to its origin, and show them that it was nothing but the remains of the tattooing of the Mohicans and Natches; they would come to see, nevertheless, that nothing is more true.

Ladies, will you for once learn what is your genuine dress? It is in those traits so soft, in the slight incarnation of the tint so roselike and so fresh, in those eyes so clear at fifteen, so tender at the age of love. It is those forms at the same time so slender and so substantial; in the delicacy of that shape, rounded by the *Graces*; in the softness almost aerial of those pliant and easy movements. Yes, ladies, these are most worthy of our love; these are your primitive, your true dress. These are truly seducing. Ah, do not mar them!

TROUTING ON JESSUP'S RIVER.

BY C. W. WEBBER, AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE."

My English friend and myself had hunted deer in all the various ways until we were tired of that; had tried "shanteeing out" until even that independent mode of living lost its attraction; and we concluded to return once more to the old tavern at the head of Lake Pleasant. We could not remain quiet long at a time, for my restless friend had not yet had a fair trial of the "flies" at trout. After all, laugh at Piscator's violent passion for it as I may, the sport which lasts longest—is the most abundant, the most admired, and most practiced by the frequenters of the lake country—is that of taking the speckled or brook trout with the rod!

The larger lakes afford good trolling-grounds, when resorted to in the right season; but the trolling season, which begins in March, is too early for the majority of anglers, who cannot leave their spring business for mere sport. But when summer comes, business is over; then the rejoicing anglers, like children broke loose from school, scatter abroad over the mountainous places of the land, literally gasping with panting bosoms for fresh air.

To such, it makes little difference, when they reach here, to find that the fishing-grounds for trout are not close at hand, but that they must go yet farther from five to thirty miles, among the rough wild hills, to fresher streams, amidst valleys deeper than these. It seems strange, to be sure, and very provoking to them, if they go without a proper knowledge of the season, to find that these wild clear sheets, with all their inlets and outlets, are but so much dead water to them, affording no sport after the tenth of June worth notice. But they are soon over this, for the mountain breezes are very inspiring; and with expanding chests they look towards the blue ridges with emulation, and brace themselves up to meet the rude exigencies of a "tramp," and "shanteeing out" for a few days, amidst storm or sunshine, as the evening heavens may send!

"The Bridge" at Jessup's River is well known to sportsmen, and to this point we made our first fly-fishing expedition. The eyes of Piscator glistered at the thought, and early was he busied with almost hasty fingers through an hour of ardent preparation amongst his varied and complicated tackle. Now was his time for triumph! In all the ruder sports in which we had heretofore been engaged, I, assisted by mere chance, had been most successful; but now the infallible certainty of skill and science were to be demonstrated in himself, and the orthodoxy of flies vindicated to my unsophistic sense.

The preparations are simple, and were early com-

pleted. The tidy housewife soon had ready the huge loaves of fresh nice bread, the can of yellow butter, and other minor appliances of a feast in the woods—the main condiments and dishes of which we were expected to supply from our own sharpened appetites and skill. Then the cooking apparatus, which was primitive enough to suit the taste of an ascetic, as it consisted in a single frying-pan. Then the blankets, with the guns, ammunition, rods, &c.

These were all disposed in the wagon of our host, which stood ready at the door. It was a rough affair, with stiff wooden springs, like all those of the country, and suited to the mountainous roads they are intended to traverse, rather than for civilized ideas of comfort. We, however, bounded into the low-backed seat; and, if it had been cushioned to suit royalty, we could not have been more secure than we were of luxurious comfort—a fanciful illusion, which it took but little time, however, to dissipate in an astound, as we found ourselves rumbling, pitching, and jolting over a road even worse than that which brought us first to the lake. It seemed to me that nothing but the surprising docility of the pretty span of glossy black ponies which drew us could have saved us, strong wagon and all, from a sudden return to our original atoms. I soon got tired of this, and sprang out with my gun, determined to foot it ahead, in the hope of seeing a partridge or red squirrel.

The wagon, with its thundering rumble, was soon left behind, and for several miles I tramped on alone through the oppressive stillness of those old spruce and hemlock forests, which line the road upon the hillside and down steep shaded valleys. It was then I observed the extraordinary stillness, which I found characterized the woods there, in whatever direction I had penetrated.

I wondered for some time what was the cause, and what it was I missed so much, until I discovered the almost total absence of the different varieties of squirrel. Then I understood at once.

These creatures are the great enliveners of forest scenery, and we unconsciously as much expect to hear them rattling over the dry leaves—their rustling leap from bough to bough—the pattering of nuts they are unhusking over head—their saucy chattering and defiant bark—or to see their graceful forms leap across the path, dart up and around the standing trunks or along the dead logs, as we do to see the trees themselves, or hear the winds murmur through their leaves. Everywhere, except in the tropics, they are ever present, and more essential to

the complete characteristics of forest scenery than even the birds themselves. This is particularly the case at the north, where the varieties of the birds are neither so abundantly musical nor large as in the Middle States. I never saw woods before through which you might walk all day, from day to day, for weeks, and most probably not see or hear the sound of a single squirrel.

I had spent much time in the woods, and had not been able to reconcile myself to this strange want, which impressed me, even before I heard the cause, with something like a funeral de-olation—with the shadow of a feeling like that which we would have in walking through the echoing streets of a plague-depopulated city. I was greatly surprised when I found how analogous the case really was. On inquiring among the old hunters, I heard from them the reason.

In the first place, the chickaree, or common red squirrel, is the only one, except the little chip squirrel, they have there at all as a resident variety—for, although the gray squirrel has occasionally made its appearance for a little while, the black martin, which is very abundant, is said to enter its hole and destroy it, before it has time to breed much, while the hole of the chickaree is too small for it to gain admittance. Well, about twenty years ago, the country was literally overrun one summer by a plague of red squirrels, curiously enough, too, accompanied by great numbers of the little deer mouse or jumping mouse. The two united, destroyed nearly the whole of the standing crops of grain, and swarmed over the out-houses and even the dwelling-houses themselves, and along the fences by the roadside, and indeed through the woods everywhere.

The people were alarmed by the apprehension of great loss, and even a partial famine, when suddenly the curse was swept away in a most singular manner. The squirrels all at once began to act strangely; they were observed to drag themselves slowly along the ground across the roads, so that the people could crush them with their heels. Those on the fences would mope and stagger along the rails, or, falling off, would be seen in dozens hanging by one claw, until they dropped dead to the ground. They could be killed by hundreds, with a small stick, and the very air became impure with the stench of their dead bodies. On examination, it was found they were literally covered over their whole bodies with warty and vermilion-colored pustules, which looked very foul and angry. The mice were visited in the same way, and nearly all, if not *all*, died off; since, for several years after, not a creature of either kind was to be seen, and to this day they have remained remarkably scarce.

This story seemed very strange to me; but one day I shot a young red squirrel, the first I had killed since I came—for lack of opportunity—and I found it covered by this same warty disease, which had been described as causing their extermination so long ago. The pustules were quite small upon it, and not so thickly placed as in the time of the plague,

when they were as large as a pea of good size, and there was not the space of a pin's head anywhere between them! This accounts for their not having increased more rapidly—since the fact shows that the disease continues to linger with them, preventing, as I suppose, their arriving at maturity, in the majority of cases.

But I have gone a good way aside from my theme to narrate these curious facts, and must get back to the "Bridge" again, at which we arrived about the middle of the afternoon. There we found an old field just across the bridge. It was called Wilcox's Clearing, and, like all such places I had seen in this fine grazing region, was still well sodded down in timothy, blue grass, and clover. Our luggage having been deposited in the shantee, which consisted nearly of boards torn from the old house, which were leaned against the sides of two forks, placed a few feet apart, we set off at once for the Falls, a short distance above. This was merely an initial trial, to obtain enough for dinner, and find the prognostics of the next day's sport in feeling the manner of the fish.

At the Falls, the river is only about fifteen feet wide, though its average width is from twenty-five to thirty. The water tumbles over a ledge of about ten feet, at the bottom of which is a fine hole, while on the surface sheets of foam are whirled round and round upon the tormented eddies—for the stream has considerable volume and power.

We stepped cautiously along the ledge, Piscator ahead, and holding his precious flies ready for a cast, which was most artistically made, not without a glance of triumphing pity at poor me, who was preparing to do the same with the humble angle-worm. The "flies" fall—I see the glance of half a dozen golden sides darting at them—but, by this time, my own cast is made, and I am fully occupied with the struggles of a fine trout.

What a thrilling sensation it is!—the bite of the first trout!—renewed each season, too, in all the strength of novelty, when you, perhaps, for the fiftieth time after the weary interval otherwise employed, feel again the electric shock of its pull, communicated through your arm to all your frame—the heart bounds as gladly, and the eyes gleam in as wild an ecstasy of delight, for the moment, as on your boyhood's first capture. But the "black flies" swarmed by this time with such a wounding, maddening buzz into my eyes, nostrils, and mouth, behind my ears, and up my sleeves, that no mortal enthusiasm could stand it any longer.

"Here, George, in heaven's name, take my rod! My veil—where is it? I have forgotten it!"

"No, here it is—I thought of it!" and he drew it from his bosom. How I blessed the fellow! It was on and adjusted in an instant—and then I had time to draw a long breath and look around me.

"Hey! seven trout! What, did I catch all those in this little while?" I exclaimed, in a surprise not very complimentary to Piscator's "flies."

"I caught one of 'em!" growled he, while he

perseveringly whipped the foam with his flies. I turned towards him, and through my green veil his forlorn, despairing face looked jaundiced. I was moved to pity.

"Try the worms, good Piscator—here they are. This is not the right time of day for them to take the flies in this river, I judge!"

He was soothed, and, eagerly improving the door of escape thus opened to him, took off the flies and used worms with immediate and brilliant success, which brought back the placid smile to his face; and he would now and then as calmly brush away the distracting swarm of flies from his face as if they had been mere innocent moths. He had only taken the one with his flies at the first instant of his cast, and afterward not a single trout would rise to them. But later that evening came a temporary triumph for Piscator. The hole at the Falls was soon exhausted, and we moved on down to glean the ripples. It was nearly sundown, and here the pertinacious Piscator determined to try the flies again. He cast with three, and instantly struck two half-pound trout, which, after a spirited play, he safely landed. Never did I see so proud a look of exulting triumph as when he bade me "look there!" on landing them.

"Very fine, Piscator! a capital feat! but I fear it was an accident! You will not get any more that way!"

"We shall see, sir!" said he, proudly, and commenced whipping the water again, but to no avail, while I continued throwing them out with great rapidity.

I carefully abstained from watching him, for I had no desire to spoil his evening sport by taunting him to continue his experiment. I soon observed him throwing out the fish with great spirit again. I merely shouted to him across the stream—"The angle worm once more, Piscator?"

"Yes!" with a laugh.

As the sun went down, the black gnats began to make themselves felt in their smarting and infinitesimal myriads, and we forthwith beat a hasty retreat to the shantee. These creatures, which are the most diabolical pests that ever haunted the air and water-side, are, I think, identical with the sand-fly in Texas, where it is the terror of all low, sandy, bottom lands, and valleys below the sea range. It follows the black-fly, which is about half the size and a good deal the shape of the common house-fly, about an hour after its appearance in the afternoon; and its coming is considered the universal signal for retreat from the fishing-grounds, as no heroism, not even that of Piscator, could long withstand their assaults.

We had taken about ten pounds of trout; and the first procedure, after reaching the camp, was to build a "smudge," or smoke-fire, to drive away these abominable gnats, which fortunately take flight with the first whiff of smoke; and the next was to prepare the fish for dinner, though not till all had been carefully dressed by the guide, and

placed in the cold current of the little spring stream near, that they might keep sound.

Now came the rousing fire, and soon some splendid trout were piled upon dishes of fresh peeled elm bark before us. They were very skillfully cooked; and, O ye deluded Epicureans! let me tell ye, ye know not, on your rich and massive plate, the true flavor of this rare morsel for the gods to smack their lips at, that I took up in my fingers from the bark dish! No—the ripe high color of the flesh—the sweet, melting, luscious, glorious titillation of the palate by which I was exalted there in that rude shantee, to the highest heaven of the sense, you cannot know! The exquisite aroma has passed away before it reaches you, fading with the splendid colors of the skin, and ye cannot catch it! Not all your wealth can transport it in the season, delicious as we had it. You can get them so in the winter, when it is cold enough to freeze them instantly on coming from the water, but not otherwise.

The feast being over, then to recline back upon the fresh couch of soft spruce boughs, and with a cigar in mouth, watch the gathering "night-shades" brooding lower and more low upon the thick wild forest in front—far into the depths of which the leaping flames of our crackling fire go, darting now and then with a revealing tongue of quick light—and listening to the owl make hoarse answer to the wolf afar off; to think of wild passages in a life of adventures years ago amidst surroundings such as this, with the additional spice of peril from savage and treacherous foes; and then, as the hushed life subsides into a stiller mood, see the faces of loved ones come to you through the darkness, with a smile, from out your distant home, and, while it sinks sweetly on your heart, subside into happy and dream-peopled slumber—"this, this is bliss!" the bliss of the shantee to the wearied sportsman—a bliss unattainable to the sluggish and jaded gourmand of the city!

We were on foot with the sun next morning; and, after another feast, which we appreciated with unparalleled appetites, we set off for some deep spring-holes nearly a mile above the Falls. The morning set cloudy, and rain fell piteously for several hours. During this time, we had reached the neighborhood of the holes, after an abominably rough scramble along the mountain side; and here George set to work to construct a raft of the decayed spruce which stood around. This completed, it was launched with great labor into the stream; and as the day was beginning to clear off, Piscator so far conquered his horror of getting wet as to agree to start. We pulled noiselessly up to the spring-hole, and found it very deep, and quite large for the general size of the stream.

The instant my hook was in the water, a fine trout was hung; and even Piscator, who still persevered with the flies, was successful the first cast, as usual. But as no further notice was taken of the flies by the trout, and I continued to pull out the noble fellows as fast as I could throw my hook in,

be changed very quickly again to the worm. The sport was now magnificent, and all the time one line or the other was singing through the deep water to the struggles of a trout, and often both at the same time. We found the raft very convenient; for, having no landing net, while they were playing vigorously, we would take them on a spring upward through the water, and, by a quick movement, adding to their impetus, would land them on the raft. We took several of that most splendidly beautiful of all trout, the "red-bellied"—for their bellies are as if of burnished gold, heated to a red heat, while the spots upon their sides fairly glitter, while their fins are black, bordered with white.

The moment they were hooked, we could see their sides flash up from the depths of the hole like the gleam of an angry blaze, and they shot like fiery meteors through the air as they leaped from it. We moved on slowly down the stream with our raft, after they ceased to bite here, and took from one to two and four pounds from every hole we passed, until I became weary of the sport, and even Piscator confessed himself for once to have had enough of trout-fishing. The time had come for our return home; and now the interminable rain set in again more violently than ever, and our guide, who had fifty pounds of trout upon his shoulder, abrank from clambering back over the mountain with such a burden, and we landed on the opposite side of the river, to return by a new and longer, though more leveling, route.

Of all the dismal and exhausting walks ever taken, this seemed to me the most so. A violent west wind had set in, dashing on its cold current the colder rain into our faces. We were chilled and wet in an instant after starting. Much of the way led through a deep tangle of elder and raspberry bushes, which were as high as our heads, and bent with the burden of icy rain drops. So this gave us a double bath. We managed—or our guide did for us!—to get lost in the bargain; had five miles to tramp through the thick pine woods, plunging through swamps, and stumbling into deep holes, over roots, dead trees, and rocks. There was one comfort before us, at least—the prospect that we should find our host waiting for us at the bridge with the wagon.

On we staggered bravely—splash! splash! drip! drip!—above us, under, and on every side, the gelid rain! As is an incessant shower-bath far more exhausting than a protracted plunge, so was this wading through wet bushes beneath the pitiless pelting rain. I am sure that it abstracted a greater amount of vital heat and strength from us than wading the same length of time in cold water would have done—at least, I never remember to have been more utterly exhausted than when we reached the bridge, and found, to our great joy, the wagon in waiting.

Fortunately, our host had been prudent enough to bring blankets with him; and, wrapping our shivering bodies in these, we hurried off on our return. It was no use going to our shantee for comfort—the fire was out, and the rain had set in for a week to come, and it was a poor affair at best. Though it was a break-neck road, I urged him with chattering teeth to drive faster; but the immovable Piscator quietly suggested that I should "take it easy!" I stared at the man—for I was excessively nervous and irritable—politely wishing him in a warmer place with his philosophy. He only laughed; and, as that made me still more angry, I was soon nearly warmed up again.

Strange as the remedy may seem to those who are not familiar with the miracles of bathing, I took forthwith a bath of very cold water on reaching home. This warmed me instantly and thoroughly; and then the flesh-brush and dry clothes completed the magical process of immediate transfer from the arctic to the tropics, which my sensations underwent, without the aid of fire or sun.

I never felt more delightfully than I did when I sat down to a fine dinner that evening in the old tavern; and very much of this pleasurable feeling of entire comfort I attributed to the prompt use of the cold bath. I have mentioned Piscator's hydrophobia, so far as the external application of cold water was concerned, and the fact that, when we met at table, he appeared, in spite of his philosophy, far from refreshed or cheerful, I could not help attributing to his neglect of this precaution. Poor Piscator, with all his puissance in "flies," his appetite for that delicious trout dinner failed him.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

It was during Elizabeth's reign that Sir Thomas Gresham introduced the manufacture of pins and ribbons. Knitted worsted stockings, too, were first made about the year 1565, by a London apprentice, named William Ryder, who, having seen some that

came from Italy, imitated a pair exactly, and presented them to William, Earl of Pembroke.

In Stowe's "Chronicle" we find the following: "In the 2d yeere of Queene Elizabeth, her silk-woman, Mistress Montagu, presented her Majestie, for a new yeare's gift, a pair of black silk knit stockings, the which, after a few day's wearing,

pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistress Montagu, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; who, answering, said, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your Majestie, and seeing them please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so (quoth the queene), for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.' And from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more cloth hose, but only silk stocking; for you shall understand that Henry the 8th did wear only cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broad taffaty, or that by great chance there came a paire of Spanish silk stockings from Spain."

From this extract, it appears that silk stockings were now first made in England, and not first imported, as is generally supposed.

The reign of James the First is not very fertile in fashions, and that monarch did not introduce a single new one into England.

The attire of the Princess Elizabeth when she espoused the Prince Palatine was very simple. She was habited in white vestments, her hair hung at full length down her back, and her only ornament was a diadem set in jewels. The author from whom we have obtained this account describes one of the suits intended for the lords sent as ambassadors to the court of France. "The cloak and hose," he says, "were of fine beaver, richly embroidered in silver and gold, particularly the cloak, within and without, nearly to the cape. The doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned, and a white beaver hat, suitable, full of embroidery above and below."

Ruffs and farthingales were still much worn, and ladies now began to indulge a great predilection for foreign lace, a passion which has continued for two centuries. The strange fashion, also, of men wearing ear-rings, and roses stuck in their ears, was much followed; and, though Shakspeare alludes to the use of ear-rings as if censuring its folly, in one of the portraits supposed to represent him, each ear is adorned with this effeminate ornament.

Contrary to the custom of the preceding age, ladies now wore their gowns very long, with trains behind, and the shoulders quite bare. "Is there anything," says Cowley, "more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them: and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir across the room without a page or two to hold it up?"

The peaked bodies to gowns were generally worn very long and open, the two sides laced together in front, so as to show the satin bodice underneath. The point usually terminated with a bow of ribbon. The sleeves were tight, or else open and hanging, and broad bands of lace were worn round the arm and round the bust. Ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, and, indeed, every description of jewels, were

now in fashion; also broad-brimmed hats, with feathers, in opposition, probably, to the narrow brims worn by the gentlemen.

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, who was always very frugal in his attire, and despised the vain follies of the age, dress underwent a great change.

Mr. Benlowe has, in his work, two prints of ladies in the same year (1652). The hair of one is combed like a wig in front, the back hair braided, and fastened in a knot; her neck is covered with a handkerchief richly ornamented with deep lace, and her cuffs are trimmed the same; her sleeves are slashed with fine linen or silk, and her fan is large. The other has a sable tippet, and a large mull, which entirely conceals her arms, a close black hood, and a very diminutive black mask.

Patches and paint were now as much admired as wigs, and the ladies never considered themselves *bien mises* when not following this fashion, which continued in full force through this and the succeeding reign.

Infatuated with the wish to have small, slender waists, the women wore high stays, laced so tight that they could scarcely breathe; and nothing was considered really fashionable that did not come from France.

Ladies now wore their hair in curls on the fore-



head, and sometimes braided behind, or hanging loosely down over the shoulders.

The gowns of the period resemble drapery more than any fixed shape, and are made exceedingly low in front and over the shoulders, with slashed sleeves and quantities of lace and jewels. The immense verdingale and stiff ruffs now disappeared, but stomachers were still the fashion.

Hoods were worn, but the most usual ornament for the hair was a colored ribbon, or band of jewels, together with a heart-breaker, which was a long

lock corresponding with the *love-lock* worn by the gentlemen.

In the year 1698, the high head-dress was preached against, in the following words, by John Edwards: "This is the pride which reigns amongst our very ordinary women at this day, they think themselves highly advanced by this climbing foretop. All their rigging is nothing worth without this wagging top-sail; and, in defiance of our Saviour's words, they endeavor, as it were, to add a *cubit* to their stature. With their exalted heads they do, as it were, attempt a superiority over mankind; nay, their Babel builders seem, with their lofty towers, to threaten the skies, and even to defy heaven itself."

The writers of the period frequently mention these head-dresses with much animadversion. "Within my own memory," says one of them, "I have known a lady's head-dress rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them.'" Further on, we find: "Women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outsides of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbons, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple."

Another head-dress, worn in the early part of

1700, was composed of pasteboard, lace, ribbons, and gauze, as represented in the annexed cut.



In 1715, we find the *commode* again alluded to, so that it must have reappeared; there is also a description of the feather head-dress: "I pretend not," says Addison, "to draw the single *quill* against that immense crop of plumes, which is already risen to an amazing height, and unless timely singed by the bright eyes that glitter beneath, will shortly be able to overshadow them. Lady Porcupine's *commode* is started at least a foot and a half since Sunday last. * * * But so long as the commodity circulates, and the outside of a fine lady's head is converted into the inside of her pillow, or, if fate so order it, to the top of her *herze*, there is no harm in the consumption, and the milliner, upholsterer, and undertaker may live in an amicable correspondence, and mutual dependence on each other."

Hoops at this time swelled out the petticoats to an enormous extent, so much so that a writer of the day observes, "If the men also adopted the old fashion of trunk hose, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew in church."

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART IV.

I SPOKE of Bunyan. Never did poor Christian carry a heavier burden than I struggled under in my sleep. Gradually this disappeared, and I was forever wandering alone through strange scenes, and seeking some mystic good not very clearly revealed to my mind. Then this state of dreaming changed, and I began with toilsome labor to ascend high mountains. This was a great comfort to me. I associated it with the City set on a Hill, and now I felt assured there was no wrong in the disposition I felt to look at the dogmas presented to me, and make up my own estimate of the amount of truth they contained; for did not the action of my soul in sleep show I was going upward and onward? I longed to sleep, that I might realize more vividly this noble tendency. I dreamed of singing hymns, and hearing music steal

from amid the hills, and when I sometimes lost the way, majestic beings took me by the hand and led me onward.

At one time I found myself on the shores of a great lake. It was nearly dark, and my way was across. I could see no boat nor conveyance of any kind. At length I discerned three causeways, one leading to the right, one to the left, and one straight onward. The right and left paths were filled with people very joyous, and I could discern trees, and flowers, and music; while the central path was so narrow that it was barely a footpath—barren, forlorn, and apparently without end. This path I took, and was advancing slowly on my lonely way—weak, terrified, and weeping—when the guide, of whom I so often dreamed, took my hand gently and led me on till I came to where the path diverged again to the right and left, with the same narrow causeway stretching

across the waste, when I found myself again alone. The two other ways were filled, as before, with happy people and pleasing objects, but once more I took the straight path; and again my calm, silent, unfailing guide took me by the hand, and I awoke, repeating "turn not to the right hand nor the left."

This personage, with whom I became so conversant in my sleep, I always associated with my father, who died while I was a mere infant, believing him to be the spirit sent to lead me onward—and thus my filial reverence grew into a sublime religious emotion. Dreams like these wear the aspect of invention, sound like allegories, and yet they were not such to me, but I regarded them as facts in my internal life, indications of the state of my soul. It would fill volumes to record my experience in this way. I visited foreign countries, became familiar with all the wonders of architecture throughout the world; the Pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of Thebes, *seen always by moonlight*, as if the great shadows of ages had invested them with a moony atmosphere into which I wandered. I went to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and saw the vast multitude of bones bleaching in the sun; and there I saw a beautiful marble obelisk, with a pretty rivulet flowing beside it; this was the pillar which Absalom was said to have set up.

At length I dreamed of being in a great storm; the road was obstructed with fallen trees; I was alone, and drenched with rain. It was pitch dark, and I could hear the roar of the river over which my way led, as if it had burst its bounds. I struggled onward, led by faint gleams of light, till I came to a bridge. The foaming torrent had risen above it, and I grew doubtful whether it was not entirely carried away; but I went resolutely onward, till at length I saw that the centre of the bridge was gone, the river sweeping unobstructed through. There was nothing left for me but to go onward, as I felt the whole fabric sinking beneath me. I plunged into the stream, when instantly I found myself upon the opposite shore, where the loveliest light was diffused, and green trees cast pleasant shadows upon hillsides, and flowers were the earth, and perfume the air. I went delightedly onward, saying to myself "there are shadows in heaven," and feeling comforted at the thought, and thinking to myself, with a lingering recollection of foregone discomforts, "there is no dust here," which is certainly an intimation not to be neglected. Then I came to a great white palace, which seemed to extend, column beyond column, as far as eye could reach, and each and all were festooned with the most beautiful vines. The texture of these columns became to the eye what grapes and citrons are to the taste. I clasped my hands to them, and tried to think what I had seen on earth like them, so translucent were they, and called them alabaster, opake glass, and gems, without feeling content with either. I ascended the steps leading to the interior, and was admiring the beauty so new to me, when suddenly I saw a group approaching me joyously, crowned with flowers, and

looking so white and lovely. I knew the dead baby, so much mourned, and many others who came to welcome me. After this, I grew quite tranquil in regard to my spiritual state, and felt quite safe in the little heresies I was supposed to have adopted, for I was confident I had seen heaven.

Every one who has read *Jane Eyre* will remember the author's description of Jane wandering, desolate and stricken, through her weary dreams, bearing a child in her arms, which she could not lay aside, but carried on, though faint with fatigue. The whole scene has that genuine stamp that could come only through the author's own experience. The superstition is old, and almost universal, that to dream of carrying a child in your arms is portentous of grief, and grief coming through the affections. So often has this dream preceded some calamity, that I have learned to look tenderly upon my Grief Child, as I call it, and even in sleep to recognize its face, and curse it mournfully. The Grief Child, borne in the bosom, before the climax of external sorrow, has grown dear to me, with its white, sweet face half veiled in clustering locks, wavy but not curling, with strange, unearthly eyes, fixed half mournfully upon mine, and clinging to me with a sorrowful tenacity, as if it owed its brief existence to my destiny, and dreaded to be cast off. Once I dreamed of carrying my Grief Child to the baptism, up the long isles of a cathedral, moving slowly to the music of a dirge. At the altar I met — bearing a Grief Child also. Holy water was sprinkled upon their faces, and we gave the children strange names, weeping bitterly. There is a pathetic significance in this kind of dreaming, which cannot be understood.

How tame and inefficient seems our written poetry to that of our dreams, when the breathing becomes melodious, and the internal moanings of words grow into the most beautiful and profound utterance! A dreamer of poetry can never be filled with conceit at his own manifestations in that branch of art, because the poems of the "Night Watches" are infinitely beyond anything he can grasp in his waking hours, when the whole soul seems to swell and undulate in melody, and his words glow with the inspirations of supernal spheres, and he vies even with the Infinite in creative beauty.

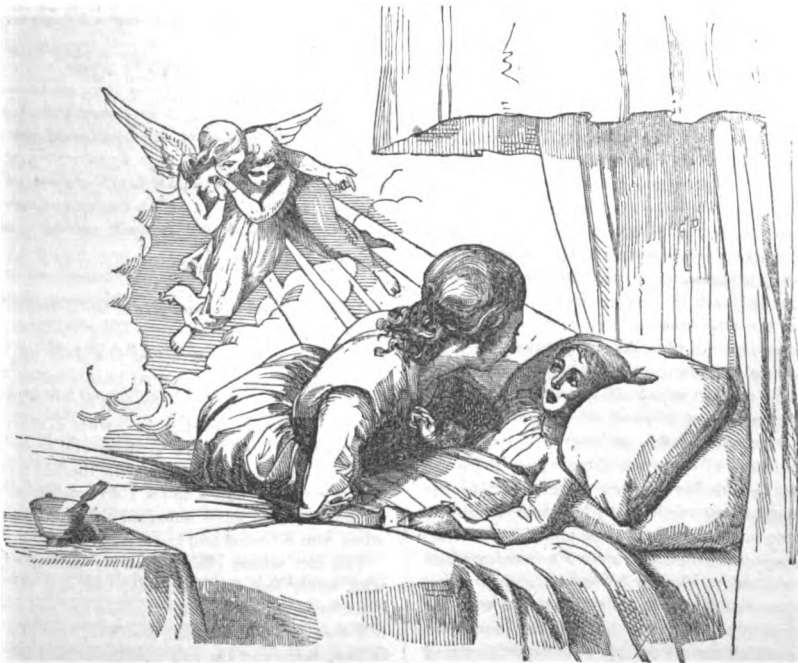
Do we not in our dreams lay hold of clearer demonstrations in regard to our soul-nature? Its clearness and consistency of action, when the physique is put to rest, prove the independency of its action, and often point to what we should certainly not have reached through any other known avenue. We become aware of a consciousness not only such as we recognize awake, but also of a dream consciousness, being far deep and inward, as if the soul were unfathomable, and we saw it without amazement. Much of this is undoubtedly drawn from our waking experience, from our familiarity with the Scriptures and other sources of ennobling thought; but much comes also like the wind, we know not where or whither.

At one time I thought I had just died, and was undergoing the resurrection. I did not dream of being apart from myself, and yet I could see myself as one sees an object removed from him; I did not look into a glass, nor water, nor any transparent object, and yet I saw myself in the same way. The first thing that arrested my attention after death was my improved looks, so much more beautiful than I had conceived human beings could look; then I observed the skin, the texture of which was like the finest and whitest net-work; next the nerves, a perfect forest of them, but perfectly beautiful in themselves, like threads of pearls; next I saw the bones, and these were of the purest ivory. Pulpable as these facts were, they were exquisitely beautiful to the eye, and made up a floating, transparent, white shape, affecting me with a sense of pleasure; but within all these—breathing, and diffused through all, and making up the solidness of what here, in this world, is flesh and blood, for I saw none in my dream—was a rosy light that

seemed to live of itself, and imparting completeness to the whole body. I was repeating, when I awoke, "we shall not *all* die, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

Awake, with *malice prepense*, we should not have put together a spiritual anatomy in that way, all in harmony, complete, and yet beautiful, without wings, and unconscious as the inmates of Eden when they walked in their innocence before God; we should have tried in vain to imagine the pure immaterial body analogous to this, and yet fit for the saints in light.

It is the fashion to ridicule dreamers—so be it. There is something pleasing to an amiable mind to have started a subject that shall bring men's thoughts into any harmless exercise. For myself, I so reverence any and every possible light that may be cast upon our spiritual nature, that there is no amount of ridicule I would not willingly encounter for the sake of a true ghost in whatever shape, provided he come in majesty.



THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"WHAT wakes me from my gentle sleep?
Sweet sounds my soul delight.
Oh, mother, see! what can it be,
At this late hour of night?"

"I nothing hear, I nothing see—
So rest in slumber mild;

No music comes to comfort thee,
Thou poor and sickly child."

"It is no earthly sound I hear,
That gives me such delight;
'Tis angels call me with their song—
So, mother dear, good-night!"

KATRINE.—A SIMPLE TALE

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

"Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum."

"The source of outward joy lies deep within."
R. H. DANA.

In a small village of Germany, where the traveler through the picturesque scenery of the "exulting and abounding Rhine" often pauses for rest and refreshment, there stands, at the foot of a hill whose summit is crowned with woods, and whose sloping sides are beautiful with terraced vines, an ancient-looking farm-house, shaded by broad chestnuts that, when clothed in their summer garniture, almost hide it from view in their leafy embrace.

At the time of which we write, however, the bare branches of these old trees glittered with frost, every twig with its fringe of tiny icicles glancing in the sun of a clear November morning, like the diamonds of a court beauty in the brilliant blaze of a ball-room. Early as was the season, winter seemed already to be treading on the steps of autumn, for a light snow covered the ground, and tree and shrub were scared, and well-nigh shorn of their faded foliage. Groups of cows and sheep, surprised by the sudden cold, stood clustered here and there in sunny nooks among the many gables of the antiquated building, while round the door-stone there was heard a perfect chorus of the feathered tribe, gabbling and cackling inopportunely for the bounties they were there in the daily habit of receiving.

Long columns of blue smoke streaming from the capacious chimneys of the dwelling indicated the plenty and comfort which abode within; where, indeed, at the present moment, all wore an air of domestic care and bustle. At least it did so in the ample kitchen of the establishment; for there the good wile, with her sleeves turned back to her elbows, was busy, assisted by her maid-servant, in culinary preparations for some approaching festival. Her broad dimensions, her active movements, and resolute manner, showed her to be a thrifty and stirring housewife, while the restless motion of her eye, her firmly compressed lip, and the imperative tones in which she issued her commands, declared no less her love of rule than her repugnance to contradiction from any beneath her sway.

Six years had passed since she was liberated from her nominal subjection to a most yielding and submissive lord; and, during that time, the love of power had increased upon her in a ratio proportioned to the growth of her worldly wealth and prosperity.

Something just at this time seemed to cause her unusual disturbance; for, in the course of her op-

rations, she often glanced impatiently through a window that commanded a view of the road, and then turned away muttering, and with an expression of deeper vexation on her countenance. At length, in crossing the floor with a huge pastry in her hands towards a heated oven ready to receive it, some impediment caught her foot, and, but for the alertness of the servant-girl, who caught it from her mistress's hands, the pie would have fallen to the floor and been demolished. Stooping down, the dame snatched up a small sprig of fir which lay upon the floor, and was the cause of her threatened mishap, and, casting it angrily among some boughs that were piled in a corner, she exclaimed, in no gentle tone—

"That girl, Katrine, is enough to drive one out of their senses! Two long hours she has been gone, and I see no sign of her coming back, and there lies her work unfinished; and unfinished it shall be, unless she returns to do it; no one else shall make the garlands for her wedding, I promise her. All day yesterday I let her stay with her old uncle, who I thought might, by good luck, die before night, while I toiled and slaved in the kitchen to make ready her marriage feast. But, if she were not to marry my nephew, I would give myself no farther concern about her, an ungrateful hussy that she is!"

As she finished this outburst of her wrath, suiting, as she spoke, the action to the word, the door opened, and a young girl wrapped in a cloak, the hood of which was thrown over her head, entered.

"So, ho! you have got back at last," exclaimed Dame Walframm, eyeing her with a sharp and angry glance. "I began to think you were going to spend the rest of the day with the old toyman; and, if you had dared do so, I do not believe even Wilhelm would have unbarred the door for you, when you returned and knocked at it."

The girl whom she so harshly addressed, and who, while she was speaking, had cast aside her cloak, was young and fair; somewhat *embonpoint*, it is true, but with delicate features, eyes of a lovely blue, large and apt and intelligent, and fair hair, bright and abundant, which was gathered into a broad braid at the back part of her head. Her costume was the simple and picturesque one worn by the peasantry in the district where she dwelt, and consisted of a short full petticoat of dark blue stuff, and a crimson bodice fitted tightly to her figure; but made without sleeves, those of her chemise reaching from the shoulder to the elbow, leaving uncovered the round white arms, which were of a beauty to be coveted by many a high-born lady.

She moved, when disarrayed of her outer garment, towards the evergreens that lay in the corner, and began to disengage some half-formed garlands from the mass, saying, earnestly, in reply to her mistress—

"I was so sorry to stay, ma'am; but, indeed, I could not help it, for my poor uncle had passed a bad night, and was much worse. Grutchen, too, was away, and I had to kindle his fire and make gruel, and do many things for his comfort before I left him, or my going would have been of no use. But he seemed so much better when I came away, that I hope he will now be able to do without me; and I think he will, as Grutchen has promised to take what care of him she can."

The dame, somewhat appeased by this assurance, said, in a tone slightly softened—

"Good! Then I hope there will be no more of this gadding; for, if it had kept on, I verily believe there would have been a regular break between you and Wilhelm. As it is, you must have frittered away more of your savings than you ought to spare at this time, in buying dainties for the old man that he was never used to; and who, after all, cares not half so much for you as he does for one of his own paltry toys; so that I know not what sort of a figure you expect to make on your wedding-day, for sure I am your purse now can never reach the pretty bodice and lawn sleeves which we saw at Madame Eisenhart's the last time we were in the city."

"No, ma'am," said Katrine, quietly; "nor am I sorry to give up that which I always thought much too fine for one like me. Something simple will suit me better; and I trust Wilhelm will not love me the less for my plain attire."

"Perhaps not; nor any better," said the dame, with a scornful toss of her head. "Only have a care that Meta do not outshine you in his eyes, that is all."

And, seeing the painful blush which this insinuation brought to the poor girl's cheek, her tyrannical mistress turned away with a smile of satisfaction, and resumed, with new zeal, the culinary labors she had for a moment suspended, bidding Katrine make haste and complete the garlands, for she would not have such a litter of leaves and sticks about another day. The young girl, glad to be left unmolested, cheerfully obeyed, and proceeded to complete the garlands already commenced, and to weave others of different sizes, from the dark sprigs of fir and flexible branches of ivy, which had been gathered for the purpose, and among the green leaves of which she interspersed flowers, which she cut with amazing celerity, and in very good imitation of nature, from strips of various colored paper that lay on the table beside her. These beautiful wreaths—for beautiful they were—were designed to adorn the apartment in which, on that day week, Katrine was to plight her marriage vows to Wilhelm Getzler, the nephew of her mistress.

In Germany, these elegant decorations are indis-

pensable whenever any festival, either public or private, is to be celebrated. At a marriage or a funeral, and, above all, at the merry season of Christmas, every dwelling, from the palace of the prince to the hut of the meanest peasant, is hung with them, and the different flowers of which they are composed indicate as plainly as words the nature of the occasion they are intended to grace. In those which Katrine now wove, she twined the rose and the forget-me-not, with other symbolical blossoms of equally tender meaning; but often, as she silently plied her task, an unbidden tear fell from her eyes, and hung sparkling like a dew-drop on the dark leaves of the ivy, for her heart had not its wonted buoyancy, and it yielded to a strange presentiment that the garlands she was weaving for her own bridal were destined to grace that of another.

On the preceding morning, her lover had left her in anger, because she refused to accompany him to a fair, thinking it her duty, instead, to devote herself to her sick uncle, a poor and lonely old man, who was, besides, the only relative she had in the world. Since then she had not seen Wilhelm, and now, at the sound of every footstep, she turned her eye expectingly towards the door; but he came not. Noon passed, and he was still absent; and Katrine each moment felt more deeply how cruel was his unkindness, at a time especially when she most needed his affection and support.

But the temper which he thus exhibited heightened almost to agony a fear, which had often intruded itself, that her union with Wilhelm would be productive of unhappiness. She could not deny that he possessed too many of his aunt's unamiable traits of character, though he had a far more compassionate and kindly heart. Still, like her, he was irritated by the slightest opposition to his wishes; and, though rarely vindictive, yet any fancied neglect or injury roused in him a thirst for revenge, which, at any personal risk or inconvenience, he would find occasion to gratify. His disposition, also, was tinged with a degree of jealousy which often made him fancy a rival where none existed, and led him to the indulgence of feelings that had embittered to the confiding Katrine many hours of their intercourse, which might otherwise have been to both hours of golden enjoyment. Yet he had many redeeming points of character, and these had won her love. He was manly and generous, but too impulsive; industrious, too, and steady in his habits; and he sustained a probity which had gained the entire confidence of his employer, Hermann Desselldorf, a jeweler of repute in the city, who was so well satisfied with him that, more than once of late, he had given him reason to hope he might, in the course of another year, become a partner in the business. Desselldorf was also well pleased with the choice Wilhelm had made of a wife; for he saw Katrine at a grape-gathering in the autumn, and was so much struck with her modest and gentle demeanor, that he warmly con-

gratulated the lover on his prospects, recommended that the marriage should not be long delayed, and proposed when his mother, with whom he now resided, should leave him in the spring to live with a married daughter in Berlin, to make his home with them until he should possess one of his own.

Such was the present position of Katrine; and, notwithstanding the fears and doubts as to her future happiness, which would sometimes torment her, she still looked forward with pleasure to the termination of the weary bondage which, for six long years, she had endured beneath the sway of a harsh and exacting mistress. Grateful, indeed, she was for the shelter and protection that had been furnished to her, a helpless orphan, and for all the useful and practical knowledge she had been taught; and too humble she was to permit the thought that, by her industry, her docility, her excellent judgment, and good sense, she had more than repaid all the benefits which had been selfishly bestowed upon her. At the time when Katrine became an inmate of the farm-house, she was living with her uncle, to whose charge, when she was about seven or eight years old, she had been consigned by her widowed mother on her death-bed. This man, Hans Gassen, was a maker of toys, which he hawked about the country far and wide, obtaining thereby, as appeared from his habits, but a mean and scanty livelihood. While his sister lived, he occupied a corner in her humble dwelling; but, when she died, he took the child she had bequeathed to him, and who, with her mother, was the only living being that ever seemed to awaken one spark of affection in his breast, and renting a small garret in an obscure lane of the city, he removed thither with the little orphan, and for several years shared with her the poor pittance on which he himself subsisted.

Silent, and almost morose, as her uncle was in his demeanor, the child, early accustomed to his manner, entertained no dread of him, but domiciled herself at once in his miserable apartment; and, when the first tide of natural grief for her mother had subsided, began to take pride, young as she was, in exercising her female thrift, by seeking to impart an air of comfort to her new and desolate abode. Recalling ever the neatness of her own humble home, she strove, as far as she was able, to make that in which she now dwelt resemble it; laboring daily with her small hands to restore cleanliness to the dingy floor, and brightness to the rusty stove, which stood unlighted through many a wintry day, when a little genial warmth would have been a blessed boon to poor Katrine's tender limbs. But she never murmured or complained; and, if old Hans did but relax his rigid features into half a smile as he looked upon her, and say, as he sometimes did, "Good child! I would, for thy sake, this bitter poverty were not my lot; but God sends it, Katrine, and we must not repine at his will," it would seem to her that a sunbeam suddenly entered the dark garret, and made all bright within it.

There were days, however, when he scarcely

addressed to her a word, but sat mumbling unintelligibly to himself, as he carved and fashioned quaint figures of animals and men, which he soon taught the child to aid him in embellishing by a daub of paint, a shred or two of silk, or a tiny tuft of feathers, as each might require. In reward for her little labors, he once, in a fit of good humor, made her an image of St. Nicholas nearly a foot in height, which he placed on a shelf above her reach, that it might not be injured by handling; but in whose pouch at Christmas time some gift of sweetmeats or cakes was always found by the expecting child, the bounty not of her uncle, but of an old woman named Grutchen, who tenanted a room on the ground floor, and, with a little stock in trade of nuts and gingerbread, made out to earn the trifle which supported her. She was a kind-hearted creature, and felt such pity for the poor orphan, who, when the old man was away with his toys, remained often alone for weeks together, that she showed her all the kindness in her power, and from her small earnings furnished her with many little comforts, and even necessaries, without which, in her uncle's absence especially, Katrine must have suffered.

These acts on the part of Grutchen awakened the strongest gratitude and affection in the young girl's heart, and she longed for the time to arrive when she might be able, in some measure, to repay her good friend's kindness, and also to alleviate the poverty of her uncle. For, notwithstanding his constant traffic in toys, going forth often with his baskets full, and returning with them empty, the profits of his sales were never exhibited; on the contrary, he complained ever of bad bargains, and of his heavy traveling expenses, which, since people had grown so inhospitable, consumed all, except a few kreutzers, that he could earn. Sometimes she thought he actually grudged her the poor morsel she ate, for he would give divers hints of her growing stout and tall, and of the need there was of her learning to earn her own living; hints that did not pass unheeded by Katrine; for, though she sometimes wept that her only relative should be willing to cast her off to the charity of a strange world, yet the wish to be instructed in such employments as belonged to her station and her sex, and as would enable her to provide for herself and aid those who had shown her such kindness as was in their power, daily gained strength within her, and matured into a fixed and earnest purpose.

To effect this was now her object, and, though Grutchen promised to lend her aid, the Providence that shapes our course presented her an occasion of so doing sooner than she had hoped.

One bitter December evening, pinched with cold and hunger—for a crust of black bread and a draught of sour whey, her morning meal, were all which had that day passed her lips—she was returning from the neighboring village, whither she had been to carry home some Christmas toys which her uncle had promised, when she met Wilhelm Getzler, then a tall stripling of fourteen, accompanied by his aunt.

Dame Walframm, with whom he had been to attend a christening in the city. The dame cast a cold glance on poor Katrine as she passed, but the boy eyed her with a look of interest, not unmingled with pity, and, pausing, said—

"Stop, good aunt, I have my pocket full of cakes, and this poor child, I am sure, looks as if she could eat some."

"Cakes, indeed!" echoed the unfeeling woman.

"It were small charity, boy, to let her taste the difference between them and the musty bread which is her daily fare. Come on; we are yet half a mile from home, and the sun has just set behind the hills."

"Wait one moment," said the lad, as he slipped half a dozen cakes into Katrine's hand, who thanked him with a smile that broke like sunshine over her features, and gave to Wilhelm such a revelation of her beauty that he called out, eagerly, "Pray wait, aunt, a moment, it is such a fair child! Her eyes are the color of the sky, and her hair is so smooth and bright, though her patched clothes show how very poor she is."

The dame, at this, slackened her pace somewhat, while Wilhelm asked Katrine a few questions, which she answered with such truthful simplicity, that he again, and still more earnestly, appealed to his companion to stop, adding, as a powerful motive for her compliance—

"You have been searching, good aunt, for a young damsel to assist you in household cares, and here we happen on the very one, who, I warrant me, will serve you well."

Caught by anything which promised convenience or advantage to herself, the selfish woman turned back, and, fixing her keen eye on Katrine, asked her several questions touching her age and condition, to all of which she replied in a manner that evinced equal ingenuousness and cleverness. The dame well knew old Hans and his toys, and, withal, moved with some touch of pity towards a child doomed to live with such a sour and sordid wretch, she proposed to take her at once into her service, and to "do well by her," provided she proved herself industrious and obedient. This Katrine readily promised; and, pleased so readily to have obtained the situation she desired, and to be able to free her uncle from what he thought the burden of her maintenance, she proceeded on her homeward way with a light step and a lighter heart, which was rendered even more buoyant, when she related her adventure, by the approval she met with both from Hans and her friend Grutchen.

In a week after this, Katrine entered on her new vocation, and in it she proved herself faithful and diligent; patient, too, and sweet tempered, under all the provocations she was forced to endure from a mistress whose imperious temper, and often unjust requisitions, tested her severely. But, in her trials, she had the consolation of feeling that though often blamed, often, too, when she least deserved it, yet, in reality, her mistress appreciated her services

and her endeavors; nor was it seldom that she had the triumph of seeing her unswerving gentleness subdue the turbulent temper that strove to exert over her an arbitrary power. To do right was her constant aim, and her standard of right was the only true one—the precepts and example of Christ.

From the day on which her service at the farm commenced, she had found in Wilhelm Getzler a firm and true friend, ever ready to take her part, and to shield her, as far as was in his power, from blame. And this protecting kindness on his part, and the gratitude it awoke on hers, changed gradually into a warm and tender attachment, which ended in a betrothal. Dame Walframm, however, had set her heart upon Wilhelm's marrying Meta Kuhstall, the pretty, but vain daughter of a wealthy neighbor, who would bring him a substantial dowry, and, for a time, she violently opposed the proposed union. But her nephew had a will as strong as her own; and, in this instance, it proved stronger, for she found herself forced to yield to his wishes; and, secretly convinced that the choice he had made would insure his happiness, she at length not only sanctioned it, but, as the time fixed for the marriage approached, she showed her interest by engaging earnestly in preparations for the event.

All was going on smoothly and promised well, till old Hans was taken ill; and Katrine, though at this busy time her hands and her heart found full employment at home, felt it her duty to go and attend him. In this laudable purpose she was strenuously opposed both by her mistress and her lover; but, with all her gentleness, she possessed a firmness of purpose and a strength of principle which, when the voice of conscience told her she was right, forbade her being swerved from the path of duty, either by the threatenings of anger or the persuasions of affection. For several days, therefore, she remained beside the old man's sick bed, ministering to his comfort, and generously encroaching on the little board which she had long been saving to purchase her marriage outfit, that she might provide him such things as his situation required. All this caused much disturbance to the inmates of the farm-house; and when at night, leaving her uncle to the care of Grutchen, she returned thither, it was but to meet reproaches from her mistress, and cold or averted looks from her lover. Her refusal to accompany him to the fair had filled up the measure of his discontent, and he purposely absented himself from the farm, in order to inflict upon her a punishment which she did not deserve.

But her meek spirit had learned of Him, who preached forgiveness of injuries, to endure wrong and injustice with patience. So all day long she went on weaving garlands for her bridal, listening in vain hope for her lover's footfall, and striving to banish the secret misgivings that seemed to whisper of some approaching calamity. "He will come to-night, surely," she said, inwardly, "and all will be well; and, in one week!"—she checked herself; for

there was a prophetic feeling in her heart which forbade her to speak with assurance, even mentally, of the event that was in her thoughts. At that moment the outer door opened, and Katrine turned quickly round, confidently expecting to behold Wilhelm; but it was old Grutchen, and she knew that her evil apprehensions were about to be realized.

"Your uncle is worse, child, and has sent me to fetch you," said the old woman. "He has had an ill turn since you left him, and I do not think he can hold out much longer; so you had best hasten, for it is not well to leave him lying there alone."

"I will come immediately, good Grutchen," she said. "My task is finished for to-day, so that I suppose I may be spared."

"Not with *my* leave!" exclaimed her mistress. "This woman can take care of old Hans as well as yourself, and your duty is *here*, where I command you to stay."

"But I promised my poor uncle, ma'am. I promised him if he grew worse to return to him," said Katrine, pleadingly; "and I cannot think you will forbid my doing this, now that perhaps his last hour has arrived."

"No, I will not forbid you," said the dame; "but let me tell you that, if you persist in going, you not only incur my anger, but you run the risk of losing Wilhelm for ever. He is already vexed by your conduct, and this act will not do much to appease him."

"I cannot help it; no, I cannot," exclaimed the poor girl, earnestly. "And if he forsakes me because I do my duty, I ought willingly, perhaps, to give him up."

"Give him up, ha!" shouted her mistress; "and for a miserly old man, who grudged you a shelter beneath his roof, and cares no more for you—no, nor so much as he does for the trumpery toys that he spends his life in making."

"And if he does not," said Katrine, mildly, "that is no reason why I should desert him, now when he is helpless and alone. He gave me a home when I was homeless, and I will show my gratitude by doing for him all that I can do while he lies upon this bed of sickness."

"And supposing he dies; you will take upon yourself, I suppose, to see that he has decent burial," said the dame, in a tone of derision.

"I have promised him to do so, ma'am; and I will keep my word."

"Promised him!" echoed her mistress. "The girl is a fool! Leave his old carcass to be dealt with by public charity, I tell you: else, if you expend all your earnings in burying it, what have you left to buy your wedding gear, and the few household articles which every decent maiden expects to carry into her husband's house on the day of her bridal?"

"Nothing, indeed, ma'am. Still, I must so act as to keep my conscience void of offence, if I would know happiness in my new home. And, if Wilhelm loves me as he once did, he will wait till"—

"Wait, forsooth!" interrupted her mistress, contemptuously. "No, that will he not; and he would be an ass if he did, when pretty Meta Kuhstall, with a richer dowry than ever Katrine Von Keefer will bring him, stands ready to become his bride at the first word of asking."

A bright glow spread itself over Katrine's fair cheek at these words, and her heart swelled as though it would burst her bodice; but, controlling her emotion, she said, in a voice tremulous, yet always gentle—

"And, if I thought another could be so easily chosen to fill my place, it would but render easier to me the performance of a sacred duty; nor ought I to feel any sorrow at his loss, if he can forsake me because I persist in doing what is right."

"Hoity toity, wench!" exclaimed Dame Walframm, bursting with rage. "Things have come to a pretty pass when one like you takes such airs upon herself. When Wilhelm Getzler first stooped to mate himself with you, I told him he would live to see the folly of it, for it is an old saying and a true one, that the crane cannot build in the dove's nest. And now go, if you will; but, harkee, if you are not back here betimes in the morning, it is small matter whether you come at all. But we will not, for that, have our merry-making spoiled. Meta can arrange the garlands; and, if you choose to sit moping in the old miser's garret, I warrant me Wilhelm will not be fool enough to hang his harp upon the willow because of your absence."

As she said these words, she flung out of the kitchen in a towering passion; while Katrine, accustomed as she was to similar storms, trembled at the consequences of this, aware that, in quitting the house under such circumstances, she might not only provoke Wilhelm to desert her, but also forfeit the protection of a home which had long sheltered her, and thus condemn herself to the desolate and friendless condition of her childhood. An instant she wavered, yet but an instant; for a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "Be not tempted of evil;" and, throwing her cloak over her shoulders, she bade the maid-servant, who pursued her work through all this scene with the most stolid indifference, tell Dame Walframm she should, if possible, be back by sunrise, and then sallied forth with Grutchen from the door of the farm-house.

The early part of the day had been clear and serene; but, as evening approached, the weather had changed, the sky wore a dull, leaden hue, the wind whistled shrilly through the leafless trees, and large flakes of snow floated in the air, all indicating the rapid coming on of a winter storm. It was more than a mile to the entrance of the suburb in which old Hans dwelt, and part of the way they had to traverse a bleak open country, where there was neither tree nor hill to break the icy force of the blasts, which every moment became more cutting and severe. Katrine, however, had too many subjects of sad and gloomy thought within to feel much discomfort from the war of the elements

Her only concern was for poor old Grutchen; but she was hardy and vigorous for her years, and she trudged on bravely by her companion's side till they reached the outskirts of the city, when the clouds, which for some time had been collecting in a dark mass, suddenly poured forth their contents in a fierce tempest of wind and hail, which compelled the wayfarers to seek shelter beneath a deserted stall, where some half dozen persons had already, like themselves, fled for temporary refuge. It was nearly dark, so that she could not distinguish any of the group within; but, as she stood looking forth from the end of the stall, Wilhelm, who occupied an opposite corner without her perceiving him, approached and said, suddenly, in her ear—

"This is a stormy night for you to be wandering abroad, Katrine, and with such a companion, too, as that ugly old woman; though, to be sure, her looks are enough to keep danger at a distance."

There was something in this cruel ridicule of her good friend that grated sorely upon Katrine's tender feelings; but, observing at once the sullen ill-humor evident in her lover's tone, she said, gently—

"You know, Wilhelm, all is not gold that glitters, neither is all dross that shines not so brightly as gold. Grutchen was so kind as to come for me through the cold, because my poor uncle is worse, and wished much to see me. Otherwise I should not have come out to-night, especially as I fear I have much displeased your aunt by doing so."

"Oh, your first duty, of course, is to old Hans; and, doubtless, he will endow you with all his worldly goods when he dies, as a rich reward for your care," said Wilhelm, tauntingly.

Katrine made no reply, but she raised her eyes to his with a look of mild reproach, which he felt, though he could not see it distinctly; but it brought a blush of shame to his cheek; and, angered still more by the hot suffusion, he said, peremptorily, but in a low tone, to avoid being overheard—

"I am tired of this foolery, Katrine! For a week past you have been almost the whole time with this old uncle of yours, so that you have found hardly a moment to bestow on me. You remember, I suppose, that a week from this night is the time fixed for our wedding; but how is it to take place if you do not stay at home to make ready for it?"

"I know not," said Katrine, with a perplexed air—"I know not, indeed, unless you will consent to delay it for a few weeks, till I can have more leisure to prepare."

"Delay it!" said Wilhelm, indignantly; "and just for the sake of an old man to whom you owe nothing."

"I owe him much, Wilhelm; and, if I did not, he is my mother's brother. She loved him, and bade me be to him a daughter. And I should be unworthy to take upon me the duties of a wife, if I could leave him to suffer and die alone while I thought only of my own happiness."

"But, before a week has passed, he may be dead and buried, foolish girl; and then will you sit and weep for him, rather than go to the altar, even if ill prepared, with your affianced husband?"

"Then, Wilhelm," she said, hesitatingly, "his illness and his funeral will have consumed so much of my little wealth that it will be beyond my power to appear as you would wish your bride should do. Therefore I have counted upon your love to defer our marriage for a few weeks, or months, perhaps, till my industry can repair this want, when we may plight our hearts and hands free from self-reproach, and with a surer prospect of happiness than could be mine, at least, if I yielded to your wishes now."

"You have counted many times on my love, Katrine, and it did not deceive you; but for once you have counted in vain," he said, in an excited tone. "And let me tell you, too, that I think your excuse a false one; ay, ever since the day of the grape-gathering, when Hermann Desseldorf turned your head with his flattery, you have not been like yourself. But I warn you not to raise your hopes to him, for his pride would quickly dash them to the earth. One word more, and I have done." And, in a deep, low voice, he added, "There *shall* be a bridal on this day week, and it shall be mine—yours, too, if you will—but, if not, there is another whom you know, and she shall stand in your place!"

As he finished these words, without waiting for a reply, he turned from her and disappeared in the darkness without. Katrine remained for a moment transfixed by amazement, and almost unable to believe she had heard aright those threatening words; but still they sounded harshly in her ears, and her heart swelled almost to bursting, and scalding tears fell fast from her eyes as she recalled their cruel purport. The voice of Grutchen, urging her to proceed on their way, as the violence of the brief storm had now abated, aroused her from her momentary torpor, and she followed her from the stall, which all had left, except one individual, who sat with his head bowed down, seemingly asleep, upon an empty bench.

It was quite dark by the time Katrine reached her uncle's attic, the door of which stood ajar; and, assuming a cheerful look, she pushed it softly open and entered. All was still within the miserable chamber, and it was with difficulty she found a match with which to strike a light; for the fire, during Grutchen's absence, had gone quite out in the stove, and the old man lay extended on his narrow pallet apparently insensible, and actually blue with the cold. Katrine's kind heart ached as she gazed on him, and, forgetting in his misery her own secret troubles, she cast aside her cloak, and rekindling the fire, warmed a little of the soup which she had brought with her, and fed him gently with a few spoonfuls of the nourishing liquid. It seemed at once to revive him, for he swallowed it eagerly; and shortly opening his eyes, he fixed them upon her with a look of affection which she had seldom

seen in them before, and which at this moment touched her deeply. Bending towards him, she said, soothingly—

"I have come to nurse you, dear uncle, and I will not leave you again till you are well."

He smiled faintly, and, pressing her hand, murmured, "Good child! good child!" Then, yielding to the drowsiness which crept over him, he closed his eyes and sank into a deep sleep. Katrine sat by him till late in the evening, and then spreading her bed on the floor beside his, she lay down, wearied in mind and body, to seek the repose she needed. But the cold looks and withering words of Wilhelm haunted her, and would have driven sleep from her eyes, even had the wants of the sick man, which obliged her frequently to rise, permitted her to enjoy it. With the first dawn of morning she was up, and, by her neat-handed industry, soon imparted to the squalid chamber an air of cleanliness and order, which ever carries with it, in the humblest dwelling, some idea of comfort.

Day after day passed on with slight apparent change in old Hans, who lay most of the time in a sort of stupor, except when aroused by his kind nurse to take the spoonful of soup, or the drop of wine, which she offered him. To leave him in this state and return to the farm-house was impossible; but, hoping the anger of Dame Walframm was somewhat mollified by a night of rest, she dispatched Grutchen thither, the day after she left it, to say she would be back as soon as possible, but at present she could not leave her uncle, who was very ill, and, in all probability, would live but a short time. The answer she received from her mistress was, "That, as she had left the farm against her advice, she might wait till she was sent for before she showed herself there again." A message which, even had she been at liberty, would have forbidden her venturing there uncalled.

Neither did Wilhelm seek her at her post of duty; but, several times during these lonely days, a basket containing comforting articles of food for the sick, and wholesome ones for the well, was thrust inside the chamber door, and, before the bearer of these bounties could be discovered, he, or she, had disappeared down the narrow and crooked staircase, and escaped unseen. But, to her lover's thoughtful affection, Katrine's faithful heart ascribed these gifts—erroneously, as it afterwards proved. But, at that time of doubt and suffering, this belief spared her the pain of supposing herself an object of his utter neglect. Yet it could not prevent her feeling deeply wounded by his total absence. Angry as he was when they parted, she had such faith in his love that she confidently thought it would shortly quench his resentment, and that he would seek her to ask her forgiveness for his unworthy insinuations, and to encourage her, as he should have done from the first, in the performance of her self-sacrificing and arduous duty.

But he came not; and the week was wearing fast away, at the termination of which their mar-

riage was to be solemnized. Silently she suffered, and not even to Grutchen, who came always at night to relieve her weary watches, did she breathe a word of murmur or complaint. Cheerfully she devoted, not only her time and strength, but most of the little sum which was to have been her wedding portion, to relieve the wants of her poor relative, and to make in his last hours all things quiet and comfortable about him. And grateful to her heart were the expressions of love towards her which, even in his few moments of consciousness, broke from his lips; and grateful, too, was she that He, who so sorely tried her, also gave her strength to overcome temptation, and joy in the consciousness of having faithfully performed her duty.

And so arrived the day which was to make Katrine a wife, and its earliest dawn found her watching beside her uncle's dying bed, who, it was now apparent, had not many hours to live. Grutchen had left her at daybreak; and, as she sat alone, her mind filled with thoughts of that solemn future which extends beyond the curtain of time—whose events seemed to her at this moment, in comparison, but as the trifles of children—a low tap at the door aroused her; and, opening it, she started on beholding Wilhelm. His look was grave, and, as soon as she appeared, he said, coldly, and without any other greeting—

"Katrine, this is the day named for our marriage, and I come now to know your final determination respecting it. I have kept away on purpose that you might have time to reflect, before I asked again if you intend this day to fulfil your solemn promise. Tell me briefly, yes or no; for the question must be decided *now*."

"Wilhelm, my poor uncle is dying, and you will not, I am sure, ask me to leave him alone at such a moment," she said, gently.

"I am answered, then; and you refuse to fulfil your engagement?" he said, sternly.

"I cannot fulfil it now," she said, firmly. "No, not at present, Wilhelm; and the reason why I would delay it for a while I have told you, and trusted you would approve."

"But I do not," he said, angrily. "I think it a false excuse. My aunt has all things in readiness for a wedding, and I will not be balked by your folly. We must be married this night, or not at all!"

"Let it be not at all, then!" said Katrine, her meek spirit roused by his unfeeling conduct. "If you loved me as you once did, you would not wound me by such bitter words; and, if I am no longer dear to you, it is better, yes, far better, that we should part."

Her voice faltered as she said this, and tears, which she could no longer restrain, poured from her eyes; but, unmoved by them, he replied, coldly—

"Be it so, Katrine; we are no longer bound to each other. Farewell, and may you not have cause to repent the words you have just now spoken!" And, so saying, he turned away and abruptly departed.

Katrine felt that the die was cast, and her fate finally decided; and, though stunned for a moment by the certainty that the fond hopes and plans of years were suddenly crushed for ever, yet indignation at the unjust and cruel treatment she had received soon dried up her tears, and mitigated the pain and mortification she endured. Towards evening Hans Gassen breathed his last; and that evening which was to have witnessed her gay bridal she spent, aided by Grutchen, in preparing for their last resting-place the mortal remains of her only earthly relative. She had often promised the old man during his lifetime, and again in his last sickness, that he should not be buried by public charity, a circumstance which he seemed greatly to dread. This promise it was, of course, her purpose to fulfil, though she knew that the funeral expenses would empty her slender purse of the last kreutzer, and then furnish an insufficient sum without the sale of all the movables which the meagre apartment contained.

These, therefore, were disposed of by Grutchen to a friend of hers, who wished to rent the room, and the trifle they brought was considerably paid before possession was given, by the new occupant. On the day succeeding his death, the toy-maker was buried, and the funeral, through the exertions of his dutiful niece, was conducted decently and in order. Many persons in Hans's own walk in life, in whose humble dwellings he with his baskets of toys had long been a familiar guest, and always a welcome one to the younger members of the household, came to pay a last tribute to his poor remains, and to lay on his coffin the scanty garlands which, throughout Germany, are the universal testimony of respect and affection at the grave, and of joy and gladness at every festive gathering.

Slight reason, indeed, had Katrine to regret the loss of her sordid relative, yet his image was so closely associated with all her childish recollections, and so linked with the memory of her mother, that he seemed to her the only being on whom she had any claim; and, now that he was gone, she felt that she stood alone in the world, unconnected by any tie of blood with one individual of the human family, nor likely, now that Wilhelm had proved false to her, to form those new and endearing ties which it is the natural desire of every woman's heart to cement. Oppressed with the sense of her loneliness, she returned, sorrowful and sad, from the grave of her uncle to the desolate garret, from which he had been borne forth never more to return.

She was homeless and forsaken—for-saken of all save her Father in heaven, in whom she had early learned to place her trust, and in whose ear, casting herself upon her knees beside the bed where her uncle had expired, she poured forth the prayer of a wounded and humble heart, and besought of Him strength to sustain her in all the trials of her life, and a trusting faith to guide her safely in her lonely pilgrimage to the blessed haven of her rest. Long

and earnestly she prayed; and, in that hour of still and fervent communion with her Maker, he seemed to draw nigh unto her, and to be, indeed, a present reality to her soul. When she arose, her before troubled countenance was bright and serene, and though traces of tears were in her eyes, their glance was upward, and the light on which they gazed shed its divine radiance into the innermost recesses of her spirit, filling it with that calm peace, that trusting hope which earth gives not, nor can take away.

The shades of twilight had deepened while she remained at her devotions, and the chamber, when she arose, would have been profoundly dark, but for the dancing flame which shone through the crevices of the stove, into which she had cast a few fagots on her entrance, for the night was damp and chill, and they still continued blazing, illuminating with their friendly gleam the low and narrow room. As she turned around, she started on beholding the figure of a man, standing in a broad stream of light that issued from the mouth of the stove. He was earnestly regarding her; and perceiving at a glance that it was not Wilhelm Getzler, as she at first supposed, she was passing in alarm to the door when he moved towards her, and said, in a gentle voice—

"Do not be frightened, Katrine; I mean you no harm; but I wish to speak with you for a few moments, if you will grant me leave."

The soothing tone of the speaker, together with another hasty look, reassured her, for she instantly recognized in him Wilhelm's master, Hermann Desseldorf.

"I pray you to forgive me," he continued, "for intruding on your privacy. I knocked twice, and, receiving no answer, ventured to enter, for the door stood partly open, and I was desirous of seeing you to-night."

"There needs no excuse, sir," said Katrine, slightly agitated. "But I trust you bring me no ill tidings; nothing of—of"—she hesitated, deeply blushing, and he finished the sentence for her.

"Of Wilhelm Getzler, you would say. No, nothing, Katrine, that ought to cause you disturbance." He paused a moment, and then added, "But you know, perhaps, that he was married last night to Meta Kuhstall?"

A faint exclamation fell from the poor girl's lips at this confirmation of her lover's faithlessness, and, turning deadly pale, she grasped the back of the chair beside which she stood for support.

"Nay, you do not well to regret such a one," said the jeweler, kindly. "He is not worthy of you, Katrine; had he been, he would not have loved you the better for your resolution, at all risks, to do your duty, instead of basely deserting you, as he has done, in a time of trial and of trouble. You marvel how I know all this; but I was among the group in the old stall when you took shelter there from the storm, and will you forgive me when I tell you that I suffered myself to overhear the conversa-

tion which there passed between you and your unworthy lover? And, having heard that, you may be sure I have let nothing relating to your conduct, or to Wilhelm's, pass without my observation since. But do not think that, in thus acting, I was stimulated by idle curiosity. Some particulars had come to my knowledge of the tyranny exercised over you by Dame Waliramm, and the meek spirit with which you endured it; this called forth my interest in your welfare, which I thought was to be secured by your union with Wilhelm, till the night of meeting you in the stall, when all that I heard from him changed my opinion, and convinced me that I had been mistaken. I am aware also of the cruel neglect with which he has treated you since you have been in attendance on your uncle, and of his visit to you yesterday morning; also of what passed between you, as it was related to me by one, a good friend of yours, who overheard all. Notwithstanding which, I confess I was somewhat surprised to learn to-day that he really put his threat in execution, and was married last night. Heaven help the foolish girl who has been rash enough to wed him under such circumstances!—though well, indeed, does she deserve the fate which you have been so fortunate as to escape."

"Oh, sir," said Katrine, brushing away the falling tears, "I can forgive his faithlessness to me, for sure I am he was urged to it by his aunt, who had ever a desire that he should marry Meta. But he does not love her; and I fear that wretchedness will be the portion of both."

"And, if so, it will be no more than they deserve, Katrine; they who sow the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind; for, even in this life, there is a just retribution to the evil and the good, not perhaps in outward circumstances, but in the goadings or the peace of the ever-living conscience. Enough now of him; let me speak to you a moment of yourself. Tell me, and truly, if you have any friend to lend you aid in this your hour of need and desolation?"

"None, sir, upon earth, except the poor woman who lives below, and she has ever been to me a true and generous friend since the lonely days of my childhood. But I should be ungrateful to repine at my lot while health and strength are granted me to earn for myself an honest livelihood; and this I must now strive to do by seeking service with some kind mistress, who will give me the quiet shelter of a home."

"Since such is your intention," said the young man, "I can forthwith direct you to one who will not only protect you from wrong, but love and cherish you for the goodness which they, who have it not themselves, know not how to prize in you. My mother, Katrine, is at this very moment in search of a young girl like yourself to manage for her the concerns of her household; and, if it is your choice to accept this situation, I promise that you will find her service no irksome task. In six months she goes to Berlin to reside with my sister,

and you shall then accompany her thither, or, if you prefer remaining here, we will then provide for you another kind mistress and a peaceful home."

Tears of joy filled Katrine's eyes at this proposal, and her heart leaped up in gratitude to her heavenly Father for his protecting care and love. For a moment, however, the remembrance of Wilhelm's unjust taunt respecting his master's flattery, which, in truth, had never been administered to her, came like a cloud upon this brightening gleam of fortune; but instantly the thought arose, "Why should I let a few angry words bar me from the home whose door God has opened to me in my misfortunes?" And, casting away all fear of ridicule or reproach, she said, with grateful earnestness—

"Oh, sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness to me, a poor and friendless girl? for, to become even the servant of Madame Desseldorf, of her whose goodness is the praise of all tongues, is greater happiness than I deserve."

"Not her servant, Katrine, but her friend and her companion," said Hermann, touched by the poor girl's deep emotion. "She knows the story of your wrongs and trials, and it is by her wish that I make you this proposal. Shall we consider it all settled, and may I tell her that you will be with her to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, I have nothing now to keep me here," she said, glancing sadly round the room; "and such a change will be a blessing to me."

"And is there anything here that you wish to take with you, or to dis-possess of before you go, Katrine?"

"Nothing, sir, except this small box, which holds all my wardrobe, and which I can take in my hand. The little furniture which the room contains, poor as it is, has been sold, and the trifle which it brought is already expended in defraying necessary expenses."

"Still, if there be anything, Katrine, though, in truth, there does not seem much here that one would covet—still, if there be the slightest article which you would like to keep in memory of your uncle, I pray you to say so, and let me have the privilege of leaving the price of it here, where its first purchaser may find it."

"Ah, sir, your goodness makes a child of me," she said, brushing away the grateful tears as she spoke; "but I need not take advantage of it, as the only thing which my uncle himself gave me I have kept, and intend to take with me. It is the image of St. Nicholas which stands yonder, a mere toy, and of no value to any one except myself. But he made it for me when I was a child, and I recollect his telling me that it was all he should ever bequeath me, and that I must never part with it, nor must I ever, while he lived, remove it from the shelf where it now stands."

"That was an odd whim of the old man's," said the jeweler, as, moving across the room, he laid his hand on the image to lift it up; but it resisted his efforts to raise it from its place.

"It is fastened to the shelf, sir, to prevent its being overturned by accident," said Katrine; "though, indeed, there was small danger of that, as the platform on which the figure stands is filled with lead, to render it firm and steady."

"He must have had a great reverence for the old saint, who, I hope, in return, was very lavish of his gifts at Christmas time," said the jeweler, smiling. "But I must be going. Our bargain is sealed, Katrine, is it not, and I may tell my mother to expect you before noon to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, I will not fail to come," she said; and, bidding her good night, he hurried away.

Katrine slept sweetly that night, for she dreamed that her mother stood beside her, wearing a resplendent crown, and that, as she gazed on it wondering, the beautiful spirit said, "It is a crown of glory now, Katrine; but it was woven from the thorns of earth." When she awoke, those words were ringing in her ears, and she felt that a voice from Heaven had spoken to her spirit, giving it new faith and courage to press fearlessly on in the arduous path of duty.

At the appointed hour, she repaired to the abode of Madame Desseldorf, where she was received with a kindness and cordiality which, as she had ever been a stranger to it before, moved her almost to tears. The family, besides Hermann and his mother, consisted of two little girls of eight and ten, his sisters, a maid-servant, and a boy; and the appearance of everything in the household indicated order, harmony, and peace. Katrine's duties were light, but responsible: she was invested with the keys of the cellar and the pantry; she had also the oversight of the kitchen, and, when not actively employed there or elsewhere, she sat at her needle with Madame Desseldorf, who was sometimes engaged in the instruction of her young daughters, and often read aloud, to the great delight and edification of Katrine, who possessed an intelligent and inquiring mind, that thirsted eagerly for knowledge.

Never had the poor girl known such happiness as she now enjoyed; and, though sometimes the remembrance of Wilhelm fell like a shadow upon the sunshine of her heart, his cruel and unmanly conduct towards her had struck at the very root of her affection, and, almost unconsciously to herself, withered its verdant promise to the dust. But not desolate was left the soil in which it had flourished, for in it sprang up new and sweet affections, which were daily nourished by the kind words and kinder acts of those among whom she felt it a blessing to abide.

Nor was it long before all in that family circle felt and acknowledged the enhanced comfort and cheerfulness of their home, since she had become its inmate. It seemed ever as if their very wishes were anticipated by her; the children, especially, idolized her; and her industry, her neatness, and, above all, her constant good humor, were like perpetual sunshine, diffusing gladness and serenity through the whole household. There were mo-

ments when Katrine trembled, lest some untoward circumstance should occur to disturb this peaceful and happy life. She knew the vindictive temper of her former mistress, and from that quarter only she dreaded evil. But her new friends were resolved to protect her from any claim or assault that might be made against her. But, as it happened, none were brought; for Dame Walframm, conscious that she could not justify her treatment of the poor girl, studiously avoided every place where she might possibly stand a chance of meeting either Hermann or his mother; while Wilhelm, ashamed of his base conduct, and already punished for it by the fretful and selfish temper of his wife, which made his home a scene of constant discord and confusion, feared even to show himself in the presence of his master.

Day after day, under some paltry pretence, he forbore to appear in his wonted place of business, till Hermann, understanding but too well the motive of his continued absence, which pronounced his self-condemnation, dismissed him, without requiring an interview, from his employ, and immediately engaged another to fill his place. Angry, indeed, he was at being thus discharged; but this was only the commencement of his misfortunes, for, though he rented a small shop in another part of the city and began business for himself, he never prospered. Meta quarreled with his aunt, and so far involved him in her dispute that both were banished from the house, and forbidden ever to set foot in it again; while his own home was so wretched that the unhappy husband fell into irregular and intemperate habits, which soon completed the ruin that his first departure from truth and principle had originated.

Hermann marked the fall of one whom he had so trusted and esteemed with sorrow; but he never pronounced his name in Katrine's presence, exceedingly anxious that the wound she had received should be closed without irritation by the balm of kindness and affection. Day by day, he saw her growing more cheerful and gay, till the pity with which he at first regarded her warmed, as he marked the beautiful consistency of her character, and the perfect simplicity and singleness of her heart, into a feeling of deep and ardent attachment. Nor was she slow to mark the daily life of Hermann, and grew familiar with all his generous and noble qualities. The contrast between him and Wilhelm struck her forcibly; but she was not conscious that the pleasure which his presence in the domestic circle gave her arose from any sentiment more tender than gratitude, till he one day told her simply and directly that he loved her, and had his mother's sanction for asking her to become his wife. Then the veil fell from her heart, and, though startled to find that another had so soon displaced Wilhelm, she did not say him nay.

The engagement made, it was soon settled that the marriage should take place early in the spring, that Katrine might be installed in her new dignity before Madame Desseldorf set out for Berlin. But,

as Christmas was just at hand, all preparations for the expected event were deferred till its gayeties were over; and this year, on account of their brother's betrothal, the little girls were to have more than their usual share of sport. Christmas eve came, and a family party, young and old—for she had a score of relatives in the city—were assembled at Madame Desseldorf's. Katrine's skill and taste had been put in requisition for the occasion; and, the moment tea was over in the dining-hall, at the sound of a bell, the children, hearing the sound, clapped their hands with joy, and the elders of the company arose, in delighted expectation, and advanced towards the door of the little saloon.

It flew open, presenting a scene of light and beauty that almost verified the glowing pictures of fairyland. Lovely garlands intermixed with lamps adorned the walls, and at the far end of the room stood a table, crescent-formed, and covered with a drapery of scarlet cloth, on which were laid gifts for every individual present, of every variety, and adapted to suit every taste. From the centre of the table arose the Christmas tree in all its sheen, tapering and verdant, loaded with innumerable toys, with gilded fruit, and with delicate confectionery, that hung from every twig, and illuminated with a hundred wax tapers of various colors, that gleamed among the rich green foliage with a soft and star-like lustre. Beneath the boughs of the tree, on a carpet of emerald moss, stood the image of St. Nicholas; for the children said, "Good Pelznichel," as he is called in Germany, "should be present to witness our pleasure when we receive his bounteous gifts;" and, to please them, Katrine brought the figure forth from her chamber and placed it on the table, to preside over the festivities of the evening.

Exclamations of surprise and pleasure burst from every lip when this scene was revealed to them, and young and old, after the first delighted survey was over, hastened to claim and admire the gifts which were appropriated to each. Katrine had seen and arranged them all; but little was she prepared for the sight of that which was designed for herself, and which had been left on the table after she quitted the room; nor did she now perceive it till, amidst a general cry of joyful surprise, every finger pointed to St. Nicholas, who stood half enveloped in the light folds of a bridal dress, which lay at his feet, on which was inscribed, "To Katrine, from her guardian saint;" towards this he pointed with one hand, and with the other held forth the marriage crown of orange blossoms.

Katrine, heedless of the congratulations poured into her ear by every one around, gazed on the beautiful gift for a moment in utter astonishment; then her full heart swelled almost to bursting, for she knew well the kind and generous hand from whence came that beautiful gift; and, with eyes

filled to the brim, she turned towards Madame Desseldorf, and throwing her arms around her neck, pressed her quivering lips in silence on her cheek.

"It is a blessed saint, Katrine," said her kind friend, as she smilingly returned her caress; "for he has brought bright hours and happy hearts to us all since the hour in which our roof first sheltered him."

She was interrupted by a sound as of metal falling on the floor, accompanied by a burst of surprise still louder than any which had preceded it; and, pressing through the group in the centre of the room, she saw her nephew, Carl Hansell, holding in his hand the head and shoulders of St. Nicholas, the lower part of the image, as he raised it from the table, having been forced off by its weight, and, as it fell to the floor, a perfect shower of gold poured forth from its capacious aperture.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Madame Desseldorf; and, springing forward, she snatched up a small slip of paper which her quick eye discerned among the glittering heap. Holding it up to the light, she read these words—

"To Katrine Von Keefer, my dutiful niece, as the reward of her goodness and affection, I leave the sum of one thousand louis, contained in the image of St. Nicholas, which my hands fashioned for her in her childhood. It is the earnings of my labor. May she live long to enjoy it!

(Signed)

"HANS GASSEN."

Touched to the heart by this proof of her poor uncle's love, Katrine murmured, as she leaned weeping on the shoulder of her lover—

"Would he had used this wealth to make his own life comfortable! I need it not, since sure I am that this dowry of gold will render me no dearer to the generous heart which sought me in my poverty and grief."

"You are right, dear Katrine," whispered Hermann; "as I first loved you, so I love you now, in all fortunes the same; for I know that the soul which, like yours, has learned to rise above the earth, cannot be tainted by its dross."

"A thousand louis, Katrine! See what it is to be good," shouted Carl, at this moment, after having counted the sum upon the table. "But who would have thought," he added, "of ever looking in this old image for such a treasure? It is enough to make one take to the worship of saints for the rest of their lives."

With these words, the gay party obeyed the call to supper, where the health of Hermann and his fortunate bride was drank amid many warm wishes for their prosperity and happiness; wishes which were amply fulfilled in their union, which proved one of such rare harmony and felicity as can only be the result of practical piety and virtue.

"YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "BOARDING-HOUSE POLITICS," ETC. ETC.

"Though 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er."

Old Song.

"You will find your clean muslins in the prune box, in the first tray, my love," said Mrs. Palmer, pointing to the large traveling trunk that had just been brought to the door. "They are in excellent order, and I would advise you to keep them so. By looking them over before you send them to the wash, and setting a stitch here and there, it can easily be done. A stitch in time saves nine, you know. And be sure you write from Boston."

"Yes, mamma," the daughter answered dutifully to these closing maternal instructions.

"The Gorams will no doubt be waiting for you with their carriage at the depot; and you will find a nice lunch in your hand-basket, so you need not leave the cars at Springfield. If you wear your pink muslin in Boston, be very careful about the dounces when you pack it again. I was quarter of an hour last night in getting them so there was no danger of rumpling. And do be careful about that Swiss lawn. It will never look so well again after it is washed. If you need a blanket shawl this winter write home before the box goes; and be sure you send your measure, if those shoes give out. I do hope the Gorams will get my letter! I am quite distressed about your having to go on alone; but I console myself with the reflection that it is not necessary for you to change cars, even; and you know the route so perfectly."

"Yes, mamma," Miss Flora returned again, evidently much more interested in the non-arrival of the expected cab than the parting counsel of her only parent. "Oh, here it comes!" she called out, with more animation than had before been exhibited, as her brother Howard appeared mounted beside the driver of the belated vehicle.

She caught up a green veil, the hand-basket, and a Harper novel, which was to beguile the tediousness of the day's solitary journey, and, in a moment more, had left the threshold of home as unconsciously and as carelessly as if she were parting for a day instead of the long autumn term. Her mother's affectionate kiss was hastily returned, and her little sister Nannie shrunk away, mortified and hurt that there was none proffered to her. Our young heroine was too much excited with the prospect of her first independent journey to feel very deeply the trifling inconvenience of parting; and, while her mother returned to her deserted apartment to see if anything had been left, and to deplore for the fortieth time that Mr Jones had not told them he

had delayed his trip, in time to procure another escort for Flora, the subject of her reveries was busily entertaining her brother, some five years older than herself, with anecdotes of the students, who were permitted to call on them once a week, particularly Frank Goram, the brother of her friend Lucy. "He was certainly the most stylish of them all. So particular about his gloves, and had the loveliest little cane with a dog's head on it." Howard seemed to think he must be quite worth knowing, and pulled up his stiff collar with a nod of approval.

"Oh, you must come to our next examination," continued his sister; "I've talked to the girls so much about you. Jane Harrison says if you are anything like me, you must be *magnificent*. She is such a sweet girl! She *never flatters*; and I hate flattery; don't you, Howard? Then Elise—you don't know what a time I had to get her to let me have her miniature when I came home. She was so afraid I would show it to you. And I begged, and *teazed*, and promised. To tell the truth, I don't like her brother at all, though we corresponded in postscripts all last winter. When I came to see him, oh my! if you'll believe it, he had red hair, and a wart near his nose! But he writes sweet poetry; and I have a *splendid* original piece he sent me for my album, called, 'I'll think of thee! I'll think of thee!' and it tells about 'morning gilding bower and tree,' and 'twilight over mount and lea,' and winds up with, 'dost thou ever think of me?' Jane said she should consider it quite a declaration; but I never thought he was serious, of course."

There's no telling how far Howard might have been enlightened upon the subject of his sister's correspondents and admirers, if they had not by this time reached the depot, where she was eagerly occupied in looking for a seat "on the shady side of the car, that did not ride backwards, and was near the centre, as she believed that to be safest." Then she actually bethought herself to send her love to her mother, and, with a hope Howard would write soon, and a last caution from him not to put her head out of the window while the train was in motion, the brother and sister parted.

The term had already commenced at Rockhill Seminary, and the stage deposited Miss Flora, *solus*, at its white wooden, Grecian portico. She was one of the leaders, by virtue of vacations always passed in the city, a box of jewelry, all the new fashions, and a package of dainties from home every

half term, sent by her fond and ever-thoughtful mother. No wonder that she had been "dreadfully missed" in the opening week, and that she believed it when the girls crowded round and told her so. Flora, as the *lionée* of the hour, was quite in her element. First, her hair was examined. "Oh, *would* she show them how to do those elegant Grecian braids? Only Jane Harrison knew how to do it, and she wouldn't show a soul." Then the charms suspended to her watch-chain were brought into notice, with exclamations of delight over the "lovely little slipper! the *sweet* silver mug! the *splendid* agate heart! and the *magnificent* coral toothpick!" And the fortunate Flora had a new brooch, and had learned to do the Mazurka on her visit to New York, and had actually been at the theatre! Last, but not least, those charming black velvet rosettes and bracelets on her wrist! Every one of the forty-nine young ladies was determined to have some just like them the next day, they made the hand look so small and white. The demand for velvet ribbon in play hours astonished the two shopkeepers at Rockhill village; but the supply was small, and only thirty-two were fortunate enough to procure any.

But, amid the hubbub of welcomes and criticism, Flora found time to whisper to Elise, her roommate, with a glance so significant that it answered the purpose of a telegraph, that "she had something to tell her. *Such a secret!*" And Elise intuitively comprehended that the only subject of such great importance must be a lover. Long before the study-bell rang, which dispatched the forty-nine to their respective apartments, she was fully prepared for a confession of a declaration at least. Still it was something of a shock, as she was a year older than her friend, and no such prospect before her, when Flora, after listening carefully until the footsteps of the monitor died away in the distance, threw herself blushing into her arms, and murmured—

"Oh, Elise, will you believe it? I am *engaged!* actually engaged! And oh, *he* is so handsome!"

Flora wanted a month of sixteen; Elise (Eliza was the baptismal name, but discarded as too unromantic the instant she entered Rockhill Seminary) was almost seventeen. Still, next to being engaged herself, it was lovely to be a confidante, and never was there a more attentive listener to a recital.

"To begin at the very beginning," commenced the interesting *fiancée*. "I must tell you that Mr. Jones, who was to take me from Albany to Boston, put off going to the very last minute; and, as the term had commenced, mamma did not like to have me wait any longer. So she wrote to the Gorams—you know they were old friends ever so many years ago, and she 's so delighted at our intimacy, Frank and Lucy and I—so she wrote to them that I would be there on Thursday evening (I had promised Lucy the visit), and would they meet me at the cars. Mamma was dreadfully worried at the idea of my going alone, as if I couldn't take care of myself one day! Howard went to the depot with

me. Oh, you don't know how he wants to see you, Elise, and asked all manner of questions about you! and he 's coming on next examination, if nothing happens, just on purpose. Oh, you ought to see our Howard!"

"I should *admire* to!" replied the susceptible young lady. "But do go on, darling, I'm so interested!"

"Well, after Howard was gone, and I had waved my handkerchief from the window till he was out of sight, I took a good look around the cars, as I always do when I travel, to see what sort of people there were. But there was nobody worth knowing. I am sure, except a young lady in a brown merino traveling-dress, and one of those sweet changeable *barège* veils that are so fashionable now—but she was quite at the other end, and got out at Stockbridge—and three gentlemen. Two were sitting together, and had short coats with great bronze buttons, and a gun and two dogs. I thought they were quite agreeable at first, though I changed my mind afterwards. But the other! Oh, Elise! he had dark hair, almost black, and a little curly; a forehead as white as marble, and so high! splendid teeth when he smiled; and eyes that looked right through you. His whiskers were perfect; and, you know, teeth and whiskers are my special admiration. I don't know how it was, but, the moment my eyes lighted on him, what you said flashed across my mind—'Depend upon it, Flora, you will have some interesting adventures. I should not wonder if you were to come back engaged.' But I did not dare to look up much, for every time I did his eyes met mine. Wasn't it curious? So I took out 'Self-Devotion,' and my new pearl paper-cutter, and began to read; but, somehow, I felt his eyes on me every minute; though it wasn't a rude stare, like those gentlemen with the dogs. I know I must have been looking very well; for I insisted on riding in my new cashmere—don't you think it's made sweetly?—and my white chip was always very becoming; though mamma, at first, wished me to wear my school-bonnet, and put this in my bonnet-box. It was very warm, and I had my gloves off, and I saw he kept watching my hand every time I moved it. At last we got to Springfield. Everybody got out of the cars to go to dinner but me. I felt so lonely; and I watched *him* go up those long stairs to the refreshment-room, and then I put my head down on the seat and thought it all over, and how soon we should be parted, and perhaps I never should see him again.

"Presently some one came and asked me if he should procure me anything from the refreshment-room. It was a nice old gentleman I had noticed on the next seat. He was so polite that I did not mind troubling him for a glass of ice water; and, what do you think, Elise, *he* brought it!"

"Wasn't that what he offered to do?"

"Oh, you don't understand me! He—Alfred Lincoln. Isn't it a sweet name?—though he has another last name I shall not tell any one yet.

Well, my heart was in my mouth, and I'm sure I must have acted foolishly; for I spilled the water all over my dress, and he politely offered to dry it for me, and then he remarked that I appeared to be fatigued—had I traveled far? And I answered, 'From Albany; and it was so disagreeable to travel alone; only our term had commenced, and I could not wait for escort.' It was only natural for him to ask, 'What school?' And when I told him Rock-hill, he said, 'Ah, indeed! his cousin had been there, Almira Lincoln.' You don't remember her; it was just before you came. That made us acquainted at once; though, to tell the truth, I never could bear Almira, she was so coarse and vulgar. But her cousin's not a bit like her; and he asked if he might take the seat next to me, which was very kind, as I was traveling all alone. But when those creatures with the gun came in again, they nodded and winked to each other when they saw it. I wonder that I thought them in the least degree interesting.

"It did not seem ten minutes from Springfield to Boston. He took such excellent care of me, and insisted on holding my basket, and put on my shawl for me as it began to grow dark. I told him about brother Howard, and that he was like a father to me since my father died. And he asked if my father was the firm of Lambert, Palmer & Co., and said how high they stood. So he knew all about us, and spoke of papa's death quite touchingly, and said he had been considered one of the wealthiest men in Albany; and that he was an orphan, and had no one to love in the world, for his sister was dead (he had crape upon his hat), and I was so like her; I had reminded him of her the instant he saw me. And how sad it was to be alone in the world! Oh, I wanted to comfort him so much! But just then the cars stopped, and Mr. Goram was there, and seeing Alfred—he wishes me to call him Alfred always—there, he said he was glad I had not been obliged to come alone, after all, and that he should be happy to see any of my friends at his house. You know what a kind-hearted old gentleman he is, and Alfred said he should be only too happy, and so we parted; and he gave me such a look! I saw he was thinking of his sister. Oh dear, was that the ten o'clock bell?"

It was, indeed, the signal for retiring, which they dared not disobey; but, as their busy hands unfastened buttons and pins, Flora continued her story rapidly. How Alfred had called, and even Lucy said he was handsome; but not quite what she had expected (Lucy had said "so gentlemanly"), and she had agreed not to explain to her father what a little while Flora had known him. And every evening that week he managed to have some excuse for calling; and, at last, there was a ride to Mount Austin only the day before, and they happened to get left behind, and he had commenced talking about his sister; and then (while she trembled so she could hardly stand) he had begged her to let him love her for his sister's sake, and one of these days

he must love her for his own; for he had loved her at first sight in the cars, all the while she was thinking about him.

"Oh, Elise, it was just like what people say in novels, and my heart beat so fast, and he held my hand, and I hardly knew what I said; only I pitied him, and felt as I never had before, and, before I knew it, I had promised to write to him, and he is to be on again in three months; and ah, he is so handsome!"

"But how will you get your letters, love? You know Miss Wakeman sees all that comes, and she will write to your mother about it," said the more prudent Elise, as the young ladies looked over each other's shoulders to tie their caps by the little mirror—a habit young ladies have, though to what end, as the light was put out immediately, I never could discover.

"Oh, I shall make Howard my confidant; and, as for my letters, I told him to direct them to Frank Goram's care, as he is allowed to bring Lucy's to me."

"Poor Frank!" murmured Elise, with a very sleepy sigh, and she had an indistinct vision of hearts caught in the rebound.

But her room-mate was too intent upon other things to notice it, and recommenced her recital about Alfred offering to show her letters to prove all he had said about his property and standing. But, of course, she did not doubt him for an instant, and would not look at them. "Only it was so noble in him!" And he was going to keep a farm, he said, that he had been about to sell, near Buffalo, where his business was, and would build a country-house: a lovely cottage *ornée*, with a Swiss balcony, and stained glass windows, and it would be all ready for her by the time she left school. "And you shall pay us such nice long visits, Elise! Elise, are you sleepy?"

"Oh, not in the least, love; do go on." But the tone belied the words; and, to Flora's next ejaculation, "Oh, Elise, how long the next three months will seem! and how shall I ever go on with that hateful algebra and Latin grammar?" a decidedly nasal breathing was the only response.

Dull enough it was for the young *fancie*, her mind full of charming visions of her handsome lover, engagement rings, and bridal finery, to pore through the tediousness of quadratic equations, or the mysteries of Latin syntax. She moved among her young companions as though she was separated from them by some mysterious spell, which they sought in vain to penetrate; for, though Elise gave many mysterious allusions to "things she could tell, if she only chose, that would make them stare!" she was in the main a tolerably faithful confidante, and gloried in the rare school-girl reputation of being able to keep a secret. Only once Miss Flora's heart misgave her. It was when Frank Goram came for the package she had brought from home, looking so bright and cheerful, and glad to see her. She hesitated, she scarcely knew why, to tell him

all that she intended to. All his brotherly kindness rushed through her mind, and he said so joyfully, "My mother likes you so much, Flora! and Lucy says she loves you already as a sister! I knew they would!" She felt involuntarily that he would not look upon her engagement as she had done; but the hope of a letter very soon, and the vision of her lover's handsome eyes looking so admiringly into hers, gave her courage.

Nor was she mistaken; the young man characterized as "particular about his gloves," had equally nice ideas about propriety, and looked so hurt and grieved, that Flora began to fear she had been acting very foolishly. However, he promised to bring her letters if she would write to her brother Howard all she had told him, and agree to act as he decided; for, though he did not know him, save through Flora's letters, he was sure the judgment would be a proper one.

So Frank Goram departed in downcast mood, very different from the cheerful elasticity of his arrival; and Flora sobbed herself to sleep that night, notwithstanding the comfortings of Elise; but awoke to count, on her fingers, how many days before she might hope for a letter from Buffalo.

The very next Saturday afternoon Frank Goram called again with a paper for her, which he had just received at the post-office directed to his care. To be sure, the address was in an awkward, sprawling hand, but that was the fault of the directing clerk in the publication office, no doubt, and—there was an inclosure, which Flora hastily secreted, while Frank read the title of the newspaper with an exclamation of surprise. It was a Sunday print, not exactly low, but very little removed from vulgarity. This he could not help pointing out to her; but Flora warmly defended the cause by saying, "Alfred was, no doubt, in haste, and had taken the first in his way, to show her that she was not forgotten." Besides, she was "dying," as Elise would say, to examine her treasure, and replied somewhat tartly. Frank, in no very placid mood, responded; and thus, for the first time in an intimacy of two years, they parted in anger.

But what cared Flora, as she double locked her door, and drew closer the window curtain to avoid the possibility of prying eyes? And then the little package was torn open, and, lying in its soft bed of wool, was the engagement ring he had promised to send by the very first opportunity. A diamond at least she had expected, perhaps a cluster, and she could not but confess to a feeling of chagrin and disappointment when a common purple topaz, in a tawdry setting, and by far too large, met her gaze! What would Elise say, after all her boasts of his wealth and elegance? But here again "haste" was a cloak to cover the apparent sin against good taste, and she eagerly turned the paper over and over for some written word, and discovered at last upon the margin, "For you, my angel—will write from Buffalo." Sunday paper or not, she pressed these first words of endearment to her lips, and read

and re-read a trifling little love poem on the first page, that had two distinct ink marks drawn entirely around it.

A long, long week dragged by. The letter to Howard, containing a full account of her adventures, was written and dispatched. Still not a word from Alfred, and a restless anxiety took the place of Flora's usual careless light-heartedness. Even the principal noticed it, and inquired if she would see Dr. Otis; and the girls came to the conclusion she had grown terribly ill-natured and selfish. Her lessons were imperfectly learned, her room marked day after day as not in order, and she woke from short feverish dreams to sigh over the restraints of school, and build air castles for the time when, her own mistress, she should be the indulged, flattered, and petted wife of "her own Alfred." Frank Goram had not called since the evening of their quarrel. Elise was growing weary of her fretfulness and indifference, and the foolish child began, for the first time, to feel that weary sickness of heart real sorrow brings to so many.

She was watching the footpath from the village one lonely autumn evening, the sickly doubts and fancies hurrying through her mind, when she saw Frank Goram approaching. He did not smile, as usual, when he caught her eye, or respond to her eagerness when she hurried to the parlor the moment he was announced. It was Wednesday, a holiday afternoon, and the only one on which the students were permitted to visit them. Frank scarcely stayed for the usual courtesies of society; but, with a distant bow and salutation, placed some letters in her hands.

She did not look at them until her own room was gained, and then tearing off the envelop of one post-marked "Buffalo," almost devoured its contents.

The first love letter! Who does not remember the thrill of happiness with which it was received, when knowing that your hands hold the sweet message that is to tell you how much you are beloved? when the thirst of your heart is to be quenched by the tide of that fervent devotion, unrestrained now, but heretofore pent up by looks, and murmured words, and half-checked sighs! And you have it there—no one can tear it from you, or blot out the precious words—and you slowly open it, fearing to end the bright dream, longing, yet trembling as you read, through a mist of tears, the first blessed words, "My own!"

Poor Flora! It was not the fault of the directing clerk now; for the same untutored, ungentelemanly handwriting covered the two pages on which she read—

"MY SWEET MISS FLORA.

i hasten to write to you, for i am Anxious to know How you bore your journey. i did not get to Buffalo til night before last Owing to a freshet which carriad of the rails, and broke the bridge. but i have Never ceased to think of you. And all your sweet looks and Smiles my angel. i wish you was here

now. I have got so much to tell you. my farm is coming On beautiful, and I told them to hev a horse broke for a side saddle, i was so impatient to feel as if you might Be cantering along side of me. Won't you let me come before the 3 months is up. it seems a grate while to wait. i hope them lovely cheeks is as red as ever. they are just like the roses On my farm in june. you must write to me Soon and beleve me yours till deth."

And Flora's delicate chirography must go to answer words like these! Was this from the same mind that spoke so eloquently of loss and loneliness? So eloquently that she had overlooked, although it grated on her ear, the slight grammatical inaccuracy which she could but confess she had noticed. Poor Flora! It must be some wretched trick played upon her; and, scarcely understanding what it was, she broke the seal of the next letter. It was from Lucy Goram, complaining that she had not heard a word from her since her departure, and closing with—

"Now, dear Flora, I must beg your pardon for not keeping my promise about Mr. Lincoln. It never seemed right not to tell mamma, and yesterday she was wondering why your mother did not mention him in her letter. And then I said that he was a cousin of a friend of yours you had met on the way, and mamma looked troubled, and said she hoped he was a proper acquaintance; but both she and papa had noticed, notwithstanding his easy manner, that he did not seem a *born gentleman*, and she was glad he had left town." Though he did not call here even to say good-by, after you left, which, I must confess, I thought was singular, after he had been so much at home in the family. Now, if I have hurt your feelings I hope you will forgive me; for, indeed, I love you dearly, and always shall."

The last was from her brother; and, borne down by disappointment and mortification, she scarcely had strength to read it. It was a plain setting forth of the imprudence she had been guilty of; for her brother evidently supposed her admirer to be a mere adventurer. By the mercantile agency, he had discovered no person by the name—for Flora had still withheld the last and unromantic patronymic "Johnson"—was in business in Buffalo. The letter concluded with a positive refusal, sanctioned by her mother, to allow any correspondence with the person wherever he might be. "What must he think of you?—what will your friends think of you?—what must you think of *yourself*?"—was the detonator with which this characteristic and fiery epistle terminated.

She was too weak and ill to think of anything, but to hide all the letters and creep wearily to bed; and it was many a day before she left it to join her schoolmates once more. The previous anxiety and uncertainty, the shock of the mortification and reproof were too much for her; and, when she ap-

peared once more, her beautiful hair cut short upon her temples, there was a subdued and humble sadness in her pale face that won instant pity, though they knew not the fault by which her suffering was incurred; no one but poor Frank Goram, who burst into tears when he saw her, and sobbed like a girl.

That was a long time since, when Grecian braids and changeable *barege* veils were fashionable, and charms were first imported from Paris. Any lady can tell you the precise year. But the past summer, scarcely three months ago, a bridal party alighted at one of the principal hotels in Buffalo, and were ushered, after a short delay, into a suite of elegant apartments engaged by them—not until the bride had caught sight of a man directing the porter with the baggage, who afterwards disappeared within the office. Her fair face flushed in a moment, and deepened to crimson as she heard her brother say—

"The bar-keeper will attend to all that for us, Frank. He seems to be a very clever fellow. Johnson is his name."

"Did you see him, Lucy?" she whispered to a young girl at her side.

"Who?" inquired Lucy Goram, innocently; for Howard was the only person that seemed of consequence enough in her eyes to call forth any enthusiasm.

"Oh, nothing. Never mind, then." And not until she was alone with her husband did she confess that, in the bar-tender of the — House, she had discovered the hero of her school-girl romance. Frank knew all, had forgiven it, and loved her despite her fault; but Howard did not dream that the man he had just been conversing with was the object of his wrath—whom he had vowed a hundred times "to horsewhip," if he ever met him. His position accounted for the ease of manner which gave him the outward appearance of a gentleman; but he was one of that class every day to be met with, who are voluble in conversation, but could not write a legible or correct business letter did their fortune depend upon it. Attracted by Flora's pretty face, and carried through by her boarding-school romance, her vanity, and inexperience, he had thought to connect himself with a family whose high standing he was well aware of; and the farm of which he had talked so much was that which supplied the hotel with butter and milk.

Flora saw him once again, as they left the following morning for Niagara; and watching, through the security of a thick veil, the bold, handsome face, so strong a contrast to Frank's intellectual beauty, she made most hearty inward resolutions that her pretty sister Nannie should never travel one day alone, and should be warned against indulging in that too common boarding-school error, a love of adventure and handsome strangers, or the idle chit-chat upon love and marriage, which leads to half the hurried

and ill-assorted unions for which our country is so distinguished. That one silly, conquest-loving school-girl has more influence over her companions than all the admonitions of home, Flora was well

aware; but, in the excess of her penitence, she was resolved Nannie should be faithfully warned, even if it were necessary for her to hear the story of her sister's fault and expiation.

HUGH EVANS; OR, THE YOUNG STATESMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WREATHS AND BRANCHES."

"Man is his own star."

"You must court the people more, or you will never succeed," said Mr. Warren, the politician.

"Then I shall fail," replied Evans. "To be elected would give me the greatest pleasure; but if my fellow-citizens cannot trust me, with their judgments unbiased, I shall not stoop to win their favor."

"You are too proud, too independent! Unless that high spirit can bend a little, you must renounce all idea of preferment. The opposite party are continually acting against you, and defensive measures on your part place you on the same footing as if both rested solely on their own merits. When you shall have attained a high station, and become known to the public, you can wait, like Cincinnatus, for dignities to be pressed upon your acceptance."

"So you would have me promise, if I succeed, to renounce all independence, and become merely the tool of a party, never giving utterance to an opinion or sentiment till my most mighty masters give their permission! Mr. Warren, I tremble for my country, if her places of trust can only be obtained by such means."

"I agree with you," said Judge Davenport, who had listened to the debate with much interest, "in despising any means of preferment which honor and principle do not justify. But the times are peculiar—and what you would deem courting the people is merely necessary prudence. There is no meanness in mingling more freely with common minds, nor in explaining to your constituents how far your opinions coincide with those which they wish in their representative. Your demeanor is so aristocratic that it will be necessary to convince them that you do not consider yourself their superior, or intend to use them merely as stepping-stones to distinction."

"I deny that I am an aristocrat," replied Evans, warmly. "In our own country there should be no such class. My father was a plain, hard-working man, renowned only in mind, and respected for his worth alone. I pride myself on what I am individually, not on my rank in society. The superiority of one over another consists more in what he is capable of becoming by his own powers than in what he has been made by circumstances."

"Make such speeches as that at the next caucus, and you will surely succeed," said Mr. Warren,

smiling at his ardor. "You are fortunate in being an honest republican, for you can win favor without compromising your conscience."

"I shall not seek favor by expressing such sentiments," rejoined Evans.

Mr. Warren and Judge Davenport exchanged smiles at the independence of the young statesman; but the latter particularly rejoiced in the loftiness of his spirit, though it might, for a time, war with his interest.

As Evans returned home, through the quiet streets of Boston, he reflected deeply on the difficulties which beset him. "My mother was right," he mentally ejaculated, "in saying that there are sore temptations in the politician's path." There was music to him in the murmur of public applause, but the approbation of his own conscience was sweeter. His father had bequeathed to him a comfortable fortune, the fruit of honest and persevering labor, and an excellent home education had prepared him better for life than all the lore accumulated in the halls of learning. When, at the earliest age permitted by the law of Massachusetts, he was nominated as a candidate for Congress, a better representative could not be found of the New England man and the American gentleman. Among the *élite* of Boston, he was always a welcome guest, and though from them he imbibed some prejudices, they were not injurious to his character. It is ridiculous for Americans to endeavor to free themselves from all national characteristics. The traveled gentleman and lady delight in being mistaken for natives of France or England; but John Bull would reject with disdain the idea of passing for an American. We declare our country the finest on the globe, and enlarge on its advantages, but, instead of perfecting our national character, try to engrain upon it all that is foreign, and act as if we wished we had been born anywhere else. Let us imitate all that is praiseworthy in other nations, as we would copy the bright example of a friend, without losing, or desiring to lose, our own individuality.

Several distinguished strangers were visiting Boston, and the inhabitants vied in their attentions to them. It was a delightful evening when they met at Mr. Marshall's elegant dwelling.

The Cambridge faculty, the merchant princes,

the gentlemen of the bar, and many literary stars were there assembled. Mr. Marshall himself had, early in life, acquired a large fortune, with which he gratified his taste and generosity. He was a perfect gentleman of the old school in manners. His spacious mansion and splendid equipage seemed as naturally to belong to him as those of an English nobleman, and were equally free from pretension.

Among the invited guests of the evening, one family of some importance had not, at a late hour, arrived. It was that of Mr. Warren, one of the Senators of the United States, who had just returned from abroad. Mrs. W. was seated still in her daughter's dressing-room, watching, with intense interest, the operations of the toilet. She had tried in vain to persuade Olivia to wear a rich but gaudy dress, too much ornamented to suit a cultivated taste. One would have thought, from the fussy little woman's eagerness, that her respectability and happiness depended entirely upon appearance. The French maid stood waiting the decision, while part of the wardrobe just brought from Paris was held up for her inspection. Olivia Warren, as she sat in her *robe de chambre*, viewing the display with an amused smile, looked so surpassingly lovely that an observer would have seen at once that what she wore was of little consequence. The coiffure of her glossy brown hair was exceedingly simple, and when, after twisting the rich curls around her own taper fingers, she was about to place a natural white rose among them, an exclamation of surprise from her mother arrested her hand—

"Why, Olivia, you will make yourself a perfect fright! One would think you were fresh from the country instead of Paris. Where is the elegant bandeau which you wore at the Duchess of L—'s?"

"It would not look well, mother, with the dress I intend to wear, and it is altogether unsuitable for the occasion."

"I should like to know what dress you do intend to wear," exclaimed Mrs. Warren, in a vexed tone, "for it seems you have decided for yourself. I am sure your brother Adolph will be angry at that horrid little rose."

"Adolph is very foolish, but I hope in a short time his foreign affectation will vanish. I shall wear the rich white brocade with which you were so kind as to present me. You know my father thinks it becoming."

This last argument was conclusive; for, whenever Mr. Warren deigned to give an opinion as to matters of the toilette, his wife had no more to say. When Olivia was at last arrayed, even Adolph could find no fault.

As Mr. Marshall welcomed Miss Warren to his house, he saw, with delight, that her sweet simplicity was unimpaired, and her beauty heightened, during her absence from home. Not long after their entrance, he drew young Evans, who was a great favorite of his, from among a crowd of gentlemen, and asked him if he would not like to be presented to the accomplished Miss Warren. Though bold

as a lion when among his own sex, Hugh was actually timid when with ladies, and would rather come in contact with a meteor than a reigning belle.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," he said; "I have never seen the lady you mention; but I have an aversion to all literary ladies, traveled ladies, and great belles. How then could I intrude among the worshippers of one who includes all these characters?"

"I will not force an acquaintance upon you," replied Mr. Marshall, somewhat coldly, "which you should rather solicit as an honor. I suspect you dislike all ladies' society, and, if so, it is a stain upon your escutcheon."

"Indeed you wrong me. At this moment I am ardently desirous of an introduction to the lady who is conversing so earnestly with old Judge Davenport. I never saw so noble a face."

Mr. Marshall smiled, and, leading his friend to the spot, presented him to Miss Warren.

"Let me warn you," he added, mischievously glancing at Mr. Evans, "that, in order to please this gentleman, you must be silly, plain, and as little admired as possible. He hates literary ladies, traveled ladies, and great belles. I leave you to conquer his aversion."

Judge Davenport pitied the confession of his friend, and remarked, kindly, "that he could amuse Miss Warren notwithstanding the accusation; that Mr. Evans was a gentleman of good taste, and always open to conviction." Olivia now succeeded in dissipating his embarrassment, and before long he felt as if conversing with an old acquaintance. He was at length obliged to resign his station at her side to one of the many admirers who thronged to pay their devotions to the new star. The society of high-minded men had given to Miss Warren's character a tone and strength which it might otherwise have lacked. Self possessed, but modest, she listened to them with flattering attention when they spoke on important topics, or joined with playful wit in lighter conversation. Her father had done, what many great men have before and since, married a silly wife, and repented it all the rest of his days. Warned by his own sad experience, he had labored from Olivia's earliest years to enlarge and enrich her naturally capacious mind. It was strengthened by mathematics and other severe studies, and ornamented with graceful accomplishments. When his family went abroad, he had no fears lest her brain should be turned in the whirl of society, and now found that his confidence was well placed. While the public papers related the admiration which the beautiful American received, her letters, simple and affectionate as a child's, were filled with fine descriptions of scenery and works of art.

When Evans returned to his room that night, he walked to the glass and surveyed himself with considerable dissatisfaction. Then giving his collar rather a passionate twitch, and thrusting his long white fingers through the dark locks that fell over his high forehead, he sighed, whistled a few notes to himself, and fell back in a rocking chair, where

he remained some moments absorbed in thought. Then rising with his usual impetuous manner, he seized a pen, and wrote the following letter:—

"How often, dear mother, amidst the agitating scenes of my present life, do I long to fly to you! Certainly I am not fitted to endure the turmoil of a political career. It wears upon my health, and is destroying all peace of mind. Never, till now, did I feel the strength of Ambition. The mere prospect of distinction makes every nerve thrill with delight. The contest with principle has commenced, and I fear lest it yield to the foe. This morning I had determined to renounce the conflict, but now there is a reason why I cannot draw back. I have seen the being who is to rule my destiny. She is all that you most admire, but appears as far beyond my reach as the stars. The high-born of Europe have been at her feet; the proudest in America adore her. Yet my determination was made the moment that I saw this priceless jewel, to win it for my own. Do not think that she would require wealth or station to make her happy, but she is born for it, and I could not ask her to share obscurity. My friends advise me to court popularity more, but I were less worthy of Miss Warren's preference, in the highest office dishonorably obtained, than the poorest laborer who preserves an honest independence. No! ambition, even prompted by love, shall never make me stoop to meanness! I regard this election only as the first step on the political ladder. The office for which I am a candidate might satisfy some men itself; but I would stand in the Senate, not merely as a nominal member, but leading all by the power of irresistible eloquence. Forgive, dear mother, these vain thoughts. Perhaps I should have been a happier man if I had never left our quiet home. How different were my Sabbaths then! Now I bow the knee in worship, while my restless soul is lost in vain imaginings. Yet truly to increase the power of doing good was, at first, one of my motives for exertion. God forbid that such desires should vanish in mere efforts for self-aggrandizement! Will not the influence of such a being as Miss Warren neutralize the tendency of political strife? I feel that it will. You may smile, mother, when I tell you that this evening I have beheld this lady for the first time, but feel already that she is nearest yourself in the affections of your devoted son."

Olivia Warren would have smiled, too, had she read Mr. Evans' letter; yet she was romantic enough to believe in the possibility of such devotion. The morning after her introduction to him, Mr. Warren spoke highly of his talents, but regretted that his pride would stand in the way of his advancement.

Adolph declared that he thought the young man a decided bore, and Mrs. Warren wondered how he could employ so unfashionable a tailor. "How elegant young M. is," she added; "I do not wonder that he was so much admired abroad, especially in France."

"Nor I," said Olivia, somewhat sarcastically, "for he is as artificial, and as flippant, and as perfect a worshipper of self, as any Frenchman."

"Olivia, my love," remarked Mr. Warren, "that is rather too severe a speech to come from your pretty mouth; and such strictures on whole nations are marks of a narrow mind."

"I know it, father," she answered, frankly; "but my dislike to the French is invincible. Even the works of their profoundest philosophers seem to me tinctured with the same egotistical parade that marks the *petit maîtres*."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant to announce morning visitors.

Olivia, when first introduced to Mr. Evans, was somewhat piqued by hearing that she united all that he most disliked. Although no coquette, she determined he should change his opinion, for, accustomed to admiration, the idea of being an object of dislike to any gentleman was intolerable. Besides, there was such an entire freedom in his character from the affectation she despised, united with evident superiority of mind, that on further acquaintance she was still more anxious to overcome his prejudices.

"Mr. Evans," she said, some weeks after their first introduction, "will you tell me frankly why you dislike literary, traveled, and admired ladies? Have I the catalogue of your aversions correctly?"

"That was an unfortunate speech of mine, made before I had the honor of your acquaintance. But I can answer you freely, Miss Warren, for you have none of the faults which characterize those to whom I referred."

"That is to say, I am silly and ugly. Thank you! I should infer the former from your flattering me, when I wish to reason with you. Will you have the goodness, however, to treat me for a few moments like a plain Christian woman, and inform me, in the first place, why you dislike literary ladies?"

"Because they are apt to outstep the bounds which nature has assigned to them. Read the annals of our nation! See the petitions with long lists of female names, the advertisements of Abby Kelly, and you will be convinced that women are deserting their sphere. Their thirst for distinction destroys the reign of the affections. Miss Jewsbury's 'History of an Enthusiast,' to which I may refer, as it is the testimony of one of your own sex, expresses my ideas on the subject. Besides, I should think, there would be something repugnant to the delicacy of a lady, in the publicity which attaches itself to an authoress."

"A most unsound, unsatisfactory argument. Because some literary women have been ridiculous, you censure the whole class, mingling Miss Jewsbury, Abby Kelly, and the proudest souls who now and then blush to see themselves in print, in one heterogeneous mass. I really believe that men think the smaller the mind the larger the heart, and *versâ*. But proceed. Why do you dislike traveled ladies?"

"Because the ladies of no country are superior

to our own, and they are prepared for their duties in the land of their birth. But after a few years, residence abroad, their ideas of right and wrong are changed, and wherever the Americans differ from more polite nations, they believe them in fault. With French manners they adopt French morals; and, with nothing to support their pretensions, array themselves in the pride of the English aristocracy. After dwelling with those who esteem labor disgrace and indolence virtue, they return totally unfitted for domestic duties. American education best prepares our women for American homes, and only the strong mind can pass unhurt through the ordeal of foreign society."

"That last clause is for my benefit, I presume. It is a poor compliment to the United States to conclude that, from seeing other lands, we shall become discontented with our own. Think of the thousand avenues of pleasure which traveling opens to the soul."

"And would you change for these that ornament of woman, sweet simplicity? Oh! how I dislike these worldly, perfectly polished, perfectly heartless beings which every steamship is returning to us. Indeed, I almost doubt if the increasing facilities for traveling are a blessing."

"What a barbarian! If you have no wiser objection to beauty, I shall not think them worth conquering."

"I will only give you one of them. Belles are very selfish, and demand homage from all who approach them."

"Pray, Mr. Evans, do not attempt to argue before any of your constituents, or you will certainly lose your election. Your observations are all founded on the general rule that where one thing is, another cannot be; *ergo*, where mind is, heart is not; where foreign accomplishments are, American virtues are not; and, lastly, where beauty is, amiability cannot be. Alas, your logic was founded on a rule for matter, not human beings."

As she finished her summary of his arguments, Olivia looked a little mischievously at Evans, for she had determined to revenge herself for his contempt. He bit his lip with vexation, but, conquering his hasty spirit, said frankly—

"I am punished, Miss Warren, for my pettish dislike of those who deem themselves my superiors. The fact is, my pride revolts at any pretensions in a woman which may make her look down upon your humble servant. Your severity warns me never again to argue with a literary lady."

"Excuse me," she said, "if I seem severe; and let me assure you that I always speak with the most frankness to those for whom I have the highest esteem."

Such a glow of pleasure spread over the fine face of Hugh Evans as made it absolutely splendid; and Miss Warren did not need extraordinary discernment to read in his eye how dearly her esteem was prized.

The election returns were received, and Hugh

Evans pronounced the successful candidate. If his friends had pursued the same course which he adopted, the result might have been different; but their efforts were redoubled when they saw that he would not electioneer for himself. The young representative went, soon after the result was announced, to take leave of Miss Warren, preparatory to making a visit of some length to his mother. The cordiality with which she congratulated him, and her regret at parting, convinced him that she was not indifferent to his welfare. The resolution which he had formed not to offer his hand until more worthy of her acceptance vanished before her encouraging smiles. But, as his eye glanced around the splendid apartment, he thought, "Not yet."

Mrs. Evans received her son with open arms.

"Ah, Hugh," she said, "it is strange how young you still seem to me. I shall treat you as a boy, I fear, until you are forty." And the widow gazed upon her only son with proud affection.

"I hope you will never cease to do so. It is delightful to be a petted child again, after being jostled about among men. I shall want considerable soothing to wear off the effect of the last few weeks' contact with rude politicians."

"Has not Miss Warren's influence already done that?"

"It has done all that an angel's could; but it is for her sake that I wish to regain the fresh, untainted feelings of youth. I feel so world-worn. A few weeks' sojourn in our quiet home will prepare me better for the winter's campaign than months of study."

Those few weeks flew swiftly away in the society of his friends, although Miss Warren was not among them. He had many a merry romp with the neighboring children, and shook hands with the old farmers with a warmth and heartiness which no mere politician could imitate. There could not be a better specimen of a New England woman than Mrs. Evans. Her plain face beamed with intelligence, and her manners had that dignity which self-respect, founded upon mental and moral cultivation, alone ever gives. Though accustomed to the country, her native tact and feminine gentleness would have made her appear well in any society. She preferred the quiet village where she had always lived to the bustle of the city, and could not be persuaded to spend the winter in Washington. It was amusing to see the popularity of the young statesman among his plain relations. One old woman, an aunt of his mother's, who resided in the family, could talk of nothing else than "our Hugh."

"To think," she would say, "that he is as easy and natural-like as ever. He calls me Aunt Nabby, just as he used to; and, when he was bidding goodbye to all the great folks in Boston, remembered to buy me a real silver knitting-sheath. Was there ever such a boy!"

But, though Hugh Evans was accustomed himself to the plain manners of his country relations, one thought sometimes gave him a little uneasiness.

If he were ever successful in his love, how would Miss Warren endure an atmosphere so different from that to which she had been accustomed? He contrasted Aunt Nabby with the exquisite Adolph, and, though the former was certainly higher in the scale of being, a fastidious taste might prefer the latter. "But my mother," he said to himself, "she could not fail to love. There is nothing in her to which the most fastidious could object." This thought somewhat quieted his fears, and he hoped that Miss Warren would only be amused at the peculiarities of the rest of his friends.

The session of Congress had commenced, and there were many noble names upon the roll. For some time, the modesty becoming his age prevented Mr. Evans from taking any part in the debates; but at length the ice was broken. The leader of the opposing party had made a very eloquent speech upon a subject in which he was intensely interested, and the gentleman who intended to reply to it was taken suddenly ill. Another arose, and his remarks only injured his cause. "Save us from our friends," thought Hugh Evans, and, on the impulse of the moment, he took the floor. It would have been a rash movement if he had not before been well acquainted with the subject. The excitement under which he labored dispelled all diffidence, and gave him a fervid eloquence that astonished even those who had hoped much from his superior talents.

Miss Warren had accompanied her father to Washington, and was present on this occasion. She listened to Evans, with a countenance so varying and agitated, that it would have betrayed to those around her, if they had not been so much absorbed, her deep interest in the orator. Her countenance, bright with love and admiration, met his flashing eye, and gave him new inspiration. He finished with a thrilling address, and sat down, after speaking an hour, overwhelmed with applause.

At this moment, Miss Warren felt some one touch her shoulder, and, turning around, was accosted by one of the most *outré*-looking girls that ever graced the Capitol.

"Will you tell me, ma'am," she said, in a coarse voice, "if that is Hugh Evans who has been making such a smart speech?"

"It is," replied Miss Warren, with considerable *hauteur*, wondering what right her companion had to name, so familiarly, the hero of her imagination.

"There," continued the stranger, addressing a still coarser-looking woman, whose homely face projected from a bright yellow bonnet, "there, I told you so. It is old Tom Evans' son, the very fellow that you danced with at Su's wedding. You know that queer old woman, Nabby Williams; she is his own mother's aunt, and knit every pair of stockings he ever had on till he went to Boston. Who knows but he has a pair on of her knitting now?"

Miss Warren, who could not avoid hearing these remarks, grew pale with vexation, and, when Evans looked up to catch another glimpse of her animated face, it was turned away and the expression entire-

ly changed. She now returned home, and retired immediately to her own apartment. What were the relations of Hugh Evans to her that she should feel any mortification at hearing them thus discussed? Never, till this moment, had she known the strength of that pride which had been fostered from her earliest years. She had called her aversion to everything common, or vulgar, a love of refinement, and believed her respect for the high-born arose from their superior excellence. "I could not marry a man of low family," she had often remarked, "for it would make me really unhappy. I should be miserable in the society of his coarse relations, and could never love them as a woman ought to love those who are dear to her husband. What can be more disagreeable to a person of any refinement than to be connected with a set of low-bred people, all feeling at liberty to address her as if she were one of them!" Poor girl, such a fate would be hers, if she ever wedded Hugh Evans. That he loved her, she could not for a moment doubt, and his affection was fully reciprocated. Could she renounce him forever? He was himself such a perfect gentleman, and so much courted by the circle in which she moved, that no thought of this dilemma had ever entered her mind. Who could have dreamed that the Hugh Evans who had danced at country weddings with vulgar-looking girls, and grown up under the eye of an Aunt Nabby, could be the elegant young lawyer whose eloquence had thrilled through every heart? Miss Warren had learned one thing, that a man could be perfectly well bred who had not always belonged to a certain set in society. She knew that he was permanently settled in Boston; yet he would wish to see his relations there as often as possible. She was herself aware of the meanness of a different course of conduct, and would have despised him if he could have adopted it. Could she join her lot with his? There might be many respectable people among his friends, but still he was old Deacon Tom Evans' son, and had a horrible Aunt Nabby, who was always knitting blue yarn stockings. What would her mother and Adolph say to such a misalliance? Sometimes the proud girl would in heart accuse her lover of meanness in endeavoring to win her affections, when he was aware of these circumstances. "How dare he think," she would exclaim, "that I could give him my hand, in spite of his plebeian origin!" At that moment, the image of the young orator, as she had last seen him, rose to her mind; his elegant figure, so expressive in its graceful attitudes—that splendid face, beaming with intellect—and the cultivated voice pouring forth a silvery flow of chaste and beautiful language. She saw the baseness of her pride, and would have given worlds to conquer it; but the serpent erected its head, and coiled itself more tightly around its victim.

That evening Hugh Evans entered the President's drawing-room with his heart buoyant with hope. He had almost decided that his fate should be submitted to Miss Warren. Not that he thought he

had become worthy of her acceptance, but he could no longer deprive himself of the happiness which her smiles had promised. The object of his devotion stood in a conspicuous place, surrounded by admirers, but her eyes wore heavy and her cheek flushed. Her unusual self-possession, and evident indifference to admiration, had given place to a hurried manner and forced gayety. Hugh was astonished at the flattering attention with which she was listening to a young exquisite, whom she had always appeared to despise, and still more so, on forcing his way to the spot, by her cold averted eye. At that moment he was accosted by a vulgarly-dressed girl, who claimed his acquaintance, and he perceived Miss Warren was gazing upon her with a more sorrowful expression than he had ever seen upon her beautiful countenance. He did not at first recognize the lady, but, at a second glance, remembered an old school-mate named Anna Porter.

"You didn't know me, did you?" she said, grinning with delight. "I told Sally, to-day, that it must be you; but she could not believe it, till I asked that sorrowful-looking girl, with great blue eyes. I hope she sees now that I had a right to ask what your name was."

The lover would scarcely have recognized Miss Warren from this description, had not the finger of a clumsy glove pointed her out. It immediately occurred to him his companion might be in some way connected with the treatment he had received. In fact, he divined the truth, for one look of Miss Warren's had revealed more laughtiness than he dreamed of her possessing. His pride equalled her own, though nobler in kind. He felt indignant that, simply because two awkward girls had spoken of him as an acquaintance, any lady should feel at liberty thus to wound his feelings. Offering his arm to Miss Porter with as much respect as if to Miss Warren herself, he left the room without one glance at the latter, and devoted himself to his companion. The poor girl, who knew no gentleman in Washington but her father, was delighted to have found an acquaintance among the throng of strangers, and was voluble in her expressions of gratitude.

Towards the close of the evening, Mr. Evans and Miss Warren again met, but their interview was exceedingly constrained. As an awkward pause occurred in their conversation, one of the northern representatives passed them, escorting a very elegant woman and two very coarse-looking girls.

"What an ill-assorted group!" remarked Miss Warren: adding, with a great deal of emphasis, "the lady looks perfectly miserable, and, for my part, I can imagine no greater misfortune than to be in any way connected with such plebeians as her companions."

"I doubt," said Hugh, with considerable spirit, "whether they have had anything to do with her unhappiness, for Mrs. M. is a sensible woman, and is aware that such relations cannot detract from her respectability, while she may add to theirs. She is above the meanness, I can assure you, of

despising any one on account of the accident of birth, or because they lack the polish of society." Thus saying, he bowed coldly to Miss Warren, and from that time they met almost as strangers. He avoided society, and devoted himself to business, but Ambition had died in his breast. The hope of crowning laurels had been so associated with that of placing them at her feet, that now he almost loathed them. If he could have blamed himself for anything that had occurred, or thought of Miss Warren with the same respect as formerly, he might have given way to melancholy; but now, the idea that any woman should sacrifice affection for himself to family pride, made him too indignant to grieve. He could not conceive Olivia's feelings, for he had been accustomed to associate with men in every rank of life, and had no idea of the dread of anything coarse or vulgar which her education had given her. His sole object now was to fulfil his own duty, without regard to popularity or advancement.

For a time, every step gained new friends. Towards the close of the session, however, a question was started, of which he took a different view from the rest of his own party. With surprise he saw every member of the same political opinions arraying themselves on what he considered the wrong side. Firm in his integrity, he refused to co-operate with them, and threw the weight of his influence into the opposite scale. In vain they expostulated; he could not even consent to remain neutral, but gave his opinions in full, and the measure which he advocated was carried. The storm now burst upon his head. His political colleagues greeted him with bitterness, and the papers of his own party, blackening his character, denounced him as a traitor. Those of the opposition claimed him as a new ally; and no one gave him credit for acting from a sense of duty. The gentleman, to whose speech he had replied, considered himself injured by his remarks, and sent him a challenge. This he publicly declined, declaring that it was a disgrace to the United States, if a man could not speak his honest opinion, in her halls of legislature, without being expected to make reparation by violating the laws of God. Next came a letter from his constituents, expressing their astonishment at his ingratitude and want of fidelity. This he answered in a summary manner, by saying that he must resign his seat unless he might feel thenceforth at liberty to act as his own sense of duty dictated, without regard to party politics. In a letter to his mother, written at the same time, he expressed more fully his feelings on the subject. "Behold, my dear mother, your hero—his garments of glory trailing in the dust!—misrepresented and shamefully abused, simply for expressing his honest opinions. Even the most unworldly of my friends look upon me as a deluded being, led away by the chimera of a romantic imagination. They shake their wise heads and say, 'His political race is run.' To-day I have offered to resign my seat, but did not say how gladly I should do so. I wish to have the problem

solved, whether this country has become so degraded that no man can hope for honor or advancement who is true to himself and to her. Perhaps it were more heroic for me to remain until this question was decided, even if my own ruin was the answer. My pride, however, revolts at the step. No man shall say that he placed me in an office to carry out certain plans which I remained to frustrate. Oh! ye boyish dreams of patriotism and glory, where are ye? Again I repeat it, I was not made for political life. Yet do not think that I despair. 'Heart within and God o'er head,' is still my motto. However adverse the circumstances are which surround me, I never forget that they are all working out the wise purpose for which I was thus constituted. In the midst of these railing accusations, I feel new respect for myself, and strength of purpose. The session will close in a few days, and by that time it will be decided whether I shall return next winter. I can only make a flying visit home, but shall expect to find you in readiness to return with me to Boston. How I shall enjoy your dear society! I must even resign the poor substitute which my pen gives, for business presses. Ever yours."

Miss Warren had heard the history of this affair with deep interest. Her father was thoroughly vexed because Evans had acted what he thought an imprudent part, and "committed political suicide."

Mrs. Warren gave herself no trouble about the matter, but was delighted that any one, on whom her dear world frowned, had withdrawn from among her daughter's admirers. The poor woman was greatly distressed because Olivia would refuse all the brilliant offers which she received.

"You will certainly die an old maid," she exclaimed.

"The sooner the better," replied her daughter, with perfect nonchalance. The mother lifted up her eyes in pious horror at such depravity. Life was truly becoming a wearisome thing to Olivia Warren. The moment affection had been sacrificed to pride, the latter seemed to vanish. When she asked herself why she had renounced one whom she fervently loved, her reasons seemed absolute folly. Daily instances attracted her notice of men who had raised themselves from the humblest homes to the highest places of honor, and she saw that the obscurity of their origin did not seem to impair the happiness of wives as refined as herself. She discovered, when she learned the circumstances of his early life, that the loftiness of spirit and independence which she had wondered at in Hugh Evans, were fostered by those very circumstances. She looked at the sons of those who were now distinguished, and felt that they were not to fill their father's places. But, though despising her own weakness, she would not, by a look, seek to recall the lover, of whose devotion she felt unworthy.

The session of Congress closed, and the members returned to their homes.

Mr. Warren and his family were once again domesticated in — St., and his beautiful daughter was more admired than ever. Of late Miss Warren seldom appeared in public, partly on account of her health, which was delicate. Her mother was in agony, and declared that, unless Olivia went out more, her elegant dresses would be entirely out of fashion, and her beauty absolutely *passé*. What an awful catastrophe!

Adolph had again gone abroad, finding that his foreign affectation was becoming too common in America to be sufficiently appreciated.

One evening Mr. Warren requested his daughter to attend a small party at Mrs. Marshall's, as her husband lamented that his young favorite had withdrawn so much from society.

She consented, and was welcomed by Mr. Marshall with great delight. She was, as usual, soon surrounded by admirers, all curious to learn why she had withdrawn so much from the gay world.

"By the way," said one, "where is Evans? He seems to have taken the same dislike to parties that you have, Miss Warren."

"Oh! he is buried in the law," answered another. "Since his return, he has had more cases than any young man in the city."

"So that affair in Congress did him no harm."

"What did you think of his conduct, Miss Warren?"

"What every lady must. It was extremely noble."

"Ah! a very disinterested opinion, undoubtedly. It strikes me he used to be an admirer of yours."

"Rather, I was an admirer of his," replied Miss Warren, with perfect calmness.

At this moment Mr. Marshall approached her, and asked if she would allow him to present her to a friend of his. "She is a stranger in the city, and I know of no way in which I can make the evening pass so pleasantly as by introducing her to you," he gallantly remarked; adding, "I should not have dared to withdraw you from your admirers, had I not seen how little you prized their homage." Thus saying, he led her to a window where a middle-aged lady was seated, to whom he presented her, but in so low a tone that her name was inaudible.

"You do not know," she said, taking the vacant seat in the window, "how sincerely I thank you for aiding me to escape. I believe I must be growing misanthropic, the commonplaces of society are becoming so intolerable."

"Is there need of always talking commonplaces in society? I should hope, wherever Miss Warren went, she would surround herself with a purer atmosphere," remarked her companion.

"There seems to be a necessity, or else why do all these agreeable people confine themselves to it? That gentleman in the corner is one of our best poets, and could, if he would, pour forth perfect jewels of thought every time he opened his mouth, yet there he has been for half an hour talking the most puerile nonsense to one of the finest girls in the city. All parties now are like twelfth-night

ones. Everybody who enters leaves his real character at the door, and assumes one for the evening. If he carried it out, and wore the name of the part he played pinned upon his sleeve, I fear we should read upon many wise men, f-o-o-l!"

"Excuse me, but you are too severe for so young a lady. The most absorbing topics with the other sex cannot well be introduced into society. Religion and politics are banished because they lead to discussions which excite the angry passions; and no man wishes to speak of his own business or profession in public. Other graver subjects require more abstraction of mind than is possible here. But I think it is chiefly the fault of our own sex that literature, philosophy, and the best feelings of the human heart are not more frequently topics of discourse. There are some, however, who always converse both sensibly and agreeably."

Hugh Evans rose to Miss Warren's mind as one of those bright exceptions; but she answered, carelessly—

"Oh, you know young ladies must not talk of literature, or they are blue; of hearts, or they are sentimental; of morals, or they are prosy. For my part, I never venture on a sensible remark without looking around to see if any one has noticed it, as if I had been committing a crime."

"I have heard of your making many sensible remarks, but never any that were silly. Beware of severe ones."

Olivia was puzzled at the stranger's apparent knowledge of her character; for, of late, in the bitterness of her spirit, sarcastic words often rose to her lip. "This woman fascinates me strangely," she thought; "I must have met her before."

"How terribly I have sinned against etiquette," she said, playfully, "in dashing right into an argument, instead of asking you the stranger's catechism. Pray, how are you pleased with Boston?"

"More even than I expected, both with the city and its inhabitants."

"Have you visited Mount Auburn?"

"No; that pleasure is still in reserve for me."

"Will you allow me to accompany you there to-morrow? I am so proud of Boston that I delight in showing the lions to strangers."

"Thank you, it will give me much pleasure to accept your offer. But is it not rather singular, Miss Warren, to consider the abode of death as one of the lions of the city?"

"It is; and I dislike exceedingly the manner in which Mount Auburn is named. If any dear friend of mine were resting there, it would pain me exceedingly to hear it mentioned as a mere object of curiosity."

The conversation was interrupted by the approach of two gentlemen, who were commissioned to ask Miss Warren if she would favor the company with some music. She rose reluctantly to comply with the request, saying, as she bade her new friend adieu—

"I shall call for you at eleven to-morrow. What is your address?"

"Mrs. Evans, at the Tremont," was the answer.

Olivia blushed deeply, and bowed without speaking. She recovered herself sufficiently to execute one brilliant piece of music, and then took leave. This charming woman, then, was one of those relations for whose sake she had cast away a noble heart. Never had she seen any one whom she would have been more proud to own as a mother. No wonder that Hugh, knowing Mrs. Evans's superiority, had resented her contempt. What must be done? Her engagement ought not to be broken; but would not Mr. Evans consider her attentions to his mother, after what had occurred, as a meanness? If the latter knew the circumstances of the case, why had she treated her with so much kindness? if not, why had she manifested such an interest in an entire stranger? Olivia did not know that Mr. Evans loved her too well even to relate to his mother anything which might detract from her esteem for Miss Warren's character. Mrs. Evans had observed that he avoided mentioning her name, and had too much delicacy to ask for his confidence. "Oh, if it would only rain in torrents!" thought the perplexed girl; but the stars looked out in mockery of her wish. She felt her pulse, hoping that illness might give her a sufficient excuse for breaking her engagement; and its irregularity encouraged her to believe that such would be the case.

The morning rose clear and beautiful; and Olivia, though languid and sad, was not ill enough to plead sickness, so she felt obliged to fulfil her engagement. If she did not, the matter would be still worse, for Mr. Evans would only consider it another instance of her pride. When the carriage stopped at the Tremont, there was a feverish flush on her cheek, and her heart beat so violently that she could with difficulty alight.

Hugh Evans had been prevented by an engagement from going to Mr. Marshall's, until a few minutes after Olivia left, and learned with surprise of the new acquaintance his mother had made. When he had found that the gentleman of the house had wished it, and that Miss Warren did not know until she left with whom she had been conversing, he was pleased. Under such circumstances, he knew that Olivia would be convinced that she had formed an erroneous idea, at least, of one of his relations. He doubted, however, whether she would fulfil her engagement. When, after the appointed time, as he was pacing the room with hasty steps, Miss Warren was announced, he could scarcely assume sufficient composure to receive her. Mrs. Evans immediately entered, and, pleading an engagement as an excuse for not accompanying them on their ride, he handed them to the carriage.

From that day Mrs. Evans and Miss Warren were warm friends; but Hugh's name was seldom mentioned between them, nor was he often present at their interviews. His manner towards the lady,

though reserved, was courteous and interested, as if willing to be a friend, though convinced that he could be nothing more. She, on the contrary, was always embarrassed, and constrained by the fear of manifesting too much interest in him. Mrs. Evans, apart from anything connected with her son, had really formed a strong attachment to the young lady herself. She perceived the chief fault in her character, and was sure that this had separated the lovers, for such she knew them still to be. She spoke to her freely of the folly of family pride in a country like ours, and would purposely introduce such circumstances with regard to her own friends, as she thought might shock her fastidiousness. They seemed, however, to have no effect, for Olivia had long felt that any lot shared with Hugh Evans would be for her a paradise.

"My dear son," said Mrs. Evans, a few days before her intended departure from the city, "prepare yourself for a surprise. Are you ready? Well, then, Miss Warren is going home with me to pass a fortnight. Her health is miserable, and the physicians have prescribed the country air. You shall not go with us, though, I can assure you."

"My dear mother, you are perfectly deranged. She will not stay there a day. Her friendship would vanish in such an atmosphere as rapidly as her love. Indeed, you do not know the strength of Miss Warren's pride."

"How very discriminating you are! I congratulate you upon it. If Miss Warren is discontented, she can return immediately, and a friendship is not worth possessing which could not stand such a slight test. It may prove very beneficial to her health, mental as well as physical," she added, with a smile.

Hugh dreaded the experiment, and awaited its issue with much anxiety. About a week after their departure, he received the following letter:—

"I wish you could see, my dear son, how happy we all are. Our journey was delightful, and our little village never looked so well as when we entered it at sunset. Olivia was surprised at its beauty, and her eyes filled with tears at the warm welcome which, as my friend, she received from all the family. Aunt Nabby immediately took a fancy to her, and loaded her with her peculiar kind of attentions. She insisted on giving the invalid her sovereign remedies, and went in, the last thing at night, to see that the 'little dear was tucked up.' Olivia was amused at her care in such a warm night, but received it kindly. At first, she was a little shocked at some of the old lady's expressions; but soon became accustomed to her ways, and now she will listen by the hour to her anecdotes of your childhood. When your cousins came the next day to see us, bringing a basket of excellent fruit, she was astonished to find girls who had never been out of the village so well informed and just in their notions of propriety. You may have a rival in your

Uncle George; for the old gentleman is perfectly fascinated, and, you know, he is a widower. I have been amused to see, when a French phrase escaped from Miss Warren's lips, how quickly an English one would be substituted; and her dress is exceedingly neat and simple. The Miss Porters are the only objects of her dislike, and I do not wonder at it; for they are so naturally vulgar and wanting in tact, that no education could have made them refined or agreeable. You ought to have seen Miss Warren's face when Aunt Nabby told her she was almost good enough for 'our Hugh.' It certainly was very red, but not with indignation. She will return to the city next week."

Hugh perused this letter with the most intense interest; and, before he came to the close, his determination was made. Time had proved that the course which he adopted in Congress had been a wise one, and his constituents begged him to retain his seat. Ambition began again to burn in his breast; but the hope of being appreciated by the public had vanished forever. He had learned that the most disinterested actions might receive from them only scorn and misrepresentation; that the multitude never reward with their approval the nobler virtues of mankind.

The day after Miss Warren returned from the country, she was informed that Mr. Evans wished to see her. She entered the room with a palpitating heart. His bright smile embarrassed her still more, and she could not at first answer his kind inquiries as to her health. At length she broke an awkward silence by saying—

"You must find it delightful, Mr. Evans, to visit a home where you are so perfectly worshiped."

"What!" he asked, playfully, "like to be admired by such 'plebeians?' How much is their love worth?"

The tears rose to Olivia's eyes, but she made no reply. The smile vanished from his face, and, taking her hand, he said, seriously—

"Would you not be miserable if connected with such plain country people? Could you call my mother yours?"

"There is no one whom I should prefer to call by that name," answered the blushing girl; adding, as if ashamed of her frankness, "I should like to be your sister."

"Sister! May I not call you by a dearer title—my wife?"

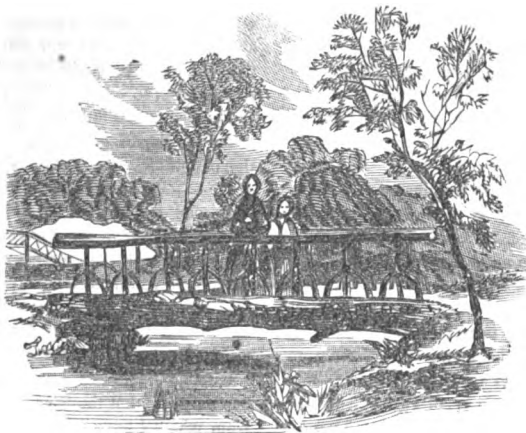
There was no audible answer, but Hugh appeared to construe her silence in the affirmative.

Mr. Warren readily consented to the promised union, for he was now convinced that his intended son-in-law would become highly distinguished. Mrs. Warren did not first like to give her daughter to a plain American gentleman who had never been abroad, but the wedding paraphernalia somewhat comforted her. Olivia had never been so happy, and her pride all concentrated itself in Hugh. Each day she found something new to admire in his noble

character, and her love for him spread a halo round all with whom he was connected. When some one at her wedding asked if that grotesque-looking being

could be related to Mr. Evans, she overheard them, and replied, without a blush, "Oh yes, that is Aunt Nabby, the kindest soul in the world."

GARDEN DECORATIONS.



In the present number of the Lady's Book we give the design for a rustic bridge, somewhat different from that given in the June number. By looking at the cut, it will be seen that the structure is very simple, being composed merely of two logs placed across the stream, with upright pieces connecting with the hand-railing at the top. These upright pieces should be braced on either side, as shown in

the engraving, which not only gives to the bridge a finished appearance, but also adds greatly to its strength. The bark should not be removed from the wood, in rustic work, but it may be varnished, to prevent its peeling off—a dead, dull-looking varnish being used, as a shining appearance would materially injure the effect of the bridge.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ELISHA BOUDINOT AND GEORGE WASHINGTON.

COPY of a letter from Elisha Boudinot to General Washington. He was Deputy Commissary-General of Prisoners during our Revolutionary struggle. Both (*original* letters) are now in possession of the son of Elisha Boudinot, residing in the city of Burlington, N. J.

NEWARK, N. J., May, 1783.

Amidst the general joy which is diffused through the States, on the establishment of our Independence and a restoration of the blessings of peace, will your excellency permit an individual, deeply interested in your happiness, to give vent, if possible, to his feelings on this subject, and most sincerely to congratulate you on the final accomplishment of our most sanguine hopes. The thought that your excellency has survived the contest, adds a pleasure to the enjoyment that no other event could possibly

give. It has been my earnest prayer that Heaven would preserve your life to complete the liberation of your country from tyranny, and see her safely secured in peace, independence, and happiness, and to receive the grateful acknowledgments of a whole people. Nothing can afford a great mind more real pleasure than the idea of being the happy instrument of giving birth to an empire, the future nursery of every principle that can ennoble man; an asylum for the persecuted of all nations; and, in fact, rendering happiness to one quarter of the globe. It is a satisfaction that an angel might desire, and which you, sir, are justly entitled to enjoy.

I am confident that the idea of this has supported your excellency in the many distressing scenes you have passed through, to the final accomplishment of our wishes. You have finished your part. It only remains that your country should equal in

gratitude the toils, the dangers, and solicitude you have endured for them. That they will do this collectively, there is no doubt; but something still remains to perfect the reward—to convince you that every individual feels that real affection for and gratitude to you that they ought to the father and deliverer of their country. This only can be done by the representation of private persons, which will, I hope, apologize for this intrusion. My public business calls me to every county of this State, and a very general acquaintance with the people, and I am positive that I should do the greatest injustice to them, did I not assure your excellency that there is scarcely a man or woman among them who do not entertain these sentiments, and who have a monument erected to you in their breasts that can only be effaced with their lives.

Were it possible for your excellency to have a view of the whole country at once, and see the honest farmers around their fires, blessing your name, and teaching their children to list your praises, you would forget your toils and labors, and thank Heaven that you were born to bless a grateful land.

When your excellency is retiring from the field, will you indulge the inhabitants of this State to spend a short time, as you are passing through, free from care, where you have spent so much in distress and anxiety of mind, that they may have an opportunity of personally convincing you of their attachment?

I take the liberty of inclosing, and beg your acceptance of, a copy of an ode, written by my father-in-law, Mr. Smith, on the occasion of our rejoicing.

Mrs. Boudinot joins with me in entreating that you will be kind enough to make our sincere congratulations acceptable to Mrs. Washington, and to assure her that we participate in the joy that she, above all others, must feel on this occasion; and that you may both long enjoy that cup of happiness which Providence has so completely filled, is the fervent prayer of

Your most humble and obedient servant,
ELISHA BOUDINOT.

Copy of an autographical letter from General Washington to Elisha Boudinot.

NEWBURG, May 10th, 1783.

SIR: Your letter of congratulation contains expressions of too friendly a nature not to affect me with the deepest sensibility; I beg therefore you will accept my acknowledgments for them, and that you will be persuaded I can never be insensible of the interest you are pleased to take in my personal happiness, as well as in the general felicity of our country. While I candidly confess I cannot be indifferent to the favorable sentiments which you mention my fellow-citizens entertain of my exertions in their service, I wish to confess, through you, the particular obligations I feel myself under to Mr. Smith for the pleasure I have received from the perusal of his elegant Ode on the Peace.

The accomplishment of the great object we had in view, in so short a time, and under such propitious circumstances, must, I am confident, fill every bosom with the purest joy; and, for my own part, I will not strive to conceal the pleasure I already anticipate from my approaching retirement to the placid walks of domestic life.

Having no reward to ask for myself, if I have been so happy as to obtain the approbation of my countrymen I shall be satisfied; but it still rests with them to complete my wishes by adopting such a system of policy as will insure the future reputation, tranquillity, happiness, and glory of this extensive empire, to which, I am well assured, nothing can contribute so much as an *inviolable adherence to the principles of the Union*, and a fixed resolution of building the *National Faith on the basis of Public Justice*; without which, all that has been done and suffered is in vain. To effect which, therefore, the abilities of every true patriot ought to be exerted with the greatest zeal and assiduity.

I am, as yet, uncertain at what time I shall be at liberty to return to Virginia, and consequently cannot inform you whether I may be able to gratify my inclination of spending a little time with my friends in Jersey, as I pass through that State. I can only say that the friendship I have for a people, from whom I have often derived such essential aid, will strongly dispose me to it.

Mrs. Washington begs Mrs. Boudinot and yourself will accept her best compliments and thanks for your good wishes; and I must request the same favor, being, with sentiments of esteem and regard,

Sir, your most obed't and most h'ble s't't.
G. WASHINGTON.

ELISHA BOUDINOT, Esq.

THE DEPARTED.

AWAY in the lonely church-yard,
Is the grave of one I love;
Wild flowers around are scattered,
And the willow waves above

At eventide, the zephyrs
Play softly o'er the scene,
And the rays of northern starlight
Peep through the branches green.

No sound disturbs the stillness—
The quiet is supreme;
And the lonely spot seems holier
In the moonlight's mellow gleam.

By the graves of the departed
The heart is deepest stirred,
And the harp of universal love
With the soul's best hopes accord.

From the graves of the departed
We pass with thoughtful face—
And vain, and light, and heartless things
For holier thoughts make place.

POETRY.

SONNET.—"EARTH IS HIS FOOTSTOOL."

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

"EARTH is His footstool" still, though marred by sin;
 Ah! dear, delightful thought—delightful theme;
 As, erst to Jacob, now in blissful dream,
 The golden ladder, pictured, see therein,
 Reaching from earth to sky, and whereon go
 White-robed messengers of peace and love,
 Ministering spirits, envoys from above,
 Good guardians through the thorny paths of woe
 To yonder portals of celestial light,
 Where radiant suns in beauteous order roll
 Making sweet music to the enfranchised soul;
 Where never ending is the day—and night
 Comes not to cast dark shadow o'er the place;
 The Lamb the sun—the light reflected from His face.

THE WIND AND THE WOODS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

*'Es war ein frischer Bronne
 Dort in den Büschen kühl;
 Da sangen die vögel mit wonne,
 Der Blümlein glänzten viel.'*

I HEAR the wind in the forest,
 As I lean on the window-sill—
 Sweet are the thoughts it bringeth,
 In spite of the whippowill.

Out on the shed he crieth,
 With an unearthly voice;
 Yet, with wind of the forest,
 Exultingly I rejoice.

Broad leaves, in the hush of evening,
 Rise up from the couch of noon,
 When lightly the dew's trip near them,
 In the early eves of June.

I hear the brook, in the stillness,
 As over the smooth white stones
 It gurgles and leaps, attuning
 Itself to the wind-harp's tones.

I think of the winding pathway,
 And the tiny bridge we cross;
 I think of the flower-covered uplands,
 And the beds of dark-green moss.

I think how the sunlight met us,
 Adown in those twilighted aisles;
 And the birds, how they sang above us,
 And the little children's smiles.

Thus wind to the heart makes music,
 When Night slumbers in the trees,
 Or bends, like a solemn preacher,
 O'er the old oak's knotted knees.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY WM. H. M'CALLA.

WHEN first I met thee, I did dwell,
 With pleasure on thy beaming face;
 And, as I gazed, quick transferred well
 Upon my heart was every grace.
 I thought within those eyes there gleamed
 The language of a fond, true heart,
 Whose love was worth a crown, nor dreamed
 It could, when loved best, pain impart.

Each little word, each smothered sigh,
 Like music then fell on mine ear;
 I watched each glance within thine eye,
 That bade me hope, that banished fear:
 I thought what happiness 'twould be
 To make each pathway, throughout life,
 Seem strowed with flowers, and to see
 Thy heart knew aught of care or strife.

Oh! then I could not dare to think
 That heart's pure love could be for me;
 My soul of such joy dare not drink;
 But bade the wild thought from it flee:
 Still then, each day, thy looks hope shed,
 Thy words, thy tones, bade me to cheer,
 And care and fear alike had fled,
 When thou didst whisper I was dear.

Then was I blest, then while I dreamed,
 Each word sincere which then was spoken,
 Each look methought came from the heart,
 Each vow I dreamed would ne'er be broken:
 But, go! ne'er think we e'er have met,
 And leave the heart's dull pain for me;
 To know but joy, to soon forget,
 And cease to care, be left to thee!

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAYER.

BY THE LATE MISS HARRIETTE J. MEER.*

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray: and
 when the evening was come, he was there alone."

MATT. xiv. 23

Nor in the cloister's dungeon walls,
 Nor in the stately fane,
 Where the tinged smile of sunset falls
 In rainbows through the pane;
 But where bright streams and heaven's pure eyes
 Met on the mountain gray,
 Whose head was pillowed in the skies—
 The Saviour knelt to pray.

When morning flung the light of hope
 Far o'er the hurrying throng,
 The incense of his soul went up
 With morning's smile and song.

* Our gifted correspondent, Miss Harriette J. Meer
 died on the first of July, 1851.

But when pale evening round his heart
Had drawn her dim array,
The Saviour sought a place apart—
The Saviour knelt to pray.

'Twas not for life or death—the ease
That life or death could bring;
For more of human happiness,
Or less of suffering;
But for unshrinking heart to bear
All that might crush the clay,
The long distress, the last despair—
The Saviour knelt to pray.

The wings of angels gathered it
To waft the prayer to God;
And angel-eyes to diamonds lit
The dew-drops on the sod:
And seraphs hushed their hymns to hear,
And silence wrapped the throne,
When angel-pinions shed that prayer—
"Father, thy will be done!"

No wonder that the earth is bright,
And pure the sky above,
Which opened on that brow of light,
Lived in that heart of love!
'Tis all an altar, every spot
Is hallowed to thy knee—
Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy lot,
The Saviour prayed for thee!

ASTROLOGY.

BY IDA BALDWIN.

A SWEET superstition was that of old time,
That the stars might the destinies of mortals enshrine:
That the fate of each son of mortality lies
Writ in letters of fire on the broad arching skies.
They who can interpret those mystical signs,
And read of that strange book the wondrous lines,
Can trace on its pages the Past's wild tale,
And the gloom-shrouded scenes of the Future unveil.
Oh! could I but garner the mystical lore
Which was stored in the minds of the magi of yore,
I would study each symbol, each sign, and each spell,
To trace out the future of those I love well.
In that wide-open book, whose illumed pages shine,
Writ by God's mighty finger in letters divine,
Yet to few of the children of mortals is given
The key to this mystical volume of heaven.
Strange thought, that the tale of our fate should be
spread,
From the birth to the death-hour, outstretched over-
head;
That God, when he called Earth from Chaos to rise,
Wrote the tale of her fate on the roll of the skies,
And hung round her her history in sunlight and gloom,
From the day of her birth to the day of her doom;
And perchance, when the heavens are rolled as a scroll,
From that strange mystic record will judge every soul!
O Stars! ye are strange and inscrutable things—
Ye stir of my spirit the innermost springs;
Ye seem not bright sparklers, created for naught,
But symbols and signs with intelligence fraught;
Your light ever shineth so spotless, so pure,
The sole thing near earth which unchanged may en-
dure

Which knoweth no dimness, whose youth cannot fade,
Whose brightness and glory have never decayed.
O Stars! ye fling o'er me a shadow of fear,
Ye seem beings who dwell in a holier sphere.
When I think what unutterable things ye may hold,
Enwrought in your blue vault's mysterious fold,
And fancy the All Wise has writ on your scroll
The deep hidden purpose which filleth his soul,
I turn from your brightness with shudd'ring and dread;
My heart's inmost feelings ye seem to have read.
I dare not to tamper or meddle with things
O'er which the Eternal a mystic veil flings.
Roll on, ye bright stars, ever changeless, sublime,
Mysterious, unread, till the death hour of time;
And keep your deep secrets till then unrevealed:
Man, seek not to fathom what Heaven has concealed.

AN AMERICAN SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

WE have had enough of fancy,
We have had enough of sleep,
And we hear the morning's trumpet
Calling from the mountain's steep.

Leave the poet to his visions,
Brace the arm and clear the brow;
We have read with him an Epic,
Let us live an Epic now.

Lo! a world is spread before us!
Never world was so sublime,
With such sea-like rivers sounding
From the starry keys of Time.

Did the stalwart Northmen, rolling
Sagas through their storm-torn beards,
While their axes felled the forest,
Leave behind them more than words?*

We shall also, in the forest,
Win an everlasting name;
Bridge Oblivion's ocean over,
Dare Forgetfulness by Fame.

Answer, then, that morning trumpet,
Calling from the mountain steep!
Hurl the lightning, stretch the steamer—
Launch the steamer on the deep.

Let NAPOLEON's fire-heart thunder
Only from a cloudy horde;
Labor's sun shall melt the cannon,
And the axe outlive the sword.

Smiling SHAKESPEARES then shall follow,
NEWTONS glorify our sod;
MILTONS stand, with blank eyes, chanting
Opposite the throne of God.

So for them prepare the temple,
Brace the arm and clear the brow;
After while we'll sing an Epic,
But we'll live the Epic now!

* There are many traces of the old Northmen in the United States.

THE HOUR FOR THEE AND ME.

Dedicated to Miss M. E.

BY C. C. BUTLER.

When day breaks forth on the dewy morn,
And all seems mirth and glee,
And the birds their sweetest songs do sing—
Is the hour for thee and me.

When the god of day pours forth his rays
Of lovely brilliancy,
And wakes the flowers from sweet repose—
Is the hour for thee and me.

When wand'ring near, at the close of eve,
To the brook that runs so free,
Talking of happiness to come—
Is the hour for thee and me.

Or to the river's towering banks,
Which rise in majesty,
To meditate on some sweet dream—
Is the hour for thee and me.

When gentle zephyrs are floating by,
So gladsome and so free,
And rarest flowers are blooming nigh—
Is the hour for thee and me.

When th' empyreal moon is rising high,
To guard the earth and sea,
And Nature's lulled to sweet repose—
Is the hour for thee and me.

When wand'ring out in the garden walk,
With my thoughts all turned to thee,
And flowers in rich profusion grow—
Is the hour for thee and me.

"NO LETTER."

BY JENNY GRAY.

"No letter!" and the maiden sighs;
And low the jetty lashes bend,
To shield alike those dreamy eyes
From gaze of foe or gaze of friend.
The leaping pulao beats quicker time
To music of the falling tears,
And louder sounds the heart's low chime—
For love is ever full of fears.

Not that one thought deems him untrue,
Him loved with all a woman's love;
First love, as pure as morning dew,
As constant as its source above.
God keep thee, maiden, if thou art
To taste of sorrow's poisoned cup;
To know man can betray the heart—
God bear thee up, God bear thee up!

* * *
"No letter!" and the mother bends
To kiss her infant boy so fair,
While quick a single tear-drop wends
To glitter in his sunny hair.
He smiles from out those eyes of blue,
A smile that wakes both joy and pain;
It tells of him, the loving, true,
Now far upon the tossing main

Fair Faith and Hope their garlands wreath
"Another kiss, my darling boy!"—
While from her heart the soft lips breathe
A prayer of mingled grief and joy.
God help thee, mother, if the knell
Of death comes booming o'er the sea,
In low, deep, heavy tones, to toll
The depth of woe prepared for thee!

* * *
"No letter!" and the father's brow,
O'er which the white locks thinly stray,
Grows paler, and the pulses slow
Within their hidden channels play.
"O God! preserve my dearest son,
To be my stay in life's decline!"
How closely round his absent one
The father's fond affections twine!

Through weal and woe, through cares and tears
That love has but the brighter shone;
Till, in the waning of his years,
The very soul of life it's grown.
God save thee, father, if that love
Shall set in darkest, starless night,
And help thee home to Heaven above,
Where on the heart can fall no blight!

HAMILCAR LEADING HANNIBAL TO THE TEMPLE.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

HUSHED is the midnight air
O'er the Punic City's towers,
Not a breath to wake the stillness there
Floats through the spell-fraught hours!
And the bright lamp's rays are dimmed and gone
That lighted the pillared halls!
And hushed is the minstrel lute's sweet tone
With its silvery swells and falls!
The myriad stars are pale,
As if wreaths of mist were curled,
Like the floating folds of a bridal veil,
Between them and the world!

They have entered the grove's deep shade,
Where the lofty temple stands,
And the priests of Baal, in their robes arrayed,
Stand mute, and with folded hands!
And mail-clad warriors throng the nave,
And spears glance through the aisle,
While the censers fling their perfumed wave
Through the dimly-lighted pile!
And the spirit of silence hath shed
Her spells the groups upon—
While up the aisle, with solemn tread,
Move warrior, sire, and son

And who are they for whom
The retreating crowds give way?
Why is the temple's midnight gloom
Half chased by the taper's ray?
And what is childhood's part
In the temple's mystic rite?
Does the martial pomp inspire his heart,
And the altar's fires delight?
Search history's page, for there
Is the record shining now
That tells of the chieftain's midnight prayer,
And of childhood's faltered vow!

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

MOTHER, I come beside thy grave,
To sit and weep an hour;
There is within those very tears
A sweet and soothing power.
I steal from out this world away,
To sit an hour with thee,
And all thy words of love come back
In angel tones to me.

Mother, this is a cruel world
For one so young and poor;
Full many a cold and scornful word
My heart has to endure.
They bid me wake upon the lute
Some strangely thrilling lay,
Nor dream my sad and lonely heart
Is breaking 'mid the gay.

They bid me paint the charm, mother,
Of Beauty's witching smile;
They say among the fair and bright
It will my heart beguile:
I 've tried it but too well, mother,
And found its bitter mirth
Will never bring upon my soul
A comfort here on earth.

I hear thy chiding tone, mother,
In the low and balmy wind—
And very hard I try, mother,
Some bliss on earth to find.
My happiest hours are spent, mother,
Beside thy quiet tomb,
Where birds are warbling low, mother,
And flowers sweetly bloom.

O yes! I come beside thy grave
Each quiet evening hour,
And listen to thy low-breathed words
From out each gentle flower;
And I will pray for faith, mother,
To guide me through the gloom,
And hope that I may sleep at last
Beside thee in the tomb.

LAMENT FOR A WIFE.

BY MRS. JANE B. PIERCE.

I AM alone, *alone* on earth—
My heart's bright treasure fled;
The cherished one that graced my hearth
Lies lowly 'mong the dead!
I miss the smile, the glance of love,
That ever beamed for me,
The kindly word, the dewy eye,
The tear of sympathy.

I am alone—all, *all alone*!
E'en *Hope* hath left me now;
For my life's deep dreams lay centred
Where I gave my heart's first vow.
For thee I strove day after day,
Nor thought the labor vain;
I would have cast my life away
To save thee, love, from pain.

I would have died to shelter thee
From sorrow's chilly blast;
But thou, whilst *I was far* from thee,
Through Death's dark valley passed!
With *e'en one smile, one kiss* from thee,
One last, fond, farewell look,
I could have borne the agony
That then my spirit shook.

I am alone—yes, *all alone*!
My heart is desolate!
Soon will I join thee, dearest one—
My spirit scarce can wait
Till He who called thee hence, my love,
Shall summon me away,
To meet thee in that world above,
Where loved ones ne'er decay.

There shall I see thy spirit bright,
In purest white arrayed;
And there I'll weave for thee a crown
Of buds that never fade;
There, 'midst the songs of angels pure,
Thy voice shall charm my ear;
From Sin and Sorrow dwell secure—
From Death have naught to fear.

Together we again shall dwell,
In worlds beyond the grave,
With Him who loved us so well,
That His own Son He gave
To dry our tears, to soothe our woes,
To bid the fainting live,
To guide the ransomed spirit home,
And all our sins forgive!

"GOD BLESS YOU."

BY W. WALLACE SHAW.

"God bless you!" Oh, how sweetly fall
Those words upon the ear!
How rich their music! yet, so sad,
It always brings the tear.

They seem to echo to my soul
The bliss of days ago,
And hopes by my young spirit fed
In life's bright early dawn.

They take me back to childhood's hours,
And seem to bring their joy,
When oft, breathed by a *mother's* lip,
I heard, "*God bless my boy!*"

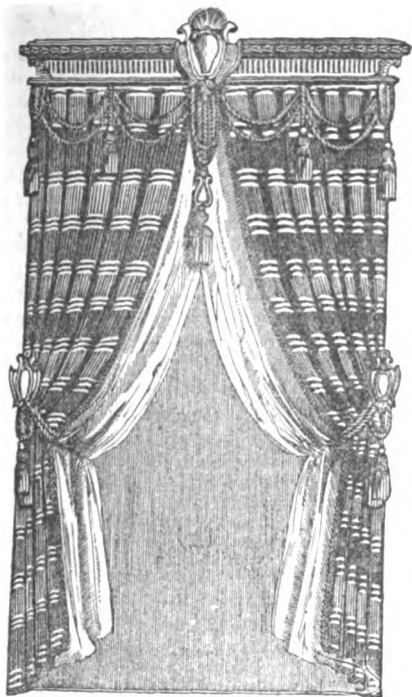
Oh! I remember well when first
I left my childhood's home,
To wander o'er this dreary earth,
A pilgrim, and and lone.

Oh! *then* how sweetly fell those words,
"God bless you!" on mine ear,
As, with a heavy heart, I turned
From all I held most dear!

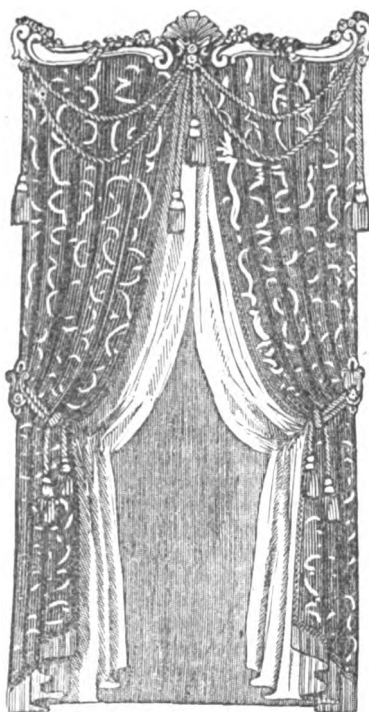
Once since, I've heard those magic words
Breathed in a gentle tone;
But never half so sweet as when
I left my childhood's home.

WINDOW CURTAINS.

No. 1.



No. 2.



ALMOST the first thing noticed by a stranger, on arriving in Philadelphia, is the prevalence of a uniform style of stone-colored or green window blinds, which give a cold, unwinking, unwelcoming stare to the passer-by from half the domiciles in our principal streets. There they hang, year in and year out, giving no glimpse of the light and warmth within, and moved with a shuffling, rattling sound, in itself disagreeable, if the within-door dwellers wish a breath of that coming from without. Simply as regulating the light, they answer well enough; but, as an object of beauty, or an adornment to any apartment, they have sadly mistaken their calling. Draperies have much to do with the comfort and elegance of a room. It is a common remark, that "mirrors and curtains are half the furniture." For "mirrors," we would substitute "pictures," where both cannot be had, and we agree with the popular proverb. A refined and delicate mind is to be cultivated by surrounding the young with objects of beauty, whether in shape or coloring. We do insensibly take hue from even outward surroundings; and picture to yourself, dear reader, the difference between a winter's sun striking coldly through the slats of a stone-colored window blind, and the same

radiance lighting up the heavy folds of a crimson curtain! and, of all things on a winter's evening, with a light fire in the grate, and a shaded centre lamp lighting the merry home gathering! We did not expect to be elegant or poetic when we commenced this article; our sole intent was to enter a plea in favor of window draperies, be they nothing more than plain white muslin, in opposition to the cold, ungraceful, and unclassical blinds, for which we confess our honest abhorrence.

Many of our readers may know that the furnishing of curtains and their etceteras forms a branch of upholstery, distinct in itself; and, by a recent visit to the large establishment of Mr. W. H. Caryl, No. 218 Chestnut Street, we have made ourselves acquainted with some of its details, which may be of interest to them.

Draperies are used for beds, windows, and mirrors. The first and second have been in use time out of mind; the last is a recent innovation of Parisian taste. The materials and general style of all three are the same; their component parts, according to the present fashion, being a cornice, *lambrquin*, gimps, fringes, cords and tassels, and the curtains or draperies themselves. The cornice, from

which the rest depends, is usually imported from Paris. It is of metal, richly gilt, and stamped with various devices. The most tasteful that has come under our notice represents a wreath thrown over a rod or bar, the centre flowers being full blown, with buds and lighter blossoms at the ends. The *lambrequin* is a fall of the same material as the curtain, edged with a rich gimp, and usually ornamented by heavy cords and tassels depending from the points or scollops. This will be seen in the print, as they are given in each window from Mr. Carryl's patterns. It is not unfrequent to have the *lambrequin* of a heavier or richer material than the curtain, as in No. 1, and, for muslin or lace curtains by themselves, it is frequently used, of rich brocatelle, or satin damask.

It would have puzzled any young house-keeper to make choice from the elegant material unrolled in such profusion by Mr. Carryl. Satin laines, very like the satin and worsted damask of old times, damask of every quality, from the plain worsted and cotton, at ten dollars per window, to the elegant India satins, costing almost that a yard, velvets of every shade, and the gorgeous brocatelles, that brought visions of the reign of Louis IV., and the luxurious style of living which accompanied it. The richest combination of colors was garnet and crimson, the ground of one, and the raised satin figure giving the other. Blue and gold, gold and green, purple and gold, blue and fawn, were among the most beautiful. White or black are also combined with crimson, with a very good effect. For each of these varieties, gimps and tassels are made to match, many manufactured by Mr. Carryl himself, others are imported from Paris.

One very elegant set, of green and gold, with the most spider-like delicacy of weaving, and threaded with large bead moulds, covered with the same, adding twofold to its elegance, was in the style of Louis IV., and valued—the tassels and cords alone—at thirty dollars. Others may be had, however, ranging from five dollars to twenty dollars, according to the value of the curtain for which they are used. White India silk is employed for lining these rich stuffs, as it is the only variety that does not grow yellow by use.

But there must be an under, or inside, curtain of white. The two varieties most in favor are wrought lace and tumbled muslin. The lace is by far the most delicate, and ranges in price from four dollars to twenty-five dollars per curtain; though we were shown some at fifty dollars, looking like the most delicate frost-work. The favorite style of curtain embroidery is called "application," the figure or flower cut in muslin, and fastened by a fine chain stitch embroidery. A heavy border surrounds the curtain; and dots, sprays, or lighter wreaths pass through the centre. These are wrought by the peasant women of Europe, at a remuneration rarely exceeding eight cents a day, and imported from France. We had intended to speak of bed and curtain draperies, ex-

pressing our indebtedness to Mr. Carryl for information upon these matters, so interesting to our lady readers, but must defer it, together with some new styles of window shades, until a future number.

Two recent and most elegant styles we have given at the commencement of the present article of the "Lady's Book."

No. 1 is without a *lambrequin*, but ornamented by a richly gilt cornice, with a centre piece in an entirely new style. The curtain itself is of satin damask, in rich stripes, running the width instead of the length of the folds. The two broadest are alternately crimson and blue, the lighter one intervening is bright gold color, with threads of green. This is gathered into rich folds by a cord and depending tassels of blue, to match those ornamenting the cornice, and falling in festoons from the centre piece. The under curtain is of white tumbled muslin.

In No. 2 the cornice is lighter, and more gracefully disposed. The cords and tassels depending from it are simpler in their arrangement. The curtains are of gold and green brocatelle, a very elegant and substantial fabric. Full under curtains of white lace or muslin. The gimps and cords used in this curtain correspond with the brocatelle in coloring, and a fringe of the same edges the lower folds

SONNETS.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

I. DESPAIR.

Oh, that I were as yonder brook, whose dance
Is ever glad, nor clogged by care of things
Agone, and which, with merry laughter, springs
Into the gulf, wherefrom again may glance
Its joyous waters nevermore: mischance
Long past, which still to me so choking clings,
The future, which no ray of gladness brings,
Not then would check my hopes' fond arrogance.
But no, it must not be: forgetfulness
Of past and future, though desired, indeed,
Can be obtained by sacrifice no less
Than thought's overthrow. Then let my spirit bleed,
The wound mine own wrong-doing did direct;
But thou, O God, still keep my mind erect.

II. HOPE.

Thanks—thanks to thee, O God! for thou has sent
Thy loveliest angel down to comfort me!
Her whose high pleasure is glad hearts to see,
And eyes that smile upon thy firmament.
She came, e'en while I viewed the star that went,
Bright peering from a cloud its glance made flee,
With the young moon in peerless company—
And thus poured on my bosom sweet content:
"Faint soul, look up! Be whole and strong again!
For thee, mayhap, will bloom some fairer day!
Thy tears of sorrow, dropping thick like rain,
Have washed thy sin from God's great heart away
Taught by the past, thy human dregs refine,
Which as thou dost, so shall thy future shine."

MORNING ROBE AND UNDERSLEEVES



MORNING ROBE.

THIS robe is intended as part of a trousseau, and may still be worn in our southern latitudes for weeks to come. It is a Parisian novelty, made of the finest cambric muslin, the skirt trimmed with three broad flounces. The edge of the flounce is peculiar. Instead of the broad scolops that have been so long in vogue, we have castellated notches, so called from their resemblance in shape and style to the cornice of ancient turrets. They are finished with very narrow lace edging, and above it three rows of needlework of a narrow chain pattern. The flounces are set on with a slight fullness.

The corsage fits tightly to the figure at the back, although the front has a few folds. The *basquina* is notched and trimmed in the same style as the flounces, as also the front of the corsage, forming a small collar about the throat. The cuff of the sleeve corresponds, and is turned back, as do many of the square sleeves now in vogue. A tightly-fitting lace undersleeve may be worn with it, and a simple knot of ribbon at the throat, passing under the collar.

UNDERSLEEVES.

As the cuff of the sleeve is usually the only part

showing distinctly, the rest may be made of any plain, fine material.

In Fig. 1st it is of Swiss muslin, with a band of insertion, finished by two ruffles, or frills of embroidery, made to fall downward to the wrist. This is to suit the style of square sleeves, which our readers will find, by the chit-chat, are superseding the pagoda, or sleeve *Chinoise*. Beneath this, again, falls a closer sleeve, also of embroidered muslin, confined with a band of insertion at the wrist, and finished by a double embroidered frill falling over the hand.

Fig. 2d is somewhat similar in style, but made of fine cambric muslin, and intended for a carriage or promenade winter dress. The frills have three rows of narrow needlework, and the insertion band is in a corresponding style.

Fig. 1.

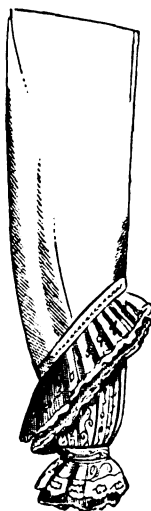
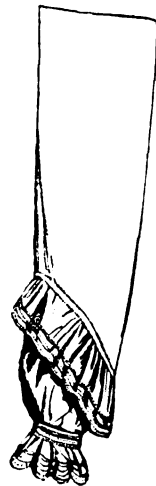


Fig. 2.



KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

KNITTED BABY'S BOOT.

Eight of blue and eight of white Berlin wool will be required. Needles No. 15.

With blue cast on thirty-four stitches.

Knit ten rows, increasing five stitches at one end for the heel, knit ten other rows without increase. Place twenty-six stitches on another needle, and knit the remaining twelve for twenty-four rows. Continue the last row by casting on twenty-six stitches, knit ten plain rows, knit ten other rows, decreasing five stitches, to correspond with the other side. With the needle left in the twenty-six stitches pick up thirteen on the instep, and twenty-six on the opposite side; knit one row, purl one row, knit one row, and cast off rather loosely.

Pick up from the inside of the last knitted row sixty-five stitches, placing twenty-six for each side on two needles, and thirteen for the instep on a third, or it may be knitted with two if more convenient.

With white wool commence the instep as follows:—

First row.—Knit one with one from the side needle, ‡ make one, knit two together, knit seven, make one, knit two together, ‡ knit one with one from the other side needle.

The *Second, Fourth, and Sixth rows*, purred.

Third row.—The same as the first.

Fifth row.—Knit one with one from the side, ‡ make one, knit two together, lift the fourth stitch over the first three on the left hand needle, the fifth

the same, the sixth the same, then knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, ‡ edge as before; repeat these six rows; then

Knit the side stitches as before, ‡ make one, knit two together, knit seven, make one, knit two together, ‡ side stitches as before, and continue the row thus: Knit six, make one, knit two together, knit seven, make one, knit two together, knit two.

You will now purl back the whole of the row of fifty-one stitches, and knit the leg as follows:—

First row.—Knit two, ‡ make one, knit two together, knit seven, ‡ repeat until two are left, knit those plain.

The *Second, Fourth, and Sixth rows* purred.

Third row.—Knit two, ‡ make one, knit two together, lift the fourth stitch over the three first, as described before, the fifth and sixth the same, then knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit one; ‡ repeat from mark until two are left, knit those plain.

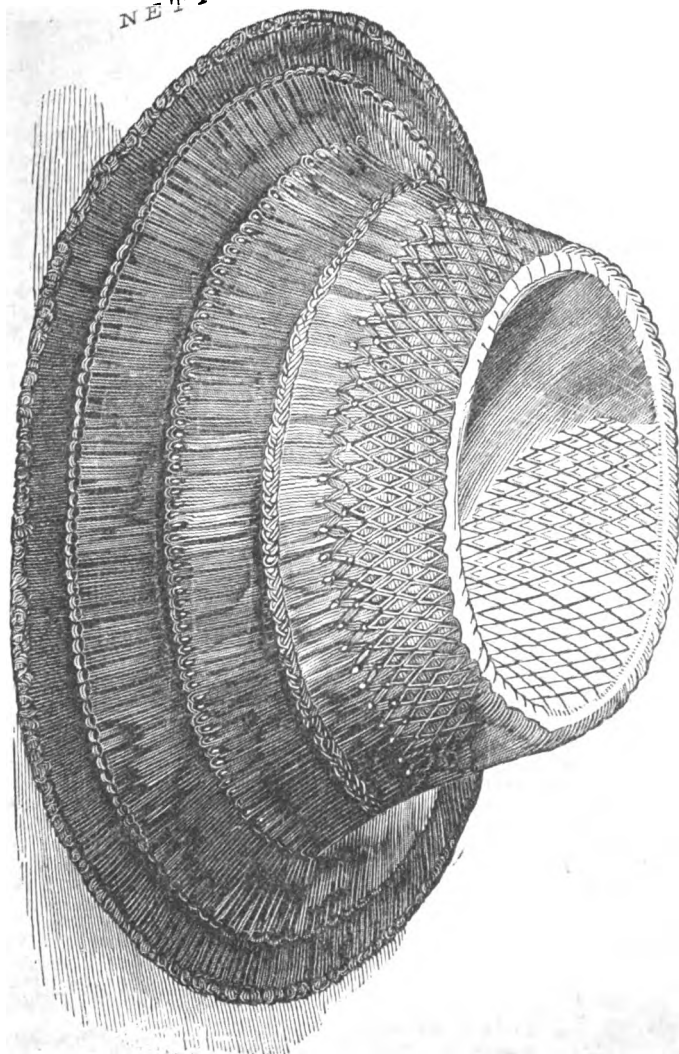
Fifth row as the first.

The *Sixth row* as the *Second*, this forms one pattern, repeat five times, knit two plain rows, and cast off loosely.

For the ruche round the top, with a mesh half an inch wide, net two stitches into every one, then with a No. 13 steel mesh net one row with white purse silk. Place a small bow on the instep, and run a ribbon round the ankle.

NETTING.—FRINGE-MAT

FRINGE-MAT.



FRINGE-MAT.

Materials.—Five skeins of the lightest shade of scarlet for the cup. For the fringe part: five shades of scarlet, commencing with one shade lighter than scarlet; of these, two skeins of the lightest, four skeins of the three next, three skeins of the darkest. Three meshes are used. No. 1, three-quarters of an inch in width; No. 2, one-half of an inch; No. 3, one-fourth of an inch; and No. 4, one inch. Two pins, Nos. 14 and 16, are also required.

First round.—Twenty stitches, join, mesh one.
Second round.—Two stitches in each, mesh two.
Third round.—The same, plain.
Fourth round.—Two stitches in each stitch, mesh three.
Fifteen plain rounds with pin No. 1; **three rounds** with first shade; mesh two.
 Now begin to net backwards and forwards.
First row.—Two stitches in each stitch; second shade.

Second row.—Take up small stitch, leave the other.

Third row.—Plain.

Repeat these three rows with two next shades, and with the darkest the *first row* only.

Now recommence netting round three plain rows of each color, omitting the darkest shade, and netting from the darkest used to the lightest. Now turn the whole inside out, and begin to net the fringes, joining on the *first row* wool of the same color; and on mesh four net two stitches on each plain stitch previously left, and on this fringe two rows with pin 16. Repeat this with two next shades, and with the darkest net three stitches

instead of two in the plain stitches. Now join the fringes neatly, and also the under rows, and then turn the netting with the fringes inside, and net the under part of the cap.

Fifteen rounds, pin 14. One round, mesh three; one round, mesh two, two stitches taken into one; one round plain, same mesh; one round, mesh one, two stitches taken into one; one round, mesh three, two stitches taken into one. Now join the first end on wrong side, turn the mat so that it is double throughout, and join the last end.

It may be remarked, that for the part under the fringes a smaller mesh than No. 3 should be used after the first three rows.

COTTAGE FURNITURE

Fig. 1.

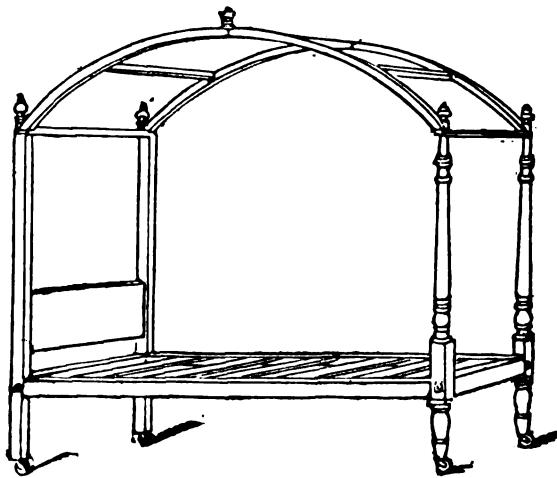
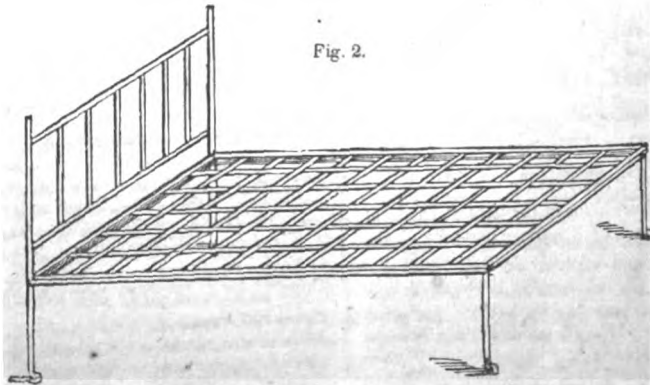


Fig. 1 is a tent bedstead in very general use.

Fig. 2 is an iron bedstead used in some parts of England. The place of sacking or canvas bottom is

supplied by thin iron hooping. They may be made of wood of the same pattern; but the iron is preferred, as less liable to harbor vermin.

Fig. 2.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE month of October, with its showers of falling leaves, brings assurance that the "Fall" season is really reigning over our land, and will close with that great festival, our glorious Thanksgiving Day. A friend has sent us the following, cut from one of the popular newspapers:—

"Governor Wood, of Ohio, is endeavoring to effect the adoption, by all the States, of a uniform Thanksgiving Day. The day selected is the last Thursday in November. A uniform day for thanksgiving has never yet been adopted in this country. Some States appoint the time just after their harvests are gathered; others, after the public canals are closed, according as each finds it most convenient to its citizens. It matters little, religiously, whether all agree upon one day or not, so that each has one day for that purpose."

We differ from the conclusions of this writer; it does *matter* much, religiously as well as nationally. There would be more significance of universal concord in our rejoicings as a people, were the day the same in all the States and Territories of our great nation. The sympathy of feeling would develop greater fervor of spirit in the thankgivings which would rise from the altars and the hearths of twenty-three millions of the human race, who would unite in grateful remembrance of the blessings which had crowned the year, and spread a full feast for all. And, though the members of the same family might be too far separated to meet around one festive board, they would have the gratification of knowing that all were enjoying the feast. From the St. Johns to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific border, the telegraph of human happiness would move every heart to gladness simultaneously, and to render thanks to God for the blessings showered on our beloved country.

This is no new theme to our readers; most of them will recollect that we have been, for the last three or four years, urging this subject on public attention. We thank Governor Wood for his timely aid and encouragement in this matter. The last Thursday in the month of November might easily be fixed as the time of the feast, and each State make its own appointment in harmony with this general plan. There would then be two great American national festivals, Independence Day, on the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving Day, on the last Thursday in November. This year it falls on the twenty-seventh.

Will not every State Governor in our republic lend a favorable ear to our petition, and name the last Thursday in November as the THANKSGIVING DAY of 1851?

"MORAL power, not physical force, will yet rule the world," says Carlyle. This power is chiefly in the keeping of the female sex. We would direct our readers to the signs of the times as regards this development of woman's influence.

The Anglo-Saxon race in Europe numbers about twenty millions, living on a little island in the stormy Northern Ocean. But there, for the last hundred years, the sounds of battle have not been heard; the Salic

Law never shamed the honor of their royal race; the Holy Bible has been for two centuries their household book; and a free press now disseminates truth among the people. Those twenty millions hold the mastery of mind over Europe and Asia. If we trace out the causes of this superiority, they would centre in that moral influence which true religion confers on the female sex. Therefore the Queen of Great Britain is the greatest and most honored sovereign now enthroned. Female genius is the grace and glory of British literature, female piety the purest light of the Anglican Church, and the age is made brilliant by the distinguished women of the British Island.

There is still a more wonderful example of this uplifting power of the educated female mind. It is only seventy-five years since the Anglo-Saxons in the New World became a nation, then numbering about three millions of souls. Now this people form the great American Republic, with a population of twenty-three millions; and the destiny of the world will soon be in their keeping. The Bible has been their "Book of books" since the first Puritan exile set his foot on Plymouth Rock. Religion is free, and the heart, which woman always influences where God is worshiped in spirit and truth, is untrammelled by code, or creed, or caste. No blood has been shed on the soil of this nation save in the sacred cause of freedom and self-defence; therefore the blasting evils of war have scarcely been felt; nor has the female ever been subjected to the hard labor imposed by God on the male sex, that of "subduing the earth." The advantages of primary education have been accorded to girls equally with boys; and, though the latter have, in their endowed colleges, enjoyed the special benefit of direct legislation, yet public sentiment has always been favorable to female education, and private liberality has supplied, in a good degree, the means of instruction to the daughters of the republic. The result is before the world, a miracle of national advancement—American mothers train their sons to be Men!

WORDS FROM THE HEART.

THERE came unto our land one from afar,
A guest long wished for, made by virtue dear;
One, welcome as a bright and lovely star,
With kindly beams our Western World to cheer.

* * * *

Move not! be hushed! for there, with graceful mien,
Stands the Unrivaled, every heart to move!
The Pilgrim maid, her air and brow serene,
Whom but to see is from that hour to love.

The Harp of Sweden to her charge is given,
An angel voice accompanies the strain,
And o'er the earth she pours the songs of Heaven,
As she would bring Heaven to our earth again.

Not for those angel notes which thou alone canst sing,
Not for the echo caught from mountain fay,

Not for the warbling sweet of birds in spring,
Our earnest homage at thy feet we lay:

We love thee! 'tis because thyself hath loved
The lone and friendless of each sunlit shore;
Home and abroad, Grief thy pure soul hath moved,
And thy vast charity flows on for evermore.

But, loved as thou most justly art, we yet
May feel e'en sadly as on thee we gaze!
So good, so generous, fain we would forget
Love cannot shield thee from dark, sorrowing days.

For oh! there dwelleth in each human breast
More than one foe, whom Love cannot disarm;
These may disturb thy quiet, trusting rest,
Dim thy bright smile, and take from life its charm.

Then, should the black clouds gather, as they may.
Though now unfelt, unseen upon thy sky,
Be He, the Merciful, thy perfect stay,
And over thee his ever watchful eye.

When far away, brave Sweden's joy and ours,
Heaven speed thee in thy glorious destiny;
A queen thou art, with more than regal powers,
All potent in thy sweet simplicity.

And thou, old Ocean, when upon thy deep
Her bark fast rides, thy mighty rage restrain;
Rude winds, be gentle, and at distance keep;
Ye storms and tempests, in repose remain.

Thou rock-girt home, when once again in thee,
Thy fairest bower give to thy peerless child;
Blessed the spot where she abides must be,
And those on whom those angel lips have smiled.

Dear Jenny Lind! Beata prays for thee,
A stranger loves and tenders what she may:
"Our Father" be thy Hope "eternally,"
A sure defence and shade by night and day.

BEATA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — The following articles are accepted: "To Mrs. —," "What does Life mean?" "A Sacred Song," and "The Flower World," to be completed in four parts. No. 1 has reached us, after some delay. We like the article, and should be pleased to see the other three numbers.

The author of "The Mouse and the Rat" is informed that his piece was accepted, although the announcement was neglected. Of course, it will not now be published.

Literary Notices.

From THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., 253 Market Street, Philadelphia:—

GRAMATICA INGLESA REDUCIDA A VENITE Y DOS LECCIONES. Par D. José De Uribe. Edición Primera Americana de la Septima de Paris. Aumentada y Revista por Fayette Robinson. Unfortunately, we have no means whatever to judge of the merits of this work.

THE SPECTATOR *With Sketches of the Times of the Authors, and Explanatory Notes.* In four volumes. This edition of "The Spectator" will, of course, command the attention of the literary public, and of all who entertain a reverential regard for the English classical writers.

From E. C. & J. BIDDLE, No. 6 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia:—

HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS, with *Appropriate Selections from Scripture, and Tunes suited to the Metre of the Hymns.* By Charles D. Cleveland. This is the second and improved edition of a valuable collection of hymns appropriate for schools, and other assemblages of children.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: *on the Plan of the Author's "Compendium of English Literature," and Supplementary to it.* Designed for colleges and advanced classes in schools, as well as for private reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. This volume of seven hundred and thirty-eight pages contains choice selections from the works of nearly one hundred of the most able and popular modern authors. These selections, in prose and poetry, have been made with the greatest care, and cannot fail to make a virtuous impression on the minds of those for whom the work has been specially prepared.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

STORIES FOR PARENTS. By T. S. Arthur.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST; or, *Whatsoever a Man Soweth, that shall he Reap.* By T. S. Arthur.

These neatly printed volumes form the eighth and ninth of the "Library for the Household," which, as our readers are aware, will comprise all the stories of the gifted and amiable author peculiarly interesting to the domestic circle. It may be remarked, however, that these volumes are all complete in themselves, and therefore the reader is free to select those parts which may please the most. But when has any one of Arthur's stories failed to interest the minds, and to touch the hearts of his readers?

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SNOW-FLAKE. *A Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Gift for 1852.* The deservedly flattering encouragement extended by the public to the previous volumes of this beautiful annual, has induced the enterprising publishers to render the present still more attractive than any which have preceded it. They say truly that the illustrations, nine in number, are all of a character to promote and to gratify a refined taste. The editorial supervision remains under the same sound judgment that has so greatly distinguished the former volumes for purity of sentiment, combined with the highest efforts of literary genius. We cannot say more of "The Snow-Flake" than that it is, in all respects, as spotless as the ethereal creation from which it takes its name.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING. *A Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for 1852.* This beautifully embellished volume comes to us from the same publishers, and presents numerous attractions to the eye as well as to the mind. It has also nine illustrations, which, like those of the work just noticed, are of the highest order of art. The literary productions number upwards of thirty, and are remarkable for their refined and chastened language, as well as for the dignity and purity of their sentiments. But, to those who have been familiar with this work in past years, we need not speak in words of commendation, or attempt to urge it upon their consideration. To those who are yet unfamiliar with its beauties and its gentle influ-

ences, we can only say that they can never select a more desirable literary companion than the "Offering" presents.

From A. HOFFY, No. 198 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN POMOLOGIST: containing *Finely Colored Drawings, accompanied by Letter-Press Descriptions of Fruits of American Origin.* Edited by W. D. Brinckle, A. M., M. D., Mem. Penn. Hort. Society, Cor. Mem. Mass. Hort. Society, and Cor. Mem. New Haven County Hort. Society, Buffalo and Southern Iowa Hort. Society, Hon. Mem. Wilmington Hort. Society, etc. etc. This is the splendid commencement, No. 1, of an entirely original American work, the laudable design of which is to direct the "attention of horticulturists more promptly to our native fruits, and to give such a pomological description and colored drawing of them as that they may be readily identified." The work in itself has all those characteristics which should render it a favorite among the horticulturists of our own country, and, we might say, is particularly commended by the truly patriotic zeal displayed by the able editor, whose services to the cause are rendered without any remuneration whatever. Of the publisher, Mr. Hoffy, it is but just to repeat, in the confiding language of the editor, that he is a worthy man, as well as an accomplished artist. The latter fact is, however, well attested by the beautifully and naturally-colored engravings to be found in this number. The letter-press printing is in union with the other features of the publication before us; and, taken entire, we do not think that a better evidence of "modern progress" has been presented to us for some time past. Every four numbers will constitute one volume. Terms, two dollars per number, or eight dollars per volume.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES, ETC., DURING 1849 AND 1850. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. In noticing this work, we at last have the pleasure of recording an instance of fairness towards our country, and of sympathy and charity in regard to the peculiarities of our countrymen, in an aristocratic English traveler; a lady by title, but a lady, indeed, in sentiment and habits of thought, and mode of expression. Apparently determined, if possible, to be pleased herself, while sojourning amongst us, she has succeeded in pleasing all of her readers who have taken up her book without prejudice. Although we cannot say that our national or state characteristics have been either flattered or extolled, yet there happily prevail throughout this volume the most agreeable evidences of the kindness of heart, and of the simplicity of manners, that directed the author in all her intercourse with our people, from the inmates of the White House to the emigrant families on the deck of a western steamboat.

From WM. H. MOORE & Co., Cincinnati, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE DURING THE MEXICAN WAR. By Lieutenant Raphael Semmes, U. S. N., late Flag-Lieutenant of the Home Squadron, and Aid-de-camp of Major-General Worth in the Battles of the Valley of Mexico. The author of this work, as he shows us, possessed the best oppor-

tunities for the production of an authentic and interesting narrative of the events that occurred during the late war with Mexico, and we have no hesitation in saying that, with those aids, he has produced the most unprejudiced and truly historical record of those events that has yet been given to the public. The descriptive portions of the work are sketched in a graphic and lively style, which will not fail to prove highly agreeable to the intelligent reader, who, like the author, may be disposed to look upon unfamiliar scenes, and upon a race of people widely differing from his own in religion and in national and domestic habits, with feelings of Christian and philosophical forbearance. The work is handsomely illustrated.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, No. 178 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LIFE AND MANNERS; from the Autobiography of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. To every one familiar with the "Confessions of the English Opium Eater," this volume presents high claims of literary, historical, and philosophical interest.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS; or, Incidents of Adventure in the History of the First Settlers. By John Banvard. This is the first volume of a series of American histories, commenced by the Rev. Mr. Banvard. It is neatly illustrated, and is worthy of the attention of the American reader, who is desirous of acquainting himself with every fact and incident connected with the first settlement of his country.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By William R. Williams. This beautiful volume is dedicated to the Church and Congregation of Amity Street, New York. Its noble and Christian sentiments, so feelingly and eloquently expressed, deserve, however, a much wider circulation. No heart that has ever been touched with the pure and sublime charity of the Gospel can fail to perceive, in the glowing language of the lecturer, the strength and the majesty of the great truths he inculcates and defends.

THE POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE CONDENSED FROM THE LARGER WORK. By John Kitts, D. D., F. S. A., and author of "The Pictorial Bible," "The History and Physical Geography of Palestine," etc., and Editor of the "Journal of Sacred Literature." Assisted by Rev. James Taylor, D. D., of Glasgow. Illustrated by numerous engravings. We learn from the preface to this valuable work that it is an epitome of the original work, which was twice the size of the present. It has been prepared, with unusual care and solicitude, for popular use, by the condensation of most of the matter in the original compilation, and by the omission of much that was supposed to be of less interest to the general reader than to the student of theology.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A HORSE. With the compliments of Mr. Thomas Craiges, the author, we have received a neat little volume bearing the above unique title. Strange, however, as may be the title, the poor horse is made to discourse with a great deal of wisdom, and with a great deal more humanity, also, than many of his masters can boast of possessing. In the course of the conversations he pleads his own

cause with great force and ability, and presents some admirable advice in regard to the treatment he should receive under all the abuses and accidents his flesh is heir to, which we hope will not be lost on those who have charge of his faithful and serviceable companions in labor.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

We have received the July number of this highly interesting work, from the publication office, No. 407 Broadway, New York. We have heretofore taken occasion to speak of its merits, and have but little to add to our former encomiums of its beauties as a work of art, and as a depository of instructive miscellaneous literature. Of this latter character is the affecting "Biography of an Unknown Artist," in the number before us. Indeed, there is that in every article which must more or less engage and inform the mind of the reader, and claim for the arts and the artists of our country a wider and a more generous consideration and reward.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—From Henry Carey Baird (successor to E. L. Carey), Philadelphia: "The Practical Calculator, for Engineers, Mechanics, Machinists, Manufacturers of Engine Work," &c. &c. By Oliver Byrne. A very valuable and serviceable work.—From Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: Nos. 45, 46, and 47 of the "Complete Works of Shakespeare." These numbers close the Boston edition, which has been throughout uniform in the style of printing, and beautifully illustrated. We are pleased to hear that the American public has liberally sustained the publishers in their successful effort to furnish the most complete and elegant edition of the great author's works ever published in the United States.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia: "London Labor and the London Poor," Part 8. "Godfrey Malvern; or, the Life of an Author." By Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods," etc. This work, though unquestionably of very immoral tendencies, contains many striking scenes drawn from the lowest walks of high life. The fifteenth number of the "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." "Stuart of Dunleath." A Story of the Present Time. By the Hon. Caroline Norton, author of "The Dream," etc.—From T. W. Strong, 98 Nassau Street, New York: "Wyman's Hand-Book of Magic;" containing the Wonderful Tricks performed by Blitz, Harrington, Alexander, M'Alister, and Wyman.—From Gould & Lincoln, Boston, through Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia: "The Life and Character of Adoniram Judson," late Missionary to Burmah. A Commemorative Discourse, delivered before the American Baptist Missionary Union, in Boston, May 15, 1851. By William Hague.—From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street: "The Pioneer's Daughter." A Tale of Indian Captivity. By Emerson Bennett, author of the "Prairie Flower." Complete in one volume. Price 25 cents.—From S. Robinson, No. 9 Sansom Street, above Sixth: "The Comic Natural History of the Human Race." Designed and illustrated by Henry L. Stephens.

MUSIC.—From A. Flot, Philadelphia: "Mary's Beauty." Poetry by George P. Morris, Esq. The music composed and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Arrott, of Philadelphia, by J. W. Gougler. Every-

thing connected with this publication is creditable to all concerned. The lithographic title, by Wagner & M'Gowen, is beautiful, and worthy of the poetry and music of the piece.

Publisher's Department.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER OF "GODEY."—The attractions of this number are varied. First, we have a plate engraved in line to our order, "The Heart's Resolve," with an illustration by Alice B. Neal. The next plate is a colored steel engraving, one of those masterly efforts peculiar only to "Godey," and which can be done in no other office—printing in colors never having been attempted at any other establishment. Another splendid cottage in the Tudor style—a series of embellishments peculiar to ourselves. Following that is a Fashion plate, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most masterly effort of the kind ever produced in this country, and we think our subscribers will join us in these encomiums. The newest style of window curtains come next in turn, and upon these, as well as all other matters of fashion, our subscribers may confidently rely, as they are from the celebrated establishment of Mr. Carryl.

REMEMBER that, by paying three months postage in advance, you will receive the "Lady's Book" at two cents postage a month, if you are within five hundred miles of Philadelphia, and for four cents if you are within fifteen hundred miles. Don't forget to pay three months in advance; and, if any postmaster should refuse to deliver this "Book" on these terms, write at once to the publisher.

EXPLANATORY.—As, in the competition among business and professional men, every person presents his most "available claims," in some form or other, for the public patronage, we can see no reason why the publisher only should be excluded from a privilege and a right so universally conceded to, and acted upon, by those in every other occupation, from the highest to the humblest. It is for this reason that we are ever grateful to our cotemporaries for their kind notices of the "Lady's Book," the child of our dearest business affections; and it is for this reason that we occasionally improve a leisure moment to present a portion of their encouraging and impartial criticisms to our readers and the public, duly authenticated and "credited." The presidential and official candidates have their "documents," the merchants have their "correspondents," the tradesmen and mechanics have their "references," and why should not the editor and the publisher have their notices? All do advertise, or should both moralize and advertise, if they truly desire to realize.

THANK YOU, MR. "Central New Yorker," for the following:—

"Godey is still determined to lead the van in the vast array of magazines that are taking the country captive, by weapons of weight and worth, by words of truth and love. He is of age—has arrived at majority in more senses than one, having been connected with the 'Book' more than twenty-one years.

"How many of his fair and gentle readers have become steady matrons and now commend his 'Book' to their blooming daughters, may be imagined from the

fact that his subscription list has been recently increased seven thousand, and he is obliged to reprint the volume for 1850, though his beautiful plates for that year, like many a fair one, have been worn by age and use, and have lost their freshness and beauty. Success will attend good Mr. Godey so long as he has such a noble and charming *Hale* fellow."

The above is a fact, as we mentioned some month or two since. We printed the numbers for 1850 until we wore out the plates; and, by present appearances, we are likely to do the same for 1851. Reprint, reprint, is still the cry.

THE "Michigan Argus" says, "We have heard it suggested that the publisher of this work would relax his exertions, as his work had arrived at the zenith of its popularity. That prediction remains to be fulfilled, for we can discover no indication of it in the numbers for months past." And we can answer truly, that you never will. Every year shows us the advantages we possess over others, and we are determined to use them.

THE "Akron Democrat" says, "There is but one thing to make the 'Lady's Book' perfect, that the price should be five dollars instead of three." Thank you, good sir. We know that we give five dollars worth, because we keep our promises. Others promise five dollars worth, and give perhaps but two.

THE "Monongahela Republican" says, "Mr. Godey has enlisted many new contributors of a high order of talent, whose names are not stereotyped on the minds of the literary public, which is a feature that commands itself to our mind."

Upon this point we have before congratulated our readers.

Watchtower to Godey's Lady's Book.

DEAR BOOK:—Thy last number has failed us. Our eyes have longed to feast on thy beauties, and our lips have been anxious to speak thy praise; but, from thy shortcomings, our eyes are fasting and our lips are silent. Tell thy godfather, Godey, to so place us in the list of thy household guests that we may be greeted with thy smiles, in future, simultaneously with other representatives of the press. A month behind the fair is just a month too late.—*Watchtower, Adrian, Mich.*

THE "Ledger," in noticing the illustrations in the "London Art Journal" for July, says, "Some of our monthly magazines have better specimens of engraving than the principal embellishments." We published, on our cover, one of the principal embellishments in the "London Art Journal" for March—"The Hop Gathering"—and it was in every respect as good an engraving as that in the London work.

POST-OFFICE STAMPS will be received in payment for the Lady's Book.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?—Our readers will recollect that, some two years ago, we had several amusing articles on the above subject. It seems our pin made a hit. English writers have taken up the subject: one of their periodicals has a long article headed, "What becomes of all the pins?" thus adding a word to our title, and taking many words and nearly all its ideas from the "Lady's Book." British political

economists have likewise become interested, and the following statistics have lately been furnished, we presume, with the intention of ascertaining how many pins are manufactured in England:—

"PINS.—At a pin manufacturing establishment in Birmingham, six thousand pins can be made every minute: a ratio equal to 3,600,000 per diem, or one billion one hundred and twenty-three millions two hundred thousand a year."

Stick a pin in the right place, and see what great consequences may be fastened together! Our pin is not lost.

A FINE ENGRAVING.—We have before us a beautiful mezzotint engraving of one of our citizens, a fine portrait and excellent likeness, as it has been pronounced by many very good judges. We had occasion, some time since, to notice a similar production—that of our townsman, Jno. Grigg, Esq.—by the same artist, Mr. T. B. Welch, which was warmly admired by all who saw it, as well for its exact resemblance to the original, as for the fineness of the engraving, and the melow blending of its lights and shadows, which latter are not always so happily observed in mezzotints. It sometimes happens that the best-hearted persons will find fault with those who are, as they conceive, guilty of the vanity of having their portraits engraved; but, for our own part, we think it a very excellent idea for a man who has a large family and numerous relatives, thus to keep alive the kindred sympathies from one generation to another. If it is an evidence of personal weakness or vanity for persons to have their portraits painted or engraved, then, in that particular, the great warriors and theologians, emperors and statesmen, kings, saints, and professional men of every grade, calling and character, have been the weakest and the silliest. But we do not believe this sweeping conclusion, and shall conclude our notice of the very superior engraving, by referring to the successful Daguerrotype likeness from which it was engraved, taken by McClees & Germon.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We refer again to the progress of this excellent literary paper, as indicating a sound judgment and pure taste in the reading public. It has just entered on the second year, with the most flattering prospects, having, in the short period of its existence, accomplished a greater triumph than has ever been awarded to any similar publication after the labors of many years. But why speak of any similar publications? Where, indeed, shall we find a similar publication—one devoted exclusively, as it is, to the virtues, the duties, the intelligence, and the amusement of the home circle—elevated and enlightened, familiar and cheerful, as family companions should always be, in whom there is neither guile nor vulgarity, impertinence nor vain pretension?

The "Home Gazette," to sum up all that we could say of it if we spread our thoughts over a whole page, is just such a paper as was wanted to fill up a vacuum in our periodical literature, and Mr. Arthur's was just the mind to give it the proper tone and impetus. Acquainted himself, as a public moralist, with all those perplexities which assail, more or less severely, the happiness of individuals and of families, and having studied human nature in the roughest, and in the most refined of her schools, no man was better qualified for the task than he was. To say that he has nobly performed the duties of his station, and fulfilled all his ob-

ligations, would only be to record the award of the public, whose generous support has been, and will continue to be, the just recompense for his labors.

WE copy a description of a bride's cake sent to the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London.

BRIDE CAKE FOR THE EXHIBITION.—One of the most splendid bride cakes, we should say, hitherto seen, has been for the last few days on view to the *élite* of Belgravia, at Mr. Richard Gunter's establishment, in Montecomb Street, Belgrave Square, preparatory to its being placed in the Crystal Palace in the Grand Exhibition. Without going into unnecessary detail, we may state that it is of admirable proportion; the cake itself, exclusive of its elaborate ornaments of refined sugar, weighing above two hundred pounds. The base is hexagonal, three of the six compartments being filled with bas reliefs allegorical of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, the remaining three being devoted for the initials and cipher of the bride and bridegroom. The composition of the mythological figures is highly creditable to the distinguished artist charged with the design. The figures and auxiliaries are of pure white sugar, on a light pink ground, the first tableau representing Psyche's first sight of Cupid; the second, the marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the presence of Venus and Mars—Jupiter, Juno, &c., witnessing the ceremony; and the last, the triumph of Cupid and Psyche. Between each of the six compartments are two infant figures entwined, symbolical of innocence, above which are two doves, which form a relief to the ornamented edge of the cake. Alternating round the edge are fanciful medallions, each containing an allegory of the career of that celebrated deity of the ancients, the god of love; and also shields for the emblazoned heraldic arms of the contracting couple, and the arms of their respective houses. The top of the cake is covered with a network of white sugar, on which rest six festooned vases, laden with small bouquets of nuptial flowers. From the centre rises a hexagonal column with arabesque ornaments, the projecting supports having a small shield for the crests. The column is surmounted by a group of lively and joyous cupids, the upper figure, on the shoulders of one of his companions, supporting a basket of white flowers—the orange blossom, the lily of the valley, the tuberose, the everlasting, the May, snow-drop, &c., emblematical of youth and purity. The above are the leading features in this truly classical design, the elaborate decoration of the details defying explanation. It far surpasses the cakes made at the time of her majesty's marriage; for, in this instance, the purest taste, as well as art, has been employed to carry out the design.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

YEAST for home-made bread is easily manufactured thus: Boil one pound of good flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

To color jelly red, boil fifteen grains of cochineal, in the finest powder, with a drachm and a half of cream of tartar, in half a pint of water, very slowly half an hour. Add, in boiling, a bit of alum the size of a pea.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—The following, from long experience, we know to be the best receipt extant for making tomato ketchup:—

Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add—

Half a gallon of vinegar;
One pint and a half of salt;
Two ounces of cloves;
Quarter of a pound of allspice;
Three ounces of Cayenne pepper;
Three tablespoonfuls of black pepper;
Five heads of garlic, skinned and separated.

Mix together, and boil about three hours, or until reduced to about one-half. Then bottle, without straining.

RECIPE TO MAKE RUSSIAN CREAM.—A pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and sugar to sweeten to your taste, beaten to a strong froth, and flavored with vanilla or cordial. For the meringues, beat the whites of six eggs for twenty minutes; add to them six tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar. Bake the cakes, or rather dry them, about three hours in a very cool oven. The manner of serving must be familiar to any one accustomed to see the dish.

TO REMOVE BLACK SPOTS FROM PLATE.—Boil the articles in three pints of water with an ounce of calcined hartshorn; drain, dry by the fire, and polish with soft linen rags which have been boiled in the same liquid and afterwards dried; using purified whitening as the plate powder.

TO TAKE IRON STAINS OUT OF MARBLE.—Mix equal quantities of fresh spirit of vitriol and lemon juice in a bottle; shake it well; wet the spots, and in a few minutes rub with soft linen till they disappear.

To remove a grease spot from silk, scrape some French chalk on the wrong side; let it remain some time, and then brush off. Magnesia is also a good remedy.

WHEN velvet gets plushed from pressure, holding the reverse side over a basin of boiling water will raise the pile, and perhaps it may also succeed in the case of wet from rain.

OTHER means than soap for the purification of the skin are highly objectionable. The various washes and wash powders seriously injure the skin; and, though in some cases they may cause the disappearance of redness and eruption, these efforts of nature being checked, the system sometimes seriously suffers in consequence. Any of the milder kinds of soaps will be found to answer the purpose of keeping the hands clean, soft, and as white as nature will permit.

THE white varnish used for toys is made of sandarac, eight ounces; mastic, two ounces; Canada balsam, four ounces; alcohol, one quart. This is white, drying, and capable of being polished when hard. Another varnish for objects of the toilet, such as work-boxes, card-cases, &c., is made of gum sandarac, six ounces; elemi (genuine), four ounces; animi, one ounce; camphor, half an ounce; rectified spirit, one quart. Melt slowly. These ingredients may, of course, be taken in proportion.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL may be made of four parts of yellow resin and one part vermilion, melted together, Twigs, cinders, or stones dipped in this assume the appearance of coral, and are applicable to grotto or fancy work as a substitute for that costly article

To remove dirt from old oil paintings, sponge with warm water, then cover with spirit of wine, renewed for ten minutes, and washing off with water, but without rubbing. Repeat the process until the whole is removed.

FROM GOOD AUTHORITY.—In shaking hands with a lady, the glove must not be previously removed.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress of deep violet-colored cashmere; the front breadth of the skirt lapping over in large embroidered scallops, the pattern being a spray of full blown convolvulus, with foliage, in a lighter shade of purple with green leaves, a new and elegant style of embroidery. The mantilla is of heavy white silk, with two rows of rich lace, headed by ribbon. The ribbon, it will be noticed, is done in fine double box plaits, instead of being quilted. The undersleeves are full, and drawn about the wrist. Bonnet of drawn silk, in color *bouton d'or*. There is an edge of lace about the brim and cape, and a light plume on the right side. Field flowers inside the brim.

Fig. 2d.—Dress of dark brown Muntua silk, very heavy, and with a reddish shade shot through it. The skirt is very full, and the front breadth trimmed with *ruchés* of the same material, plaited in small double box plaits, very full. It will be noticed that the edges are pinked in very fine notches, and the *ruchés* themselves are double, the wider one just showing outside the inner. This trimming, which is also suitable for merino or cashmere of a plain color, grows narrower as it approaches the waist. The sacque is of the same material, trimmed in the same style, and fitting closely to the waist. The loose sleeves give place to full undersleeves of a corresponding mode, and composed of embroidered muslin. The bonnet, which relieves this plain but elegant costume, is a thick straw, lined throughout, and trimmed with dark garnet velvet crape, and folds of alternate garnet and crimson at the right side, alternate *nauds* of the same inside the brim, and strings, one of garnet and the other of crimson. One of the most quiet and elegant costumes of the season, is made complete by gaiters of the same color as the dress.

CHIT-CHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Our fashion plate and description being so full this month, very little remains to be said. We would particularly commend the second figure to the attention of our lady readers. The shade of brown described is always neat and stylish, and the trimming is one generally in vogue. Indeed, shirred and plaited ribbons are the favorite trimming this season; No. 7 being the width used, and a cord is drawn at a little distance from the edge. These ribbons come of every shade and variety, to match all kinds of material. One of the most elegant dresses we have seen is a *Jasper* silk

(shot with seven different colors, but so blended that they seem one soft shade of violet), the corsage cut *à la Marquise*, or opening square on the bust, instead of the V shape so long in vogue. The ribbon encircled the throat, and came to the point of the bodice, and bars of the same crossed the open space, allowing the chemise of Honiton lace to show between. The sleeves were open, square at the bottom instead of the sloping trumpet shape, and trimmed to correspond. The *Marquise* waists and square sleeves are the most decided novelties in making up. Some of the sleeves are made to turn back, with a cuff an inch or two in width directly below the elbow. Undersleeves to suit this style have been introduced, though the ordinary shapes may still be worn. There is every variety of undersleeves, as may be seen from our various cuts and plates. Lace should never be worn with a morning-dress. A long, full sleeve of plain cambric or jaconet muslin, gathered into a broad band of open stitch or embroidered cambric, is the most suitable for a dressing-gown, or any other home costume. Rich lace or muslin may be worn at dinner, or in the evening. It is not unlikely that an entire revolution in sleeves may take place when the season has fairly commenced.

For dress materials, silks, cashmeres, merinos, and mousselines will be worn the same as ever. Silks are of bright and broad plaids; indeed, some of the cashmeres come so, while others are large, palm-leaf patterns. The whole tendency of the style is to gay colors and large figures. We cannot approve it heartily, and short people must prepare to look "like horrors," if they adopt it. No short or delicate figure should be arrayed in large patterns or plaids, were they ten times the fashion.

Ribbons come also in bright plaids, and are very pretty and gay for the autumn. Chestnut Street is like a garden of tulips, and all the colors of the rainbow seem to meet and mingle in the gay living stream of afternoon promenaders.

Speaking of ribbons, very few have, as yet, laid aside their straw bonnets. Our autumn is so mild, that they are universally worn until cold weather fairly sets in, or the winter openings commence.

Many of our readers at a distance will be glad to learn that Miss Wharton will again give her time and taste to millinery orders, having for some time previously discontinued that branch of her large business; and now resuming it only for the accommodation of her own circle of regular visitors to her rooms, or those at the South and West who have been so often guided by her good taste and judgment. Next month, we hope to give some novelties imported by her, to suit a Philadelphia atmosphere. Velvet trimming of two colors is the favorite style for straw bonnets. This is also given in the plate. Green and gold, green and purple, garnet and crimson, brown and blue, are the favorite contrasts.

Gaiters are worn with or without the patent leather tips, as suits the wearer. They should always be of the same color, or in harmony with the usual walking-dress. Nothing is more decidedly ungentle than a dark silk and light gaiters. For home slippers, embroidered bronze still continues fashionable. The figure is done in fine chain stitch, and filled up by silk, like lace application work. They are made up with a quilting of narrow satin ribbon, of the same color as the silk. Green, blue, and cherry colors are the favorites, forming one or two small points on the instep.

FASHION.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION AND ARTS UNION OF AMERICA!!

This Work is conducted at an annual expense of over \$100,000, paid Writers, Artists, Mechanics, and the Women of our country.

The "Lady's Book" is now in the twenty-second year of its publication by the same Publisher—a fact unprecedented in the history of any American Magazine. Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of magazines have been started, and, after a short life, have departed—while the "Lady's Book" alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth. We do not ask the public to take solely our own statement, but we annex a few, a very few, of the notices that we have on hand from the cotemporary press of the day.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS OF "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."

Godey has a go-aheadativeness which is sure to render him the prince of magazine publishers.—*Lyons Whig*.

It is a long way ahead of all similar magazines in its getting up and general appearance.—*Ala. Advertiser*

No man, woman, or child can read "Godey's Lady's Book" without feeling ennobled and improved.—*Va. Pilot*.

The "Book" is an "art union" of itself, and in no way can so many truly fine and valuable engravings be procured as by subscribing for it.—*Woodstock Age*.

Godey is truly deserving of the premium of publishing the best magazine extant.—*Maine Advertiser*.

Godey's is emphatically a book for the ladies It might appropriately be termed "The Book of Beauty."—*Nova Scotian*.

The utmost that art in its highest perfection can do, is now lavished on this work.—*Perrysville Eagle*.

For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female in Canada was a reader of "Godey's Lady's Book."—*Intelligencer, Canada West*.

The truth is, Godey is insurpassable in the style, taste, and talent of his periodical.—*New Castle Dem.*

It still leads off at the head of American magazines.—*Plymouth News*.

Godey is certainly ahead of all the other monthlies, both in style and matter.—*Newmarket Democrat*.

All the magazines are enterprising, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Godey with his "Lady's Book" bears off the palm.—

For beauty and taste, we place it first among all the magazines.—*Romney Argus*.

A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the "Lady's Book." In fact, no parlor is complete without it.—*Troy Times*.

We invite all who are desirous of seeing the greatest work of the day now published—the "Lady's Book"—to call at our office.—*La. Register*.

Godey's we think the best of all the magazines published in America.—*Perrysburg Reville*.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the "Lady's Book" is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the pages of the "Lady's Book," whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

The publisher of the "Lady's Book" performs all he promises, and, as some of our exchanges are kind enough to say, "more than he promises." Each number of the "Lady's Book" contains at least

THREE ENGRAVINGS FROM STEEL PLATES, ENGRAVED BY THE BEST ARTISTS,
either in *LINE*, *STIPPLE*, or *MEZZOTINT*, and sometimes *FOUR*.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES


are published monthly, and are considered the only really valuable fashion plates that are published. They have been the standard for over twenty-one years. In addition to the above, every month selections from the following are given, with simple directions that all may understand:—


Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Model Cottage Furniture, Patterns for Window Curtains, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady will find its appropriate place in her own Book.


TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

One copy, 1 year,	- - - - \$3	Five copies, 1 year,	- - - - \$10
Two copies, 1 year,	- - - - 5	One copy, 5 years,	- - - - 10
One copy, 2 years,	- - - - 5	Ten copies, 1 year,	- - - - 20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

 No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.

 Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.

 Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.

Address

L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA.

WEEKLY CIRCULATION, FORTY THOUSAND COPIES!

The "Dollar Newspaper" is afforded to single subscribers at One Dollar per year, and is the only paper of its character published at so low a price. It is printed on a large imperial sheet of white paper, with small, new, and beautiful type, and is as handsome in appearance, and contains as much reading matter as do the larger weekly papers, which cost twice as much. Arrangements have been effected with some of the ablest story writers in the country, both male and female, for

A SERIES OF FIRST-RATE STORIES AND NOUVELLETES,

for which the "Dollar Newspaper," it is believed, pays out more money than any other Family Newspaper in the United States.

TERMS PER YEAR:

One Copy, for one year, - - -	\$1	Thirty-Four Copies, for one year, - - -	\$25
Six Copies, " - - -	5	Forty-Two Copies, " - - -	30
Thirteen Copies, " - - -	10	Fifty Copies, " - - -	35
Twenty Copies, " - - -	15	Seventy-Five Copies, " - - -	50
Twenty-Seven Copies, " - - -	20	One Hundred and Fifty Copies, one year 100	

The money, in every instance, to accompany the order, and free of postage, to be directed to the publishers, Philadelphia. No subscription received for a shorter period of time than one year.

To insure the privileges extended in this offer to Clubs, the conditions must be literally complied with, and, as regards the formation of the clubs, the whole number must begin at the same time.

ALL THE LATE AND IMPORTANT NEWS

may always be found in the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper." In this particular it stands unrivaled, its machinery and other facilities for printing a cheap family paper being unequalled by any other newspaper establishment in the country.

BESIDES A FARMER'S DEPARTMENT OF ORIGINAL MATTER,

this Popular Family Weekly is supplied with a variety of reading matter, which will reward the perusal of any intelligent person in the community, comprising Original and Select Stories; Humorous Sketches; Tales of Travel; Romances; Sketches of Real Life; Valuable Biographies; Poetry, Serious, Sentimental, and Humorous; a Column for the Curious; Gems from New Works; Local Matters; Reviews of New Publications; Popular Lectures; Scientific Novelties; Anecdotes; Opinions; Glimpses of the Law; Foreign Correspondence, and Foreign and Domestic News to the latest hour; Congressional and Legislative Intelligence; Accidents and Casualties; Financial Articles; Reports of all the Markets; Miscellaneous Editorial Articles; and a combination of information and amusing sketches, facts, and fancies, such as never before has been seen in one publication.

All orders must be addressed, post-paid, to

A. H. SIMMONS & Co., Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE ON

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

From the 1st of July, 1851, the Postage on this large and popular Family Journal is reduced, and, at the beginning of 1852, it will be again enlarged by adding Six Columns more of Reading.

Persons subscribing in the interim will secure the elegant Premiums, and have the benefit of the enlargement—the "Paper" is now the largest of the Philadelphia weeklies—without incurring any additional expense for subscription or postage.

The publisher, to accommodate all, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but to have in their possession also a beautiful house ornament, he proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS:

Single copy, one year (with an elegant premium engraving), - - -	\$2
Four copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club), - - -	5
Ten copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club), - - -	10
Twenty copies (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber), - - -	20

THE PREMIUM PLATES.

Any person sending \$2 in advance, will receive "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" for one year, and any one of the following costly and beautiful fine mezzotint and steel Parlor Prints:—

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix. 14.

[This is one of the very best large size mezzotint engravings. It contains seventeen full-length figures, engraved in the very best style of art, and covers a space of 285 square inches—cost of engraving, \$1500! The retail price is \$3. For \$3, we will furnish the paper one year and the colored print.]

THE FIRST PRAYER.—"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."

[This is a neat, chaste, instructive, and appropriate parlor print, 26 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in superior style. The store price of this print is also \$3.]

[There are no wood-cuts or lithographs in our premiums.]

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the Club will receive any one of the following beautiful mezzotint and steel large size parlor engravings:—

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY PREACHING IN THE GWENAP AMPHITHEATRE.

[This engraving is a fine mezzotint, and is the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving, \$1500. The picture is 22 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$3.]

AMERICA GUIDED BY WISDOM.—An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity. The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price, \$2.]

PRESIDENT TAYLOR AND HIS WAR HORSE.—A fine mezzotint, engraved at a cost of \$1000.

THE REVERIE.—(Plain). This beautiful mezzotint engraving will be furnished, uncolored, to club subscribers. The store price of this print, plain, is \$2.

REMARKS.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive any one of the last four described plates he may select. By paying \$1, he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less than \$2. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving, in the last list, he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it. Address, post-paid,

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION,
AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLIII.—OCTOBER, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

1. THE HEART'S RESOLVE. "And ye shall walk in silk attire." Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.	
2. MEMORY. An engraving in line, printed in colors—a peculiarity of Godey's Lady's Book, by	D. STEVENS.
3. MODEL COTTAGE No. 2, IN THE TUDOR STYLE. Engraved by	GEO. GILBERT.
4. "A PEEP AT THE FAIR." The best line engraving of a Fashion ever executed in this country. Engraved by	J. I. PEASE.
5, 6. PATTERNS FOR WINDOW CURTAINS. From the original Parisian designs. Two engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
7. MUSIC—SONG OF THE AFFECTIONS. Words by WM. P. MULCHINOCK; Music by	WM. E. RICHARDSON.
8, 9. INTERIOR OF COTTAGE IN THE TUDOR STYLE. Two engravings. By	GEO. GILBERT.
10, 11. COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS. Two engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
13. THE SERENADE. Engraved by	W. CROOME.
14. GARDEN DECORATIONS. Engraved by	M. A. JONES.
15, 16. ADDITIONAL DESIGNS FOR WINDOW CURTAINS. Engraved by	GEO. GILBERT.
17-19. MORNING ROBE AND UNDERSLEEVES. Three engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.
20. FRINGE-MAT. Engraved by	G. W. JONES.
21, 22. COTTAGE FURNITURE. Two engravings. Engraved by	J. FROST.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

The Heart's Resolve, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	197	Astrology, by <i>Ida Baldwin</i> ,	240
Memory, by <i>John Duffey</i> ,	200	An American Song, by <i>William Ross Wallace</i> ,	240
On Dress, translated from the French, by <i>Dr. Edwin A. Allen</i> ,	201	The Hour for thee and me, by <i>C. C. Butler</i> ,	241
Trouting on Jessup's River, by <i>C. W. Webber</i> ,	204	"No Letter," by <i>Jenny Gray</i> ,	241
Costumes of all Nations,	207	Hamilear Leading Hannibal to the Temple, by <i>Edward J. Porter</i> ,	241
Confessions of a Dreamer, by <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith</i> ,	209	My Mother's Grave, by <i>Amanda M. Douglass</i> ,	242
The Serenade, from the German of <i>Uhlana</i> ,	211	Lament for a Wife, by <i>Mrs. Jane B. Pierce</i> ,	242
Katrine.—A Simple Tale, by <i>Mrs. E. L. Cushing</i> ,	212	"God Bless you," by <i>W. Wallace Shaw</i> ,	242
"Young Love's Dream," by <i>The Author of "Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing,"</i> etc. etc.	223	Window Curtains,	163, 243
Hugh Eymar: or, The Young Statesman, by <i>The Author of "Wraths and Branches,"</i>	228	Sonnets—1. Despair; 11. Hope, by <i>Jno. B. Duffey</i> ,	244
Garden Decorations,	237	Morning Robe and Undersleeves,	245
Correspondence between <i>Elisha Boudinot</i> and <i>George Washington</i> ,	237	Knitted Baby's Boot,	246
The Departed,	238	Netting.—Fringe-Mat,	247
Sonnet, by <i>Wm. Alexander</i> ,	239	Cottage Furniture,	248
The Wind and the Woods, by <i>Emily Herrmann</i> ,	239	Editorial Table,	249
The Forsaken, by <i>Wm. H. McCalla</i> ,	239	Words from the Heart, by <i>Beata</i> ,	250
The Saviour's Prayer, by <i>the late Miss Harriette J. Meek</i> ,	239	Literary Notices,	250
		Publisher's Department,	251
		Various Useful Receipts,	254
		Fashions,	255

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent, and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. Over 500 and under 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for 1500 miles, or twenty-four cents for three months for a distance

1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



A.E. Chalon, N.Y.

A.L. Pink.

A YOUTHFUL CONTRIBUTOR.

Mrs. S. J. HALE

EDITOR.

LOUIS A. GODEY.



Painted by George Cole.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Engraved by T.B. Welch expressly for Godey.



Illustration of the text.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Engraved by T. W. H. in expression of 'Gale.'

1840.





Latest Fashions for Ladies' Riding Dresses.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

O, LADY WITH THE NUT-BROWN HAIR.

WORDS WRITTEN AND DEDICATED RESPECTFULLY TO

MISS LIZZIE B * * * * *

BY WILLIAM E. RICHARDSON.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

JAMES M. STEWART.

EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Dolce. Andante.

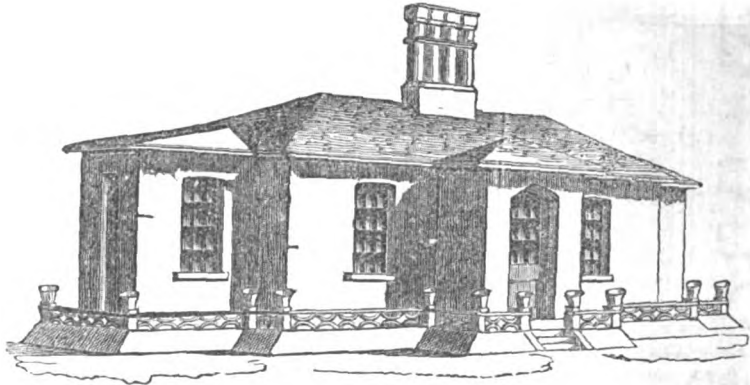
VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part begins with the lyrics "O, La-dy with the nut-brown hair," and the piano part provides accompaniment. The score is in 3/4 time and features a variety of musical notations, including treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, and the piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clef).

O, La-dy with the nut-brown hair,
I tune my harp to thee, For still my mem-ory lin-gers where My

MODEL COTTAGE.



A Dwelling with four rooms, a back kitchen, and other conveniences.

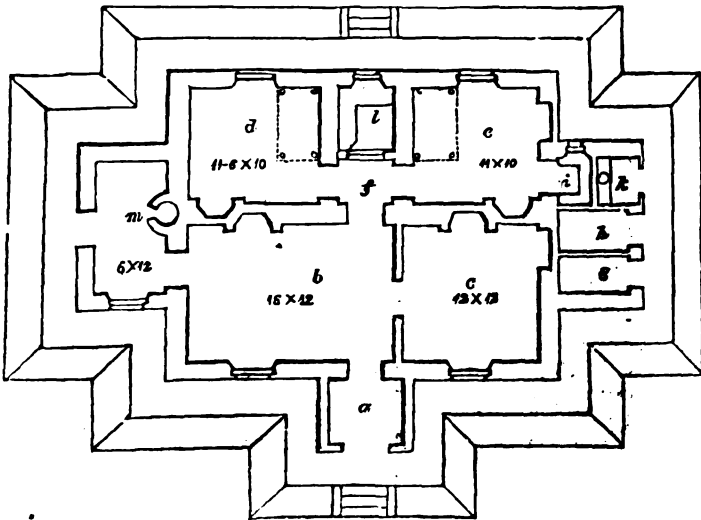
Accommodation.—This is calculated to afford a very comfortable habitation; and, all the rooms being on the ground-floor, the walls may be built of earth, and the apartments heated by flues in the floor from the back kitchen.

The ground-plan shows a porch, *a*; a kitchen, *b*; a parlor, *c*; two bed-rooms, *d* and *e*; a lobby, *f*

(lighted from the dairy); a closet, *g*; wood or coal house, *h*; pantry, *i*; commode, *k*; dairy, *l*; and back kitchen, *m*.

Construction.—The walls may be of stone, furnished with blocking courses; the roof of slate; and the windows of sashes hung with weights and pulleys. The floors may be of boards, or paved, and heated by flues from the back kitchen.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents 19,468 feet; at 10 cents per foot, \$1946 80; at 5 cents, \$973 40.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1851.

COUNSEL—THE EVIL AND THE GOOD

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plates.)

"MEETA! Meeta!"

It was not the voice of the reeds by the margin of the pool that sounded so clearly above the whirl of her spinning-wheel—so clearly, that the maiden paused in her busy task, and looked upward and around in the glimmering twilight. But the task was long, and the day closed swiftly; there was no time to seek for the intruder.

"Meeta! *beautiful* Meeta!"

Close at her very side, as if it had crept along the green sward, trembling through the ground ivy and the blue-eyed sparrow-grass, murmuring over the light ripples as musical as they, came again that soft, clear whisper.

"Yes," said the maiden's heart, "*I am beautiful*. The waves tell me so as I gather cresses every morning; and the roses prove it, for their hearts are not clearer or richer in coloring than my cheek. The lily tells me so; for am I not as fair? and the floating swan, swinging silently on the margin of the lake with its gracious repose, and the shining threads of flax that I spin, are not softer or more silken than my tresses; the violets, my eyes are the same hue as theirs. Yes, *I am beautiful*."

"And all things *beautiful* are *loved*," said the voice.

But the maiden did not heed it. The long shining threads passed more slowly through her fingers, her head drooped forward as one whose mind is filled by vexing thoughts. Nay, in her moodiness, the psalter from which she had chanted her morning hymn, with a heart full of praise and innocent adoration, slipped to the ground, and lay, with all the treasures of the life to come, unheeded at her feet. And there slept her faithful Leon, his long curling ears overlapping those white and dimpled feet, half buried in the rich moss of the river bank; and the sleeves fell back from her rounded arms as she clasped her hands bitterly, and they gleamed

25*

forth like ivory to the soft light of the crescent moon just floating upward. Her heart had not deceived her—Meeta was very beautiful.

"Fie on thee for a dreamer!" said the voice again, but more gayly and still nearer, while a woman, young and also strangely lovely, sprung from her concealment behind the brake of flowering shrubs, whose thick stems and tall uplifted spires of blossoms had hidden her.

Meeta started to her feet, and the silken tresses broke from their fastening, falling over throat and waist, and adding tenfold to her delicate beauty.

"Thou child!" said the gay intruder, clasping her waist half caressingly, half in playful anger. "So I have found thee at last, dreaming over thine own beauty, and weary of the daily toil it cannot lighten. Pretty Meeta, no wonder that this graceful form shrinks from such coarse garments, that these delicate limbs find no rest on the straw of thine humble pallet. And these hands, so chiseled, so daintily colored, blushing to the finger tips at their own perfection—ah, there are cruel marks of toil upon them! Look at my hair, Meeta, wreathed and flowing! What would I not give for tresses like thine! yet never before has even the moonlight looked upon its heavy waves unfolded. Thy feet should be daintily sandaled. See!" And she trod a light and springing step, as one that bounds through an airy measure.

"Thou here!" said the young girl, slightly shuddering.

"Nay, nay, girl! is this thy greeting to an old friend, who has left soft lights, and gallant cavaliers, and the merry dance, to come in search of thee? See, there they are, the gay revelers! The prince himself does not disdain to mingle with them; these very roses in my bosom were placed there by his hand. And he has heard of thee! So, blushing! Well, mayhap it was a little bird told me the tale;

261

how a fair maiden span in the sunshine, and sang so merrily, that the very thrushes came to listen, and the brook danced to the music. But another than the thrushes came, and thought the singer wondrous fair, and sought her side to tell her so. And the maiden blushed, but would not smile. Her blue eyes were veiled and downcast; but a new light burned therein, kindled by those kindly glances. Ah, thou seest I know the tale; and now he waits for thee, to make thee his own, amid all that splendor; and I come, thine old friend, a willing ambassador, to bid thee join our gallant company."

"Hush, Norna! Why have you come to me? You know—you know what separates us. Leave me to my simple, humble life. Leave me to peace and obscurity."

"Peace! Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger, gayly. "Such peace as thou hast known since then! To wake wearily with the day's dawn, every limb aching with the labor of yesterday. To go about household tasks, disdaining even the lightest, because of the servitude of which it is a badge. Loathing the coarse dark bread, and the crisp watercresses, with visions of flowing wine and dainty cheer, that come by right to others far less beautiful than thee. Turning the heavy wheel without a song, while musing upon all these things, and donning this coarse robe with thoughts of the silken softness shrouding forms far more coarsely moulded! If this be peace!"

The girl pushed back the heavy hair, which seemed to stifle her. She no longer resisted; she stood passive in that soft, yet compelling clasp.

"Come with me," said Norna. "'Tis but a step. A light wind will waft us to the other shore. Come nearer, and catch the soft breath of perfume gushing from those fragrant groves. Hear that burst of festal music, ravishing the very soul as it steals over the water! See, the lights are gleaming; but not more brightly than the eyes of love that will welcome thee! Such wild, fervent devotion as thy silly heart never dreamed of! Giving up the very love of Heaven for thine! Living for thee—dying for thee, Meeta!"

The pure white hand trembled, the maiden's bosom heaved with a low, shuddering sigh.

"Come—come away. I cannot wait longer upon thee. Every hour shall bring some new joy from the love that has no law but thine own sweet will. Away with toil, and care, and servitude! Away, tasks unmeet for thee! Jewels shall shine upon this fair round throat, and loop back the rich drapery that will add a thousandfold to thy charms, and flash in thy floating hair. Come away, Meeta, and be!"

"Such a one as thou!" said another voice, coldly and sternly, to the beautiful, guilty creature.

"Once more," cried Norna, with a wild impatience, stamping upon the flowers at her feet, while a fierce gleam shot through the pleading softness of her languid eyes—"wilt thou come, Meeta?"

A quick gasping throb, one beseeching glance to

the serene heavens, one thought of prayer, a pang, and the struggle was ended.

"Nay, leave me, for thy very touch is pollution, sending a strange fever through my brain; thine eyes thrill me with fearful thoughts! I cannot go with thee! I may not even listen to thy words! Leave me, Norna! leave me, for the love of Christ!"

And then, with a loud, insulting laugh, the baffled temptress had departed, and Meeta stood with hands enclasped and eyes lowered down, listening to another voice, the counsel of one who had been her guide from childhood.

"Follow me; for I have never deceived thee," she said. "This is no place for thee, in the very sight of such mad revelry. Ah, was it wise to leave the shadow of the cottage roof, and plant thy wheel where sounds like these float past? Is it maidenly to stand there with thy girdle unbound, and the wind toying with thy hair? Bind up the scattered locks, and let me lead thee."

The rustling foliage of the grove, the ripple of the waters, the gleaming of distant lights, the faint gushes of song, and mirth, and laughter, the perfume of flowers—all these were left far in the distance; for their path lay beneath the shadow of a huge cliff, past the chapel with its silent spire, down the rugged steps hewn in the living rock; a rough, toilsome way, and Meeta's delicate feet were torn and bleeding when they reached the smooth, hard bench. They stood there alone, with but the heavy shadow of the cliffs, the light step of the faithful Leon, and the deep, solemn roar of the waves breaking at their very feet. The cool salt breeze came freshly to the burning forehead of the maiden. It was this deep calmness, this solemn voice of the sea, this cold kiss of its waves, that her fevered heart had need of.

"Look, Meeta, far out upon the wide expanse. Wave after wave rising, falling, stretching out to the horizon, bounded only by what we have called Heaven. It is thus with our lives. Standing upon the narrow beach, we look out to an eternity boundless as the sea would seem to thee. Ever its waves are rising, falling. Ever we hear the deep warning voice of its waters. Look, child; I do not chide thee.

"Look in thine own heart, Meeta. Thou hast been sorely tempted. How was it that thy heart never throbbled rebelliously before? Ever since thine orphanhood thou hast eaten the bread of cheerful labor. It is no new thing to thee! Probe more deeply still. There was a day when an evil shadow fell upon thy path; then was it that thy dreams began. Sitting hour by hour beside the still waters of the lake, laving thy white feet, thridding the tresses that fell around thee, enamored of thine own beauty; so pride came, and by pride the angels of Heaven are debased. Pride that would not let thee kneel to ask purely, 'this day thy daily bread,' and so the needful petition which follows it was no longer uttered. Am I not right, Meeta?"

The listener gave no response, but still stood drooping and downcast, as the fountain of penitence and contrition welled forth in her soul at these gentle words.

"These rocks are cold and bare. The sea has a hoarse murmur, the wind is shrill, but it is more like our life than the scenes thou hast left behind. Its lessons are oftentimes cold and harsh, its paths rugged; but no poisonous breath comes in such an air as this, strength only to nerve the frame, and lightness to raise the drooping spirit. I have brought thee here to show thee paths of happiness—not such as Norna wooed thee to with her wild eloquence. The world lures thee with all that can delight the eye or charm the sense. Its flatteries are sweet, its pleasures glow in the distance. But the soft words are hidden wounds, that burn and rankle; its pleasures leave a wild unrest, more fearful for their passing oblivion of care and sorrow. Then the brow is wreathed with flowers but to cool the throbbing pain, and behind the false smiles tears are prisoned. Ask Norna if she is happy, save in forgetfulness or mad revelry. Do I grieve thee, Meeta?"

"Oh no! no! thou art too kind!" she murmured.

"So the heart—this wild, restless, fluttering heart hath other teachers, and our Father sends us the

message. Toil is lightened when we take the task as from his hand; and affliction is but a passing cloud, whose showers bring blossoms from the earth. To some are given lowly ways to tread, though brightened by a cheerful spirit, and made rough only with thorns of our own fostering. Beauty is His gift, Meeta, and shall we make His gift a minister to unholiness, offering it upon the altar of sinful passions? Oh, Meeta, the angels are beautiful, but they are likewise pure!

"And be thou, too, pure in heart, for this is far greater loveliness than symmetry of form or the wealth of flowing tresses. Guard it tenderly from every evil thought; let no vain imagination, no selfish longing dwell there. For none but the pure in heart are pure in word and life; and without purity there is naught of peace."

Oh, it was a gentle pressure, far more kindly than the thrilling clasp of Norna! and the voice had a touching cadence more musical than the wild melody the revelers sang. So they turned; and, with the sea before her, an emblem of the eternity in which the sands of life are merged, and the chapel cross far onward pointing to the serene heavens, the humble, struggling prayer for penitence cast out PRIDE, and the maiden's heart welcomed gladly its guest of old CONTENT.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

No. III.—HER ACCOUNT OF GOING TO THE ACADEMY

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"Good evening, Miss Williams," said Aunt Tabitha; "walk right along to the fire and take a cheer. Lizzy, take Miss Williams' things. Rather coolish out doors this evenin', I guess; for, though I'm warm as wool settin' here in the chimney corner, I observed, when I went to the winder jest now, that the stars looked as bright as so many shillin's."

"Yes, there is quite a keen air this evening," replied Mrs. Williams.

"Is your darter Nancy purty cleverly, sence she got home from the 'cademy?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Well, I'm thankful to hear it, I'm sure. If she 'd a fared as I did, when I went to the 'cademy, she 'd ben pined away to an atomy by the eend of the farm."

"Why, aunt," said Paul, "did you ever go to the academy?"

"Yes, I went about four weeks. I sot out to go a whole term, for I was as sensible of the vally of larnin' as anybody; but, though larnin' is vallyble, life is vallybler still, and I raly b'leve 'twould ben the death of me, if I 'd parsevered in tryin' to stav the farm out."

"You shouldn't have studied so hard as to injure your health," said Paul.

"The land! 'Twa'n't studyin' hard that hurt me—'twas 'cause I couldn't get half enough to eat. I want to know, Miss Williams, if your darter never met with any trouble in that way?"

"Not that I know of. I never heard any complaint."

"Well, she didn't fare as I did, then, I know for sartin."

"Come, aunt, let us hear how you fared," said Paul.

"Well, you see, the summer I was in my sixteenth year, Squire Mason's oldest darter and Major Porter's two darters sot out to go to Beechwood 'cademy. The Masons and the Porters were the most genteel people in the place; and, the minute I heerd of it, I felt detarmined, in my own mind, that I would go too; for, in them days, I calc'lated to hold my head as high as any of the gals. When I spoke to father and mother about it, they didn't seem to think 'twas raly worth while; but finally, seein' that I was so airmest, they gin up for me to go. So I went right to work, and altered my white cambric gownd, and new trimmed my laylock Can-

ton crape, besides goin' to the expense of a new gingham and a new calico. Sally Majerry cut and basted 'em for me; and a complete hand she was, too—they sot as neat as wax. Besides the gownds, I was obleeged to have ribbin for my bunnet, and a pair of white silk gloves. Kid gloves wa'n't so much in vogue in them days as they are now. Well, I got everything in readiness, and, the day afore the one the tarm was to begin, father and I sot out for Beechwood 'cademy. We had as good a horse and shay as there was in the place; and mother, all I could do and say, would make me take a good chunk of sweet cake and some doughnuts. 'May-be,' says she, 'you 'll feel kind o' bashful at first, and wont like to eat as much at the table as you raly need.'

"When we got to our journey's eend, the first thing was to look out a boardin'-place. Father tried to git me in where Peggy Mason and the Porter gals were goin' to board, but we arrived too late; as many had ben ingaged as could be accommodated. We then called to several places, but they were all full. At last, a woman told us that she guessed all the housen were filled up except Miss Sloman's.

"Is Miss Sloman's a good place?" said father.

"Oh, yes, in one sense it is," says she. "It's a nice stiddy place as ever was. Miss Biles, the perceptress, boards there. She's a sister to Miss Sloman."

"That's jest the thing," says father. "If the school-marm boards there, she 'll teach the gals good manners."

"I can't say that I felt dreadful well pleased at the idee of boardin' where she did, 'cause I thought I shouldn't know how to act genteel enough; but I was obleeged to go, for, as the woman suspected, all the other housen were full. Father got somebody to pint out where Miss Sloman lived, and it proved to be snug to the 'cademy-house, and had a trimendous gloomy look, I thought. Father knocked, and a pairson come to the door and gin us an invite to walk into the settin'-room. He asked for Miss Sloman, and she soon made her appearance.

"My darter that's with me," says he, "has a notion of 'tendin' the 'cademy a tarm, and I thought I should like to git her in here to board."

"You're jest in time," says she. "I've got accommodations for o'ny twelve boarders, and I've already ingaged 'leven."

"It's lucky we got here jest as we did, then," says father.

"Very fortunate," says she. "Come, my dear, take off your things."

"So I took off my bunnet as curful as I could, though I expected nothin' but what I should rumple my hair; but, on lookin' into the glass, I found it looked as slick as a mole, and my new gingham gownd shined some, I guess. I didn't feel a bit conserned but that I should look as well as any of the gals. The most I was afeerd of was that I should

fail in the larnin' part; for, though I could write and cipher, and read a chapter in the Testament equal to a minister, grammar and pherlosophy and logic, and all that kind o' stuff, looked amazin' dark to me.

"Well, you see, 'twas jest about noon, so Miss Sloman could do no less than to ask father to stay to dinner. He was glad enough to accept the invitation, for there was no tavern in the place; and, arter eatin' breakfast by candlelight, and ridin' twenty mile, and then walkin' round an hour or two arter a boardin'-place, he felt the need of some dinner, I can tell you. For my own part, the idee of bein' left among strangers, and of the ternal logic and 'stronomy, and so on, that I expected I'd got to grapple with, took my appetite purty much off. And I thought to myself, 'twas a massy there was somethin' to take it off, when I come to see what there was on the table. Why, every individual thing there was, put 'em all together, wouldn't ben enough for more than two or three reasonably hearty men a meal, and there was no less than fifteen of us sot down to the table. What there was wa'n't dreadful good: for meat kind, there was a little fried beef, tough as leather, and some potaters; while, to top off with, there was a biled Indian pudden, heavy and hard as lead, with sass that appeared to me to be nothin' more nor less than some gruel with a spunful or two of molasses stirred into it.

"Thinks I to myself, 'twill be a purty nice pint to make the pudden hold out, so as for each one to have a slice, for 'twa'n't bigger than two common sized apple-dumplin's. But it not only hild out, but there was a piece left (for manners, I s'pose); for Miss Sloman had the knack of makin' a little go a good ways, as I soon larnt to my sorrier. When father got ready to go, he called me aside—

"'Tabitha,' says he, 'you must let me have half a dozen of them doughnuts your mother gin you, or I raly b'leve I shan't have strength to set in the shay and guide the horse. We had sich an airly breakfast, I didn't cat but a mouthful or two, and I feel ready to drop down with clear, sheer faintness. If I thought the dinner to-day was a fair sample of what you are to expect, I wouldn't let you stay; for, of all the ways that were ever contrived to bring a pairson to his eend, I ollus considered starvin' one of the worst. But I s'pose Miss Sloman was kind o' taken by surprise to-day—didn't expect so many to dinner."

"It was my fortin to be put into a room with three other gals. One of 'em, Elly Rives, was a rich marchant's darter, and a plaguy purty gal she was, too, with a skin as white as paper, and an eye as black as a sloe. It was the fall tarm, and though, in a gin'al way, the days were warm enough, the nights were too chilly to do without a fire; so Elly Rives asked Miss Sloman to let us have wood to make a fire in our room, and to put it in her bill. Arter we had a fire, we had a nice comfortable time, or should 'ave had, if we hadn't ben almost upon

the pint of starvin'. Elly's mother fixed her off with full half a loaf of nice plum-cake, and, while that and the cake and doughnuts I brought lasted, we were as lively and peert as so many crickets; out, there bein' four of us—for we, of course, had to go sheers with the two others, two gals—afore the week was out not a crumb was left of either cake or doughnuts. Though there was nothin' said about our bein' on allowance, we were as much as if we 'd 'ave ben in United States' service in wartime, when, I 've ben told, the soldiers have jest so much and no more dealt out to 'em every day. For breakfast there were never but jest two slices of bread a-piece, cut as thin as a wafer, and, once in a while, a mouthful or two of meat, jest for a make-believe. Sometimes we had butter, sometimes cheese, and sometimes apple-sass; but we were sure never to have on'y one at a time. With our tea—or, as I should say, warm water with a little skim-milk in it—we had our two slices of bread, or one slice and a piece of gingerbread about two inches square. For dinner, we fared about the same as we did the first day, o'ny, instead of the pudden, we generally had a small piece of apple-pie, or an apple, to top off with. Miss Biles ollus called this the *desart*; and, for my part, I thought 'twas aptly named, for, if we 'd 'ave ben right in the midst of the howlin' *desarts* of Arabia, we shouldn't 'ave ben likely to had much scantier fare.

"But, what made me the maddest was, Miss Biles kept all the time hammerin' away about how onbecomin' 'twas for the fair seek to indulge in eatin' and drinkin', 'specially if they were in pursuit of larnin'. She used to flourish away about it in sich high-flown style, that sometimes I couldn't make out what she was arter, and I guess she didn't raly know herself; but the substance of it seemed to be that the less you eat the fuller your head would be of idees. The land o' massy, thought I, if that doctrine is true, the heads of 's gals will git so full of idees that they 'll bust right open one of these days, and go off like a pop-gun. 'I could never write sich poetry as I do,' says she, 'if I indulged in eatin' to success. Oh!' says she, and she rolled up her eyes so that a body would 'ave thought she was goin' into a fit, 'if I could o'ny be so 'theralized as to need nothin' more substantial to eat than the honey that is in the heart of a rose and other bootiful flowers, then my freedom of thought would be perfect!"

"For my part, I thought she talked more like a nateral fool than a woman of sense, and I 've dis-pised poetry ever sence—couldn't help it for the life of me.

"Well, things went on in this way a day or two, arter the cake and doughnuts were gone, when one evenin', a little arter eight o'clock, as Elly Rives and I, and the two other gals, were settin' round the fire, Elly, all at once, jumps up, and, takin' a towel from the washstand, slips out of the room without sayin' a word to anybody. In about five

minutes she come back agin, and we seed that she 'd got somethin' in the towel.

"'I 've ben on a foragin' expedition,' says she; 'and, considerin' the barren nater of the premises, have made out first-rate.'

"She then come along to the fire, and emptied a dozen of potatoes down on to the hearth. I guess our eyes glistened some at the sight of 'em. For my part, if I 'd ben at home, so many oranges right from over sea, and as yaller as goold, would 'ave seemed jest nothin' to 'em. There was a nice bed of coals, and, in a minute's time, we had 'em kivered up as snug as a biscuit. Miss Biles, you see, had made a rule for all the boarders to leave off study as soon as the clock struck nine, arter which the lights must all be out in five minutes. For fear that she shouldn't be strictly obeyed, once in a while she used to go round and poke her head into each of the rooms; and, as we had a fire in ours, she most ollus come along and seed to kiverin' it up. We 'd jest tried the potatoes, and they were within an ace of bein' done, when the clock struck nine. The minute it struck, Elly seized the tongs and begun takin' the potatoes out of the fire for dear life.

"'La,' says I, 'you needn't be afearcd but what you 'll have time enough, even if Miss Biles comes round to-night, for she gin'rally takes the rooms in reg'lar course, and they all come afore curs.'

"'I know it,' says Elly; 'but it's best to take 'em out, for fear what might happen.'

"'Yes, for fear what might happen,' says a voice close behind us.

"We all started and looked round, and there stood Miss Biles! She 'd opened the door so soft, and crept into the room so like a cat, that not a single soul of us had heern a sound. Without sayin' another word, she made a dive at the potatoes, and, gatherin' 'em up, went and opened a winder and throwed 'em out. She then kivered up the fire, clapt the *distinguisher* on the lamp, and left the room. For my part, I was so hungry and so disappointed, that I had a good cryin' spell—I couldn't help it. Elly tried to laugh; but, I guess, if we hadn't ben in darkness, we should 'ave seen a few tears sparklin' in her bright eyes. As for the other two gals, they cried as bad as I did; and no wonder, for we were nigh upon famished. I would 'ave gin a dollar for a good thick slice of the pudden, with gruel sass, I so dis-pised the first day I was there. I couldn't help thinkin' of the man that tried to larn his horse to live without eatin'; but, by the time he 'd larnt him, the poor critter died, and I thought 'twould be the same with us.

"It so happened that, the very next day, arter I 'd riz from the dinner-table, the gal that lived with Miss Sloman opened the door which led into the kitchen jest as I was passin' it. 'Well,' thinks I, 'if there ain't somethin' out there that 's purty sav'ry, I 'll never guess agin; and it smells enough sight more like roast chicken than a rose, or any of the flowers that Miss Biles pertends would make

her ideas so clear, if she could on'y git the honey out of 'em and live upon it.' Well, I jest gin Elly a hint, and we felt detarmined to find out what was goin' on. Miss Biles had talked more than common that day about how hurtful it was for pairsons that lived a sedentary life to eat what she called a full meal. It was so vulgar, too, and so ongenteel.

"In a ginerall way, we went right off to school as soon as we 'd done dinner; but that day, arter waitin' a few minutes, I took the pitcher, and Elly and I went down, pertendin' we wanted some water. We didn't exart ourselves to make a dreadful deal of noise as we went through the dinin'-room, nor when we opened the door, and I should think we stood the vally of a minute afore Miss Biles or Miss Sloman seed us, for they were lab'r'in' away so at the roast chicken that they didn't mind about anything else. I thought I 'd seen folks that were purty tol'able expart with a knife and fork, but they beat all I ever did see, 'specially Miss Biles. I declare, if I didn't act'ally think that the critter would choke herself. The *desart*, too, that was to foller—I guess it wa'n't much like what we gals had. Instead of an apple-pie, so distantly related to the West Indies that 'twould near upon set your teeth on edge to eat a piece on't, there were plenty of custards, and some of the most deliciousest-lookin' peaches I ever put my eye on. Well, arter we 'd stood and obsarved 'em as long as we keerd to, I stepped forward into the room, and Elly shut the door purty hard.

"The minute Miss Biles sot eyes on us, she turned as red as a beet, and, droppin' her knife and fork, sprung right up from the table. Miss Sloman, who was in hopes that we hadn't noticed what was on the table, took and doubled over one side of the cloth, and kivered chicken and peaches and every-thing all up.

"'I beg that you won't let us disturb you,' says Elly, lookin' demure and harmless, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. 'We o'ny want to get a little water.'

"'Yes, that 's all,' says I; 'and I should feel raly sorry if, by comin' arter it, we hindered you from finishin' that chicken and eatin' that nice *desart* you 've got kivered up under the table-cloth.'

"What the upshot of the matter would 'ave ben, I don't know, if, when we were goin' back arter we 'd got our pitcher of water, we hadn't met father right in the door-way.

"It seems that, arter he went home, he kept ponderin' upon that dinner he helped eat; and, at last, he got his feelin's so worked up about havin' his only darter so oncomf'ortable, as he knew, in a likely way, I should be, he couldn't help speakin' to mother about it. At first, he thought he wouldn't say anything to her, for fear 'twould worry her. Well, they talked the matter over between themselves, in as cool and candid a way as they could, considerin', and they both come to the conclusion that they should never be able to take another minute's comfort as long as I staid. So the very next

day father come arter me, and that was the eend of my goin' to the 'cademy."

"I attended the same academy a year," said Mrs. Williams; "and, if I had not constantly received liberal supplies from home, I must have suffered for want of food. But, since then, there has been a change for the better, owing prolably to the great increase there has been in the number of good schools. The competition, which is a natural consequence, renders it bad policy for those who take boarders to practise on the system of short allowance."

"What became of Ella Rives?" said Lizzie
"Did she stay the term out?"

"O yes. She writ home to her folks, so that they kept sendin' her pies and cakes, and everything that was good; so that the rest of the term she and the two gals that roomed with her lived like the sweet cheeses."

THE CAPTIVE DEER,

TAKEN FROM HIS SOUTHERN HOME TO THE NORTH.

FANNY PALMS.

DEER of a sunny clime,
Standing so statue-like, so mournful there,
Thy graceful head upraised to sniff the air,
Tell me what dreams are thine?

Wildly thy soft brown eyes
Their suppliant glances turn upon mine own,
Seeming to say, "Oh, all is here unknown!
Where are my own blue skies?"

"Where the savanna's green?
Where the magnolia to the zephyr giving
Her perfumed lips, and countless flow'rets springing
The tangled vines between?"

"And Summer's glorious brow,
With orange buds and blossoms garlanded,
A crown of sunlight sparkling on her head—
Oh say, where is she now?"

"In the first blush of morn,
When joyously the gentle fawns are bounding,
No longer am I startled with the sounding
Of the gay huntsmen's horn.

"I 'd list it yet again,
Though it bring fear—though even it bring danger—
So with mine own I could but dwell a ranger,
By streamlet, wood, and plain.

"Will ye not loose my bands?
I thirst, I pant for freedom—but in vain!
Swift as the wind, glad as the lark's wild strain,
I 'd seek my native lands!"

"Alas, a captive I!
Far from the dim wood where my doe reposes;
Far from the land of singing-birds and roses,
In this bleak clime I die!"

LEAVES FROM THE MOUNTAIN

BY THE LATE MISS HARRIETTE J. MEEK.

SCHILLER.*

Are not the mountains, waves, and sky a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? Should I not contemn
All objects if compared with these, and stem
A tide of suffering rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts that dare not
glow?
CHILDER HAROLD

THERE are, among men, two distinct kinds of what we term poetic taste; one of the mind alone, and another, in which the heart predominates over the intellect. The former is rare, and is prized more highly, perhaps for its rarity, while the latter is common as the love of music.

This taste of the mind, as we have chosen to call it, is found chiefly with men—men who have read much and pondered closely; who have divested their judgment of all bias, and purified it from passion and prejudice, until it is prepared to favor nothing that cannot bear the test of keen and impartial criticism. The chief gratification of such a taste is in speculative and dramatic poetry, and poetry of imagination, unmingled. The appeal to the sympathies cannot captivate, nor the smoothly-flowing measure hush it into forgetfulness; for, before a thread of the chain is woven, it shakes its wings and mounts aloft to revel amid the cold, magnificent creations of the intellect. These "castles in the air" the builder has erected, without entering them; or, if he has entered at all, he has trodden lightly and left no trace of his footsteps.

While we admit the superiority of this elegant and severe taste, we are glad that it is limited. The heart of simple, unchecked feeling finds a happiness in combining, sweeter by far, though it may be less satisfying than the tutored judgment enjoys in separating. Its preferences—its very prejudices, are a kind of lyric poetry that links every chord of the spirit with association. We cling to a lay, a leaf, or a star, not for any beauty in itself, but because it is united in memory with something we love or have loved; with some enjoyment that beams upon the past, like the hidden sun shining on a far-off field. The blossoms we sought for in childhood, and the streams we frequented, we deem fairer and brighter than any we have seen since, and we cherish them fondly, as though they had retained,

with their sinless purity, some portion of the departed happiness through which the heart first beheld and loved them. This quality of taste, with some, is a faint consciousness; in others, it rises to an exquisite sense, which embraces and appreciates the objects presented, only as they take the warm coloring of the discerning faculty.

Thus we carry it into poetry. The correct judgment commends the writer who can delineate character true to itself, the portrayer who intrudes none of his own likes or dislikes upon the reader. The production is able, the work of a great mind, because it is dyed with no tinge of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the aims and aspirations, that swayed alternately the breast of the dreamer, while imagination was "painting for eternity." On the other hand, we seek for the writer in every stanza. The knowledge we have of his personal character and the incidents of his life creates more than half the interest we take in his productions. Thus, while we meet with few who relish highly the beauties of Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, and writers of a like character, we find hundreds turning with enthusiasm to Byron, Burns, Collins, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, and all others who have been

"cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learned in suffering what they taught in song."

The personal history of Schiller is one of the most thrilling that fame has left on record to tell of the strivings of genius. We see him in childhood, a fair-haired boy, roaming with his sister amid scenery calculated to call up and nurture every emotion of romance that, as yet, lay hidden far beneath the gleeful current of childish happiness; to kindle every spark of poetry that slumbered in his bosom. His home was in the pine-skirted village of Lorch; beside it was a castle in ruins; on one hill at hand was the old chapel; and on another a convent overshadowing the graves of the illustrious noblemen who once inhabited the castle, but had gone to wreck before it. His mother was often his companion, leading his thoughts to nature's God, and, by her gentleness, kindness, and intelligent affection, exerting an influence over the child which was never forgotten by the man. The poetic predilection thus fostered in childhood began to show itself in a few years, as a leading trait of character. But, above all, his religious bias was the strongest. The presence of the All-Seeing encompassed him like the atmosphere that fed his life. The hand of the All-Creating was before him wherever he turned, beckoning through the shadows, and pointing be-

* For historical authority, see Bulwer's Biography of Schiller.

yond them. We cannot avoid regretting that this beautiful sunbeam of devotional feeling, which plays over the early part of his history, seems to grow dim upon his narrowing and checkered path as it struggles up to manhood and fame. Had it abided there, it would have imparted an influence lasting as eternity to his song, and thrown a lustre upon his name that never yet was drawn from an earth-born radiance.

Friedrich Schiller, by the wishes of his parents, and his own inclination, was designed for the clerical profession. But the government under which he lived gave the reigning characters control to a great extent, even over the wishes of individuals. His father held some trifling office under the grand duke, who, in return, wished to superintend the education of his son. Remonstrance was of no avail, and, at the age of fourteen, Friedrich entered the duke's Military Academy as a student of jurisprudence, which he afterwards changed for medicine. Here the harsh, monotonous discipline, forcing to subordination his impetuous spirit, aroused to a flame the fondness for intellectual and physical liberty, which only wanted opposition to make it a passion.

Before his studies were finished, his fame as a poet began to spread. The first effort that brought him into notice was a play of a daring character, and was severely criticised, not only by the common people, but by the grand-duke himself. He was much displeased, and ordered the young poet to cease writing, or place his future poems at the disposal of his prince. The word of the prince was law.

At home Schiller met with as little encouragement as he did abroad. His mother and sister were never-failing friends, but his father disliked his notoriety, and feared the grand-duke. The success he met with at Mannheim (where his play had been brought out) suggested the bold project of abandoning his country and kindred, and relying on the kinder judgment of strangers. With such a spirit the resolution had only to be taken.

Schiller had a friend (Streicher), a musician, as enthusiastic in music as Schiller was in poetry. With this enthusiasm of national character he united a generous and lofty spirit, in which Schiller found a fit repose for perfect trust; a place for the outpouring of the purest emotion that ever swelled a human breast. Every generous heart has sought such a friend as Streicher "oft and has sought almost as oft in vain." It is innate purity and truth, seeking for truth and purity on the earth. It goes forth believingly, and believe it will, when the streams of confidence and charity have been dammed back upon it a thousand times; thrown back until the waters are all tumult. Schiller was blest, doubly blest, in finding his dream of friendship embodied in such a heart as Streicher's. He was his confident, he would accompany him—together they planned their escape, and together they left at night the land which now points proudly to its name, and blends it with that of Schiller!

They reached Mannheim, and Schiller sat about

diligently to finish his second play fit for the stage; for on the produce of this effort depended his future subsistence. He had to labor for bread as well as for fame. They were scarcely settled, however, until letters came from Stutgard, warning them to leave Mannheim, for the grand-duke had heard of their location. Again they set forth, and directed their course to Frankfort; afoot this time, for their means would not allow any other mode of traveling. Day after day they journeyed, now sanguine and exhilarated, and again lagging wearily along, sad and disheartened. But the spirit of the poet would no longer support exhausted nature. He rose one morning and started as usual, but his cheek grew pale, his step languid, and entering a wood by the roadside he lay down, while his sorrowful friend sat near to watch the rest of the exiled visionary.

What a sketch for an artist! And in that sketch what a crowd of bright pictures are striving for predominance! I wonder if he dreamed, and *what* he dreamed. Did his visions take their hue from the sick head and heavy heart of to-day? Were they tinted with the stormy coloring of the past, or did the spirit of Poesy lift the veil of the future? We believe the latter. Poetry has her prophecy as well as her exorcism. He saw, perhaps, mind triumphant over might, genius trampling upon pride, wealth, and birth, and the name of the poor striver against misfortune, enthroned upon the grave of the power that was now crushing its light to earth, in the vain trial to "put it out by discords most unkind." Scene after scene comes forward, each brighter than the last. The far-off years pass before the light of the prophet-vision. The kindling fancies are touched and retouched, till sickness and sorrow are forgotten, and the whole weft in that web of dreams is burning with immortality. He will arise and take courage. For walking by the light of soul within, the tempest from without has beaten upon him pitilessly. For his fidelity to Nature, he is driven to seek rest in her own domains. And his friend, with his spirit of sweet sounds, loves him none the less, now that all else had forsaken him. What had he to hope from blending his fortunes with those of the dreamer? Not wealth, for Schiller was penniless. Not honor, for Schiller was dishonored in his own country. No, the friend of Streicher is one of the few precious jewels that glitter far apart in the pages of history, making luminous the selfishness of soul surrounding, and leading us to believe still that earth is allied to Heaven.

A whole chapter of romance in life might be written from the *love* history of the poet; for, amid all his rude jostlings on the highway of life in his ardor for freedom, he was ever the captive of some beautiful enslaver. Capricious Fortune here, as in every other enterprise, seemed to delight in interposing clouds across the sky of his happiness. The reason is obvious. He was won by beauty alone, won at first sight, and the heart of the poet from its own exhaustless fullness could easily supply every

blank in the mind and character of the loved one. But neither Laura, nor Julia, nor Charlotte von Wolzagen, nor Margarette Schwan, had heart or taste sufficient to appreciate the genius or the love of Schiller. Madame von Wolzagen and the father of Margarette successively refused him the hands of their daughters, on the plea of his inability to support a wife in the style they wished their daughters to maintain. They both lived to see him rich in the honor of a world, and did not forget, perhaps, that they had helped to weave and thicken over his heart its first deep and chilling shadow.

But the love that made the life of the poet happy was far different from any of these. There was reserved for him a better fate and a better affection. His pathway from youth to manhood had been checkered with his own impulsiveness or the unkindness of others, but he was now approaching a brighter and happier era—brighter for his fortunes, and happier for his heart.

At the close of a calm autumn day in 1787, Schiller, who was returning from a visit to his sister, was induced by a friend who accompanied him (Wilhelm von Wolzagen) to turn aside and pass the night with the family of Madame Lengefeld, who were relatives of his companion. This lady had retired with her two daughters, Caroline and Charlotte, into a little valley in Switzerland, so secluded that "a stranger was a phenomenon." It was surpassingly beautiful, bounded by blue mountains, skirted by sloping woodlands, while through the smooth meadows on either side, murmured the bright waters of the Saale. The sun had gone down, and the evening was exquisitely still. There seemed to be an alliance between the encompassing scenery and the destiny of the poet; and, as he gazed, a kind of prophetic peace descended from the silent sky and sunk deep into his soul. That evening determined all the future. Shy and distant with others, he found himself at home among the Lengefelds, and, before he left, the plan was formed of spending the next summer in the sweet little Valley of Rudolstadt.

Caroline, the eldest daughter, was a young widow. She had received and encouraged the addresses of her cousin Wilhelm von Wolzagen when very young; but, in obedience to her mother's commands, she married another suitor. She was happy, for she never forgot Wilhelm. After a few years, in which she strove to banish as far as possible the past from memory, her husband died and she returned home. Here she again met Wilhelm, and, after some time, the lovers who had loved through sorrow and separation were indissolubly united.

Charlotte was beautiful; and, being intended for court life, her mother had taken her to this secluded place to superintend her education. Like her sister she had, though young, suffered deeply in watching the slow decay of her first fair dream. Under these circumstances she met Schiller at her home, and the winter following she met him again in Weimar. Here they were frequently thrown into each other's

society, but their intercourse was only respectful and friendly, nothing more. They both remembered the past too well to take a new and sudden impression. The next summer found Schiller located in the fair valley, and here their friendship and esteem ripened into deep and eternal love. His mornings were spent in study and writing, his evenings with the Lengefeld family, and very often with Charlotte alone, as for hours they would saunter by the star-lit river, weaving visions of the future out of the deep calm happiness that filled the present to overflowing. No wonder he sings

"Roll round us, roll, thou softest river,
Thy broad'ning stream a barrier given;
And guard with threat'ning waves forever,
This one, last heritage of Heaven!"

Nearly four years from the time they first met, Charlotte and Schiller were united in marriage. Charlotte Lengefeld was a high-souled, thinking woman, capable of comprehending the genius of Schiller, and fit to be a friend and share in his high schemes, as well as a wife to superintend his domestic affairs. Their affection was founded on esteem, and it grew with years, and continued to grow until they were separated on earth and united in Heaven—the poet's home.

We shall here close our sketch, for after this the tenor of our poet's short life was peaceful. The reader will see that we have not presumed upon anything like a connected narrative, but have merely seized upon points well known already, to show how forcibly the poet appears in the man. His existence seems like a drama in which every prominent feature of his character is brought forward and sustained with unsurpassed ability. The strife of the chainless spirit against oppression—of the heart with the world—of poverty against arrogance—hope against misfortune—the struggle of genius for mastery, and the triumph of genius over all.

HOPE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

WHEN tempest winds have wildly striven,
Ere they are lulled to rest
A glitt'ring rainbow spans the heaven,
With glad'ning smiles imprint:
Thus, thus, in life's tempestuous hour,
When adverse gales blow drear,
Amid the darkest clouds that lower
The beams of Hope appear.

When the bright sun, wrapped thick in gloom,
Sinks mournfully away,
He leaves far up in yon blue dome
Full many a glim'ring ray:
And thus, when earthly hope seems lost,
To glid the spirit's night,
Still shining on the heavenly coast,
There rests a flood of light.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

BY MORTON COLMAN.

"THERE is a double life with every man—the seen and the unseen."

Thus spoke the stranger while I listened wonderingly.

"And two forms as well as two lives, for there can be no life without a form of life. Two bodies—the one seen, and the other unseen."

"Two bodies?"

"Yes. In the words of Paul, there *is* a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body. Many read this as if *will be* were in the place of *is*, when the spiritual body is spoken of; but Paul meant that no such construction should be placed on his language. He spoke of the *unseen* body, without which the *seen* body could have no existence."

"Your meaning is veiled," said I.

"Not veiled," answered the stranger; "you see the truth obscurely, because your vision is dim. Scales shut out the true light. Let me remove them. Does your eye see?"

"If not, how do I perceive forms and colors?"

"That beautiful organ of flesh and blood, called the eye—I mean that natural orb so wonderful in its construction—does that see objects around you? or is it only a kind of window, through which the unseen or true spiritual eye looks forth upon the world of nature. Think! Is it possible for mere matter to have the power of sight?"

"Not unorganized matter," I replied.

"Unorganized! And what is organized matter? It is a material form in which is a principle of life, and the form is determined by the character of the animating principle. Without the unseen, the seen would be inert and dead. Your eye is an organized form, because there is an unseen principle of life—in other words, an unseen eye—within, giving it the power of natural vision. This is as true of the ear and its uses as it is of the eye; of the brain as of the ear; of the heart and lungs as of the brain; and, still further, as true of the whole body as of a single member. Thus, there is an unseen as well as seen body; and the former is equally susceptible of impressions with the latter—nay, more susceptible, because it is more highly organized."

"Organized?"

"Yes, spiritually organized."

"You startle me. If this be true, what wonderful things are involved?"

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," returned the stranger, in a solemn voice. "This is divine language, and has a divine and spiritual meaning. Yes; wonderful things are involved. If we have this spiritual body, then we have an inner

as well as an outer life. And do not all admit this vaguely?"

"There is an inner life," I said.

"If an inner life, then an inner form of life."

"And that form, as you say, must take impressions."

"Yes, and retain them."

"Not so tenaciously as this outward, physical form."

"More tenaciously," said the stranger.

"This I do not clearly perceive. A form so sublimated, so ethereal, so substantial, must almost instantly overcome impressions."

"It is not an unsubstantial, but a truly substantial form," was answered. "There is material substance and spiritual substance; the latter is an abiding substance, but the former is ever changing. Think! Upon which does an impression remain the longer—upon your body or your mind?"

"Upon my mind."

"If it were not a substance, could it receive and retain impressions?"

I was silent. The words of the stranger were so full of meaning that I was oppressed by their signification. A window seemed opening upon the unseen world; but, as yet, no objects were plainly visible.

"Look around you," said the stranger. "There is the dull, cold, lifeless earth. Seeds have been cast into its bosom. Now, by what are they vivified? And by what power does each send up, after its kind, its leaf and stalk? From whence is this wonderful and perfect discrimination? It is from the unseen and spiritual world flowing with its infinitely variant principles of life into forms of matter presented in seeds. In germs lie the points of influx; and each, after its kind, receives life from the unseen world. And as the law of like producing like is an inevitable law, it follows that, in order to the production of a particular plant or tree in the seen world, there must be a like plant or tree in the unseen world from which it exists as an effect flowing from its cause."

"Trees and plants in the other world!" I shook my head doubtfully. "That is a mere spiritual world."

"Will you have a world without the objects that make up a world?" asked the stranger. "A spiritual world will have spiritual objects."

"Oh, spiritual!"

"Your ideas of the spiritual," said the stranger, "are still dark and obscure. But this is no cause of wonder. Here, all is brought to the test of our

sensuous perceptions; and it is hard to rise above these and withdraw our thoughts from them so as to think abstractedly. But do not reject as false what you cannot understand when first presented. You need not, you should not, receive as true what comes not to your mind with sufficient evidence. But to negative a proposition because the mind does not rise at once into its comprehension is not the act of a wise man. Hold your mind ever in the affirmative principle; but admit nothing as truth which is not clearly seen. Prove all things; and, in doing so, bear in mind this wise saying—There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

We separated—I and the stranger. But I could not forget his strange language.

"Two lives!" said I, as I sat musing alone in the still watches of the night that followed. "Two lives, and two forms of life—an outer and an inner life; the seen and the unseen. Two bodies; a natural and a spiritual body; each substantial and capable of receiving and retaining impressions. How full of meaning is all this! How much does it involve! And can it be true?"

The longer I pondered the subject, the more truth seemed involved in the proposition. It was plain to me that the unseen body, the spiritual man, must be as complete in every part as the natural body, which was but as its outer garment, or, rather, its means of action in the lower and less perfect world of matter.

"And if all this be so," said I, one thought evolving another, "how wonderful in perfection must that body be, organized, as it is, of spiritual substances; and how perfectly must that spiritual countenance express the passions and emotions of the soul! Ah, how different will all be when we come to lay aside this body of flesh and blood—this mass of inertia, now inflamed with the life of the spirit which it is ever bearing down, and whose powers it is ever limiting! In that unseen world, there will be no veil of matter to hide the moral quality. All eyes will see us in our true character, in our true spiritual forms.

I paused. The last words uttered were the plane for a new influx of ideas.

"What is a spiritual form?" I asked myself. I pondered long.

"What is spiritual?"

I mused still further.

"It is thought and affection. A spiritual form, then, is a form of affection; or, in other words, an affection clothed in its proper thought; for it is by thought that affection comes into manifest perception, and shows us its quality. Can this be so? How much, undreamed of before, is involved! Will evil affections give a beautiful form?" "No!" was my involuntary answer.

My thoughts turned towards a beautiful young lady whom I had met during the day, who was greatly admired for her personal charms. In form and face, she was almost faultless. I now remem-

bered that, in conversing, she had exhibited a feeling of malice towards another, and had also displayed a large share of vanity.

"The seen body is beautiful," said I, still musing; "but, is it so with the unseen body? Can an evil affection clothe itself in a form of loveliness?"

I pondered this question until there came a great change. I was no longer in my chamber, musing upon different questions, but among a company of people who sat in the porch of a large building, the architecture of which was more perfect than anything I had ever beheld. Before us spread out a beautiful landscape.

"This is a new country to me," said I to one who was near me; and, as I spoke, I tried to recollect the way by which I had come. "What is its name?"

"This is the World of Spirits," replied the person to whom I had addressed the inquiry.

"The World of Spirits!" A thrill went through me. Was I, then, dead?

"Not dead," said my companion, who perceived my thoughts, "but truly alive. You have laid aside the body of flesh, and arisen in the true spiritual body."

"But these are flesh!" said I, holding up my hands; "I can touch one against the other. Moreover, I can touch your body, and it is firm, like my own."

"And yet all is spiritual," was replied. "Your body and my body, and the bodies of all around us, are spiritual in their substance. Our senses likewise are spiritual. What made us men on Earth? Our flesh and blood? Mere dead matter? Far from it. We were men, because we were spiritually organized, and, in the human form, made after the likeness and in the image of God. Does the laying aside of the natural body make us less men—less human? No! And can we be men without having bodily form and senses?"

As he spoke, there approached one whom I had known in the world, and who had departed thence a year before. She had many questions to ask about friends she had left behind, all of which I answered. As she left me, after a time, I turned to the one with whom I had spoken, and said to him—

"How is this? In the other life this person had a beautiful body; but now she is deformed and repulsive."

"It is because her affections are evil, and not good," replied my companion. "In this world, all are seen according to their quality. Good affections give beautiful forms, and evil affections repulsive forms."

My thoughts instantly turned towards one who, while living in the world, had a sickly and deformed body, but who had a pure and loving spirit, and whose chief delight appeared to be to do good; and, as I thought of her, I saw her approaching. She drew near and joined the company. Oh! what a change! The bent body was straight and graceful, and the severe angles of her suffering countenance had given place to a surpassing beauty. My heart

was touched with admiring wonder as I looked upon her.

Another whom I had known appeared. He was a man who, while living in the world, had been covetous, and who yet loved a good reputation, and, therefore, concealed his real character under assumed forms of benevolence and liberality. While in the natural body he was fair of person, but now there was a hideousness about his countenance that made me turn from him with a shudder; and I understood the quality of his life from the form and expression of his person and face, as clearly as if "covetousness" had been written upon his forehead.

"This man was of goodly appearance in the world," said I, turning to my companion.

"His seen body was fair to look upon," was replied; "but his evil affections were daily and slowly destroying, in the unseen body, every trace of beauty. Come with me, and I will show you some of those who have become so changed from the human form, through evil lives, as to appear more like beasts than men."

My companion took me to a valley, before concealed from view by a dense forest, through which led a winding path. In this valley were companies of men and women, engaged in various pursuits that seemed to occupy their earnest attention.

"Look from this point," said my companion, as we gained a little eminence, "and you will see them in their true forms."

I looked for a moment, and then turned away, sick with the sight.

"What did you see?" asked my companion.

"Men and women, so changed as to appear more like evil and filthy beasts than forms of human intelligence."

"As you see them, so are they. While in the natural body, many of them had beautiful forms, for which they were loved and admired. But in their life in the world, they marred the form and features of their spiritual bodies by evil and beastly affections. One had the cunning of the fox; another the cruelty of the wolf; and another the filthy sensuality of the swine. All this was hid from the natural sight—it was the unseen. But the veil of flesh is removed, and what was unseen has become the seen. They are now before you in the forms that correspond to their true affections."

"Oh! if men knew this!" I exclaimed.

"Return and give utterance to the truth. Publish what your eyes have seen, and your ears heard."

"But they will not believe," said I.

"Tell it nevertheless."

At this moment I saw approaching one whom I had loved with an affection more intense than that of a brother, and whose loss I had mourned with unavailing sorrow. She had observed me, and was hurrying forward. As she came near, I perceived that she was no longer beautiful as before. Every fair feature was distorted, and there was an expression of evil in her countenance that shocked me like

an electric current. Oh! she was hideous! I turned to flee; but she threw her arms around me, and uttered words of endearment; and her voice, instead of being flute-like in its tone, croaked like the voice of the raven. In sorrow I awoke.

Long did I lie pondering this strange vision! "Dreams are, for the most part, fantastic," said I; "but they often come in similitudes of truth. There is truth veiled here; I feel it, I know it. An evil life *must* distort the features of our inner man, and change them from beauty to deformity. We know that the mind receives impressions, and retains them. Warp the mind in childhood, and it ever after retains the unpleasing form, which is ever manifesting itself by means of the outer body. If we could see, by a spiritual vision, this mind or inner body itself, we would see the distortion as plainly as we perceive an unsightly crook in a favorite tree."

And if all this be so—and who will make bold to deny it?—each one of us is, day after day, either marring and deforming the unseen body, or rendering it more beautiful. Every evil and selfish affection, every unholy passion, every indulgence in wrong feelings or actions, deforms the spirit; while every good and generous emotion, and every act that springs from a purified and all-embracing love of our neighbor, is rendering it more and more beautiful, and, if continued to the end of life, the unseen body, when it rises into the light of the spiritual world, will appear lovely as the form of an angel.

Reader, lay this up in your heart, and ponder well the words of the stranger. They are not idle sounds, like the tones of the passing wind.

L'ESPRIT.

BY JOSEPH MERRIFIELD.

Mind is man's supremest power!
All that Learning makes his own
Is, unto her priceless dower,
But the steps to Wisdom's throne.

Wouldst thou, at the goal of Knowledge,
Wisdom's choicest treasures find—
Seek them not in books at college,
But within the human mind.

Seek them not in ancient story,
Nor in tales of what have been,
Nor in Fame's archives of glory:
Nearer, deeper—search within!

In each mind some gem abideth;
Thought will bring its light to view:
In each heart some virtue guideth;
Thought will seek and find it too!

Mind is man's supremest power!
All that Learning makes his own
Is, unto her priceless dower,
But the steps to Wisdom's throne!

HARWOOD HALL.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"REMEMBER, you are to be with us in June, Mary," were the parting words of my friend, Rose Harwood, as the carriage rolled away from our door.

She had been paying us a visit, promised ever since our schooldays, during the gay season preceding Lent; and, having danced and flirted, and enjoyed herself to her heart's content, was now bound for her home on the Hudson, whither I promised to follow her in the lovely month of roses and of flowers. I cannot tell how often, during the still and solemn weeks that succeeded our separation, and the gayer ones that followed them, the stately ancestral home my friend had so often described to me, rose in its romantic beauty before my mind's eye. I was town-wearied and world-wearied, and longed impatiently for the moment when I could exchange the noise and excitement that surrounded me for the sweet seclusion of the country, and the companionship of a few congenial friends.

These, it is to be confessed, were yet to be made, for, save Rose, I as yet knew personally none of the inmates of Harwood Hall; but all had been so faithfully portrayed that, when at last I drove through the park entrance, and saw before me the spacious high-roofed mansion, with its far-extending wings and embowered porches, and was welcomed in the hall by Mr. and Mrs. Harwood and their children, I felt as if, in some previous state of my existence, I must have known and loved them well, and had lived and revelled amid scenes to which I was, in fact, a total stranger.

When the excitement of my arrival was over, and when, renovated by rest, I was able to observe in its details what at first had struck me as one harmonious whole, I could not help wondering that neither the romantic beauty of nature without, nor the variety of the treasures of art within the mansion, exerted half so much power either over my eye or my imagination as the countenance of its mistress. There was something in its matronly beauty that fascinated me completely; and I would turn from the blooming face of Rose, and the graceful forms of the younger children, and their high-bred, intellectual father, to dwell upon that pale, classic face, upon its dark braided hair and hazel eye, with an interest and a curiosity I could not account for.

The hospitalities of a thickly settled neighborhood were, of course, extended to me as a stranger. We had riding, dancing, and boating parties of young people, in which, though she did not join in them, Mrs. Harwood expressed a lively interest. Guests came and went, and she did the honors of her splen-

did establishment with a dignity and grace I have never seen exceeded. Still, though she would smile with the gay and laugh with the thoughtless, and seemed to live but to promote the happiness of those around her, there was always a sadness in her rich, expressive eye that no merriment could dissipate. There it was when wit flashed round the board, and when, from the treasures of her highly cultivated mind, she would draw forth the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" but I looked in vain for some shadow of its source. She had health, wealth, station, accomplishments, lovely children, a husband she adored, and who, after twenty years of married life, still regarded her with the devotion of a lover. There seemed no present trial to sadden a lot so brilliant; and I at last came to the conclusion that the expression that so haunted me was either the index of some constitutional tendency to melancholy, or was the impress left by some early wound, long since healed by the kindly hand of Time.

I had been some weeks at the Hall, and its inmates had learned to look upon me as one of themselves, and each day had increased the love and reverence I bore them, when, one evening, after I had sought my chamber to equip myself for an evening stroll, a voice at my elbow exclaimed, "Come quickly; he will be here in a moment!" and, turning round, I was startled to see beside me a total stranger. It was a pale, fragile-looking woman, dressed in white, with a long veil thrown over her light brown hair, which curled in rich ringlets round a face which, though faded, still was beautiful. An India shawl was on her arm, and, with one of her small, thin hands, she seized mine, and attempted to pull me forward. So spiritual, so ethereal was the form that stood beside me in the summer twilight, that the touch alone repressed the scream of superstitious terror that was about escaping my lips. I recoiled from it, however, though it did convince me my companion was a creature of mortal mould, and gazed on her with astonishment as she continued—

"He has kept me waiting a long, long time, and I am quite ready—all but my pearls. Ah, how could I have forgotten them—his gift? Come, you must arrange them for me." And again she grasped my hand and drew me to the door. "Hush!" she said, placing her other hand before my lips, as I attempted to remonstrate; "they will hear us down stairs; and what would he think of my appearing without the pearls?"

And, finding that I could not resist without a

struggle, and, moreover, that my fears abated and my curiosity increased as I discovered the womanly interests of my strange companion, I quietly followed her through the long passages to a distant wing of the house.

She led me into a large and airy chamber, handsomely furnished in a fashion much older than the rest of the house, and, quickly unlocking a wardrobe, she took from it a jewel-case and placed in my hand a costly necklace and bracelets, which she directed me to clasp upon her neck and arms. As I was about obeying, however, she pushed me violently from her, and, bursting into a passion of tears, tore the veil from her head and her hair from its fastenings, and threw herself on her knees, while she wrung her hands in bitterness of spirit.

I stood trans-fixed with a kind of awful admiration. The lattice which guarded the lower parts of the three large windows told a true story of seclusion and mental alienation, while the light that came from above fell with so picturesque and beautiful an effect on the rich wavy hair that enshrouded the graceful form of the weeping woman, that she looked like a prostrate Magdalene, in all the agony of her penitence and the ecstasy of her adoration.

Gradually, the latter feeling gained the ascendancy. She had crossed her hands on her bosom, and her lips were moving as in silent prayer, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and Mrs. Harwood whispered in my ear, with startling sternness—

"How came you here, Mary? In Heaven's name, retire!"

I replied by a word of explanation, and, returning to her the ornaments I still held, left the room.

In about half an hour, Mrs. Harwood joined me in my chamber, where I was endeavoring to recover from the agitation my adventure had excited; and, after a few soothing words, she expressed her sorrow that the carelessness of the attendant of her unfortunate sister had exposed me to a scene so painful; adding that she had kept me in ignorance of her existence, fearing that the knowledge of her presence in the house might mar the pleasure of my visit. Of course, I made some inquiry as to the causes and nature of her sister's malady, to which she replied—

"It is a long story, and I will tell it to you; but not now. To-morrow we will walk together in the wood near the river."

And next day, while seated on a wooded eminence, with the noble Hudson rolling at our feet, Mrs. Harwood fulfilled her promise.

"I need not tell you, Mary," she said, "that my sister Isabel was beautiful. You have seen her, and may judge what she must have been when youth and happiness were hers. She was five years younger than myself; and, as our mother died when both of us were children, we were the sole objects of affection left to a fond and wealthy father. My mother's place was for a while supplied to us by an aunt, a woman of superior mind and character who loved us tenderly; but she married just as

I had entered my seventeenth year, and I was left to act as head of my father's large establishment in Carolina, and as mother to my little sister. Thanks, however, to the judicious training of my aunt, joined to a natural strength of character, which rose to meet the occasion, I was probably less unfit for my position than most girls of my age. We lived in the country, in a thickly settled neighborhood, surrounded by our numerous dependents, but distant from any schools.

"This was, however, a privation we had scarcely felt while my aunt was with us, who had been our faithful instructress. Before leaving us, she had urged my father either to send us both to school, or procure a governess for us; but he would listen to neither plan. He had a horror of governesses, and was too selfishly fond of us to think of sending us away from him. So he decided upon superintending my French and music himself, in both of which he was a proficient, while I was to instruct Isabel.

"I entered upon my new duties with my usual energy, formed an admirable plan for the disposition of my time and for Isabel's course of study, neither of which I was able to carry out in any one particular. Scarcely would we be seated at our books or our music, when some interruption would occur, and thus the lesson would be deferred, and often entirely forgotten.

"To add to my difficulties, Isabel had always hated study. My aunt had with great difficulty forced her to apply herself; but I, so young, so inexperienced, so long the playfellow of my little sister, yielding to her childish whims, and ever, from the intense love I bore her, submitting my will to hers, found it impossible now to exert any authority over her. Indeed, my father soon forbade my attempting to do so. She was his idol, and he would not have her contradicted; so she soon learned just as little as she pleased, and grew towards womanhood beautiful, affectionate, enthusiastic, and sensitive, but without the strength to govern, or knowledge to direct, these qualities, so dangerous to woman's peace. Fortunately, however, Isabel was devotedly attached to me, and there was an exquisite fragility and delicacy in her rare beauty that gave to her very defects a charm, and made me love her more intensely than I might have done had her character more resembled my own. Be this as it may, few as were the years between us, I ever regarded her as a child needing my protective care; and this maternal feeling, with the devotion I had always felt towards my father, seemed to leave no room in my heart for a more romantic sentiment.

"We saw a great deal of company, and, as I was thought handsome, and, what is more to the purpose, had the prospect of fortune, I was not without admirers. They called me vain and cold, and hard to please; perhaps I was so; but I had as yet seen no one that pleased me well enough to make me wish to forsake my beautiful home and my father and sister, though both of them united in urging my acceptance of one of my suitors, whose wealth and

accomplishments seemed to render his alliance every way desirable. Isabel, in particular, betrayed a warmth of interest on this subject that distressed me. Young as she was, I detected in her fears for his unhappiness the germs of a feeling that might one day be fatal to her own peace.

"How can you help loving William Winslow?" she would say; "and he so handsome, so generous, with those large expressive eyes, that speak such volumes when they look at you, Grace! Ah, you are cold-hearted, unfeeling! If I had such a lover"—and she stopped, her cheeks flushed and her bosom heaving with emotion.

"If you had such a lover, what then?" I asked.

"I feel that I could die for him!" she said, with earnestness. "But you, Grace—you, whom he loves so dearly, will do nothing for him. Ah, marry him, dear Grace! He will be so wretched if you don't; and I cannot bear to see him so unhappy."

"No, dear Isabel, I cannot marry him even to please you," I answered; "for, though I do justice to his pleasing qualities, I have not the right feeling for him. But you must not take such desperate fancies to my beaux, or you will make them vain."

"Isabel said no more at that time; but, as Mr. Winslow, notwithstanding his repulse, continued his visits, the subject was more than once argued between us, with a pertinacity on her part that annoyed me. At length, finding me unlikely to change my mind, Mr. Winslow went abroad.

"During his absence, I met Mr. Harwood, then on a visit in the neighborhood. You will smile, Mary, when I tell you that, staid and prudent as I was, I fell in love with my husband at first sight. Yet so it was. At our first interview, each seemed to recognize in the other the object for which our souls had unconsciously been seeking; and the durability of the attachment thus suddenly formed has been tested by trial and strengthened by time. But my husband, though the son of a man of fortune, was then poor. His father was selfish and extravagant; and, having given his son an expensive education, and allowed him to travel in Europe, expected him now to maintain himself. When we met, Charles had just entered into a mercantile connection with a house in South America, where he was to remain several years, during which time he hoped to make a sufficient fortune to authorize our marriage. Our engagement was therefore, at my father's request, to be kept a secret until his return. 'We might change our minds,' he said, 'during these years of separation, or accidents might happen.' And, though we both disliked the concealment, we were obliged to submit our will to his. Our parting was my first serious trial; but I was strong and courageous, and did not suffer it to overwhelm me. I turned with more devotion than ever to my studies and my duties, trusting implicitly in my lover's truth, and in the power of God's kind Providence to reunite us.

"About eighteen months afterwards, Mr. Winslow returned from abroad, much improved by his

travels. We met as old friends: he made no allusion to former feelings, which appeared entirely subdued, and soon resumed his intimacy with our family.

"Isabel was at this time seventeen, a soft, sentimental-looking blonde, with eyes of tenderest blue, skin of dazzling fairness, and luxuriant hair of wavy gold; her every motion grace, her tones music to the ear. But she was, like too many of our Southern women, indolent to a fault. Her greatest pleasure was to lounge, elegantly dressed, on a cushioned sofa, where she would either sing to her guitar, or read some love-sick tale, or doze away the unvalued hours. So indifferent was she to society that I rarely could induce her to accompany me in my visits, or assist me to entertain our numerous guests. Still, she was so exquisitely lovely that she charmed all who beheld her, and had already had more than one lover whose devotion she regarded with supreme indifference.

"But, from the day of Winslow's return, I observed a change in Isabel. She had seldom spoken of him during his absence, and then without unusual interest; but his presence operated like a charm upon her. It was like Pygmalion breathing life into a stone. She became gay, animated, interested in conversation. When he left us, she would sink into her day-dream, until his return again dissipated the charm that benumbed her faculties.

"You may imagine the anxiety with which I saw this, and the agony of interest with which I watched Mr. Winslow for some indication of reciprocal regard; but I could see nothing. He had observed, on first seeing her, that Isabel had grown up very beautiful; but he never seemed to feel the influence of her beauty, or to regard her as anything more than a pretty, spoiled child, with whom he could jest and laugh as before. For a while I hoped her fascinations might rouse him from his apathy; but, as time went on, and no such effect was produced, I remonstrated seriously with Isabel upon the folly and danger of encouraging so marked a preference for one who did not return it as it deserved.

"I cannot help it, Grace," she answered. "I must love him, even though he hates me. It is my destiny, and it is in vain to resist. By your cruelty, you have chilled his heart to ice, and he thinks he can never love again. But he can—he shall! I will win his love, or die!"

"But, Isabel, this is so undignified, so unwomanly," I answered.

"Undignified it may be, and I care not for it; but unwomanly it is not, as your own heart tells you, Grace."

"But you betray your feelings, child, in every look and tone."

"I tell you he does not see it. He is blind, deaf. Would to Heaven he were not! If he knew the thousandth part of the love I bear him, he could not be so insensible as he is. But I am content to wait and abide my time. His cold heart must one

day awake under the influence of such a love as mine.'

"As I gazed on the face of the beautiful enthusiast as she spoke, usually so calm, so cold, and saw the depth and strength of the feeling painted there, I almost believed her; but it was long before I saw anything to encourage this hope.

"At length, after many weary, anxious months had passed, and I was one day walking alone in our grounds, trying to devise some plan by which I might remove my sister from an influence so fatal to her peace, I was suddenly joined by Mr. Winslow, who, drawing my arm through his, said, seriously—

"Don't be frightened, Grace; I am not going to renew long-forbidden subjects; but I want to ask you an important question, which I beg you will answer honestly. Is it true that Isabel loves me?"

"What makes you ask so strange a question?" I answered, in confusion.

"A friend suggested it to me some time ago. I laughed at it then; but since I have been led to suspect it is so. Am I right? And, if so, have I your consent to marry her? Say but one word—yes or no."

"Yes," I stammered, looking on the ground.

"He thanked me earnestly, pressed my hand, and left me. I returned home as agitated as if I had made the confession for myself, and full of anxiety as to the result. But all my anxiety vanished an hour afterward, when I entered the drawing-room. There sat Isabel on her favorite sofa, but not, as usual, resting on its cushions. Her fair head leant upon Winslow's shoulder; one of his arms supported her, the other hand was in both of hers.

"He knows it all now, Grace!" she exclaimed, as soon as she saw me; "and he is so happy and so thankful! And I—oh Heaven!" and she burst into tears.

"I knelt beside her, and pressed my cheek to hers, as I whispered my sympathy in her joy.

"He has looked at me as he used to look at you, Grace!" she said.

"I chanced to raise my eyes to his as she spoke, and their expression made me recoil; it was one of perfect anguish, and I arose from my knees in haste. When I looked again, it had passed away.

"My father, who had always wished to have Winslow for a son-in-law, gave his joyful consent to a union that would settle his favorite child so near him, Mr. Winslow's plantation being but a few miles from his own, and preparations for the marriage were immediately commenced. Costly furniture was ordered by my father to replace the time-worn chairs and tables which had served several generations of the Winslows; and, as he had a passion for improvement, he induced Mr. Winslow to consent to his being at the expense of some alterations in his old mansion, which would make it more convenient. While these were in progress, my father and I often drove over to see how they were going on, leaving Isabel either absorbed by her lover

or her wedding-dresses; and, at my suggestion, Mr. Winslow made some change in the arrangement of his grounds, which added greatly to their beauty.

"A happier creature than Isabel at this time I never saw. She seemed to float in an atmosphere of love and joy, and never saw, what I remarked with some anxiety, the gradual depression of her lover's spirits as the time approached that was fixed for the marriage. My attention, however, was soon absorbed in another direction.

"My father was taken seriously ill with a rheumatic fever. The danger was soon over; but it left him crippled and confined to a sofa in his chamber. Mr. Winslow, during his illness, gave us much valuable assistance, both in nursing and amusing the invalid, and by his advice in some important matters of business which then fell upon me. Isabel, as usual, did nothing while I was oppressed with a heavy weight of care, which, unconsciously on my part, her lover divided with me. We were soon to be so nearly connected that, under the circumstances, he seemed my natural adviser; and, by his many amiable qualities, he had already won my sisterly regard.

"My father would not hear of any postponement of the wedding on his account; the only change he would consent to was that the subsequent festivities should take place at the house of the bridegroom. They were to have spent the honeymoon with us. It was now arranged that they should leave us the day after the wedding, and receive their friends at home. Everything there was, of course, to be in perfect order beforehand; and Isabel insisted that I should go over and see that her new furniture was arranged as she wished it.

"It so happened that, owing to some delay, a large portion of it did not arrive until the day before that fixed for the wedding; and, as our carriage was to go over next morning to bring my aunt and family from a steamboat-landing some miles distant, I was to be sent in it first to Mr. Winslow's, and afterwards it was to come and bring me back. I had objected to the plan, as I knew Mr. Winslow and his housekeeper could attend to these things as well as myself; but Isabel was imperative, and my father, seeing her anxiety, had insisted on my going.

"It was a lovely morning in the early spring, and my spirits, which were unaccountably depressed when I set out, revived greatly during my drive; but, when Mr. Winslow came to the door to receive me on my arrival, they experienced a sudden revulsion.

"You are surely ill!" I exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"I am not ill," he answered; "and nothing has happened."

"Nay, you are deceiving me," I said. "You have heard some bad news, I am certain."

"He assured me he had not, and I proceeded to my business. Having very able assistance, it was soon dispatched; and, while waiting for the car-

riage, I went to look at the improvements in the grounds, which had just been completed. I was running hastily through a pretty grove of pines, when I met Mr. Winslow, who joined me, and we walked almost in silence a little way. At last, he turned suddenly to me, and said—

“I want to ask your opinion, Grace—your cool, deliberate judgment of the character of a man who marries one woman while his whole heart is devoted to another.”

“He is a villain!” I answered, indignantly. “No words can express my contempt for such a character.”

“His pale cheek blanched yet more under my flashing eye, and, after an effort, he said, calmly—

“And would you not despise him more for persisting in his falsehood than for avowing the truth boldly, even at the altar?”

“A horrible gulf seemed to open before me. I staggered against the trunk of a tree as I exclaimed—

“Man, beware how you kill me by your words; but, in God’s name, tell me what you mean!”

“He folded his arms, and gazed fixedly in my face as he replied, ‘I mean that I love you, and not your sister. I ask you, therefore, shall I marry her, or shall I not?’

“A sharp ringing sound was in my ears, and all grew black before me. When I came to myself, I had sunk at the foot of the tree, and was moaning dismally; but he still stood before me with his cold dark face and folded arms, as fixed and immovable as the trees that grew around him.

“‘You are not dead,’ he said. ‘Misery does not kill, or I should have perished long ago in this fierce struggle—it shall end now. You must listen to me, Grace, and judge my cause, for in your hands I place my destiny!’

“I could only moan, and wring my hands in impotent despair.

“‘Command yourself!’ he said; ‘clear headed and strong hearted as you are, you need it all now. Look at me—I am calm—calm as when I wooed your sister for my bride. I thought I loved her then; I thought that I had conquered the fatal passion that for years had marred my peace. I saw that her whole heart was mine, and believed that with her love, beautiful, gentle, and devoted as she was, the past might be forgotten, and the future calm and tranquil. But I was deceived. Day after day I was thrown more intimately with you, and saw in you the self-devoted woman, ever living for the good of others—in her, a petted child, always gentle and always loving, until her very caresses palled upon my senses. I felt that my nature needed more than this. I felt, too, that I was nobler than you had ever thought me, and when your manner gradually changed from reserve to sisterly affection, and when you leaned upon me in your hour of trial and of sorrow, the foul fiend whispered that, as you still were free in heart and hand, if I had waited longer I might have now both for my own.’

“‘The fiend whispered falsehood!’ I cried. ‘My

hand is promised, and my heart is given to one that is far away.’ And the thought of my absent lover brought me the relief of tears.

“‘You love another!’ he exclaimed fiercely, ‘and you have concealed it from me—false, cruel, treacherous!’

“‘And do you dare speak of falsehood, Mr. Winslow?’ I replied. ‘You, who in a few hours are to be married to my sister, and yet pollute my ears with an avowal of your love! It can be but a momentary frenzy; resist it manfully! My sister’s life is bound up in you, and, with the holy tie that unites you, this frightful delusion will pass away.’

“‘It is no delusion, Grace—it is a dread reality, against which I have struggled in vain. My mind has almost given way under it, and I cannot complete my misery and Isabel’s by this ill-omened marriage!’

“‘And she? Oh God! she will die if you desert her! You cannot—you shall not. Ah! she is only too good, too pure, too true for such as you!’

“‘And feeling this, and knowing what you do, you still would have me marry her? I thought that you would snatch her from so horrible a destiny. Reflect a moment, Grace, and then decide. If you require it of me, I will marry Isabel; but remember that your image will be ever between us, and in her arms I shall dream of you. If not, I will again become a wanderer, and relieve you of my hated presence. Think! I say—my fate is in your hands.’

“But I was incapable of thought; one image, that of Isabel deserted, betrayed, abandoned, and I the unhappy cause, alone was before me. I saw her dying—dead—my father’s agony—my own desolation; and even the hateful, black alternative of deceit and falsehood brightened in the contrast. I wrung my hands in the bitterness of my despair, as at last I said—

“‘Be merciful, Mr. Winslow! Take from me this frightful responsibility; it is for you to act, for you to decide. This fatal secret is known but to myself, and I shall soon be far away. You will learn to love my sister; she will die if you desert her; save her—save yourself—save us all from so dreadful a calamity!’

“‘You have disappointed me, Grace,’ he said gloomily; ‘I see you have not counted upon all the consequences of your decision; you forget that I told you I was on the verge of madness.’

“‘Do not speak so, Mr. Winslow! We are all mad when we are so frightfully agitated. Rest, and a high resolve, will calm you. I am almost mad myself,’ I said, convulsively; ‘but I will pray God to preserve my senses and your own!’

“And thus we parted. I rushed towards the house just as the carriage reached the door, and in a tumult of mind I cannot describe was received by my aunt’s family when I alighted at my own. I accounted for my disordered looks by a severe headache, and my aunt, finding my pulse feverish, prescribed solitude and a dark room for the rest of the day; Isabel, radiant with a happiness that almost

broke my heart, bidding me mind and get well in time to dress her for the evening.

"To this hour I cannot recall those silent hours without a shudder; but, exerting all my power of self-command, and with many prayers for Divine assistance in the ordeal I was to pass through, I at last arose, made my toilet, and then hastened to Isabel to assist in hers.

"She was nearly dressed when I joined her, and I thought I had never seen her look so exquisitely beautiful. The solemnity of the approaching moment had touched her features with an expression they often wanted, and the lace and satin dress showed her lovely figure to the best advantage. It only remained for me to arrange the bridal wreath, the veil, and pearls; and with these I soon adorned her as a victim for the sacrifice.

"All was ready; the company had assembled, but the bridegroom had not yet appeared. I was so agitated that I could not remain down stairs, but stayed with Isabel while my aunt did the honors for me. Message after message had been dispatched to know if Winslow had arrived. At last my father sent for me, and my limbs trembled so that I could scarcely reach him. But even I had not anticipated the horror that had befallen—Winslow was dead—perished by his own hand!

"The shock nearly deprived me of consciousness; but I was called to myself by a piercing shriek. Isabel had followed me, and, without any preparation, had learned the dreadful truth. In a frenzy she was rushing from the house, when forcibly detained and carried to the drawing-room, where I found her struggling with those who held her, sending forth shriek after shriek which seemed as if they would rend the skies. It was a frightful contrast—the brilliant festive room, the bridal dress, and the wild despair.

"We carried her up stairs, and laid her on her bed, from which she arose a hopeless maniac. All that care and medical skill could suggest was tried in vain. My father's health, already shattered, sank

beneath this blow, and I was left alone with my unhappy sister until Mr. Harwood's return. We were then married, and, upon his father's death, which happened a few years after, removed to this place. I brought with me all my sister's favorite furniture, and she still thinks herself in her southern home. From the time the violence of her delirium subsided to the present, her life has been 'one constant now.' Each evening, the scene you last night witnessed is acted over again, and then she suffers. Each day she is again a girl, happy in her childish employments, and expecting her coming lover. She has no idea of the lapse of time, and thinks me still a maiden, and my husband and my children guests.

"Her existence is scarcely known to any around us, for she rarely leaves her chamber, and she sees no one but our worthy rector, from whom she receives the consolations of religion, and to whose instructions she listens with the docility of a child. Her prayers are her solace under her ever-recurring trial, and I look with confident hope to the hour when the madness cloud shall pass away from her purified spirit, and she shall awake to consciousness in a brighter, better world than this, in which she has been called to suffer so deeply!"

As Mrs. Harwood concluded, she rose from her seat, and placing her arm in mine, we slowly returned to the house. The elevated and holy calm which had succeeded to the agitation produced by her recital told truly whence the strength came that enabled her to endure so nobly her appointed trial, and whence the charm that lent to her sad and lovely face a higher beauty than that of earth.

I was too much moved to speak my feelings; but, as I gazed upon Harwood Hall, with all its proud proportions bathed in a flood of glorious sunshine, and knew how deep the shadow that darkened the destiny of its envied mistress, it seemed as though I were surrounded by a glittering veil, portraying the shows of things, which had been for a moment torn aside to give me a glimpse of their dread reality.

THE LAST JEW OF BADEN.

BY ** FREESE.

FAITHFULNESS in that which we deem to be right is always commendable, whether found in a Jew or Gentile, a Greek or Barbarian; and, although I am no Jew myself, nor a professed admirer of the race (although some of them number among our very best and most worthy citizens), yet I must confess that they exemplify a degree of constancy, in maintaining and propagating their peculiar faith, that may well put many of our modern Christians to shame. If Christians were but half so faithful as the little remnant of Israel, in pressing home the truths of the Christian religion, how soon might we expect

to see a mighty change in the professedly Christian world! But to our tale:—

Upon the beautiful banks of the Rhine, not many hundred miles from its mouth, stands a neat little Germanic town called —; but which, for ease of pronunciation, we shall name Baden.

Here, about half a century ago, lived quite a number of Jewish families, who had erected for themselves a comfortable little synagogue, in which they might stately worship the God of their fathers. Although comparatively poor, yet they had not forgotten nor neglected to make their place of worship

with the various insignia which constitute the peculiarity of the Mosaic worship. There stood the altar, in almost the centre of the room, with its little gilded horns peering above the white drapery in which it was encased; and there, too, was seen the Sanctum Sanctorum in all its consecrated beauty, in which was deposited a copy of the law, as at first it was delivered to their great deliverer, amid the thunderings of Sinai!

To this loved and consecrated spot the faithful Israelites repaired each seventh day to offer up their prayers and thanksgivings, while their more self-righteous neighbors bartered for gain, or laughed at and despised their more self-devoted Jewish competitors. But things were not always to remain thus, as we shall learn from the sequel of our story. Soon after the successful termination of the American Revolution, two brothers of one of the Jewish families concluded to try their fortunes in the Western World, and, although strongly dissuaded from it by their friends and relatives, yet, after some little preparation, they set sail, and in due time arrived at the emporium of the new republic. Long years of expectation, deep suspense, and sorrowing passed away, and yet nothing was heard from the departed brothers! Their true-hearted mother had already mourned them as dead. She had imagined to herself the howling winds, the bounding billows, the lightning's flash, the bellowing thunder, the sinking ship, and the last piercing, agonizing cry for help as her sons had sunk within the briny deep! And, as her friends gathered around to console her, the only words she would utter were, "Oh! my sons! my lost, my only sons!"

At last a letter came from her long-lost boys, and, had they arisen from the dead before her eyes, she could not have been more surprised and rejoiced. It was handed first to her, and so delighted was she when she saw the handwriting, and knew it to be her sons', that she dropped the babe in her arms, and, rushing with almost frantic delight to her husband's place of business, threw herself upon his bosom, and could only utter, "A letter! a letter! my boys! my boys!" The father, too, was completely overcome with such unexpected news, and it was some time before he could gain enough self-possession to break the seal of the letter.

They knew not how much of happiness or sorrow the letter might contain, yet it was enough for them to know that their sons were still alive. In this fact alone was absorbed every other, either past, present, or future!

The wife having seated herself beside him on a little stool, he proceeded to break the seal and read. The letter was written in German; but, as most of our readers we presume are English, we shall translate it for their benefit. It ran thus:—

OUR DEAR AND MUCH BELOVED PARENTS:—

You may have wondered at our long neglect in writing to you, but when we tell you that it was because we wished to give you a true description

of the country when we wrote, we think you will not blame us. When we first arrived, the country was scarcely in a settled condition, and hence we could judge but little of it. When we arrived in New York city, we took the little money we had left, of that which you had so kindly given us, and bought ourselves each a little package of goods, with which we started through the country in the hope of selling and making profit—agreeing to meet again at a stipulated time in the city from which we started. Our success was far beyond our most sanguine expectations, for, after an absence of only one month, we met again in the city, each of us having about fifty dollars more than when we left. We again bought goods, again traveled, and again returned with an increased amount of profit. Thus we have continued to do ever since, and we now each have over two thousand dollars which we can justly and truly call our own.

The best news is yet to come. This land is truly a land of liberty and *equal rights*! Here the naturalized Jew can vote, hold office, pay an equal amount of tax, and, in all that relates to government, have an equal say with all other men. This to us is the best of all things else, for it makes us feel like men, act like men, and we are treated like men instead of like dogs, as is too often the case in the Old World.

Now, dear parents, we wish you to come over to this happy land. We have already paid your passage in the same vessel which brings you this letter; and, as it will remain in port about one month, you must haste to prepare and take passage on board before its day of departure. If any of our Jewish friends would like to accompany you, tell them to come on, as there is plenty of room for all.

Hoping to see you again ere long, we remain your true and dutiful sons,

SOLOMON,
ISAAC.

There is a state of existence between life and death, when the spirit seems undetermined whether to remain in its earthly tabernacle, or fly away to the land of spirits. Such was the state of that mother when the father ceased reading the letter from her sons, and several moments elapsed before she seemed to revive to a state of consciousness. True to a mother's instinct, immediately upon recovering, she flew to her child, whom she remembered to have thrown down in her ecstasy of delight, and, seizing it up with the same madness of joy, she soothed its sorrows and lulled it to the sweetness of repose. The news from their sons was so cheering, and their invitation so cordial, that the parents at once resolved to go, and, if possible, to persuade some of their Jewish friends to accompany them.

The glad tidings that the disconsolate parents had received a letter from their sons soon spread among the Israelites of the town, so that soon they had many to call and congratulate them on the good news. Two other families agreed to accompany

the parents to their new home across the Atlantic; and in due time all was in readiness to leave for the port at which the vessel lay, in which they were to take passage. Many were the tears that were shed at this last, long parting, but soon it was all over, and they parted, never expecting to see each other again.

At the end of two more years, other letters, from the parents and their friends, were received at the little town of Baden, and so full of flattering reports were they that several other Jewish families resolved to go, and, in due time, left for the Western World. Still other letters came, and other families were induced to embark for the land of "freedom and equal rights," so that in about fifteen years from the time the two brothers left, there remained only one single Jewish family in the whole town of Baden, and that consisted of only one aged Israelite and his widowed sister.

Father Solomon, as he was familiarly called, had often been urged to accompany those that left; but he always answered them that at least one should remain to watch over the graves of their fathers, and keep alive the worship in their long-loved synagogue. Although this was the ostensible object of his remaining, as communicated to his friends, yet there was a deeper, a holier feeling that prompted him in these self-denials. His mind was of a peculiar cast. In early childhood he had deeply respected and venerated the faith of his fathers in Israel, and, as he grew up to manhood, his whole soul became absorbed in the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish faith.

At the age of twenty-three he had married a Jewess as religiously devoted as himself, who, upon her decease at the age of forty, had enjoined upon him that he should ever retain the Jewish faith, and never neglect the seventh day worship in their little synagogue. His sister, who partook largely of her brother's devotional feelings, having lost her husband soon after the death of her brother's wife, concluded henceforth to live with her brother, and, although frequently urged by her friends to leave with them for America, yet never for an instant would she consent to leave her loved and loving brother.

Lonely and desolate seemed the little synagogue of Baden after all had left save Father Solomon and his sister, yet ever, as the seventh day rolled around, might have been seen Solomon and his sister at the synagogue, chanting over the Hebrew lesson appropriated to each particular day and season.

Even this could not always so remain, for after a while the faithful sister sickened and died, leaving the heart-stricken, disconsolate brother alone, all alone! We say alone, meaning religiously so, as the other inhabitants of Baden took no part or lot whatever in the Jewish worship, but rather despised them for their faith. This last, to poor Solomon, was the severest stroke of all! To lose his sister—his only sister, his only friend and comforter, his only co-worshiper of the God of their fathers—

was almost more than frail humanity could bear; yet he did survive the stroke, and continued to worship alone—all alone—in the almost forsaken synagogue!

The Jewish New Year drew slowly on, and Father Solomon prepared to celebrate it as was the custom of his people. He had for weeks looked forward to this time as one of peculiar interest—as one on which he should have some demonstration of the long-promised and looked-for Messiah. The morning of the Jewish New Year came at last—bright and beautiful; and, although the beginning of autumn (September with us), when nature commences to put on her sternest mood, making the yellow leaf and dying vegetation to tremble with its blasts, yet on this particular morning the sun shone out most cheerfully; and, as Father Solomon wended his way to the synagogue, his faith grew stronger in the demonstrations that should be made to him, because of the smiles with which nature seemed to bless the day.

Having arrived at, unlocked, and entered the synagogue, Father Solomon at once commenced chanting the Hebrew lesson appropriated for the New Year's celebration. At first his voice seemed hollow and broken; but, as he proceeded and became more and more interested in the exercises, his voice resumed more than its usual firmness and melody, so that it arose to the highest and descended to the lowest compass of sound without any seeming effort on the part of the worshiper.

Having gone through with all the preliminary lessons, he turned his face toward the Sanctum Sanctorum, and, steadily gazing thereon, he commenced one of the most soul-impressive chants that had ever been heard within that little temple.

His whole soul seemed completely absorbed in his devotions; his eyes flashed with unwonted brilliancy; every muscle seemed in motion, as if in the last agonies of expectancy; his tongue, over which he seemed to have lost all control, rolled forth one continual stream of supplication, so that it uttered sounds of which he himself seemed entirely unconscious! Minute after minute rolled sluggishly along, and yet no demonstration was made. An hour crept by, and yet no peculiar manifestation appeared, although the faithful worshiper still continued his chanting, believing it yet would come.

Now came a scene of most surpassing grandeur—the old man in the last ecstasies of faith! See him! his gray locks falling carelessly over his face and shoulders—his eye gazing intently on the damask curtains before him—his hands raised to Heaven in the most supplicating manner! Not a word does he speak—not a tear does he shed—not a muscle does he move! But see! a spirit seems hovering o'er him. Hark! a song, as if from angel lips—'tis the spirit above him—'tis the angel that sings!

* * * * *

The angel ceased—the song was finished! The old man had heard it all, and as he cast, once

more, his longing eyes to heaven, his lips moved as if to say "Amen;" and then, slowly sinking upon the floor, his body returned to the dust as it was, and his spirit to the God who gave it!

Faithful to the religion of his fathers, whether in prosperity or adversity; faithful to himself amid

all the trying vicissitudes of life; faithful to his God, even in the last struggle of hope, of despair, and with death—his spirit went home to be with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob in that far-off land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.



CHAPTER VII.

In Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," we find that, in the reign of George I., "the habits of the times were shrunk into awkward coats and waistcoats for the men; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half a dozen squeezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their straight-drawn hair." To this description we may add small caps, some of which scarcely covered the top of the head, while others, frilled and puffed in small plaits, lay upon the forehead.

The hoop now underwent many important changes; sometimes it projected at the sides only, or, like its ancestor, the farthingale, it spread itself all round in imposing majesty, covered with a short jupe, deprived of its flowing train.

The high-heeled shoes remained. Tight sleeves with full ruffles; small-pointed waists inclosed in

whalebone; loose gowns called *sacques*; and cloaks, with hoods named *cardinals*, were now *la grande mode*.

The hoop, during the first few years of the reign of George II., appeared to have lost the favor of the fair votaries of fashion; its ascendancy visibly declined, perhaps in consequence of a pamphlet which was published against it, entitled, "The enormous abomination of the Hoop-petticoat as the fashion now is."

Caps and straw hats now flourished, and aprons were much worn even in full dress. Capuchins replaced the hoods of former reigns, and patches reappeared, though but for a very short time. A new covering for the head, too—which was neither a cap nor a bonnet—was also invented at this time: it was called a *calash*, and was made of silk, plaited closely over a wire frame.

A work, published in 1753, speaks of caps the size of a china plate having dwindled down to the breadth of half a crown, and then vanished. We



also read : " They wear no cap, and only substitute in its room a variety of trumpety ribbons, tied up with no other propriety than the present fit shall happen to direct."

In one of the old Norfolk journals, we find the following : " Several fine ladies, who used to wear French silks, French hoops four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads, and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists, and followers of Mr. Whitfield, whose doctrine of the new birth has so prevailed over them, that they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night-mobs, and old plain bags."

The author of a work appearing at about the same time remarks : " Of all branches of the female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob, pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has voted out all these superfluous excrescences, and in the room of a slip of cambric, or lace, has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles, or artificial flowers. We may remember when, for a while, the hair was tortured into ringlets behind; at present it is braided into a queue. If the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milkmaid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant-girls, to adorn the heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were at length settled to the present mode, by which it is ordained that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd that hats, which seem naturally to be intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape that prevented their answering either of these purposes; but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed staring Kevenhullers worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribbon, hanging down from the brim on the left side."

The two head-dresses annexed were fashionable about this time. The hair was drawn over a



cushion to a great height, and surmounted by a handkerchief of lace, or fine gauze. Sometimes two ringlets were allowed to fall upon the neck, or a long, narrow strip of lace, resembling a streamer, hung from the top to the shoulders. The cap was composed of ribbon and lace.

Pomatum and powder were much used by the ladies in their coiffures. But the most extraordinary invention for the adornment of the head, of this or any other age, was that of the *capriole*. An old poet thus speaks of this fantastical coiffure :—

" Here, on a fair one's head-dress, sparkling sticks,
Swinging on silver springs, a coach and six;
There, on a sprig or slop'd pourpon, you see
A chariot, sulky, chaise, or vis-à-vis."

In the same poem we read :—

" Nelly ! where is the creature fled ?
Put my post-chaise upon my head."

The prevailing fashion of powder was followed by women as well as men, so that with it and quantities of pomatum, the hair was stiffened out in large curls, or, being drawn back from the forehead, fell down *en chignon*. False hair was very generally worn, and every variety of coiffure : *French curls*, that resembled eggs strung on a wire; *Italian curls*, done back from the face, and often called *scallop shells*; and *German curls*, which were a mixture of Italian and French. Behind, the hair was curled all over, and was called *tête de mouton*.

The quantities of powder and pomatum used at this period to build up a lady's head, rendered it impossible to dress the hair every day. Frequently the coiffure remained untouched and perfect for a week, a fortnight, or even more. One indulgent writer, indeed, observes : " I consent, also, to the present fashion of curling the hair, so that it may stand a month without combing; though I must confess that I think three weeks, or a fortnight, might be a sufficient time. But I bar every application to those foreign artists, who advertise that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a quarter of a year."

The gowns still continued short, and very low round the bosom and shoulders, and many writers affirm that a lady's dress was so scanty that modesty was almost banished. Hoops maintained

their place; the waist was pinched in so as to be very long and slim, and laced up in front like a bodice; the sleeves were generally tight to the elbow, terminating with deep lace ruffles; the robe was ornamented with a flounce, which helped to swell out its dimensions; and an open dress was worn over it, with a train, and deep trimming of lace, or *bouffans*; a little ornamented apron frequently finished the attire.

Hoops now reappeared, and, as if to make up for their banishment, swelled out to an immense size both to the right and left. Indeed, they flourished greatly throughout the reign of George III., and were not finally banished till George IV. ascended the throne, when, with his usual good taste in everything relating to the toilette, that monarch declared them to be cumbersome and inelegant. The opinion of so good a judge sealed their death-warrant, and the hoop disappeared, never, we may hope, to return, at least among the British fair; though *anti-hoopists* have had cause to tremble lately, lest it should resume its place in the wardrobe of modern fashionables; for a certain *crénoline*, or horse-hair jupe, has recently astonished the world by its marked resemblance to its ancestor of famous memory.

Speaking of the *French night-cap*, a writer of the year 1762 remarks: "Our fine women have, by covering their cheeks, by this fashion put their

faces into an eclipse. Each lady, when dressed in this mode, can only peep under the lace border. Perhaps they are intended, like blinds to a horse's harness, to teach ladies to look forward."

"The Ranelagh Mob is a piece of gauze mignonette, catgut, or Leicester web, which is clouted about the head, then crossed under the chin, and brought back to fasten behind, the two ends hanging down like a pair of pigeon's tails.

"The Mary Queen of Scots Cap is edged down the face with French beads; very becoming to some complexions; but, as the cap is made of black gauze, and saves washing, it has too much housewifery in it to be immense taste.

"The Fly Cap is fixed upon the forehead, forming the figure of an overgrown butterfly, resting upon its head, with outstretched wings. It is much worn at present; not that it adds either to the color or outline of the face, but as their caps are edged with garnets, topazes, or brilliants, they are very sparkling. * * * * It is become a very interesting dispute among connoisseurs in general, whether the present turban roll, now worn round the Mecklenbourg caps, was taken from the Egyptian fileet, the Persian tiara, or the wreath round the elder Faustina's temples."

The following are some of the head-dresses of the middle of the eighteenth century:—



ZILLAH.

BY N. T. ROSSETER.

O'er Iran's hills the twilight hour
In lengthened shadow falls,
While forth from every leafy bower
The bulbul to its rose-love calls:
The hour to Iran's maids most dear,
When beaming stars shine out above,
And every sound that meets the ear
Seems echoed from the realms of love;
When, struck by beauty's taper finger,
The lute breathes forth its softest spell
And watchful lovers, joyous, linger
To catch the sounds they know so well.

Where meet the ocean and the land,
Dark Hassan's frowning turrets stand;
Within those walls, so dark and bare,
Fair Zillah sighs—a captive there.
Long has she wept, yet weeps not now—
For Hope upon that polished brow
Its seal of joyous thought has pressed,
And calmed the tumults of her breast.
Hope, the best gift by Allah given,
The brightest ray that steals from Heaven,
Whose lustre sheds a holy light
Upon the deepest, darkest night,
Gleams softly radiant on the captive's chain,
The storm-tossed wreck, the bed of pain.
That day an arrow, careful sent
Above the lofty battlement,
Had pierced, by watchful guards unseen,
Her darkened window's silken screen.
Now Zillah's tears no longer roll,
As, bending o'er Love's welcome scroll,
She reads, "Thy Ali comes this night
If from thy lattice beams a light;
Its answering signal shalt thou see
Where Elmar rises from the sea."
As when on Him'lal's mountain steep
The snows, that once lay chill and deep,
Beneath the sun's returning ray
In rapid torrents melt away,
A thousand flowers joyful gleam
Beneath the day-god's fervent beam—
So Zillah's heart, late cold and chill,
Relieved from fears of coming ill,
Lends to the light of her dark eyes
A charm that Hassan well might prize:
Her fingers strike the enraptured lute,
That lay but now so sadly mute;
And, while her voice in melody
Floats softly sweet across the sea,
She gazes with a joyous smile
Where rises Elmar's rocky isle.

Ah! dear to this heart is that land of the west
Where loving hearts meet and forever are blest,
Where the maid and her lover in confidence roam,
And the fears and the struggles of life are unknown.

In some cool shaded valley, Love's chosen retreat,
Where the summer winds breathe, and the "bright
waters meet,"

284

With Ali, my chosen, how swift would life fly—
No thorns in its pathway, no clouds in its sky

From far above the rushing tide,
Through swinging lattice, opened wide,
A single ray of rosy light
Sweeps far across the dusky night—
From Zillah's chamber, beaming far,
Shines o'er Love's path, that guiding star
Joy! joy! far on the midnight sky
The answering signal blazes high!
"He comes at last—soon shall I be
Where yonder light gleams o'er the sea!"
With throbbing heart and heaving breast,
And many a sigh in vain repressed—
Now flushed with hope, now pale with fear,
With straining eye and listening ear,
Bending above that dizzy height,
Fair Zillah gazes on the night.
And not in vain that anxious gaze—
Far glimmering through the stormy haze
A bounding bark, with snowy sail,
Sweeps fiercely inward with the gale.
A moment more, and 'neath the wall
She hears her lover's whispered call.
Then from the lattice, swinging free,
The silken ladder seeks the sea.
As when, upon the dying bed,
The light from Allah's throne that's shed
Beams with its soft and peaceful ray,
To guide the spirit on its way—
So gleamed above that fearful height,
From Zillah's hand, the guiding light.
Ah! what indeed the peril dire,
By land or sea, by flood or fire,
That love cannot and will not dare
To meet the heart that bids it there!
What mean that shout, that blazing light,
Now breaking fiercely on the night?
"Tis he! 'tis Hassan! Ali, fly,
And leave me here alone to die!"
With quicker step, and upward bound,
Brave Ali leaps the topmost round;
O'er Zillah's form his arm is cast—
His sabre gleams within his grasp:
No time for words—with rushing feet
He gains the massive window seat:
One glance to Zillah's pallid cheek,
Then madly dares the downward leap.
Swift rushing from that dizzy height,
So far, so arrowy was their flight,
That naught met Hassan's watching eye
Save the white foam that, dashing high,
Marked but too well the treach'rous wave
He vainly hopes has proved their grave.

In after years the stranger guest
Oft found in Ali's cottage rest;
Heard of the lovers' fearful leap,
And wondrous rescue from the deep;
Nor deemed the peril needless run,
So fair a bride had Ali won.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY KATE CARROLL.

In the year 18—, after a sojourn of some years in Europe, where I had long been studying with a view of perfecting myself in my profession, I returned to my native city, New York. It was the Sabbath, and I determined that afternoon to attend the Church of St. —, to which I learned my earliest friend, Walter Wood, had been lately called. Of his talents I had heard the most extravagant praises, and I was anxious to hear him. As I entered, a beautiful hymn was given out, and touchingly read in the well-remembered tones of the sensitive Walter. Young as he appeared, it was perceptible that a cloud of sorrow had already passed over the sunshine of his life, and left the rosy hues of hope a cold gray mist surrounding him on every side. His low, musical tones fell clearly and distinctly on the ear, and every word told thrillingly on the heart. Gently from the organ stole the melting symphony; but, when music and words were united, the sound flowed through the arches, mingled with the air, imbued the atmosphere, trembled in the sunbeam, faded away in the shade, and became irretrievably lost in the gloom. Strain followed strain, a flood of harmony bearing upward the breathed incense of the pure in heart with the sighs of the newly repentant.

The sermon followed; but how shall I describe the fervent, the impassioned eloquence which fell from Walter's lips as he spoke of the joys of another world? As he repeated his text—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—an ecstatic smile played upon his lips, and in the upward burning glance one felt that, for that instant, his soul mingled with the spirits on high. At the close, he sank apparently exhausted, and remained with his head bowed on his hands until long after the congregation had departed.

The last echoing footstep had died away, the last strain of the organ had ceased to vibrate, and still he moved not. At last, the shutting of a heavy door by the sexton suddenly aroused him; he sprang up instantly, like one demented, and rushed wildly down the aisle. I caught him by the hand, and poured forth the highest encomiums upon his oratory, predicting the most brilliant career as his future destiny.

"Oh, speak not of the future!" he cried. "*She* is dying! Come to my home, which soon for me will be a home no more. Come and look on all that remains to me of earthly happiness,—of earthly happiness, did I say?—she was to me earth and heaven! To her I owe everything; her sweet influence it is that has exalted me, her sublime spirit

VOL. XLIII.—28

which has ennobled mine. But she may not die. This morning she was so much better that she insisted upon my fulfilling the duties of my calling. I dared not refuse her; but what have I not suffered in complying? Let us hasten back; every one else has given her up, but perhaps you can save her. They tell me your skill is unsurpassed. How fortunate that you should be here just at this moment!"

"Do not place too much confidence in my powers," I replied; for the hope that had already entered his soul burned so wildly in his eyes, and, glowing upon his flushed countenance, told so unerringly of the rapid transition from doubt to certainty which was going on in his mind, that, learning the decision which had already been given, I was terrified lest the certainty of despair was all that awaited him.

Arrived at his house, he went immediately to her room, and, beckoning me to follow, we entered together.

Never shall I forget that scene. On a couch lay a fair girl of some eighteen summers; her pale golden hair was thrown off her forehead, and her beautiful head was pillowed on an arm of purest symmetry. As her deep blue eyes met those of her husband, an angelic smile lighted up her countenance, and in that impassioned glance beamed all the love of her soul. He knelt by her side, he pressed his lips upon her forehead, he clasped her hand in his, and laid it in his bosom. The last rays of the setting sun streamed through the window in a flood of rosy light, that rendered her marvelous beauty absolutely bewildering. The blue-veined lids closed gently over those seraphic eyes. The sweet breath was scarcely perceptible on those exquisite lips, a chill crept over her frame—and still the husband gazed on in a rapture of intensest love. Then, filled with emotion, raising his eyes to mine, he murmured, in tones scarce audible—

"Do you think that she will live?"

Can you conceive the agony with which these words filled me, when I tell you already her pure spirit had fled? Scenes like these cannot be described. 'Twas long before Walter could understand what had taken place. He was unable to conceive that, at last, so great a calamity had actually befallen him. But let me draw a veil over the horrors of that night.

From that day Walter Wood changed. Once the most amiable and generous of men, he now exhibited a bitterness of spirit incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his private history. As time

wore on, his manner became absolutely ferocious; his denunciations thundered from the pulpit with increased virulence; and, notwithstanding his uncompromising maledictions, his ministry continued to be attended in even increased numbers, and he became the most popular and successful preacher of the day. While the contrary might have been expected, his exceeding beauty became heightened and exalted. Nothing could surpass the veneration with which he was everywhere regarded, notwithstanding his youth. The severity of his life rendered him little less than a god in the eyes of his parishioners. Yet few loved him, for he sought sympathy with none. A few years thus passed away, with the exception of one month in each, in which he invariably left his parishioners without their being able to discover where or in what manner his days were passed.

During a ramble in the western part of the State, one summer, I came inadvertently upon the solution of these mysterious absences. Wandering at random in the beautiful county of —, I came suddenly to an opening in one of the hills which border the sweet Lake of —, having the appearance of an extensive cave. The sun had just gone to rest, and the loveliest and softest of twilights succeeded. The moon soon rose, and lake, hillside, and vale were bathed in her gentle beams. It was one of those evenings in which our senses revel in the mere consciousness of existence. While I was still in wondering delight at the charming caprices of Nature, in her inexhaustible combinations of the wild and beautiful, a new object gave a higher interest to the scene. The figure of a man emerged from the cave, and, in the full moonlight, I instantly recognized the superb form and classical features of my friend, Walter Wood. He approached a small mound, near which was reared a rude cross. From one of its mossy arms depended a slight vine of jasmine, whose starry flowers gleamed in the night here and there like the eyes of love spirits watching over the form which lay buried in the hillock beneath. Walter Wood knelt by its side, and I easily understood that this was the grave of his young wife.

Though full five years had passed since her death, I perceived that the wound in his heart was still unhealed. After a long and earnest prayer, he arose, his eyes streaming with tears. He re-entered the cave, and I saw him prostrate himself before a portrait of ravishing beauty: it was that of his lost Louise. This perfect abandonment to the wild imaginings of an overwrought and passionate grief astonished and affected me; yet I could not view it in any other light than as culpable. It was with the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from intruding upon that solitude to which his intensity had lent something of holiness. I withdrew for that evening, determined to remain for a while but a spectator in this drama of the heart. I wished to learn whether the state of mind which he then exhibited was continual, or the effect of a transitory emotion,

before I ventured on an expostulation, which, in the former case, I should consider an imperative duty. I watched for many days, and it seemed to me there was little abatement.

One evening, as he was seated at a table before that portrait of the most exquisite human loveliness, his eyes riveted upon it with an expression of wild-est devotion, I saw a deadly pallor overspread his face, and, fainting, his head sank upon his arms. I was hurrying forward to him, when I was arrested by the light sound of oars, and I found a new surprise awaited me. A fair young girl, unattended, in a frail bark, was crossing the lake. In her gossamer dress of snowy muslin, she seemed some wood nymph of the neighboring hills. But, if any thought of spirit had for a moment attached itself to her little and graceful form, it was quickly dispelled as she bounded upon the bank with the life and reality of a veritable inhabitant of earth. There was too much health in her glowing cheeks, too much mischief in her sparkling eyes, to be aught but a most tangible and bewitching descendant of the tempting Eve. I remained concealed, and she went immediately to the mouth of the cave, but with a step so light as scarcely to disturb the sands under her feet. She listened for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied, entered noiselessly, and, placing a basket of fruit and flowers upon the table, disappeared with the fleetness of the mountain doe. Soon her fairy form and the music of her oars were lost in the mist of twilight, and the deep shadow of the trees which swept the bosom of that fair lake.

All this passed so rapidly that, had it not been for the flowers which remained as evidence of that sweet visitant, I should have been inclined to attribute the whole to an escapade of my vagrant imagination. I now went immediately to my friend, but had the greatest difficulty in bringing him to life. When, at last, the deeply-drawn breath gave signs of returning animation, a new cause for alarm presented itself—the sudden revelation to him of his discovered retreat, and, what I knew would pain him infinitely more, of his dearly-cherished secret. Under these circumstances, it seemed best that I should leave him before he entirely recovered. Placing him in an easy posture, with a glass of water near him, as soon as his breathing became more regular I left him. Soon after, I had the satisfaction to see him move, as if arousing himself from a lethargy, then, mechanically reaching out his hand, take the glass of water, and, having drank it, attempt to rise; he was still, however, too weak, and sank back again, covering his eyes with his hand. It appeared to me cruel to render him no assistance, and yet I dared not; his mind had already undergone so much that any new shock must prove deeply injurious. At length, he moved towards a pallet which stood near him, and sank upon it completely exhausted.

Satisfied now that the repose which he sought was all that he needed, I left him, tired with watching, and returned to my home, eager to enjoy a

night's sleep. But sleep came not to my wearied eyes. The witching form of that gentle girl forever flitted through the fantastic creations of an over-taxed brain. With morning came only a more defined feeling of an unsatisfied existence. As soon as the sun was risen, I proceeded to the spot which had for me now a double interest. But I acknowledge, the rescue of Walter from his sad situation had become of secondary importance. I sauntered on with a weight upon my spirits for which I could not account. I was gradually arriving at a most satisfactory state of wretchedness, when the sound of voices attracted my attention. Judge my surprise when, on looking round, I discovered Walter seated beneath a fine old walnut, and by his side that same young creature of my midnight dream, a thousand times more beautiful in the morning's sun! She was looking up to him with a sweet expression of childish inquiry, and I felt my head grow dizzy as, a moment afterwards, I saw her place her small white hand on his with all the familiarity of a long-established friendship. I saw at once that this young girl might prove the salvation of my friend, and that the hand of a wise Providence was evident in her presence. He was explaining to her the glories of religion, as unfolded in the mysteries of Nature; and, all unconscious to himself, was drinking in a healthful balm to his wounded soul.

The freshness of her young feelings was like the breath of the west wind to his fainting spirit. I saw all this; but I saw it with despair. A few hours before, I would have sacrificed my life for him; but then a few hours before I had no particular object for which to live. I endeavored to struggle against a feeling so apparently hopeless. I reasoned with myself on the folly of sudden attachments; but it was all to no purpose—the evil still remained. A cord had been touched in my heart which could never cease to vibrate.

I reflected that Walter Wood had once loved, and been devotedly loved in return. That was more happiness than usually falls to the lot of a mortal in his whole lifetime. Was another beautiful being to be given up to him? And I—had I not a heart and feelings also? Had I not a right to love as well as he? Thus did I run madly on, endeavoring to assure myself in a course which I knew to be ungenerous. I turned off into the woods, unseen by them and unthought of.

How different the whole world appeared to me—wretchedness and suffering on every hand! Everywhere tyranny and oppression were visible—the greater ever preying upon the less; nothing created without a susceptibility of pain. Animals which could not possibly offend were subjected to torture. Even inanimate nature had its woes, and not a lily could be plucked but on its stem was left a tear. The greater the capability for receiving pleasure, the more acute became the sense of suffering. And man, if he could experience the happiness of angels, was also taught to endure the misery of demons. While I was in this mood of

rebellious despondency, the sky became darkened, and I heard the thunder rolling heavily in the distance. Large drops of rain began to fall, and vivid flashes of lightning alone lighted the path before me. I was in the midst of a thick wood; but the coming storm so well suited my sullen humor, that I walked on, heedless of its violence, till at last a small stream, which had been running gently along at my feet, overflowed its banks, and, the fury of the storm increasing every moment, I was obliged to seek shelter as best I might. And I think, as I saw a majestic tree torn by the roots from its ancient bed and hurled into the air, by that invisible power which "cometh and goeth as it listeth," and beheld those forest kings of a century's growth bow beneath its breath, and a hoary oak shorn of its noble arms by the lightning's touch—I *think* the murmurings in my heart and on my lip became fainter in their tone, and a something like supplication went up instead. And gently, and almost imperceptibly, my soul became filled with the grandeur and omnipotence of God.

The storm passed away. A moment after, sunshine and song burst over the woods; and as, from the last drops of the storm, I saw springing the rainbow of hope, my heart melted within me, and I learned a lesson in the philosophy of endurance. I endeavored to put it in practice. I set out immediately, determined that, if I found Walter, I would make amends for my rebellion against a kind Providence by the generous fulfilment of my duty. As I approached his retreat, there I beheld him, assisted by that same fair girl, in recovering a young child, who appeared to have nearly perished in the storm. As I came near them, they imagined that I had come to search for the child, and called to me. The kindness that beamed from her eyes nearly undid me. Walter instantly recognized me, and pressed me to his heart. I felt mine choking in my throat. She was too good, too beautiful. Would she had not been there, to put me to a second trial! I was about to turn abruptly away, when Walter, calling to me in a voice which reminded me of early, joyous days, said—

"John—why, of what am I thinking?—let me present you to my sister Isabel."

SISTER! I was completely stupefied. I had an indistinct idea of falling down to worship Walter, or sister, or somebody; but I believe I did nothing more than look very awkward, and mutter over some very unintelligible words about happiness and angels, and—but all this is nothing to the point. The result of the matter was that, a year from that day, I sat in that cave again, and looked out on the exquisite scenery which surrounded it. It was the hour of twilight; and again those merry eyes, which had so bewitched me, looked in mine; and again I heard that gleesome voice, which always fell like music on the ear; and again the crimson blush came to that fair cheek. But there was no mirth then in those deep blue eyes; there was no more gayety in those silver tones: but there was

something holier and more touching far; and, in the deep gaze of tenderness which met mine, as that beautiful head rested upon my shoulder, and my arm encircled that slender waist, there was that of joy which angels cannot know; and a prayer from my heart went up to God for the happiness of that young and loving wife.

Walter Wood lived on a while longer, sad and alone; but the sternness of his character gradually wore away beneath the dear influence of his gentle

sister. The real sympathy of his nature became every day more apparent; and the awe with which he had inspired those around him was changed into an idolatry of love for him who could weep with the unfortunate, and rejoice with the gay.

Near the mound which covers the ashes of his lost Louise, is raised another; and Walter Wood lives in this world no longer but amid the treasures of memory.

LUCY CAMERON; OR, HONESTY'S REWARD.

BY JOHN M. EVANS.

CHAPTER I.

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity!"

"Lucy, my child, you can now leave me for a short time, and carry to Mrs. Harding the stool covers you embroidered for her. Do not ask for the money; though you may inquire to see her. Doubtless she will pay you. Indeed, I feel confident she would, were she aware of our utter destitution."

"But, mother," replied Lucy, "in case she does not, what will become of us during the bitter night which threatens us? We have neither fuel nor bread; and, unless we are relieved in some manner, we *must* perish. Shall I solicit alms, mother? I feel willing in this extremity to resort to anything that will honestly secure your comfort."

"No, my daughter; I cannot endure the thought of such degradation. I am very feeble at present, but hope in a few days to be able to do something that will enable us to survive this bitter winter. Go now, my child; I think Mrs. Harding will pay you, and that will enable us to procure the necessities of life for some time to come."

Lucy obeyed, and was, with few exceptions, the only female to be seen threading the icy streets. The chilling atmosphere of a midwinter's day seemed to render abortive every effort made by the sun's rays to melt the heaps of drifted snow that had fallen during the previous night. The leafless trees groaned beneath their glittering loads, while the sound of merry sleigh-bells filled the clear air with music, that told of gladsome hearts reveling in the pleasures afforded by such an occasion. The wary pedestrian, forced to tread the icy pavement, appeared too much absorbed in thoughts of personal safety to bestow attention upon any passing object; those who had warm homes and happy smiles to greet their return, seemed to forget the existence of poverty, or the necessity of its relief, as each hurried on.

But, amid the piercing cold that chilled her slender and thinly-clad form, Lucy pursued her way,

until she arrived in front of one of those elegant mansions that grace the western part of Walnut Street, and, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, was ushered into the drawing-room; when she was informed that Mrs. Harding was engaged with company, and could not be disturbed.

Lucy replied that she desired to see her, and would await her arrival; while the scrutinizing glances of suspicion cast at her apparel by the servant added new pangs of grief to those already inflicted to torture her gentle heart. Everything around was of the most costly magnificence, and, as her eyes wandered from one object to another, she felt her fainting spirits revive at the thought that she could not be refused a sum so small by one who would esteem it a trifling matter to spend hundreds on a single evening's entertainment. Alas! how little did she know of the ingratitude of the human heart!—how ignorant of the unsympathizing character of those who have never experienced the deprivation of anything that wealth can procure, much less the agonizing pangs of hunger! How long appeared each moment, as thoughts of her suffering parent were forced upon her mind, while seated in that elegant apartment. The mellow light shed around by the gorgeous curtains which hung in ample folds from the ceiling, the cheerful warmth imparted to her exhausted frame, stole gradually o'er her senses, until she became wrapt in profound slumber. Then visions of the past, with all its hallowed associations, were recalled to mind; her thoughts traveled with rapid flight, and roamed once more amid the happy scenes of bygone years, when life was but a dream of holy bliss; when hope wreathed with glad smiles her youthful brow; when a father's protecting care, a mother's love, shed their influences around. Again she seemed borne through years of deep suffering and poverty; no cheering ray could penetrate the thick cloud that enshrouded her. Nothing but that mother's love shed light upon her rugged path to guide her footsteps through the gloom. With no eye to sorrow, no heart to sympathize, she felt alone in the world, and prayed for death to relieve her bitter

lot. But, before the lisps of her spirit had ceased, she was impelled, as if by an unseen hand, through the opening future. Darkness had vanished; yet each object appeared devoid of any definite form, and a mist seemed settling over each scene she had fondly hoped would teem with brightness and beauty. But gradually her spirit was wafted on to regions of purer bliss, surrounded by creations of beauty surpassing anything her wildest dreams had ever conceived. The bloom of perpetual spring shed its richest fragrance around, while no cloud obscured the bright sun that shed its cheering rays upon the glowing prospect opened to her view. Alas, that such dreams should ever cease!

But Lucy was awakened to the realities of her situation by the entrance of Mrs. Harding, who expressed her entire satisfaction with the embroidery, and commended, in the highest terms, her industry and taste. But each word of praise that fell from her lips was unheeded by the blushing child, who could scarcely restrain her emotion when informed she could call in a few days and receive her pay. Thoughts of her desolate home, her invalid mother, coursed rapidly through her mind, and, with a heavy heart, she wended her way along the street until she reached the Exchange. For a long time she struggled with a sense of duty towards her parent, almost regretting the course she had pursued in not informing her friend of the poverty which surrounded her home. She felt as if *she* could endure almost anything; but her mother—the very name seemed to arouse all her slumbering energies, and she determined to station herself at the point she had reached, and solicit from those who passed sufficient at least to prevent the horrors of starvation.

For two hours her slender form was visible among the moving throng; her disordered auburn tresses, rudely tossed by the cold wind, revealed a face of classic beauty, and displayed a forehead finely developed, showing that intellect slumbered beneath that coarse and humble garb; whilst the expression of her strongly marked countenance told of sorrow, and the glistening tear-drop, that hung like a pearl from her silken eyelashes, spoke to the heart in language more powerful, in appeals more earnest, than plaintive words or piteous moans.

But the mute eloquence of that child was comparatively lost upon the unthinking crowd. Human nature is ever prone to forget, in the enjoyment of Heaven's blessings, that all are not favored alike—that, amid the wealth which surrounds many, others are suffering from the pangs of hunger and cold. When the piercing blasts of winter howl around our comfortable homes, when we partake at the well-furnished board, or gather around the cheerful blaze of our quiet firesides, should not our aspirations of thanksgiving be mingled with a desire and determination of seeking, from the abodes of wretchedness and misery, those who are suffering from the deprivation of what we so richly enjoy?

Sick and disheartened, her fragile limbs trembling

like an aspen from the intense cold, Lucy determined to seek her cheerless home, and communicate to her mother the ill success that had attended all her efforts. While crossing the street, her attention was suddenly arrested by the brilliancy of an object half buried in the snow, which, on removing, proved to be a most costly and beautiful silken purse, apparently well filled with coin and notes. She hastily placed the treasure in her bosom, and, with a heart beating with strange emotions, hurried on.

CHAPTER II.

LUCY CAMERON was the daughter of parents who had once moved in the first circle of society. Her father had, at an early age, inherited a large fortune from a branch of an English family to which he was connected, and, on attaining his majority, selected from among his acquaintances one whom he thought could render him happy, and bestow the love he so much desired. In his choice of a companion, he was not actuated by any of the motives that so often influence persons of wealth in forming an alliance with one equally endowed. The glitter of gold could not dazzle his vision, or tempt him to sacrifice life's holiest enjoyment at the shrine of Mammon. The inexhaustible mine of love, the superior qualities of mind, were the only attractions that could be presented to his view.

Mrs. Cameron, though possessed of no extraordinary personal beauty, was rendered peculiarly attractive by an amiable disposition, sweetened by the hallowed influences of religion, that, in after years, supported her through life's deepest gloom, and taught her to place dependence only upon the sure promises of God; and, though forced to mingle, to a certain extent, with the gayeties of life, though surrounded by the meteoric blaze of fashion, her mind proved superior to all their unholy influences, and retained through life its purity and pristine beauty.

Lucy was their only child, and, at the time our tale commences, had nearly attained her thirteenth year. Though surrounded from childhood with all the luxuries of wealth, her mother had early commenced that proper system of moral culture which exerted so happy an influence in expanding her youthful mind—in bringing into action all the energies of her nature, which so well prepared her for enduring with fortitude the trials of after life.

Among those who esteemed it an honor to boast the acquaintance of the Camerons, was the family of Mr. Harding, who had long enjoyed the reputation connected with giving the most expensive parties and delightful *soirées*, of parading the most elegant liveried establishment, and living in a style of princely magnificence that surpassed anything then known in our unpretending city. Their means, however, were supposed to be more than ample for

the display of such extravagances, as Mr. Harding had for many years been numbered among our most successful merchants; but the general prostration pervading the business community several years since, the immense losses sustained by those engaged in commercial pursuits, seriously affected him. For a time he seemed tottering upon the verge of ruin, with no matured plan by which he could avert the blow which threatened all his efforts.

Bills to a large amount would fall due in a few days, and every dollar of available means was exhausted. In this dilemma, and as a last resort, he determined to presume upon his acquaintance with Mr. Cameron, and apply to him. Accordingly, he was waited upon, and his endorsement obtained for the amount. But the relief thus furnished was only of a temporary nature; other notes, on coming due, were severally dishonored, until, compelled to yield, the once wealthy Mr. Harding was publicly declared a bankrupt.

Mr. Cameron, when too late, saw the error he had committed in giving his name for so large an amount without fully securing himself; but all such precaution had been neglected, owing to the implicit confidence reposed in the statements which had been made.

But, as is frequently the case, a compromise was effected in some way, and Mr. Harding enabled to continue his business as formerly, without a perceptible change in any of his vast expenditures.

The loss sustained by Mr. Cameron, though keenly felt, left him an income equal to all his wants, derived from investments in stocks, that had hitherto yielded him the highest per centage. But the complete revolution that was working such fearful changes throughout the monetary affairs of the nation, reducing many from affluence to poverty, and elevating others to the highest position of wealth, was not without its direct influence upon him. The alarming depreciation of all description of stocks in which his wealth was invested, forced him into an arrangement that would secure a competency during life. But at this juncture of affairs, before the arrangement was completed, he was attacked with a disease that baffled all human skill, and left no possible hopes of recovery. So rapid was the working of the disease upon his enervated system that, before one week had passed, Death claimed his victim; and, as if exulting over a shining mark, bore from their midst the father and protector, blasting all the fond hopes of years, and marking his course of desolation with the tears of the widow and the orphan.

On examining into the affairs of Mr. Cameron, it was ascertained that the largest amount to be realized from his estate would be barely sufficient to discharge the liabilities he had contracted, in part by the relief extended to Mr. Harding; thus leaving his wife and daughter desolate and alone, to struggle with all the horrors of abject poverty.

This severe trial following in quick succession the sad bereavement Mrs. Cameron had sustained,

was one she had little expected, and was wholly unprepared to meet; but religion, which hitherto had shed around its holy influences, sustained her even amid this. Thrown entirely upon her own resources, she determined to exert every effort to maintain herself and child without the assistance of others. Accordingly, she rented an apartment, and furnished it with the few articles that remained to remind her of former days, in the suburbs of the city, away from all the cherished associations of youth; and here the chalice of sorrow, containing life's bitterest portion, was quaffed without a murmur, while her prayers ascended on high in behalf of her child—pure breathings of the soul, perfumed by the incense of a mother's deep undying love.

By many who had flocked around when occupying the position assigned by the potency of wealth, she was now deserted; and Mr. Harding, though early apprised of the change that had reduced her to actual poverty, dismissed the subject without affording that relief which it was his duty to bestow; the poisoned shaft of avarice had steelled his heart, and closed all its fountains of sympathy and benevolence. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to evince a lively interest in the unfortunate condition of Mrs. Cameron, and supplied her with employment, for which she was amply compensated; but she seldom visited her humble abode, and consequently was not aware of the many privations to which she was subjected, or the utter destitution that surrounded her.

Lucy, though naturally of a lively and cheerful disposition, felt at times her strength almost forsake her, when beholding the sufferings endured by her gentle mother; yet, amid the gloomy prospect that opened to her view, gleams of future bliss would occasionally flit like shadows across her path, to illumine with transient brightness her forlorn condition. She exerted every effort in contributing to their support. Although very young, she possessed a mind equally matured to many of more advanced years; and, with an excellent education, together with her varied accomplishments, she succeeded in obtaining permission to instruct the younger children of a lady to whom she had been recommended by a former friend of her father. In this situation, she continued to discharge her duties to the satisfaction of all for several months; but the compensation received was barely sufficient, with the united efforts of her mother, to procure the necessities of life, even during the summer months. The severities of winter began to increase, and the failing health of Mrs. Cameron required the constant attention of Lucy, who was obliged entirely to relinquish her charge, thus depriving them of a small, though important, source of revenue. But the strong feelings of devotion cherished towards her parent would not permit Lucy to leave her alone, and, with the watchful care of love, she strove to alleviate her sufferings, and cheer with smiles the tedious hours as they passed on.

Her sylphlike form glided with noiseless tread

through that humble home, brightening with beauty each object around, while her face beamed with the high and holy purposes of her soul, that seemed to blend in sweet unison with the calm expression of resignation that played upon the faded beauty and careworn features of the sufferer. To her nothing was deemed a sacrifice that could contribute to her mother's relief; and, with willing hands, was each leisure moment employed in services that could procure something to soothe the feverish throbbings of disease, or appease the keen demands of hunger.

For weeks the cheering sun, whose light stole through the narrow casement, had not gladdened her heart with its warming rays. The fragrant breath of summer, perfumed with the odor of innumerable flowers, had passed away without bringing to her its former joys, or twining with its gay wreaths her youthful brow. The solemn beauties of autumn, its softened light, its gentle breath, its gorgeous tints of crimson and gold, its sere and falling leaves, had all departed; while she, the fairest of earthly flowers, was blooming unseen, unknown, amid the narrow confines of sorrow and poverty.

CHAPTER III.

On reaching her desolate home, with trembling steps Lucy ascended the stairs that led to her apartment. For a time she lingered upon the threshold, as though afraid to enter, dreading the effect of her unsuccessful efforts in the weakened condition of her mother. While thus hesitating, she thought she could distinguish a faint moan, as if proceeding from some one in distress. She entered, and, with feelings of horror, beheld the object of her solicitude stretched upon the cold floor, where it was supposed she had fallen in attempting to reach a vial containing some medicine, that had been placed upon a stand near her bedside. Lucy immediately applied such restoratives as it was in her power to administer, but without producing the desired effect; and, with the assistance of a female occupying an adjoining apartment, Mrs. Cameron was placed upon her couch, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

But the utter destitution that surrounded them forced Lucy to devise means by which fuel and food could be obtained. The few pennies she had received during the day were soon expended in procuring these necessities; and now the purse, which hitherto had been almost forgotten, was examined, and found, to her surprise, to contain about two hundred dollars, besides a ring, richly studded with diamonds, which she knew to be of infinitely more value than all the money the purse contained. Here was presented a temptation that few, under similar circumstances, could have resisted. Though every effort would doubtless be made by the unfortunate owner for its recovery, she felt confident that no clue existed by which it could ever be traced to

her possession; while the relief a small portion alone could purchase would prove of inestimable value. But she dare not apply it to her own use; and, with this determination, replaced every dollar, and deposited the purse with its contents in a place of safety, to await the moment when it could be restored to its rightful owner. And this incident, though apparently trivial in its nature, marked the most eventful era in the life of Lucy Cameron, developing those principles of honesty and virtue which shone with such resplendency amid the darkness that surrounded her.

But the severest trial she was to experience yet awaited her. Though forced to descend from the high position she had once occupied, and partake of privation and poverty in almost every form, she had endured all without a murmur; but a separation from her fond parent had scarcely entered her mind; and when no possible hopes of her recovery could longer cheer the gloomy moments, when assured that the tide of life was fast ebbing, nothing could exceed the anguish that took possession of her breast. For hours she knelt by the side of the unconscious sufferer, watching each movement of that expressive face, eager to catch the least sign of returning animation, until the dark shadows of death began slowly to gather around, and the spirit of her who had so nobly fought life's battle was borne hence to claim the reward of those who endure unto the end.

At length the gray dawn announced to the weary watcher the welcome approach of morn. Darkness that, like a pall, had enshrouded the world, was gradually receding before the light that now streaked the eastern horizon, while the lone voices of night were hushed amid the busy throng that hurried along the streets. Lucy, unable what course to pursue in regard to the interment of her mother, with no one to advise, determined to call upon Mrs. Harding and acquaint her with all the circumstances attending her death, and the extreme poverty to which she was reduced. Accordingly, she took her bonnet and shawl, and, after carefully fastening the door of her apartment, wended her way towards Walnut Street.

But how different was the nature of her emotions compared with those of the previous day! She felt, indeed, as one alone in the world, deprived of the object around whom all the tender affections of her nature had for years entwined with a tenacity that death itself could not sever, and without the means necessary to the performance of love's last sad tribute.

On reaching the residence of Mrs. Harding, though very early, she was conducted into the drawing-room to await her arrival. With a mechanical movement, she drew from the table by which she was seated a morning paper, and the first thing that attracted her attention was an offered reward of fifty dollars for the return of a purse, supposed to have been lost, answering in every particular the description of that now in her possession.

She immediately arose, and informed the servant that she would not wait for Mrs. Harding; and, after a short walk, reached the dwelling referred to in the notice she had so recently seen. After stating the nature of her visit, she was ushered into an elegantly furnished parlor, when, for the first time, the thought occurred to her that the purse had been left at home. In her eagerness to ascertain the owner, and obtain the just reward, she had not reflected upon the possibility of her object being defeated, or, at least, its consummation considerably delayed by such neglect. But these reflections were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady, to whom Lucy, with ill-suppressed emotions of grief, related all the circumstances connected with finding the purse, the accidental discovery of its owner, and her neglect in not having it with her. She was listened to with attention, that evidently evinced no common interest in the singular and affecting narrative of her youthful visitor.

"Do not distress yourself, my child; here is the reward; take and apply it to whatever use you see proper. I will call at your residence in a few hours to claim the purse, and render whatever pecuniary aid you may require; for, be assured, such honesty will never go unrewarded by me. But you have not yet given me your name."

"Lucy Cameron, ma'am."

"Cameron!—Cameron! Is it possible that you are the daughter of her who was once my dearest friend? Was your mother's name formerly Mary Caldwell?" inquired the lady.

"The same," was Lucy's reply.

"Then permit me to welcome you to my home, with all it affords. When a poor and friendless orphan, she interested herself in my behalf, and never can I forget what her friendship wrought for me. For years our intimacy continued, until I was summoned to a distant land to take possession of a large fortune I had unexpectedly inherited, and there united myself in marriage to my present husband. For a time, we kept up a regular correspondence, by which means I was apprised of her union with Mr. Cameron; but gradually this pleasant interchange of thought ceased, from which time I have been unable to obtain any information concerning her, having returned to my native land but two months since. But now, my child—permit me to address you by that title—return to your home, and I will follow in a short time."

With suffused eyes, Lucy returned thanks for this unexpected kindness, and prepared to depart. She could with difficulty realize the important change that had thus suddenly transformed her to wealth and station. The events of that morning seemed like the confused and faint recollection of some dream—like the pleasant visions that so often stole around her sleeping moments, clothed with the bright images of beauty, that the stern realities of life so speedily dispelled on waking. The coincidence, so strikingly singular in its nature, furnished a theme from which she could not divert her

thoughts until she reached her humble abode. She now felt the truth of those lessons instilled into her youthful mind, which taught implicit confidence and entire dependence upon Him who hath promised to deliver the distressed, and whose inscrutable ways are often hidden from mortal vision, to be revealed only amid the light that encircles his throne.

Lucy had scarcely reached her home, before she was aroused by the noise of a carriage that drew up before her door, from which alighted her new-found friend, Mrs. Vinton, who made every arrangement for the removal of Mrs. Cameron's remains to her own dwelling, from which she was attended to her final resting-place by a large concourse of former friends, among whom the singular discovery made by Mrs. Vinton had already widely circulated; while Lucy forever abandoned the scenes of sorrow with which she had so long been familiar, exchanging them for others more congenial to the finer feelings of her nature.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME's rapid flight had borne away four years since the events alluded to in our last chapter.

Life's joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, crowded in that short space, were slumbering amid the ruins of the past, while here and there arose the scattered monuments of human folly, looming high through the dark shadows of bygone years. To many, the gorgeous tints that at first clothed each object with transcendent beauty, proved transient as the rainbow's hues, or fleeting as the dewy breath of morn. The glad smiles of hope which invited the youthful aspirant on, no longer cheer his course; but, like the summer cloud, that flings its darkened shadow o'er earth's loveliest scenes, the blighting frowns of adversity rest upon him, to hush the joyous strains his heart poured forth, and wake instead the heavy tones of deep despair.

But Lucy, who had drained the bitter dregs of sorrow's cup, was now the recipient of that tender regard bestowed by one who entertained towards her feelings that maternal love alone can equal. The depths of Mrs. Vinton's heart had been stirred by the recital of sufferings endured, by the recollection of hallowed associations connected with the memory of her endeared mother, as well as by the peculiar gentleness and beauty of Lucy, that caused all the hidden affections of her soul to gush forth. The sweet name of mother had never been addressed to her, nor had any object, save her husband, received from her love equal to that bestowed upon the child of her adoption; and each year, as Lucy budded in womanhood, developed some fresh feeling of the heart, and added to her beauty new charms to enhance her loveliness.

Mr. Vinton, though possessed of but few of the finer feelings of poetic love, could not long remain insensible to her superiority; but gradually the

affections of his heart became entwined around her with all the hallowed purity of a father's love, strengthened and increased with the lapse of each year. Time's finger, with gentle touch, had healed the deep wound produced by the loss of her mother, and assuaged the poignant grief that crushed her young heart; while the cheerful glow of contentment, and the bright smiles that played o'er her features like the rich sunlight upon the bosom of some placid lake, told that she was happy.

The dark veil that had so suddenly been thrown around to check the aspirations of her youthful nature, and dispel the bright phantoms of her dreams, had been removed, and once more was she permitted to enjoy the society of refinement and wealth, sweetened by the unalloyed love of fond hearts. But, unlike many others, she was not entirely dependent upon what surrounded her to impart happiness; her spirit delighted to revel amid the purity of its own creations, and feasted upon the holy communings it sought with nature's God.

Though susceptible to all the finer feelings of the heart, Lucy had never yet experienced any of those emotions peculiar to the mastering passion of love. The affection she had evinced for her mother, the cherished regard she entertained towards her kind benefactors, was pure and ardent; but with it were incorporated none of those feelings that were yet to sway her woman's heart. Already had seventeen summers bloomed around, and she, though unconsciously, had become the bright star of the circle in which she moved; her surpassing loveliness of person, amiable disposition, and versatility of talent, all combined to render her an object of universal admiration. An accession so desirable to the lists of wealth and beauty is always hailed with delight by those numbered among the ranks of fashion; consequently, the *début* of Lucy into society was an event marked by the greatest *éclat*. Many who had formed her acquaintance in the more private circles of youth, had awaited with anxiety the period when she could be ushered before the world. But all the blandishments spread around, the whispered notes of adulation that frequently reached her ear, proved insufficient to captivate the affections of her heart, or induce her to deliver to the keeping of fawning sycophants the priceless gems which it enshrined.

But, on the evening to which we now allude, the brilliantly illuminated parlors of Mr. Vinton were fast filling with beauty and fashion, to celebrate her eighteenth anniversary. Jewels glittered amid the joyous host; music, with its sweetest strains, stole in soft tones around, to still the hum of busy voices, as it mingled with the fragrant summer air borne through the latticed casement. Lucy, attired with that peculiar neatness characteristic of her refined taste, moved with dignified and graceful beauty among the happy throng, attended by those who esteemed it an honored position to remain at her side, and bask in the warm sunlight of her smiles. Among the gay crowd that surrounded her, she ob-

served one apparently absorbed in conversation, but whose gaze seemed constantly fixed upon her. That he was, in the general acceptance of the term, handsome, we will not admit; but his countenance was marked by a peculiar expression of manly beauty which distinguishes so few that it never fails to attract attention. His figure was tall and commanding, his hair vieing with the raven's plume of glossy blackness, while his mouth was partially concealed by the shade of a finely-formed mustache, that imparted to him an air decidedly foreign.

At first, Lucy gave herself no uneasiness on account of the attention she evidently attracted from the interesting stranger; but she could not conceal from her own heart, at least, the interest she already felt in him. That heart, hitherto impervious to all the attacks of love, was now for the first time to feel that potent spell weaving its gilded threads around her holiest affections, with a power that nothing on earth could sever. For a time, she used every endeavor to divert her thoughts from the object that was thus engrossing too much of her attention; but in vain. Even while engaged in conversation with others, those expressive eyes, that had been fixed in admiration upon her, that manly form, met her gaze. All her surmises as to who he was seemed but to perplex her mind, and deepen the mystery that enshrouded him, until relieved by the announcement of his name as Mr. Harding by a friend, who requested the privilege of presenting him to her acquaintance, to which she formally acquiesced.

During the remaining part of the evening, his attentions were almost exclusively devoted to Lucy, who was more delighted with the excellence of his conversational powers, the brilliancy of his wit, his agreeable and gentlemanly manners, than she had been with his noble and commanding appearance.

William Harding was the only son and heir of the gentleman of that name to whom allusion has already been made, and, for six years, had resided in France, attending to that department of his father's business which required his personal supervision. But the routine of fashionable life in Paris, to which his position so fearfully exposed him, had not corrupted any of those high principles of morality by which he was invariably governed; on the contrary, the energies of his mind were developed by constant intercourse with the learned and refined of the great metropolis. He had gazed upon the most beautiful faces of the Old World, examined the productions of genius amid the time-honored galleries of Florence and Rome, and often, since his return, had heard of the beauty of Lucy Cameron; but all the ideal images his fancy had created failed to equal this embodiment of perfection, this spirit of beauty, that met his view on entering the parlors of Mr. Vinton. She, whom he remembered only as a child, whose auburn tresses floated in rich profusion around her fair brow, and the sound of whose silvery voice still lingered in his heart, was now the matchless woman of eighteen.

A change so important in its character, and one that brought so vividly to mind his long separation from the objects of youthful association, he could scarcely realize; and each day, as his intimacy increased with her who for years had been almost forgotten, his heart beat with new and strange emotions. The latent spark of love, that hitherto had only existed within his breast, was now kindled to a flame, that glowed with all the intensity of its pure and hallowed nature.

Nor were the feelings he entertained towards her disregarded by Lucy; but gradually, as months rolled on, the full tide of affection that swelled her heart rushed with overwhelming force to mingle in the broad stream of mutual love, upon whose bosom have been borne the hopes of unnumbered thousands. But this stream, it is said, never flows smoothly, and so it proved in this instance. Its strong current bore rapidly amid the dangerous shoals concealed beneath its fair surface. The perfumed gales that had wafted them on through the dreamy abodes of bliss, were soon exchanged for the tainted breeze of earth, that blasted with withering breath those new-born feelings of the soul, and caused the heart that had so lately thrilled with hope to shrink back in despair.

For a time, Mr. Harding remained ignorant of the attention his son was thus bestowing upon one whom he considered inferior in station—the *protégée* of the Vintons, as he denominated her—and, when informed of the nature of affairs, he could not repress the fury of his indignation. All the bright hopes his calculating pride had formed of connecting his name with the heralded nobility of Europe, where he had hoped his reputed wealth would secure for his son a brilliant alliance, were crushed forever; and, in the frenzied excitement of passion, he forbade entirely the continuance of these attentions.

"But, father, you do not consider the claim that Lucy possesses to rank equal with us. You once esteemed it an honor to associate the name of Cameron with your acquaintances; and now you surely cannot object to one superior to us in many respects, and, I can truly say, inferior in none."

"Away with such prating! I have commanded, sir, and you, as a dutiful son, are bound to obey. If you refuse, I have already assured you of the consequences."

"True, you have threatened to disinherit me if I obey the dictates of judgment and choice, and all—for what?"

"For your own good, sir. Many long years have I devoted to unceasing toil, in order to place you above the world; and, at the very moment I imagined my desires about to be realized, you have been playing a part I little suspected. However, you are legally free to think and act as you see proper."

With these remarks, Mr. Harding quitted the room, leaving William to his own unpleasant reflections. The respect he entertained towards his pa-

rent prevented the full expression of his injured feelings, and he determined at once to seek Lucy, and, with frankness, confide to her the opposition he had so unexpectedly met with.

The faint shade of sadness that stole over her joyous countenance seemed to render her even more lovely, as he related the conversation that had passed—still breathing the same feelings of unalterable love, determining to sacrifice everything for her.

"No, William, I dare not longer listen to your entreaties. That I have loved, deeply loved, you are aware; and never can these affections be transferred to another. But I cannot—no, I would not be yours in direct opposition to the wishes of your parent. My heart has been schooled to sorrow and disappointment, and this trial, though I confess it severe, can be borne as well as others. We meet no more, other than friends; but, be assured, my blessing shall attend you through all the changes of life."

"But, Lucy, you surely will not consign me to such misery? You cannot suppose me so base, so utterly devoid of principle, as to prefer the tinselled exterior of wealth and station to the solid enjoyments that flow from mutual love?"

"I am truly grateful for the opinion you entertain of me, and can appreciate your feelings in regard to a separation from any loved object; but do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose, which must remain unchanged so long as the consent of him whom you are commanded to honor shall be withheld. I freely release you from all engagements, and hope that I may never be considered an obstacle to your happiness."

"But this generosity is certainly uncalled for, Lucy. I have no desire to be released from my obligations to you, and, if your decree is irrevocable, I shall be under the necessity of exercising that virtue which, unfortunately, I do not possess to an excessive degree, and of awaiting your pleasure; for nothing could ever tempt me to wed any one but the object of my love."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Vinton; and, in a few moments, William took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

BUT we must now return to Mr. Harding. On leaving the apartment of his son, he retired to the quiet of his own chamber, there to give full vent to the bitterest feelings of his heart, and nourish the strongly excited passions of his nature. His non-appearance at the appointed hour for tea occasioned some surprise among those who, for years, had been familiar with his remarkable punctuality in all things; and, after waiting a few moments, Mrs. Harding dispatched a servant to ascertain the cause of his delay. But the sound of his retreating foot

steps had scarcely died away, before she was summoned to his relief by cries for assistance; and there, as if transfixed by some spell of horror, stood the servant, pallid with consternation, while stretched by his side lay the apparently lifeless form of his master.

Physicians were immediately called in, who applied all their skill in endeavoring to restore the sufferer to consciousness; but for hours no signs of its return were visible. The intense mental excitement under which he had labored undoubtedly hastened this fearful disease; while his short, suppressed breathing, quickened pulse, and the drops of perspiration that clustered on his cold brow, told plainly of death's approach. About midnight, he seemed suddenly to revive, and, drawing his sleep that had oppressed him, said, "Wahnam," at the same time expressing a wish that Lucy Cameron might be sent to him. This was a singular and unexpected circumstance, and when informed of it, the physician, feeling that he ought to give heed to the dying wish, gestured he motioned her to approach.

"Lucy, to me this is a moment of immense importance. I feel that I am fast approaching that bourne from whence no traveler returns, and desire to obtain forgiveness from the lips of one whom I have so deeply injured. You are aware of my business transactions with your father, by which you were reduced to poverty; that, when acquainted with your distressed condition, I withheld the merest pittance, while I was morally bound for the full amount he had advanced, which was sufficient to have placed you in comfortable circumstances. But avarice had steeled my heart with its unholy influences. When I beheld you, through the kindness of others, restored to your former position in society, the admiration of every one, I envied—yes, I hated you with a bitter hatred. I feared your influence, and would willingly have sacrificed thousands to have crushed you as I once did; and yesterday, when informed that my only child—he in whom all my hopes of worldly greatness were centered—contemplated a union with you, and when its truth was confirmed by his own statement, the fierce passions of my sinful nature became aroused, and I was stricken down by the hand of a just God. Can you, then, forgive me, in view of all the injustice I have heaped upon you?"

Lucy, whose voice was choked by the depth of her emotions, could only reply—

"Yes, yes, sir, I freely forgive you."

"Then I can die in peace. And now, my son, may a father's blessing descend upon you! Oh, let not this world engross your affections, as it has mine!—may those principles of moral obligation never be obliterated from your heart! And let her,

whom you have chosen for your future companion, be amply repaid for all she has suffered from me."

Here his feeble voice grew inaudible, he sank upon his pillow; and, in a few moments, the spirit burst its bands and left the clay tenement that had confined it.

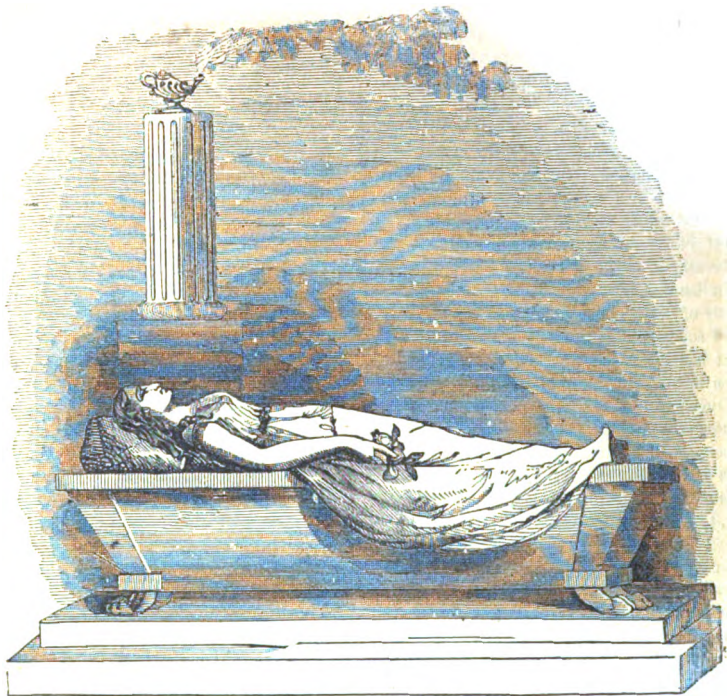
Six months had elapsed since the death of Mr. Harding, whose vast fortune was inherited by his son, when the mansion of Mr. Vinton was again illuminated, to celebrate an event of infinitely more importance than the admission of an accomplished heiress into society: it was the bridal night of Lucy, whose marriage for weeks previous had furnished a theme for conversation in all circles. The wealthy, the noble-minded, the generous William Harding, whose gentlemanly and affable deportment had endeared him to all who formed his acquaintance, was hailed as the happy husband of Lucy Cameron.

For several weeks, the gayeties attending their nuptials left but little time for the enjoyment of each other's society; nor was William fully aware of the prize he had secured until settled down amid the quiet of his home. As Lucy entered that abode of wealth, now her own, her thoughts naturally reverted to the time when, years ago, she crossed its threshold, clothed in the humble garb of poverty—when the dark shadows that hovered over her path seemed almost to forbid the visits of those bright-winged visions that played around her sleeping moments, revealing, through the dim vista of future years, the joys she was yet to share. Associations such as these, linked with the sad memories of the past, were but momentary; the happiness that was now hers precluded the continuance of painful emotions.

But her life, in after years, was not spent in idleness amid the luxuries of her home. With an active zeal, she devoted her energies to the improvement of those inhabiting the purlieus of our city, scattering around, with a beneficent hand, the richest blessings. Why prolong her history?

Reader, our tale is told. Does it not furnish a moral—an example worthy the imitation of those whose fairest hopes have been blasted by the adverse winds of fortune? Alas! how many, in situations similar to that occupied by her, in a moment of despondency, yield to the unhallowed voice of sin, and plunge headlong into the abyss of guilt, to sink forever beneath its turbid waves!

We counsel such to list not to the siren strains of earth's music. May each one be actuated by those principles of virtue which, through life's darkened hours, conducted in safety the footsteps of Lucy Cameron!



LINES ON THE MONUMENT OF A GREEK GIRL.

We see no willows at present on the banks of the Acheron. There are, indeed, few trees of any kind in the plain, and none of any size; we see a few Oriental plane trees, some low tamarisks by the water's edge, two or three wild fig trees, and some bright-leaved pomegranates; a somewhat melancholy group, but not inappropriate. A plucked fruit of the latter tree, bursting with the crimson grains which give it its name, and placed, as it was in ancient times, in the hand of a sculptured figure of a deceased person reclining on a sarcophagus containing his ashes, served as a pleasing symbol to express the assurance that though life was now plucked from its stem, yet that it was not gathered too early, but ripely teeming with many seed of rich fruit.—*Wordsworth's Greece.*

I stood beside the marble vault which held
 The dust of former beauty, but of life
 All had departed, and the dark, still night—
 The sleep of death—which long had brooded there,
 Had hushed the voice that once could thrill Earth's
 sons

To deeds of mighty daring. Nothing told—
 Nor verse, nor epitaph, with vain array
 Of pompous virtues—who had rested there
 So long, in gloom unbroken. Yet a form,
 Cold, rigid, still, was sculptured on the lid,

296

Chaste as the maiden's heart—more terrible,
 Since life and grace were wanting, than the frown
 Of judge or monarch. From world gone by,
 The age of martial deed and matchless song,
 That form had been bequeathed. It had not slept
 Like the poor dust below; it had not felt
 The pang of death, nor canker tooth of time;
 But fresh as from the hand that genius guides,
 It seemed to bloom immortal, and to mock
 The changing fate of men. On such, long since,
 The pious Greek, with every thought attuned
 To nature's harmonies, stole oft to gaze,
 When night was breathing round, and in that hour,
 Wrapt in mysterious awe, forgot the toils
 Of life, while dreaming of Elysian vales
 Where man is deathless as his sculptured type.
 And in that pulseless hand the maiden placed,
 With simple faith, the fruit whose crimson seed,
 In wild luxuriance bursting, seemed the pledge
 Of other life, though torn from parent stem.
 E'en so the loved one, to the tomb consigned,
 Seemed still to bloom with life, nor feel the stroke
 Which left behind, in sorrow desolate,
 The friends of youth's bright spring. It were a faith
 Prompted alone by nature; yet the dream
 Stole soothing o'er the soul—a seeming ray
 From that immortal shore where spirits, freed
 From reach of earthly taint, forever breathe
 Ambrosial odors in unfading youth.

DANL. STROCK, JR.

THREE ERAS IN THE LIFE OF A PRIMA DONNA.

BY MISS SUSAN A. STUART.

ERA FIRST.

"Oh, mirth and innocence! oh, milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days."

"MAKE way there! Harry, what's to pay?" said Ashley Courtenaye to a friend about his own age, as they came in contact with a considerable crowd of boys, girls, and loafers of all ages, at one of the corners of White Street and Broadway. "Singers, are they not?" continued he, as, on tip-toe, he peeped over some of those nearest him, and threw the strap in which his books were buckled carelessly over his shoulder. "What a wild-eyed child! She must be scared, poor thing!"

"Monsieur," said the little creature, readily divining his compassionate air and respectable standing, "*je ne parle pas l'Anglais. Ma mère est malade. Voudriez-vous me montrer une place où nous pouvons resté, et faisons chauffée.*"

Ashley, who understood her, blushed like a girl; but, thinking on the desolate condition of the child and her sick parent, he bethought himself a moment, and then, with a courage noble in such a youth, surrounded as he was by such a crowd, he reached forth his hand to the little girl, and, at the risk of traversing Broadway in company with the itinerant, and followed by the ragged *cortège*, he replied, in her own language—

"Come with me, little girl—you and your mother. I will show you a place where you can rest for a while."

The child placed her hand fearlessly in his, though she also grasped that of her mother, whose feeble steps could scarce bear her along; and thus they proceeded up Broadway, followed by quite a retinue. Arriving at a large and handsome building, their young guide conducted them down the area steps into the basement, where, after seeing them seated, and telling them to rest, he left them. Away bounded he up the steps, two at a time, threw his books on a table in the hall, and entered hastily the sitting parlor of his mother, the wealthy and widowed Mrs. Courtenaye.

"My son," said she, as she smiled fondly on the handsome youth, who leaned over her chair with his fair hair disheveled and his soft cheek flushed, "what is it? I know some favor is about to be demanded from that look."

"Why, I declare, dear mother," laughed he, "you must be half a witch to be able to guess so well. Yes, 'tis true; I have a favor to ask of you. There is a poor French woman and her little daugh-

ter in the basement. I met them as I came from school; and they cannot speak a word of English. They asked me so piteously, dear mother, that I could not resist; and so I made bold to bring them along."

"You did quite right, Ashley. Let them have something to eat, and warm themselves, before they again venture forth."

"Well now, mother dear, for the favor. You have no use for the little office in the yard, and those two rooms would be so nice to let the poor things stay in this winter, or at least until the woman gets stronger, and able to work. May they? Say yes, dear mother."

"Oh, my son, that is asking too much. You do not know what kind of characters they may be. I will give them some money for you, and let them go."

"No, no, mother. Just look at the poor woman and the little girl first. May I ring for James to show them up? That's a dear mother." And, stooping, he kissed her cheek coaxingly.

"Yes, Don Quixote, ring. You have commenced early succoring distressed females. When you next set out in search of adventures, don't billet them on me again, I beseech you."

The servant here, obeying the summons, was dispatched for Ashley's *protégées*, who soon afterwards entered the cosy and well-furnished room. Mrs. Courtenaye was struck by the ladylike appearance of the woman; and, pitying her feeble look, requested her to take a seat near the fire, inquiring kindly, in her own language, into her condition.

"Madame," she replied, "I came to America to meet my husband, with my little daughter. He was a refugee from France, and has been teaching music in your country. I learn he is dead. I have exhausted all our money, and we cannot get back to our country. I have been to-day seeking some one who will undertake to have us conveyed back to my brother, who still remains to me; but I have met with no one who will listen to us. I know not what to do. Unless the good God will raise us up friends in our great necessity, I fear we must perish. I am willing to do anything—I"—here she bent, in tears, over the little girl.

Mrs. Courtenaye was a feeling woman; and, with tears in her own eyes, endeavored to comfort her. She assured her that she was welcome to stay in her yard, and should be fed from her table until she could hear from her brother.

"I would offer you money to reach France, my poor woman; but you must get more strength before you set out. A long sea voyage you would not be able to stand. Come, cheer up; God will always raise up friends to the deserving. Tell me, what can I do for you now?"

"May the Father bless you, kind lady!" was all, at that moment, she could say. But the little girl, with an impulse of gratitude, crossed the room and knelt, with childlike grace, to kiss the white hand of her benefactress; and then, with tears subduing the brightness of her wild eyes, returned again to the side of her mother.

"Ashley," said his mother, "tell James to bring some wine and biscuits here; and send Ann to me."

While Mrs. Courtenaye spoke with her servant, Ashley had pressed the wine and biscuits on the poor creatures. The mother seemed too unwell to feel hunger; but the little girl ate ravenously. Whilst so doing, he stood by questioning her.

"Natalie Du Verrier," was her reply, when asked her name. "When mamma is better, I will sing for you. I know many beautiful songs; and I can play, too, on the piano. But poor, poor mamma is so sick! She must lie down and rest; for I know she is tired." And she smoothed, with her little hand, the wan cheek of her mother.

"I have sent my servant-woman to put some necessary articles in the rooms, which, I expect, are now ready. You can go there now, with your little daughter, and rest. I will send you something to eat. I hope you will soon be better. Ashley, my son, show them the way to the office."

She kindly extended her hand to the sick woman, as she stood humbly there, endeavoring to thank her, and smiled benevolently on the little Natalie, who, in her gratitude, said—

"I will sing prettily for you, kind lady, when *maman* is better."

"Very well, little one. Now go, and take care of your mother."

Mrs. Courtenaye was an intelligent and wealthy widow, and perfectly idolized Ashley, her only child. He was, indeed, her petted and beautiful boy, upon whom she lavished her wealth of love. And well did he deserve it. From his infancy, he had loved her with the gentle, clinging love of a girl, and was ready to sacrifice, in his wild boyhood, his wishes to her own.

Time passed on, and the little Natalie, with her frank, fearless nature, made herself perfectly at home. Ashley always treated her with the tenderness of one who protects some dependent and weak object; and, notwithstanding her vagrant life when he met her, and the pauper condition she now held, his offerings to her were always such as might be bestowed on a playmate and an equal. But, then, Natalie was no common pauper; and her delight in books, flowers, pictures, and music far exceeded that of the refined and intellectual boy. She was

not a pretty child, at least to every one; but sometimes there was a strange, wild, gipsy beauty about her that was wonderful. When excited by music, her swarthy face seemed to clear up, and the wild eyes to look poetically beautiful. Her thick dark locks hung in heavy masses on her shoulders; for she, poor thing, had no one to arrange them in tidy plaits, and that detracted much from the comeliness of her appearance. Her aspect was forgotten, however, in the charm of her naturalness, her grace, her loving, winning manner; and she soon endeared herself to Ashley as a playmate, and to Mrs. Courtenaye as a *protégée*.

Her mother had written to her brother; but she was herself rapidly declining. Her only hope now, as she told Mrs. Courtenaye, was to see her brother, and to consign to his fostering care her child. Three months had they been dependent on the bounty of their kind benefactress, when Madame Du Verrier died. Mrs. Courtenaye took Natalie into her own house, where she was treated as a plaything both by mother and son. In the midst of her deepest sorrow for her mother, whilst the little lip quivered and her eye still glistened with its tears, did Ashley but tell her not to give up to such sorrow, she would endeavor to obey him—would dash off the briny drops, and, subduing her sobs, would play for him some of her wildest and merriest pieces. How grateful, too, was she to Mrs. Courtenaye!—anticipating every little service of love she could render her; arranging her bouquets, her *jardinière*, which no one could do so well, or so tastily, as the little French girl. Every day would she, in her grateful love, seek some delightful surprises to offer to the other of the objects of her devotion. The old proverb, "love begets love," held good in this case; for the tenderest affection for this engaging little creature sprang up in the hearts of her two protectors.

Mrs. Courtenaye had already attended to her toilette, and was about entering her into an excellent school, when her uncle arrived in the city to carry herself and mother back again to France, dear native France. Poor little Natalie! what a struggle in that young heart! Her uncle had but a sufficiency, upon which, with economy, he alone could live; but, like all the French, he was willing and eager to share to the last with those who needed it. How much more than willing was he now to take as his own his dear sister's orphan! He resisted—but with gratitude—the entreaties of Mrs. Courtenaye that he would allow the child to remain with her, promising to have her reared respectably.

So ends Natalie Du Verrier's first era; for she accompanied her uncle to France, bearing thither, in her grateful little heart, the most undying affection for Mrs. Courtenaye and for her son. Indeed, child as she was, her feelings towards Ashley were a *mélange* of love, gratitude, and veneration.

ERA SECOND.

"And, as thy bright lips sung, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of thy lay
Had left, while melting in the air,
Its sweet expression painted there."

Skip we ten years. Ten years! What an awful number of days, weeks, months! And yet, to the novelist, how soon are all passed! 'Tis only the thought that must travel. No materialism to obstruct its passage. The mind is *here* now; the next moment, *presto*, 'tis as far as earth's confines will allow it to range. Yes, thought does, indeed, annihilate time and space.

Well, skip ten years, and come with me. I am about entering one of those lumbering, top-heavy machines, called diligences, with the endeavor, by its aid, to reach Paris, the capital of the *beau-monde*. 'Tis well that the roads are so delightful, or that gentleman with the tremendous boots would have to utter more "*pestes*!" and "*sacres*!" at the progress of his rope-fastened team than he does at present. But all goes on glass, for the roads are almost as smooth. The vehicle is nearly full. On the front seat sits a heavy, sour-looking mynheer, and beside him a companion, with whom he every now and then exchanges some gutturals, and then relapses into silence. The middle seat contains one Englishman and two Americans; whilst the back seat is occupied by an old Frenchman and a young lady. I suppose her to be young, for she has the lithe, pliant figure of youth; but whether she be maiden, wife, or widow, 'tis not so easy to say, so closely does she keep that thick veil folded over her face. But 'tis a dear little hand, with its nice fitting glove, that holds down this screen; and, surely, 'tis the most melodious voice in the world that answers, ever and anon, the old man. So sweet is it that, once or twice, the fair-haired young American on the seat before her has turned to the concealing veil; for he seems to think its music sounds like a familiar strain. It probably recalls a dream of his far distant home.

"The last stage, *monsieurs*," said *le conducteur* to several of the passengers, who had alighted. "We shall soon enter Paris. What would you please to have, *madame*?" as he stepped to the window of the vehicle, where sat the lady spoken of.

"A glass of *cau-sucré*, if you please," said the sweet voice.

And again the young American, who was standing near, turned at the words, and looked at the speaker. The *conducteur* returned with the water, and the thick veil was raised as the lady lifted the glass to her lips. What a radiant, piquant face! What large, almond-shaped orbs of jet shone, in their dark beauty, upon them! On glancing at the young American of whom we have spoken, a smile parted the rosy lips as she held forth her little hand,

and the words, "Is it possible! Do I, indeed, behold Mr. Courtenaye?" were replied to by the glad utterance of, "Natalie Du Verrier!"

Yes, 'tis even so. Natalie, the little French girl, the dependent on his mother's bounty, is now before him in that beautiful, coquettishly-attired *demoiselle*, who is known to the world as *la belle Natalie*, the prima donna; to hear whose sweet notes crowd nightly to the opera the king, the queen, ladies, lords, and the *people*. Yes, 'tis the far-famed French nightingale, of whom the journals have been prating for the last twelvemonth, and who is now on her way to Paris, with her uncle, to set the *beau-monde* wild again with the bewitching spell of her music.

And how comes Ashley here? That is soon told. After we saw him last, he entered college. Three years of hard study sent him into the world, a graduate, with high honors. He then studied medicine, received his diploma, and now travels ere he sits quietly down, in his native city, with his loved mother. Mrs. Courtenaye remains at home, feeding on the hope of soon embracing her idol, cheering herself with his warmly-welcomed and ever punctual letters, in the mean time.

All this, and more, had they related to each other ere the vehicle reached the faubourgs; and so interested was Ashley in this narration, that he forgot to gaze, with a traveler's curiosity, around him.

"You must come and see me, to tell me all about dear Mrs. Courtenaye," said Natalie. "Here is my address." And she handed him a card, on which she had penciled some directions, as the diligence turned into Rue St. Honoré.

Ashley needed not her uncle's pressing invitation to induce him to come. He felt the old charm of her manner that had so won his boyish heart, aided most powerfully now by her magic beauty; for 'twas, indeed, magical to him, for he had never dreamed that the swarthy, meager child could become so wondrously bewitching.

His first visit found her in her charming little boudoir, whose rose-colored drapery threw a soft blush over her. She was studying a new opera when he was announced; and either the words or the music had given a look of softness to the large, dark eyes, that made them appear still more dreamy. Her dress, too, suited her style. The orange-colored cashmere would have made any one but herself look like a fright; but it threw off, with a fine effect, her rich, satiny skin, with its warm glow, and her bands of raven hair, arranged with the taste and beauty peculiar to a *Parisienne*.

Ah, the hours were, indeed, winged to those two beings! for Natalie's grand piano was in exquisite tune; her taper fingers had lost none of their dexterity; and the strains from her mellow voice were so enchanting that Ashley, from his heart, felt that

"Her deep and thrilling songs
Seemed, with their piercing melody, to reach
The soul, and, in mysterious unison,
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love."

She was not to appear for several nights; and she told Ashley, ere he left, that she would look forward always to seeing his familiar face among her audience.

What a charm there was to him in her graceful, playful manner, tempered, as it was, by a childlike deference towards him! It was a direct compliment, and he felt it in his heart; for he had ever heard that the beautiful prima donna was the haughtiest of the haughty, keeping, by her cold, proud manner, at a respectful distance many who would have bowed in homage to her beauty. "And yet she is all softness, all that is charming to me," soliloquized Ashley, as he gained the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, after leaving her, and sank to sleep with "this flattering unction on his soul."

I need scarcely tell you that his visits were often repeated. In fact, Ashley Courtenaye had no wish to employ himself in seeing the wonders of the city, unless Natalie was at rehearsal; and every day found him the favored, in truth the *only*, visitor of the young girl.

The night for Natalie's appearance arrived; and Ashley repaired to the opera early, that he might secure a favorable position. "Surely her heart will fail her!" thought he, as he glanced around on the brilliant scene, where, tier above tier, rose bright eyes, sparkling jewels, and waving feathers. The air was filled with the perfume of the innumerable bouquets brought there, to lavish, in beauty, on *la belle* Natalie. The full orchestra had swelled out in harmony, and was just on the *finale*, when the shouts of welcome, and the waving of perfumed handkerchiefs, greeted her appearance. Ashley was actually startled on looking at the radiant creature, as she stood gracefully and calmly in the full blaze of light, with her arms, gleaming in their beauty and gems, crossed on her breast, and received, as though an every-day occurrence, this tumultuous burst of applause. But now came on his ear such a sweep of music that he almost held his breath, lest he should lose the smallest note of that thrilling and soul-subduing voice. Even when the curtain fell on the last scene, and Natalie, almost veiled in the shower of bouquets and garlands which had *rained* upon the stage, had retired, he but slowly aroused himself from the trance into which her liquid voice had thrown him. He left the house, and sought his room, that he might feast on the remembrance of the Peri upon whom he had been gazing; and whose tones were surely stolen from the "Springs of Light" heard in Paradise by the blest.

Days, weeks, months glide on; for "lightly falls the foot of time, when it only treads on flowers;" and Ashley Courtenaye is the daily companion of Natalie. Each night that witnesses her triumph on the stage finds him, also, an entranced listener in the *parquette*, luxuriating in the "Heaven of sweet sounds." And he is conscious, in his own heart, that he loves the sweet song-bird, and that his love

is returned, though no words have yet passed between them.

One day, he entered Natalie's boudoir with a sad countenance and a heavy heart, which even her bright smiles and affectionate manner could not cheer. Her own speaking face became shaded through sympathy, as she asked—

"What is it that grieves you, Ashley?"

"That I must leave you. My mother writes urgently, pressingly; and I must obey. It has never entered into my mind to disobey her slightest wish, so dear is she. But oh, Natalie, I have never felt my obedience to her to be anything but pleasing till now. How can I leave *thee*?"

"It is your duty," murmured she, with a pale cheek and quivering lip. And he knew, from the trembling of the cold hand which he clasped, how fondly he was loved.

"But I tell you I *cannot*, unless it be with the hope of soon rejoining you, never to be again separated. Tell me, dearest Natalie, will you be mine when I have obtained my mother's consent to our marriage?"

The pale cheek became still paler; but no sound issued from her lips as she sat there, with Ashley looking anxiously, expectantly in her face.

"Answer me, Natalie; *one* word, one little word, to give joy to my exile from you. Will you not cheer me with one smile, one word?"

"You are aware, Mr. Courtenaye, how much I would give if I felt that I could honorably say that word; for you know full well that I love you," said she, sadly, but with a quiet dignity. "But it may not be. Mrs. Courtenaye would never consent; and even you would hate me in time, if I were so ungrateful as to engage myself to you. No; do not urge me again. Go forth unfettered to your mother. Thwart not her wishes, her hopes. Let her not think, for a moment, that the child whom her kindness fostered, whose mother's death-bed was cheered by her benevolence, should, like the serpent, *now* turn to sting her. Yes; it must be so. I tell you with a pang that only those who love as I now do you could feel. Go to your mother, and forget me."

"Never, as you yourself well know! I will go; but it will be to sue, to entreat her consent. She has never denied me anything, nor will she now, when I tell her my whole happiness is at stake. Say, will you consent to be mine? Say, dear Natalie?"

How hard was it to that loving, tender girl to compel her lips to utter words of refusal to those beseeching looks and tones, and her still more pleading heart; yet her duty was plain before her. She knew Mrs. Courtenaye was proud, for she recollected some instances of it as a child, and remembered Ashley's speaking of traits which showed its existence still; and she therefore loved him too well to bid him hope, only to disappoint him, for her own heart told her he could never obtain the

consent of his parent. Then, with a moral courage great in one so young, so ardently loving, still greater and nobler in one who had lived for the public, with no fond mother to urge on, by precept, to this noble sacrifice of *her own* happiness to principle and gratitude, she answered, still trembling, but calmer and more confident—

"No, dear Ashley. I must *ever* say no. It is useless to hope. Your mother will not consent; and I will not take your vows—your love, so dear to me; but I will say now, as ever, obey your mother; go to her; forget me, or remember me only as a humble friend. This has been a delightful dream; but *He* that is over us knows only how fully I am awakened. Henceforth—though the memory of this joy shall be hallowed—I am but Natalie, the dependent on your mother's charity; and *you must* be to me the son of my benefactress, my childhood's kindest friend. *Adieu!* For my sake, and your own, let this be *our* last interview."

And, though he endeavored to detain her, she left him. Overwhelmed at her firmness, he sat speechless. He waited for her return, but she came not. Message after message did he dispatch; yet the only answer they sufficed to bring was a billet of adieu. So he was forced to leave. He saw her no more before his departure; for, on going to the opera, thinking to see her, he learned "that the engagement for the season had been brought to a sudden close on account of the illness of the prima donna." When he inquired, from the portress of the house in which she and her uncle had resided, he heard that she had left with Monsieur Duval— but where, he was unable to find out. Ashley, hopeless, returned to America, with a heart burdened by sad experience. And thus ends the second era in the life of a prima donna.

ERA THIRD.

"Farewell! my life may wear a careless smile,

My words may breathe the very soul of lightness;

But the touched heart must deeply feel, the while,

That life hath lost a portion of its brightness.

And woman's love shall never be a chain,

To bind me to its nothingness again."

TWENTY-SIX years of age!—and yet she is in the prime of her sunny beauty. Those five summers seem to have changed Natalie but little to outward appearance; and though Time has brought sorrows to her, as to all of Earth's travelers, still they have not withered the radiance of her complexion, nor dimmed the brightness of her eye.

Behold her now in New York, whither she has come to fulfil a professional engagement! How many memories are crowding in her mind, as she sits at the window of her parlor at the Astor House, looking out upon the crowded scene! Her voyage has been tiresome, and she now courts the agreeable lull of doing and saying nothing. She has de-

nied herself all day to "callers," who, ever crazy after "stars," have been craving admittance; whilst her uncle has gone out to attend to the dull realities of business with the manager. There she sits, as I said before, gazing sadly out.

Her young days! What a retrospect passes through her mind! And, above all, *will* obtrude the ever-loved image of Ashley Courtenaye. She has not heard of him for five years; and even now the recollection suffices to color with a brilliant glow her soft cheek. Not all the fascinations of her splendid career, nor flattery, nor change of scene, had banished from her mind the image of her childhood's friend, her youth's lover, which now plainly and vividly rises before her. The thought of once more seeing him made her induce her uncle to close with the offer of Mr. —, when he sent to engage her services.

"To-morrow I shall behold him!" thought she, "for to-morrow night my engagement commences; and my coming has been sufficiently heralded, if one can trust these papers for information." And she again leaned over one lying in her lap.

What crowds the next evening betook themselves towards the Opera House in Astor Place, to hear the new prima donna in *Norma*! So many seats had been secured that numbers could not be admitted. Natalie was there; but, unlike her usual calm manner and reserve, she was reconnoitering the dress circles and *parquette* as eagerly as ever did *débütante* before or since, from a convenient slit in the curtain.

Long she gazes, without any interest, apparently, on the large and fashionable audience before her; but, at length, a start, which from its vehemence shook the curtain, showed her to be awakened. Near the stage—so close, in fact, that every eye-glance might be detected—sat a party of three, upon whom her regards were fastened: Mrs. Courtenaye, her son, and a lady, sitting between them, of an intellectual and sweet face, who, at the moment Natalie's eye rested upon the group, was familiarly placing her hand on Ashley's arm, as though to call his attention. "His wife!" was her thought; and a new sadness sprang up in her heart as she looked upon his animated face, which exhibited no traces of the sorrow from which she had suffered—*still* was suffering. No—he was gay; and his liveliness must have found words, from the smiles wreathing the lips of his two listeners.

There is the tinkle of the first bell—the second—and she must now call up her smiles to face the audience, who are so ready to applaud. One last sigh to her past days—and "*Norma*" is bending in salutation to that expectant crowd. How justly was the praise merited that night in her plaintive strains! How correct in gesture, in look, in tone, was her personation of the forsaken, self-sacrificing priestess! And the applause was loud and heartfelt as she left the stage, with a pale face, and a sad, sad heart.

The next day, Ashley Courtenaye and his mother

came to see Natalie. There was scarcely a spice of embarrassment in his manner towards her; and Mrs. Courtenaye was as affectionate as a relative.

"Come to us soon, Natalie," said she, "and renew some of our old days and glad-some feelings. I promise you 'twill be a family party; none but ourselves and Mary—Ashley's wife—who would have called also, but her babe was unwell. By the way, you cruel one, why did you treat my poor Ashley so badly whilst in France? Why, 'twas impossible for me to comfort him for your dismissal of his suit; and I must confess I sympathized with my son, and blamed you for not letting him know your whereabouts, in order that he might tell you of my permission by letter. But don't blush so; let the past be forgotten. He has a sweet little wife now. Come very soon, and get acquainted with her. I am sure you must love her, as we do."

How agonizing! Not only was her noble sacrifice unappreciated, but what was far more galling

was the fact that it was unnecessary! How that thought sank into her soul, making her feel the bitterness, and yet the abject littleness, of the world, and all its belongings! But she had too long been in the habit of hiding her real feelings to betray them now; and though her face flushed, yet did she compel herself to smile, and answer lightly, even with *his* eyes looking upon her. It only added the *one* drop to the brimming cup, the rose leaf on the full goblet; and, as she watched from the window their departure, she turned, with a bitter sigh, into her own chamber, saying with her heart, not lips, "Farewell, hope! and all that gilds this past and hollow dream. My profession and my talents must, in future, be sufficient for my earthly happiness; for never will I bind my spirit down to this clay again." And, if her happiness depended on this, it was assured; for the musical and fashionable world long and rapturously sung the praises of the French nightingale, Natalie Du Verrier.

POETRY.

SONG OF THE DYING GIRL.

BY CORA LEE.

DEAREST! when I am sleeping
In the churchyard's quiet gloom,
Come not with bitter weeping
To mourn at my lowly tomb

Come not when autumn dreary
Broods o'er the lifeless plain,
When the pining heart grows weary
For the springtime's bloom again

Come when the earth is brightest
With sunshine, song, and love!
When the wild bird's lay is lightest,
And verdure crowns the grove:

Come when the still blue heaven
Beams with a cloudless smile;
So to thy soul be given
Serenest peace the while.

Then, o'er my low grave bending,
Mourn not with bitter tears;
Think of the bright hopes blending,
That gladdened my summer years.

Think! on affection's bosom
Gently I sank to rest—
Gently as yon pale blossom
Droops to its leafy nest.

Think of the sweet peace given
To solace the spirit's woes!
Look at yon far bright heaven
Where the weary souls repose.

Thus, with an eye unweeping,
Tranquil and free from gloom,
Come thou, when I am sleeping,
To muse o'er my lowly tomb!

THE FADED FLOWER

BY WILLIAM G. BROWN.

SHE grew in beauty, loved of all,
The idol of the hall and hearth;
For every one a pleasant smile,
A word of artless mirth.

I speak not of her faultless form,
Of auburn locks to soft winds flung;
Of rosy lip, or sparkling eye,
Or music of her tongue.

We loved her for the soul that blent,
In joy or sorrow, with our own—
An echo-harp, that warbled back
Each glad or grieving tone.

He died, whose smile for years had been
The sunshine of her guileless heart;
And shadows fell and deepened there,
That might no more depart.

The rose-bloom faded from her cheek,
Her laughing eyes grew dim with grief,
While the hushed sigh, but half concealed,
Told that her days were brief.

The bright sun darkened, and the stars—
Birds sang their sweetest songs in vain;
Nor sight nor sound could ever cheer
That stricken heart again.

Within a churchyard, drear and lone.
On many a moonlit summer eve,
Reclining on a flowery mound,
The angels saw her grieve.

'Twas sad beside her couch to stay,
To watch the lingering, fleeting breath,
To see that brow of innocence
Grow pale and dark in death!

Trees freshened in the leafy June,
The air was filled with sun and song,
When moved along the winding way
A sad and silent throng.

One look on her discolored face,
Still lovely in her snow-white shroud,
And wailings, as they heaped the earth,
Blent with the death-dirge loud.

She sleeps; but many a sorrowing heart
Throbs with the bitterness of woe,
That one so young and beautiful
Should bloom and perish so!

TO PHOEBE.

BY T. B. RIDER.

I WILL remember, when a boy,
In time gone "long ago,"
A little bird her nest would build
In our old portico:
She was the harbinger of Spring,
That well-remembered bird—
For always ere the blossoms came
Her merry voice was heard.

She used to speak, in plainest phrase,
Thy gentle name to me;
And how it came that she could talk
Was deepest mystery:
It was the "burden of her song"—
That sweet and plaintive word;
And hence my playmates used to say
They called her "Phoebe-Bird."

Full many changes Time has wrought
Since that "long time ago,"
And 'mong the rest has wrought a change
In our old portico:
The trellis and the vines are gone
Where oft her foot found rest:
Since then, she never came again
To build her little nest.

But often, when in fairy dreams,
The unchained spirit's gaze,
Back, through the vista, dim and long,
Seeks those bright, joyous days:
I see that little bird again—
Again that strain is heard:
Perhaps thy gentle spirit is
My fancy's "Phoebe-Bird."

THE STAR OF DESTINY.

BY M. L. SHELTON.

FAR, far away in realms of space,
I gazed upon a lonely star,
On whose bright and glittering face
My hour of life reflected there.

Transfixed, I stood in silent awe,
While o'er its sparkling disk I traced
The lines of immutable law,
Never, by man, to be erased!

With terror, there I calmly read
The wondrous myst'ries of my doom,
As through this vale of death I tread,
Surrounded by eternal gloom.

And can it thus, my God! be true
That Thou hast made a world for me,
And hung it high in azure blue,
To be my star of destiny

And dost Thou, for poor mortal man,
Such wondrous, awful power display,
Whose life on earth is but a span,
And, like the dew, must pass away?

Unchanging are Thy laws of fate,
Portrayed in lines of starry light!
Worlds at a word dost Thou create,
Or banish to eternal night!

Proud man! how vain is all thy might
To struggle against stern decree,
Doomed, from eternity of night,
To follow out his destiny.

Bright orb, roll on thy pathless way,
And thus obey high Heaven's command;
Man is but creature of a day—
His name is written in the sand.

Bright star of all my hopes and fears,
To thee I raise my longing eyes;
Look kindly on my youthful years,
And guide my soul to Paradise.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY M. S. O. FARRELL.

SLEEP on thine eyelids is falling like dew,
They close like lily-cups o'er orbs of blue;
And thy lips tremble like rose leaves apart,
Thrilled with the throbbings of thy little heart.

Thy soft cheek is glowing with bloom faintly bright,
As a peach blossom shines in a star's silver light.
Should a humming-bird stray from its leafy recess,
'Twould linger to give thee its fondest caress.

The fair locks are stirred on thy shadowless brow—
Do the wings of a seraph wave over thee now?
Art thou lulled by the stir of those pinions divine,
Till thy heart, like a sea-shell, is melody's shrine?

There's a smile on thy lip! Hath that Spirit Supreme
Now flashed on thy gaze in a heavenly dream?
Do thy soul and the seraph commune in a spell,
As music and moonlight oft meet in a shell?

Ah, bright thoughts are making thy spirit their bower,
As star-beams creep in 'mid the leaves of a flower!
And the smile on thy lip, like perfume on a rose,
Is the incense thy young heart yields up in repose.

By a thousand sweet fancies my heart is beguiled,
As I watch o'er thy slumber, thou innocent child;
But ever above thee my soul bends in care,
Forever and ever it utters this prayer:—

May thy future come fraught with far-gathered hours,
As a fairy barque sails over-laden with flowers!
And bright with life's sunshine each leaf of those years,
May they never, ah, never be sullied by tears!

MY LITTLE NIECES.

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

I HAVE but two—two little girls,
 Whose bounding steps are light as air;
 The one with careless, flaxen curls,
 And one with long, brown silken hair.
 Two happier birds, in downy nest,
 Ne'er carolled 'neath the morning sun;
 Two lighter hearts ne'er sank to rest,
 When the long, golden day was done.
 They make the sunshine where they dwell,
 With their sweet smiles and lovelit eyes,
 And oh! we love them but too well,
 Those angels lent us from the skies!

Their dark eyes have a changeful hue,
 Thoughtful, at times, beyond their years;
 Sometimes as mild as heaven's own blue,
 Then seen again through transient tears
 Their merry voices, day by day,
 Fall like soft music on the ear;
 The very birds might cease their lay,
 Awhile their joyous tones to hear;
 And when their ringing laugh comes out,
 So silvery clear, so gay, so wild,
 I can but join their happy shout,
 And wish myself once more a child!

At morn, while sings the little bird,
 Hand linked in hand, they search for flowers,
 And, while his thrilling voice is heard,
 How swiftly pass the light-winged hours!
 And when their little pattering feet
 Turn homeward, when the sun is high,
 All laden with the flowers so sweet,
 And such a love-light in their eye,
 We hardly know which fairest seem,
 Those human flowers, or those that bloom.
 Brief, beautiful as fairy dream,
 Then die and leave the earth in gloom.

Their mother died when they were young,
 Too young to know her love or claim;
 The elder, with a faltering tongue,
 Could only hush that mother's name.
 The younger was a little child
 Of four months old, with "starry eyes,"
 That shone so brightly when she smiled,
 They seemed like diamonds from the skies.
 Sweet babes! with yearning hearts of love,
 We took them to our home of sadness,
 And oh, how richly did they prove
 A source of comfort, joy, and gladness!

Then, when soft twilight steals o'er earth,
 And cooling zephyrs gently play,
 While one by one the stars have birth,
 How sweet to hear those children pray!
 How solemnly their words are spoken,
 In lisping accents, soft and low!
 The stillness of the eve unbroken,
 Save sounds that from their young lips flow.
 Their bright eyes closed in earnest feeling,
 Their infant prayer floats on the ear—
 Methinks that angels, earthward stealing,
 Might pause in silent joy to hear!

It may be that, in early years,
 The angel Death will claim his own,

And leave us bowed again in tears,
 To tread life's pathway sad and lone.
 It may be that long years will roll
 Ere they are called from earth away,
 And that the weary, fainting soul
 Will long to leave its home of clay:
 Father, we lay them on thine altar,
 In joy, in sorrow, make them thine!
 Oh, may their footsteps never falter,
 While walking in the path divine!

TO MY WIFE.

BY F. I. W.

The autumn winds are sighing, love,
 With melancholy sound;
 The yellow leaves are lying, love,
 Upon the frozen ground;
 The frost has nipped the pretty flowers,
 And robbed them of their bloom:
 But in this little cot of ours
 Shall enter naught of gloom.

The sky is darkly bending, love,
 For clouds its face o'ercast;
 The rain is fast descending, love,
 And fiercer howls the blast;
 But our fire blazes cheerily,
 In spite of wind and storm,
 And, though Nature looks so drearily,
 Here all is close and warm.

Our little babes are sleeping, love,
 Upon their little beds,
 And angels watch are keeping, love,
 Above their guileless heads:
 Then let us kneel in fervent prayer,
 And lift our hearts above,
 And thank God for his holy care,
 And his redeeming love.

A WHITE VIOLET IN AUTUMN

BY C. B. B.

NOVEMBER's sun, with summer smile,
 Awoke to life a violet-bud,
 Unfolded all its tiny leaves—
 The only blossom of the wood.

I left the flower, so lone, though fair,
 In sweetest sunshine, where it grew;
 To take it thence were sacrilege—
 That I could never, never do.

I sought again the violet's bed,
 My searching eye no violet found;
 It lay, with all its sister dead,
 In shapeless russet on the ground.

Was it in vain this flow'ret grew,
 Nor single tint nor fragrance gave?
 Was it in vain it turned from view,
 So soon to find an early grave?

Of Nature's Book, it was a page
 I read with thoughtful, earnest care;
 Its lore could secret grief assuage,
 Repining turn to humble prayer

HEAVEN IN VIEW.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"Earth will deceive; let heaven be thy choice."

AH, friendship is indeed an idle dreaming,
 And a most sorrowful, unhappy jest;
 And love a shadow o'er our pathway gleaming,
 Wooing our spirits from their youthful rest.
 We learn too late how hollow is the smiling
 Which hourly greets us in the morn of life;
 How false are all the words our hopes beguiling,
 And with sick hearts we quell the throbbing strife.

But not in vain. That bitter lesson reading,
 We press through thorns that mark our painful way,
 And, though they leave our bosoms torn and bleeding,
 We look above and see a guiding ray.
 From mansions where is known no woe or weeping,
 It shineth with a clear, unswerving light;
 And if with watchfulness our vigils keeping,
 It hourly groweth beautiful and bright.

Then, mortal, cease thy worldly visions weaving;
 Thy hopes will "sting thee to thy bosom's core;"
 And thou shalt turn, with sad and lonely grieving,
 To count thy heart's low throbbings o'er and o'er.
 Cease, though it cost dear bonds a painful rending,
 And learn to raise thy tearful eyes above—
 For there peace dwells, and joys are never ending;
 There thou shalt know a true, unchanging love.

SABBATH LYRICS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Bring us a Song.—(Paraphrase: Isaiah xxx.)

BRING us a song, as in the night
 When high solemnity is kept;
 Make, with thy art, our eyes grow bright,
 That late in depth of sorrow wept;
 And lift our hearts, like his who goes,
 With pipe to God's own mount of bliss;
 That he who mourned o'er unnamed woes
 May taste at last an hour like this.

Well do we know that thou hast strains
 To stay the grief in human breast;
 Thy virtues still have brought thee gains
 That lift thy songs above the rest:
 The fire that arms thy eagle eye
 Was caught from visions of the night,
 When seraphs, speeding through the sky,
 Looked down to see, and glad thy sight.

Love, thou wilt lessen, till it glows
 With something so akin to heaven,
 That, still rejoicing in its woes,
 'Twill bless that joy has not been given;
 That, by denial haply spelled
 The passions sleep that might forget,
 And taught by what is still withheld,
 Grow grateful for each other debt.

SONNET.—EARTH.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

How sweet a home earth is for mortals' dust,
 Since o'er its surface Jesus' feet have trod,
 Who bore our sin and sorrow, and to God
 Returned, to have a pathway for the just.
 Sin may yet soil it; crime may yet it stain;
 Sorrow afflict it; death it triumph o'er—
 Yet from it prayer and praise from fond hearts pour
 Sin washed away—imputed not again.
 Though graves its surface undulate, and still
 Unnumbered tumuli in graveyards rise,
 Earth is the place to school us for the skies.
 "The offer is to all"—come all who will;
 Tread in heaven's pathway ere it be too late;
 See Christ the Light—the "little Wicket Gate."

"TELL HER TO MEET ME THERE."

BY MISS N. H. HUBBARD.

TELL her, oh, tell her how
 Life's sands ebb fast away
 Tell her that on my brow
 Is the seal of sure decay.
 Tell her the earth looks bright,
 And its scenes are passing fair:
 There's a purer one of light—
 "Tell her to meet me there."

Tell her we oft have gazed
 Upon yon starry sky,
 In Love's first, early days,
 Ne'er thinking one would die.
 Tell her our hearts were twined
 Into a wreath so fair,
 Of its blight we never dreamed—
 "Tell her to meet me there."

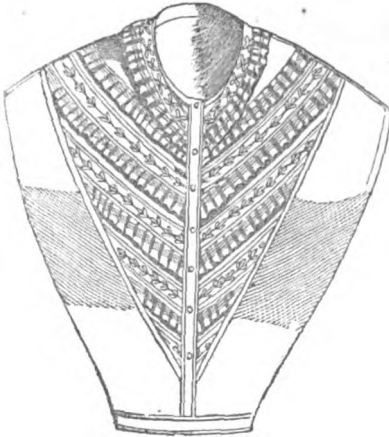
Tell her, oh, tell her too,
 There's pressing at my heart
 A weight I never knew
 Till from loved ones called to part.
 Tell her that when she hears
 I've left this world of care,
 To shed no sorrowing tears—
 "Tell her to meet me there."

Tell her my Saviour's love
 My dying pulses thrill—
 But all other things above,
 I love, I love her still.
 Tell her the breath of fame
 Is a bubble on the air
 To a heav'n-deserved name—
 "Tell her to meet me there."

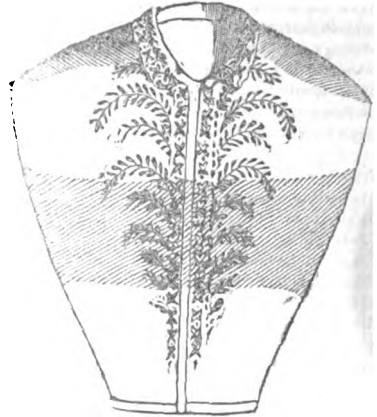
Tell her the falling leaves
 A requiem seem for me—
 But for them who e'er grieve,
 Spring will re-robe the tree.
 Tell her my parting soul
 Soars on the wings of prayer—
 Not distant far the goal—
 "Tell her to meet me there."

CHEMISETTES AND CAPS.

No. 1.



No 2



No. 3



No. 4



CHEMISETTES.

DRESSING-GOWNS, of which mention will be found in our *chit-chat*, continue to be worn with chemisettes, as well as afternoon and evening dresses

They should be of plain linen or muslin, plaited somewhat after the manner of an ordinary shirt front, with a round collar, beneath which a narrow ribbon may be introduced. Plain shield pins, after

the form of a cuff pin, are much used in traveling or morning dresses, and have the effect of a richly-wrought gold clasp, a graceful, because a natural ornament. The chemisettes given on the preceding page are, however, intended for a more elaborate costume.

No. 1 is composed of alternate rows of embroidered cambric insertion, and a plain cambric base, the latter finely covered by a plaited frill. A similar band and frill should be worn upon the undersleeves, also with plain cambric bodies.

No. 2 is of lace. The embroidery is muslin application, in light sprigs and leaves, and has a very

pretty effect. This has also the merit of economy, as a worn out muslin collar, if the work is fine, and half a yard of lace, will furnish it.

CAPS.

Caps are not materially altered in shape or style. We give two, intended for morning or dinner dress for a matron. A young wife, with such a "conglomerate compound," would add ten years to her age. The crown of No. 4 is particularly worth notice, as it is a stylish pattern for a *toilette de nuit*, denuded of the flowing ribbons. Cambric pendants might supply their place.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

KNITTED LACE COLLAR,

SMALL SIZE, FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Needles No. 21, cotton 40, boar's head or Clarke's Paisley thread.

Cast on nineteen stitches, and knit two plain rows.

First row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Second row.—Knit four, purl eleven, knit four; every alternate row to be knitted the same as this.

Third row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, purl one, make one, knit two together, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Fifth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit two, knit two together, make one, knit one, purl one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Seventh row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit two, purl one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Ninth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Eleventh row.—Same as the ninth row.

Thirteenth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit three, make one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, make one, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Fifteenth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit four, make one, slip one, knit two

together, pass the slipped stitch over, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Seventeenth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit twelve, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Eighteenth row.—Same as the second.

This forms one pattern. Commence again at the first pattern row. Eighteen patterns will be required for the length of the collar.

THE LACE EDGING.

Cast on thirteen stitches. Same pins and cotton.

First row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Second row.—Knit three, purl six, knit four.

Third row.—Same as the first.

Fourth row.—Knit two, purl six, knit five

Fifth row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit three together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two.

Sixth row.—Knit two, purl six, knit six.

Seventh row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit two.

Eighth row.—Knit two, purl two, make one, purl two together, purl two, knit six.

Ninth row.—Same as the seventh.

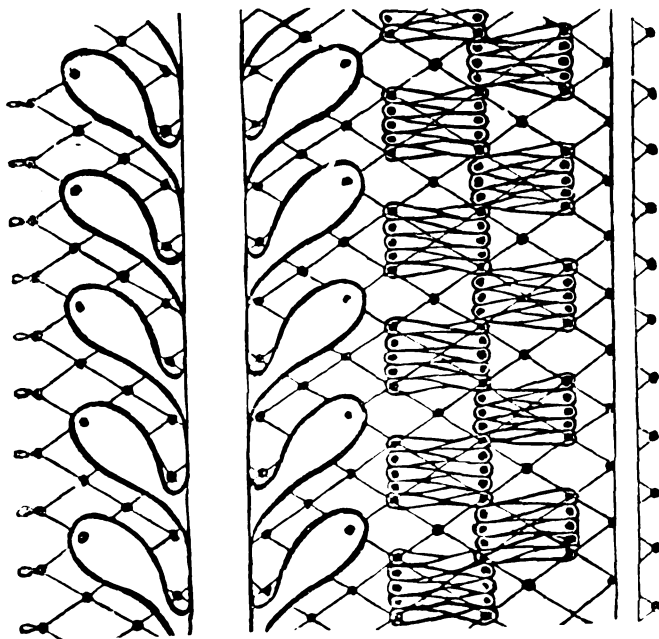
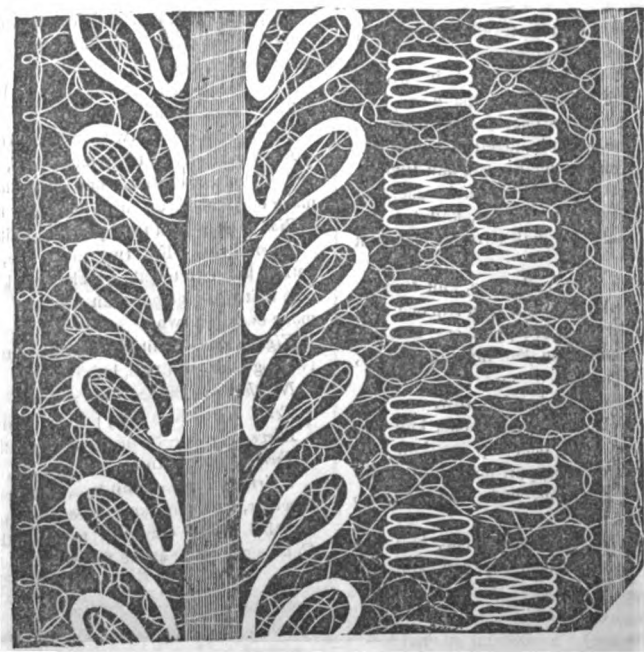
Tenth row.—Knit two, purl six, knit six.

Eleventh row.—Same as the seventh.

Twelfth row.—Knit three, purl six, knit five.

Thirteenth row.—Knit two, make one, knit three together, make one, knit three, make one, knit three together, make one, knit two together, knit one. Commence again at the first row

STRAAW-WORK.

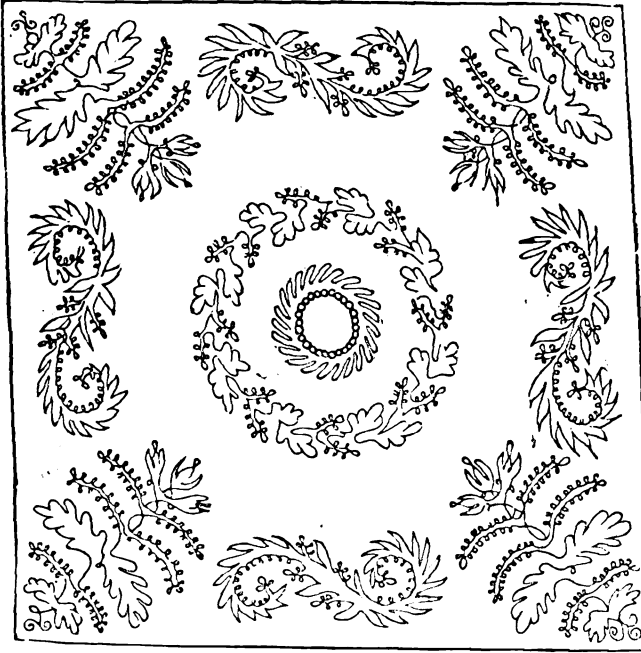


Materials.—Straw heading of two widths, hair, and hair braid of two widths.

Copy the design from illustration on a piece of cardboard; tack on the braid on the straight lines; then arrange the straw according to design, and make loops with the hair over and underneath the braid and straw, so as to confine them in their position.

This description of work is applicable for bonnets, and a pretty description of ornamental basket may also be formed.

BRAIDING.—SOFA CUSHION AND SLIPPER.



SOFA CUSHION.

THE materials are three-fourths of a yard of the finest French merino, and two knots of the narrow Russian silk braid. The one engraved was a rich but delicate blue, braided in white; but, of course, the colors must be selected which will harmonize with the other furniture of the room. Black silk braid, on rich cerise, looks very handsome: it looks well also with *blue*; but the blue should not be too light. In preparing a pattern similar to that in the engraving, it will be necessary to draw the circle in the centre, entire; but one corner and side will be sufficient, only great care must be taken, before pouncing, to place the pattern in exactly the right position.

The merino is usually one yard and a half wide; three-fourths, therefore, form two perfect squares, one of which is braided, and the other left plain. If both are to be ornamented, four pieces of braid should be procured.

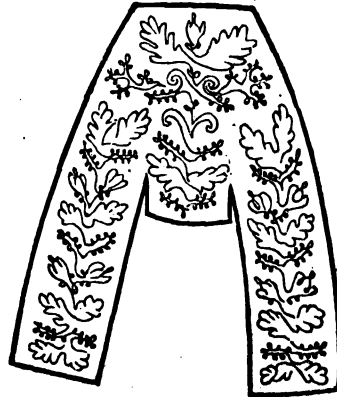
The cushion is to be trimmed with a cord to correspond, and a tassel at each corner.

SLIPPER.

Black silk velvet; a knot of cerise braid, and thirty yards of fine gold thread. Unless the slippers are of an unusual size, three-eighths of velvet will be sufficient.

The pattern, being marked on the velvet, is worked in the cerise braid, and both sides are then edged

with the gold thread, which is laid on and sewed over with silk of the same color. A rich purple velvet looks well, done in green and gold; and black may be worked in blue and silver, which looks extremely elegant, but quickly tarnishes.



Very pretty braided slippers may be made by simply working silk braid on good black cloth; but a gold or silver edge to the braid throws it into relief and adds greatly to its beauty.

These slippers should be made up with quilted silk, to correspond in color with the braid; and, if for ladies, trimmed with a *ruche* of narrow quilted satin ribbon.

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is predicted, at the time when "many run to and fro," that "knowledge shall be increased." Is not this prophecy strikingly descriptive of the present manner of traveling?—the running "to and fro" with rail-car speed, and the multitudes posting in every direction, as on the wings of the wind?

"Nine hours from Boston to New York!" said a lady.

"I have been nine days making the trip from New York to Albany," observed a gentleman. "In the olden times—fifty years ago—the voyage up the Hudson was often thus prolonged," he continued; "and now we go from New York to Boston in nine hours!"

Is knowledge increasing as rapidly as the ratio of traveling, when compared with fifty years ago?

We understand the word *knowledge* to signify here, that which is true; and therefore that the information gained will be of permanent and universal advantage; an increase of wisdom in the way of living rightly as well as happily.

Till within the last fifty years, the great aim of human knowledge had been to benefit the few at the expense of the many; now a new light has dawned, and the improvement of humanity is understood to be the goal to which all knowledge should tend. This great idea—is it not increasing as with the propelling power of steam, and stimulating the human mind to seek in every direction for that which is true, and for the means to carry onward that which is good?

Now, too, the discovery is made that one-half the human race had never been comprised in the old notions of knowledge entertained by men. Those philosophers take little or no note of the female mind. The Bible bears witness to woman's power over the moral destiny of our race; but men, even Christian divines, misunderstood or misinterpreted her mission. So they consigned her to ignorance, as the easiest mode of maintaining their own supremacy.

The last half century has wonderfully changed these things. Men no longer consider learning as wholly incompatible with the feminine character; the female mind is permitted to develop its powers, and to these causes is owing the increased and increasing light regarding the great truths of morality and duty which now impel reforms in social life.

That intelligent women are the best champions of order as well as reform, may be seen by examining their writings. The inculcation of faith in God is one of the most obvious characteristics of female literature. Even a novel from the pen of a true woman often teaches and enforces the importance of the Christian religion to human happiness, in a more impressive manner than many a sermon from the pulpit. We will take, as an illustration of our remarks, a few paragraphs from the pages of one of these works:—

DUTY.—Many things are expedient more or less in this life: there is a choice of many paths: but there is but one right and one wrong.

What it is right to do is always clear: how it will answer to do right is in God's hands. Be cheerful; be patient; look forward, do not look back. Do not take life's trials as prepared for you by God's creatures, but by God himself. Then there will be in your heart neither resentment, resistance, nor despondency; for the sense of an overruling Providence will support you when you would faint, and control you when you would rebel.

CHILDREN.—Children! they are a sacred happiness. Their place in our hearts is marked out in every page of Holy Writ. By the mouth of a child, God reproved and doomed his high priest; when the great house of Eli was to fall, and Hophni and Phineas to die, "both in one day." By the example of a child, Christ warned and exhorted his disciples, when they would have forbidden the company of those little ones, as intrusive and trivial in the Great Presence.

Nearer to glory they stand than we, in this world and the next! It was a gentle and not unholly fancy that made the Portuguese artist Siquina, in one of his sweet pictures, form of millions of infant faces the floor of Heaven; dividing it thus from the fiery vault beneath, with its groups of the damned and lost. For how many women had this image been realized! How many have been saved from despair or sin by the voice and smile of these unconscious little ones! The woman who is a mother dwells in the immediate presence of guardian angels. She will bear on for her children's sake. She will toil for them, die for them, live for them, which is sometimes harder still. The neglected, miserable, maltreated wife has still one bright spot in her home; in that darkness a watch-light burns: she has her children's love, she will strive for her children. The woman tempted by passion has still one safeguard stronger than all with which you would surround her; she will not leave her children. The angry and outraged woman sees in those tiny features a pleading more eloquent than words; her wrath against her husband melts in the sunshine of their eyes. Idiots are they who, in family quarrels, seek to punish the mother by parting her from her offspring; for, in that blasphemy against nature, they do violence to God's own decrees, and lift away from her heart the consecrated instruments of his power.

The fact that there are careless and unnatural mothers does not destroy the argument.

So there are men who are murderers; children who are monsters; Nature makes exceptions to all her great unswerving rules; but rules they will remain to the end of time. And, among them, none more general, more mighty, more unswerving, than the love of a mother for her child!

"WOMAN'S RECORD; or, Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Women," &c., has been long announced, and will soon appear from the press of the Messrs. Harpers. Among other new features, it will contain a list of the names of American female missionaries. From the introduction to this portion of the work, we will

* From "Stuart of Dunleath." By Mrs. Norton.

here give an extract, showing our views on this subject of female duty and its requisite attainments.

MISSIONARY WOMEN.—As yet, how meagre are the means for the training of Female Missionaries! Though female teachers have much the largest share in the gratuitous labor of Sunday Schools in our country, and write two-thirds of the books for children and youth, yet there is not one liberally-endowed seminary for young women in the United States; while for young men there are one hundred and twenty-five colleges. A change in this system is now imperatively needed. Three-fifths of the human race are still in heathen darkness. One-half of these are females, who can never be reached by the ministrations of men. Ought not the missionary's wife, who is sent among heathen people, to be able to instruct her own sex wherever she goes? Does she not need as careful and complete an education as her husband—that is, to be instructed in the languages, moral and mental philosophy, physiology, and every sort of knowledge pertaining to the human nature, which, at its very source, is put by God himself under her forming care?

One important department of a mother's duty is to preserve the health of her family, and so train her son that he shall go forth to his allotted task of "subduing the world" with a sound mind in a sound body.

How can she do this, unless she understands the laws of health? Medical science belongs to woman's department of knowledge; and never will it be well with the world till she is permitted, ay, encouraged, to study it, and become the physician for her own sex.

To pious, intelligent women, thus prepared, what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harems where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear an hundred-fold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—In our last number we suggested some reasons for making the time, when this festival is observed, the same in all the States of the Union; in other words, making it a national festival. The Fourth of July has a marked effect on our national character. In foreign countries the American citizen feels the influence of the day; it gives him an increase of honor among the millions who are vainly wishing for such freedom as is his birthright; and he is proud of the name—American!

The day of our thanksgiving should be holier still, because it acknowledges the Source of our prosperity and blesses the Giver of all our good gifts. Let the last Thursday in November be set apart as the "Thanksgiving Day of the American People;" and, wherever an American is found, the day will be kept. The people of the Old World would thus be taught that our freedom from man's tyranny brings us nearer to God; that, while rejecting earthly lords, we willingly acknowledge our dependence on the Lord of heaven and earth. We hope this month will be the commencement of this universal observance; the first year of the half century is a good starting-point. Now we have twenty-three millions of people to enjoy the festival; at the close of the century there will, probably, be an hundred millions.

The governors of our thirty-and-one States may now

have the honor of beginning the concert of that rejoicing which will then proclaim that the Union is sacred.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Accepted, "Three Days in Constantinople."

Literary Notices.

FROM THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., 253 Market Street, Philadelphia:—

THE SERIAL AND ORAL METHOD OF TEACHING LANGUAGES: *adapted to the French.* By L. Manesca. Also, **THE FRENCH READER**, prepared for the use of students who have gone through the course of lessons contained in the "Method," to which is added a table of the French verbs, arranged and classed on a new plan, calculated to facilitate greatly their acquisition. By the same author. These volumes particularly recommend themselves to such persons as are preparing to study the French language.

FROM BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN FRANCE. By Mrs. Marsh, author of the "Two Old Men's Tales," etc. In two volumes. The author informs us that her object has been to relate a tale, not to undertake a political history. For our own part, we are constrained to say that we are not among those who look upon controversial novels as the best means of propagating religious faith, or of defending religious dogmas; neither do we esteem historical romances as the safest medium to be relied on for unprejudiced historical facts. Nevertheless, to those who have not already made themselves acquainted with some other of the numerous works relating to this prolific history of the reformation in France, these volumes, from the pen of our zealous author, will probably prove highly interesting.

HAND-BOOK OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London. First course: Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Sound, Optics. Illustrated by upwards of four hundred engravings on wood. This is an able compilation, and has been so clearly written and arranged, that persons of ordinary education, with some aid from a teacher, will be able to comprehend its various subjects without difficulty.

FROM LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE IRIS: an Illuminated Souvenir for 1852. Edited by John Hart, LL.D. The illustrations in this splendidly printed volume amount to twelve, all from original designs, and printed in ten different colors. The drawings were made by Captain Eastman, of the United States Topographical Corps, who, for nine years, was stationed on our northern frontier, among the Indian tribes, at and around Fort Snelling. These drawings embrace a series of some of the most striking and remarkable objects connected with the Indian traditions, which have been collected by the lady of Captain Eastman, and woven into tales and poems, illustrative of forest life.

THE DEW-DROP: a Tribute of Affection for 1852.

This work also commends itself to the reader, as well on account of its great literary merits, as its beautiful illustrations and superb printing and binding.

From F. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE SNOW-FLAKE. *A Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Gift for 1852.*

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING. *A Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for 1852.* We hope, as the season for purchasing and presenting the annuals approaches, that our readers will not forget what we said in October last of the above chaste, beautifully printed, and elegantly illustrated works.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—
MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, with *Anecdotes of the Court of Henry II., during her residence in France.* By Miss Benger, author of "Memoirs of Anne Boleyn," etc. From the second London edition. In two volumes. To those who have perused the memoirs of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland written under the prevalence of religious and political prejudices, these volumes will not only open up a source of generous sympathy for her misfortunes, but will place the student of history on his guard in relation to much that historians have vouched for as truth, but which the cruel policy of the state had dictated, and the slaves of royalty had consummated, regardless of facts, and of the reputations of those whom it was their interest to condemn to infamy. In these interesting volumes, Miss Benger evinces not only deep and laborious research into the annals of the times, and the characters of the actors who defended, or of those who overruled the fate of Mary, but she also displays that genuine charity of the female heart, which, while it censures apparent errors, endeavors to scrutinize the irrevocable causes from which they proceed.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PASTOR. By William Wisner, D.D. The incidents here recorded extend over a period of more than thirty years, during which time the reverend author has been the pastor of a Presbyterian congregation in Ithaca, New York. The incidents are generally interesting, and the remarks of the author practical.

THE EPOCH OF CREATION. *The Scripture Doctrine Contrasted with the Geological Theory.* By Eleazer Lord. With an introduction by Richard W. Dickinson, D.D. The reader will readily comprehend, from the title of this work, that the author maintains the Bible account of the creation of the world against the theories and speculations, as he deems them to be, of modern geology. While he admits that geology acquaints us with innumerable facts concerning the physical condition of the earth, he holds it to be "wholly incompetent to explain the conditions or circumstances in which, the reasons for which, or the mode of operation by which those facts were produced, and that it is necessary to have recourse to the inspired oracles as the only means of attaining any satisfaction." To these oracles the author has appealed with great force and confidence, and has produced a work which, in the present state of the question, will doubtless attract the attention of the friends of Revelation, as well as of the friends of the so-called science.

VAGAMUNDO; or, the *Attaché in Spain.* Includ-

ing a brief excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By Cassias Warren. The author of this work accompanied Mr. Barringer, late Minister at the Court of Madrid, in the summer of 1849, as *Attaché* of the Legation. He presents a highly-colored picture of the romantic beauties of the country, and speaks with apparent justice and candor of the peculiar habits and manners of the people. The descriptive portions of the work are, generally, very happy, conveying to the mind of the reader an impression of the scenes almost as vivid as though they had actually passed under his own view.

From BENJAMIN B. MASSEY & Co., through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE THEORY OF HUMAN PROGRESS, AND NATURAL PROBABILITY OF A REIGN OF JUSTICE. This is a handsomely printed volume of over five hundred pages, relating to the science of politics, and national and social government. If we had the ability, and felt a disposition to interfere with the author's theories, arguments, and conclusions, it would require more time and space to perform the task, and to treat him with anything like justice, than we have at our command. We certainly would not violate a principle heedlessly, which he places at the very foundation of all political and moral reforms, that of truth.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN MEXICO. *in the course of Journeys of upwards of 2500 miles, performed on foot.* Giving an account of the manners and customs of the people, and the agricultural and mineral resources of that country. By William W. Carpenter, late of the United States Army. The author of this book has very wisely admonished his readers that they "must not expect to meet with high-sounding descriptions or well rounded periods, but a plain matter-of-fact narrative," drawn from notes written under numerous disadvantages. It is not, however, without interest to the curious reader.

A MANUAL OF ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. With numerous illustrations. By Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, Rector of the Grammar School, etc. etc. The name of Professor Anthon will be a free and sufficient passport to public attention and confidence for any work that may appear under its authority. Having devoted all his energies to the thorough education of his youthful countrymen, no one among the past or present generation of teachers has effected more, practically, than he has done, for the dissemination of sound classical learning. The work before us is a bright additional evidence of his untiring labors in the cause of education, and will, of course, receive the approbation of those engaged in the profession, as well as of all persons of literary and historical taste.

THE NILE BOAT; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE LAND OF EGYPT. By W. H. Bartlett, author of "Forty Days in the Desert." This is a beautifully printed and decorated volume, which, however, comes to us disclaiming for the text of the work any pretensions to originality. That is one candid and modest feature, which it was well not to omit, in view of the great number of works that have been pressed upon the public in the name of Egypt. We have long been familiar with allusions to the plagues of Egypt, the locust of Egypt, &c., and we apprehend

that, before long, the books of Egypt will excite about as much curiosity in the minds of those who hear of them as do the plagues and the locusts. This last work on Egypt, besides its two hundred and eighty pages of letter-press, has no less than thirty-five engravings and seventeen wood-cuts, among which the Sphinx and the Pyramids are conspicuous. The binding is superb—Egyptian throughout.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. Vol. 2. John Adams and Jefferson. A third volume is to follow the present, and will complete this interesting history—interesting especially to those who are appealing to the names of celebrated party leaders of former times, in order to establish the purity and the correctness of their own principles. As our path does not lead that way, we must leave the work to the more critical examination of politicians, who will no doubt be greatly benefited by their labors to arrive at forgotten truths, and to work out the mysteries of their profession.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIESSER, Third Street, Philadelphia:—

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. By Acheta Domestica, M. E. S. Second Series. This is a most attractive volume, and will not only amuse, but greatly repay the student of nature for the time he may allot to its perusal, by the amount of information afforded in its delicately illustrated pages.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE GUIDING STAR; OR, THE BIBLE GOD'S MESSAGE. Designed to illustrate the second and third questions of the Westminster Catechism. By Louisa Payson Holmes, author of the "Pastor's Daughter," etc. etc. This is a denominational work, which will attract the attention of those for whose instruction it has been especially prepared.

LIFE OF ROGER WILLIAMS, Founder of the State of Rhode Island. By Wm. Gammell, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University. The name of Roger Williams will be sufficient to draw attention to this work, which presents many painful evidences of the religious bigotry and intolerance of the times in which he lived.

A WREATH AROUND THE CROSS; or, Scripture Truth Illustrated. By the Rev. A. Merton Brown, author of the "Leader of the Lollards," etc. This work is of a controversial character, but is remarkable for its pious and charitable reflections on numerous Christian subjects.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street: "Six Years Later; or, the Taking of the Bastille." Being the Sequel to, and the Continuation of, "The Memoirs of a Physician," and "The Queen's Necklace; or, the Secret History of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth." By Alexander Dumas, author of the "Iron Mask," etc. etc. Translated from the French by Thomas Williams. Complete in two volumes. "The Corsair." A Venetian Tale. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," etc. Translated from the French by Vitiète Bauer.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia: "London Labor and the London

Poor." Parts 9, 10, and 11. Price 12½ cents. "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." Part 16. "The Fate: a Tale of Stirring Times." By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Commissioner," etc. etc. It is believed by many, and, among others, by our author himself, that he has been mentally, as well as physically, benefited by his change from one side of the Atlantic to the other. His numerous friends will probably be convinced of that matter by the renewed energies displayed in this volume. "Arthur Conway; or, Scenes in the Tropics." By Captain E. H. Milman, late of H. M. 33d Regiment, author of "The Wayside Cross," etc. etc. A very interesting tale, the author of which died before his work got through the press. "The Stone Mason of Saint Point." A Village Tale. By A. De Lamartine. Translated from the French.—From Charles Scribner, New York: "A Budget of Willow Lane Stories." With illustrations. By Uncle Frank, author of "A Peep at our Neighbors," etc. "A Peep at our Neighbors: the Sequel to the Willow Lane Budget." With illustrations. By the same author.—From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: "The Revelries of an Old Maid: embracing Important Hints to Young Men, illustrative of the notable arrangements of the celebrated establishment of 'Capsicum House.'" Embellished with forty-three original engravings. This is the second edition of a satirical work, in which the author amuses himself and his readers by caricaturing some of the peculiarities of this "progressive age."—From D. Appleton & Co., New York, through C. G. Henderson & Co., 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "Sunbeams and Shadows, and Buds and Blossoms; or, Leaves from Aunt Minna's Portfolio." By George A. Hulse. Abounding in natural incidents, naturally and feelingly related. "Jo: a Tale of the Olden Time." By K. Barton. This has been pronounced "a most exquisite tale."—From C. G. Henderson & Co., Philada.: "Costumes of Europe." Also, "Costumes of America." Very suitable for young persons.—From J. W. Moore, Philadelphia: "Chambers' Papers for the People." Vol. 1. Justly appreciated as a most valuable work.—From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia: "The Sealp Hunters; or, Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico." By Captain Mayne Reid, author of the "Rifle Ranger." Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. In his preface, the worthy captain says that he regrets that his book exhibits no higher purpose than to amuse. This amusement, he also admits, must be selected from his scenes, which are of a sanguinary nature—some of them extremely so—in which trappers swear like trappers, some of them, in fact, worse; all written, as he says, in a coarse, crude, and careless style. It would be impolite, and perhaps impolitic, to contradict the gallant captain's criticisms on his own work.

Publisher's Department.

We publish in this number our advertisement for 1852. We make no extraordinary promises; but the public know us. Let them look out; there may be a surprise in store for them that they do not suspect. We cannot say more on the subject, as everybody is on the watch to know what the "Lady's Book" will do, and take their position accordingly. But we make no sign. It may possibly be that we will give more reading matter than any other magazine; still, we promise nothing. As it is now, we give the money's worth, and perhaps

a little more; but, as rivalry is the rage, we may enter the field to contend with all others. It will be seen by the list of notices that we publish, that ours is the best magazine—at least the newspapers say so, and they ought to know, as they receive them all; and we could add to this list some three hundred other notices, but we cannot afford the room, as our advertisers call on us for our space. Our heart and soul—and, might we add, our *pocket*?—are engaged in the same enterprise—one of twenty-two years' duration.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—We may challenge the world, at least the periodical world, to produce a number equal to this. Have any of our subscribers seen the London works purporting to be of the same calibre as the "Lady's Book"? They have miserable engravings, fewer pages than the "Lady's Book," double the price, and their literature of the worst namby-pamby style, excepting, now and then, when they copy an article from the "Lady's Book," to which they are certain not to give credit. In one of the English publications lately received, there is an article copied and credited "American Story," written by one of our best contributors, "the author of Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing." Here we have two mezzotinto plates, in the very best style of the art; a fashion plate, containing the latest fashions for cloaks; and a beautiful colored basket of flowers.

SUBSCRIBERS must certainly be aware that they increase their subscriptions for one year one dollar by not paying in advance. Three dollars is the price when paid in advance. When paid during the year, the price is four dollars. Certainly a dollar saved is a great advantage.

WE may have made the observation before, but it will bear repeating, that our fashion plates are not only true transcripts of the fashions, but they are also beautiful pictures; and, in almost every publication, the faces are portraits of celebrated ladies of our own city.

WE do not want an increase of more than ten thousand with the new year. That will give us about that number over the largest list in the country; and it is as many as we can conveniently send off in the month, unless we increase our force twofold.

WE are pleased to see that the public are beginning to be aware of the utility of the "Book." Many of our exchanges, and, amongst others, the "Ohio Age," say, "The best feature in 'Godey' is combining the useful with the entertaining. The various specimens of needlework, and ladies' and children's dresses, should, we think, be matters of no little interest to the lady readers."²

Again, the Connecticut "Morning News" says, "There is one feature of this magazine which is somewhat peculiar to it, and that is, while it caters for the taste and the imagination of its readers, it also furnishes very much that is exceedingly useful in the way of information. Such, for instance, as patterns of ladies' and children's dresses, with instructions as to the best method of making them; models of houses, furniture, and divers other matters not easily accessi-

ble from any other source. There is one more point to which we would call attention, and that is the punctuality with which the 'Lady's Book' appears. So long as we have had an acquaintance with it, it has never been behind the time, but *always* in advance."

The Nashville and Louisville "Christian Advocate" says, "We look upon this magnificent monthly as one of the best and most ably conducted journals of the kind of this or any other country; and that we are not alone in this opinion is evidenced in the fact that, while its age numbers nearly a quarter of a century, it is more bright, youthful, and vigorous than ever, and especially acceptable to the ladies, who are not, without strong cause, very apt to form semi-centennial attachments. This high compliment, which facts thus pay to this distinguished work, cannot be unappreciated or misunderstood."

The Illinois "Organ" says, "If for nothing else, 'Godey' deserves the success he has had, from the fact that his 'Book' has always been the friend of American literature. Many of the writers derive their sole support from the liberal payment he makes them."

The Mississippi "Advocate" remarks as follows: "If, upon examination of this number of 'Godey,' you are not pleased, not only with the embellishments and intellectual refreshment it affords, but also with your own proper self, we set you down as no American in spirit and in truth."

Thus also says the "Lyons (N. Y.) Whig": "It is as prompt as the sun, and is received in all parts of this widely-extended country by the first of its publication month. It has no superior in the art of engravings, and its literary contents challenge the world for superiority; and, what should be a source of pride to every American, the articles are the productions of American writers exclusively. Godey has too much patriotism about him to care about any others."

OUR MONEY ARTICLE.—We hope that our readers do not imagine, because we but seldom, if, indeed, ever, trouble them with a regular money article, that the market for that necessary commodity is to us a place altogether beneath notice. It would be fatal to our interests, as well as to their own, and to the interests of a great many other people, should our subscribers come to the conclusion that bankers, brokers, merchants, and newspaper editors are the only men in the community who steadily require a knowledge of the state of the aforesaid money market, to enable them to fulfil their private and public contracts. We assure all our old and respected friends, and all our new friends, who may have unfortunately fallen into this error, that even literary men, and men engaged in the business of publishing, are frequently as much concerned about monetary affairs, and are as fully impressed with the importance of cash payments, as are all experienced persons in every other branch of business in the country.

It is, however, evident to every reflecting mind, that such ought not to be the case, and that such would not be the case, were every patronizing friend to comply with the terms of subscription.

When such friends consider, in our own case, for instance, that the small amount of three or six dollars, or perhaps more than that sum, or even less, which may be due to us, is necessary to make up the great aggregate which we have daily, weekly, and monthly to pay to authors, artists, colorers, clerks, printers, paper-maker, book-binders, packers, and others engaged in the publication of the "Lady's Book," and without

whose co-operative assistance it could not possibly appear—we say, when our friends think seriously and practically on this subject, will they not see plainly the interest we take in the smallest financial transactions?—such even as are so very small as to slip their memories altogether, unless occasionally reminded of the state of the money market?

Let our friends reflect also, while on this topic, what an easy thing it would be for the publisher of a magazine to give twice as many pages of reading matter, and twice as many embellishments, if his subscribers would only attend to the "money article."

AGRICULTURE.—We presume that many of our exchange papers devote a certain space to this subject; but, in many instances, the same articles are copied from one paper to another. We know that most of our country citizens depend upon "Freas' Germantown Telegraph" for the most valuable information on this subject. Independent of this, the "Telegraph" is a most admirable paper; not the least of its merits is the bold and fearless tone of its editorials.

MR. W. H. CARYL, whose splendid curtain store we noticed last month, has removed from his former residence to No. 169 Chestnut Street.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—This most interesting family newspaper has just entered upon its second year, and, we are happy to say, with brighter prospects probably than any other paper of a similar character that has ever preceded it. This fact is creditable to the discernment and taste of American readers, and a merited reward to the editor, who has so long and so arduously labored in the cause of sound morals and of practical literature. We invite our friends to the prospectus of the new volume of the "Home Gazette," which will be found in the present number of the "Lady's Book."

ARTHUR'S LIBRARY FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—We have heretofore noticed the volumes of Mr. Arthur's excellent domestic tales as they have made their appearance from the press of the publishers, Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We recur to them now merely to show how justly popular they are with some of our soundest critics and moralists, among whom is the editor of the "Boston Olive Branch." Speaking of the "Library," that editor says, "Every family should possess Arthur's works complete; for better guides for the young, in everything pertaining to the responsible duties of life, next to the Bible, cannot be placed before the youth of our land. We hope the library will grow and increase until there shall be so many of T. S. Arthur's good stories bound up, that there can be no counting them."

RICH FANCY GOODS.—Glenn & Co., importers of fancy goods, have, with great taste and beauty, remodeled a store at No. 180 Chestnut Street, in which are for sale some of the most exquisite articles of fancy stationery, Bohemian glass, perfumery, toilette articles, cutlery, etc. etc., we think we have ever seen collected together. The front is a striking improvement in modern architecture, and the interior is a brilliant display of exquisite works of art.

KATHARINE WALTON; OR, THE REBEL OF DORCHESTER. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION IN CAROLINA.—We have noticed, in the appropriate department of the present number, the publication of this interesting romance, in book form, by A. Hart, of this city. Our readers will recollect that "Katharine Walton" was published at intervals in the "Lady's Book;" that it is from the pen of Mr. Simms, an author whose accomplishments as a writer, and merits as a true gentleman, are not unknown to them all.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

TO MAKE HARD WATER SOFT.—River water is soft if the stream passes rapidly over a pebbly channel; but hard if over clay. To render hard water soft, filter through stone; or, boil first, then add carbonate of soda when cold, and boil again.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Take a quarter of a pound of tapioca, swell it thoroughly in a pint of water, then add a glass of wine—Port or Madeira—with sugar to the taste; or tapioca swelled in milk is a very light and nutritious food.

A PLAIN CURRY.—Put into a frying-pan a piece of butter, a small onion cut into pieces, and two cloves of garlic; fry these until brown, put the meat to the above, and add the curry powder, and sufficient cold water to cover the meat, and boil the whole gently until the meat is cooked; then add the juice of a lemon, and a little salt.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of rich brocade, a deep fawn ground with rich running pattern in blue. The mantle is of brown velours, simply edged with a therry velvet ribbon of the same shade. It has a quilted lining of brown satin. The sleeves are formed of a double row of French lace, falling almost to the wrist. Bonnet of white uncut velvet, with plumes. The spray inside the brim is composed of shaded velvet leaves, drooping.

Fig. 2d.—Dress of Thibet cashmere, a dark ground with a brilliant group of flowers in the pattern. The mantle is of Turc or Ottoman satin, fitting closely to the figure, the upper portion trimmed with a broad fringe. The bonnet is of satin mixed with lace, a favorite combination the present season.

Fig. 3d.—Plain bonnet of rich blue velvet, bands of a darker shade crossing the crown, and a plume, also of blue, laid against the left side of the brim. The sacque has a hood-shaped collar or cape, and is edged with a gay plaited ribbon. The tassels are quite new and elegant. Dress of rich brown cashmere, with a trimming of quilled satin; one of the novelties of the season, the centre of the corsage being formed of the same, making a breast-plate, as it were, the points of the quilling being directed downwards, towards the long-pointed bodice.

Fig. 4th.—Promenade dress of a bright worsted plaid, the bars of satin. The dress should be trimmed with plaided satin ribbon to correspond. The sacque fits loosely to the figure, and the graceful, hanging sleeves are finished by a lappel and tassels. The bonnet has an open brim, but long crown.

We would call attention to the unusual taste displayed in the design, the four elegantly dressed figures being grouped in the principal saloon of the Gallery of Fine Arts, in this city, giving a glimpse of Steinhäuser's celebrated statue of Hero and Leander, at the right.

RIDING DRESSES.

Fig. 1st.—Plain cloth riding habit of dark brown. Loose sleeves—with cambric undersleeves—finished by a double satin cord, as is also the corsage. A small collar and ruffle of linen cambric relieves the sombre hue of the dress and hat, the last a most feminine and becoming shape, trimmed only with a velvet band and plume of cock's feathers.

Fig. 2d.—Habit, en Cavalier, of dark olive green, the corsage and basque being laced with black cord and buttons. Broad-leaved beaver hat, turned up at the right side with a feather.

Fig. 3d.—This costume is more picturesque than serviceable; the corsage being of dark blue velvet, fitting closely, and the skirt of cinnamon-colored habit cloth. The hat is of a peculiar and beautiful style.

CHIT-CHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

DRESSES.—Cashmeres, of most exquisite fineness, and of beautiful variety, are worn for promenade or street dresses. They are scarcely suitable for a dinner or evening dress, be the party ever so small, from their near approach to chintzes in pattern. The most startling contrasts of color are produced in them. A deep green, brown, or stone ground is enlivened by bouquets or wreaths of the most brilliant flowers in their natural tints, blending every color of the rainbow. *Mousseline-de-laines*—not of cotton and wool, often dignified by that name—are of the same style, and rival the cashmeres in softness and delicacy of texture.

Worsted and raw silk plaids, in very gay colors, are also displayed in the shop windows on Chestnut Street; but justice to our fair readers forces us to acknowledge that they are not generally adopted. As we have often remarked, none but a tall, showy figure should venture upon plaids.

Brocades of the greatest elegance, Ture satins and plain satins, are worn for dinner or evening dresses. Unless very dark, they are out of place in the street. Plain, rich silks are considered in the best taste. The most desirable colors are a reddish-fawn and browns of every shade, a little paler than those of the past season. The first is, by perversion, called *tan color*; but it is scarcely dark enough to convey that idea. The same colors, and a hundred lighter hues, are worn in plain cashmeres and merinos.

Skirts are still made full and long; they are very little trimmed in heavy materials, and silks are most generally flounced very deeply. The edges of the flounces are still plinked, but they are headed by a puff of the silk an inch in width. Skirts are gauged, instead of being plaited—unless in brocades or heavy satins—two or three rows being quite common. It is a vulgarity to have the gauging extend fairly down to the hip. When the bodice is pointed both on the front and back of the corsage, the skirt is gauged evenly and placed upon a band, not turned in at the top to fit the points, which come over it. Sleeves of all kinds are

made loose; square sleeves are decidedly the mode. They are perfectly straight at the top, curving sharply at the elbow, and turned over with a cuff. The barrel of a pistol, to make a very inelegant comparison, will give the best idea of the curve. Narrow silk braids, of elegant patterns, lace gimp, with satin cords forming the border, shirred ribbon, and quilled satin folds, are the favorite trimmings for sleeves, capes, etc. Therry (or uncut) velvet ribbons, an inch in width, are used plain, as in the mantle in *Fig. 1st*. A corsage trimmed with satin is also described in the same plate. Puffings of silk down the corsage, and forming bars across it, are still worn, as described in the *Marquise* waist in a late number. In our next, we shall give a full idea of the vest corsage, or *Gilet*, before alluded to, also of dressing-gowns, which space will not permit us to discuss at present.

CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, ETC.—Levy's beautiful openings of cloaks and shawls attract a great number of shoppers to the rotunda of that establishment. The mantles, as every light wrap is now called, are all much longer than those worn the last winter. The materials are of silk, velvet, satin, and cloth, the last being still in the best taste. They have an approach to the shawl in shape, the points being rounded, and one falling almost over the other. The collars are large, almost covering the shoulders; and hoods, lined with quilted silk or satin, after the fashion of our grandmothers, are once more in vogue. The quilting of the linings is not so close as that worn a little time ago, and the silk generally matches the outside in color, instead of being a strong contrast. Mantles are trimmed with narrow rows of close embroidery, plain therry velvet ribbons, or lace gimp. Narrow silk braids are also worn on the plainer articles, and some mantillas in black silk are edged with wide and heavy fringe.

Sacques are still made an outside garment, but are long and flowing, instead of fitting closely to the figure, as will be seen in our fashion plate for the month. Some are trimmed with a quilting of mohair or worsted lace, and many have a small, prettily lined hood appended.

French cashmere shawls are the prettiest articles in the market. Square shawls range from thirty to thirty-five dollars, and are almost as fine as real India. The India colors and patterns are beautifully imitated, as well as the texture, and the centres are made very large, the border being only a border, in the most stylish ones, not more than a quarter of a yard in depth. The best colors are crimson, cherry, green, and mode. Others have the centre entirely filled by a small palm-leaf pattern, repeated. But we are leaving little space for the important article of

BONNETS.—No winter openings have yet taken place; but the fall bonnets, many of which are worn through the season, differ little in material from those of the past winter. The shapes are more open, with straight or drooping crowns, as may suit the taste of the wearer. One of the prettiest we have seen was composed of a drooping velvet crown, and a brim of gradual slope, finished by a lace inserted between the velvet shirs, making an open edge about two inches in width. There was no trimming but bound satin strings. Brown velvets and satins are favorite styles, and may be relieved by autumn leaves in rich colors, arranged as a spray at the side of the brim. Inside trimmings are principally of *scuds* of ribbon, or flowers mixed with tulle. In our next, we shall describe from the winter openings.

FASHION.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION AND ARTS UNION OF AMERICA!!

This Work is conducted at an annual expense of over \$100,000, paid Writers, Artists, Mechanics, and the Women of our country.

The "Lady's Book" is now in the twenty-second year of its publication by the same Publisher—a fact unprecedented in the history of any American Magazine. Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of magazines have been started, and, after a short life, have departed—while the "Lady's Book" alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth. We do not ask the public to take solely our own statement, but we annex a few, a very few, of the notices that we have on hand from the cotemporary press of the day

NOTICES BY THE PRESS OF "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."

Godey has a go-aheadativeness which is sure to render him the prince of magazine publishers.—*Lyons Whig*.

It is a long way ahead of all similar magazines in its getting up and general appearance.—*Ala. Advertiser*.

No man, woman, or child can read "Godey's Lady's Book" without feeling ennobled and improved.—*Va. Pilot*.

The "Book" is an "art union" of itself, and in no way can so many truly fine and valuable engravings be procured as by subscribing for it.—*Woodstock Age*.

Godey is truly deserving of the premium of publishing the best magazine extant.—*Maine Advertiser*.

Godey's is emphatically a book for the ladies. It might appropriately be termed "The Book of Beauty."—*Nova Scotian*.

The utmost that art in its highest perfection can do, is now lavished on this work.—*Perrysville Eagle*.

For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female in Canada was a reader of "Godey's Lady's Book."—*Intelligencer, Canada West*.

The truth is, Godey is insurpassable in the style, taste, and talent of his periodical.—*New Castle Dem.*

It still leads off at the head of American magazines.—*Plymouth News*.

Godey is certainly ahead of all the other monthlies, both in style and matter.—*Newmarket Democrat*.

All the magazines are enterprising, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Godey with his "Lady's Book" bears off the palm.—

For beauty and taste, we place it first among all the magazines.—*Romney Argus*.

A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the "Lady's Book." In fact, no parlor is complete without it.—*Troy Times*.

The literary matter and the plates are, by common consent, ranked at the head of magazine enterprise.—*Huntingdon Messenger*.

We invite all who are desirous of seeing the greatest work of the day now published—the "Lady's Book"—to call at our office.—*La. Register*.

Godey's we think the best of all the magazines published in America.—*Perrysburg Reveille*.

Godey certainly publishes the best magazine in the country.—*West Chester Times*.

Godey still keeps ahead.—*Elliotville Republican*.

Godey keeps his position at the head of the literary caterers for the people.—*Canton Reporter*.

Godey keeps a little in advance of his cotemporaries in many respects. His "Book" ranks A No. 1 among the *litterati* of the land.—*N. Y. Messenger*.

Each number is a perfect jewel, and we cannot wonder at its immense popularity.—*Reading Advocate*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the best magazine of the kind that comes to us.—*Conn. Daily Register*

This magazine is the most splendid of any published in the United States.—*Macon Cadet*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the prettiest work our mortal eyes ever looked upon.—*Centreville Whig*.

We have looked upon this as THE magazine for a long time. We have never yet received a number that was not worth half the subscription price.—*Dalton Times*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" undenibly excels any of its cotemporaries, both as regards matter and embellishments.—*Jerseyman, N. J.*

Always having been at the head of American magazines, Godey is obstinately determined that his "Lady's Book" shall continue there.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

It is faint praise to say that it maintains its character as being first among the periodicals of the day —*Johnstown Republican*.

As a book for the ladies, it is really invaluable in its tendency to refine and elevate to a high standard the intellectual character of woman.—*Pauiding Clarion*.

This is one of the very few periodicals that makes its monthly issues equal to the first one of the year —*Ohio Intelligencer*.

Its articles are of a high order, and display a spirit that will benefit American literature.—*Ballston Mirror*.

We have never known Mr. Godey to make a promise that he did not fulfil, and very often does better than he promises.—*Huntington Herald*.

The ladies of no country have been served by intellectual knight-errant so chivalrous and true Godey's last number is always the best.—*Ohio Telegraph*.

No just idea can be formed of this magnificent work without ocular inspection.—*Mich. Gazette*.

Of all the works devoted to the interests and amusements of the ladies, "Godey" is undoubtedly the best and most splendid.—*N. Y. Christian Guardian*.

It is far ahead of its cotemporaries in magnificence and worth.—*Portsmouth Dispatch*.

This is just what it professes to be, an excellent "Lady's Book," and in this respect stands unrivaled.—*Irassburgh Gazette*.

Godey is ahead of the world in magazine enterprise.—*Vevay Palladium*.

Godey certainly keeps a great distance between himself and all competitors. He has many imitators, but no equal.—*Lima Argus*.

This is undoubtedly the first magazine of its class in the country, and is very popular.—*Ironton Register*.

To those who desire the finest productions of American authors and artists, and one of the neatest and best conducted works in the world, we recommend Godey's Lady's Book.—*Pulaski Democrat*.

Godey ranks No. 1 in magazine literature.—*Ind. Local Press*.

Most if not all of the new features in magazine embellishments originate with Godey, and are copied by his cotemporaries. No person of taste should be without this Magazine.—*Mich. Democrat*.

Godey is justly the favorite magazine with the ladies. It improves in every number.—*Ala. Phaniz*.

We think it superior to any magazine in this country or in Europe.—*Jonesville Telegraph*.

Godey has obtained the start of all competitors and present appearances would indicate he means to keep it.—*Frankford Journal*.

Godey is as usual at the head of the magazine literature of the country.—*Boston Pilot*.

This is indeed the Lady's Book of the country. No other periodical can take its place in the drawing-rooms of our country-women.—*N. Y. Traveler*.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the "Lady's Book" is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the pages of the "Lady's Book," whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

It is the fashion with many magazines to announce in their advertisements, "Splendid Engravings, Fashion Plates," &c. What is the disappointment of the duped subscriber when he receives the numbers of a magazine thus advertised, to find all his splendid engravings dwindled down to paltry wood-cuts—as contemptible in design as in execution!

The publisher of the "Lady's Book" performs all he promises, and, as some of our exchanges are kind enough to say, "more than he promises." Each number of the "Lady's Book" contains at least

THREE ENGRAVINGS FROM STEEL PLATES ENGRAVED BY THE BEST ARTISTS

either in *LINE*, *STIPPLE*, or *MEZZOTINT*, and sometimes *FOUR*.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES

are published monthly, and are considered the only really valuable fashion plates that are published. They have been the standard for over twenty-one years. In addition to the above, every month selections from the following are given, with simple directions that all may understand:—

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Model Cottage Furniture, Patterns for Window
Curtains, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower
Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work,
Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine,
everything that can interest a Lady will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

One copy, 1 year,	\$3	Five copies, 1 year,	\$10
Two copies, 1 year,	5	One copy, 5 years,	10
One copy, 2 years,	5	Ten copies, 1 year,	20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

☒ No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.

☒ Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.

☒ Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.

☒ A Specimen or Specimens will be sent to any Postmaster making the request

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

SECOND VOLUME.

THE HOME GAZETTE, EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR,

completes, on the 1st of September, 1851, the first year of its existence, during which time it has attained a circulation more than double what was expected by the publishers. So many papers had been started, and such extraordinary promises of excellence set forth by the various candidates for public favor, to fail in execution, that when the announcement of "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" was made, thousands stood aloof, saying: "We will wait and see what is to come of this; we have confidence in the Editor; we like his writings; we want just such a paper for our families as we know that he can make. But, will he be able to establish the Home Gazette?" Thousands, on the other hand, came promptly forward with their subscriptions to aid in doing the work proposed. And the work has been done. The "HOME GAZETTE" has passed through its first year, approved by the right feeling, right thinking, and virtuous everywhere, and it begins another volume under the most encouraging auspices.

To those who have taken the "Home Gazette" nothing need be said of its character. To those who have not yet introduced it into their families, we will say, that it is

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF PURE LITERATURE;

designed for the instruction, entertainment, and amusement of old and young. Entirely

FREE FROM VULGARITY, LOW SLANG, OR PROFANITY,

or anything that can corrupt or deprave the human mind.

A supporter of Religion and Virtue, and the conservator of good morals and social well-being.

The publishers have given to Mr. Arthur the entire control of the Gazette. Not a line goes into it without his supervision, and he is responsible for all that appears therein. So that just the same confidence felt in him by the public as a sound and safe moral teacher, may be felt in his HOME GAZETTE.

In order to make the Home Gazette what such a paper should be, the best writers in our country are engaged as contributors for its columns. In its Original Department, no magazine in the country is better sustained. The following are our regular contributors, from whom our readers will receive a constant succession of articles in their best style:—

Miss C. M. Sedgwick,
Jm. Gilmore Simms,
Mrs. Alice B. Neal,
Arthur J. Stansbury, author of
"Recollections of the Presidents,"
Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,
Henry Wm. Herbert,
C. W. Webber,

Mrs. E. F. Ellet,
Wm. H. Carpenter,
Park Benjamin,
Author of "Widow Bedott,"
H. Hastings Weld,
Mrs. Sarah G. Hayes,
Sarah T. Wilbur,
Mrs. Caroline Orne,

Fanny Fales,
Esther Wetherald,
"A Lady of Baltimore,"
Emerson Bennett,
Mrs. M. A. Denison, author of
"Hetty and Nell,"
Paul Creyton,

AND MANY OTHERS OF EQUAL ABILITY. Besides a regular series of articles from such writers,

Nearly all that the Editor writes will appear first in the "HOME GAZETTE."

Besides a succession of the Editor's brief moral stories, the Home Gazette will contain, during each volume, from three to four of his longer tales or NOUVELLETES. With the new volume, will be commenced

LOVE IN HIGH LIFE,

by Mr. Arthur, a copyright story, which has never before appeared in a newspaper. Following this will be from his pen,

THE DEBTOR'S DAUGHTER,

and TWO OF HIS ORIGINAL NOUVELLETES besides, ere the close of 1851.

In order to keep the columns of our paper perfectly free from all that may injure either body or mind,

All Medical Advertisements will be excluded; and also, all advertisements of bad books, or anything that can do harm.

The Home Gazette is embellished with ONE OR MORE ENGRAVINGS IN EVERY NUMBER in most cases from original designs. It is printed on white paper, with LARGE CLEAR TYPE.

TERMS OF "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE."

One copy, per annum, -	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum, -	\$15 00
Three copies " -	5 00	Fourteen copies " -	20 00
Six copies " -	10 00		

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an extra copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

Address . T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,
No. 107 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A Magnificent Pictorial and Literary Weekly Journal.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the Beautiful and Useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form,

A WEEKLY LITERARY MELANGE OF NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Its columns are devoted to

ORIGINAL TALES, SKETCHES, AND POEMS,

BY THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the CREAM OF THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS; the whole well

SPICED WITH WIT AND HUMOR.

Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

WITH NUMEROUS ACCURATE ENGRAVINGS, BY EMINENT ARTISTS,

**Of Notable Objects, Current Events in all Parts of the World, and of
Men and Manners,**

altogether making a paper

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL IN ITS DESIGN IN THIS COUNTRY.

Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine portraits of every noted character in the world, male and female.

SKETCHES OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,

taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is PRINTED ON THE FINEST OF PAPER, and with a font of copper-faced brevier type of the most modern style, manufactured expressly for it, presenting, in its mechanical execution, an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellences.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One Subscriber, one year, - - -	\$3.	Eight Subscribers, - - -	\$16.
Two Subscribers, - - -	5.	Sixteen " - - -	28.
Four " - - -	9.		

☞ One copy of the **FLAG OF OUR UNION**, and one copy of the **DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION**, one year, for four dollars.

☞ Though these two journals emanate from the same establishment, still not one line appears in one that has been published in the other, thus affording to those persons who take both papers an immense variety of reading matter.

☞ THE PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at six cents per single copy.

Published every Saturday by

F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 151 Nassau, corner of Spruce Street, New York.

A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

H. TAYLOR, North Street, Baltimore.

EDWARDS & COMPANY, 115 Main Street, Cincinnati.

R. E. EDWARDS & Co., 93 Third Street, Louisville, Ky.

J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

E. K. WOODWARD, corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis.

☞ Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS FOR 1852.

To Clergymen, Postmasters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students, and Heads of Families

EMPLOYMENT.—SEARS' AMERICAN PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT, removed to 181 WILLIAM STREET (near Spruce), New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that, while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a public benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well-disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population.

JUST PUBLISHED, "PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF CHINA AND INDIA," 600 pp., and **"THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES,"** 600 pp. Retail price, \$2 50 per volume. Our publications are too numerous to be described in an advertisement.

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the publisher \$25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works—at wholesale prices—carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal per centage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly.

We solicit orders from the Trade, Teachers, and School Committees for Books, to whom we furnish our own publications, and those of all the publishers in the country, on the most liberal terms. COUNTRY MERCHANTS and POSTMASTERS can procure subscribers to, and sell, "Sears' Pictorial Works," make a handsome profit, and sustain no loss.

Persons wishing to engage in their sale, will receive promptly, by mail, a Circular containing full particulars, with "Directions to Persons disposed to act as Agents," together with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the subscriber, post-paid, **ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York.**

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE ON

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

From the 1st of July, 1851, the Postage on this large and popular Family Journal is reduced, and, at the beginning of 1852, it will be again enlarged by adding Six Columns more of Reading.

Persons subscribing in the interim will secure the elegant Premiums, and have the benefit of the enlargement—the "Paper" is now the largest of the Philadelphia weeklies—without incurring any additional expense for subscription or postage.

The publisher, to accommodate all, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but to have in their possession also a beautiful house ornament, he proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS:

Single copy, one year (with an elegant premium engraving),	-	-	-	-	\$2
Four copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club),	-	-	-	-	5
Ten copies (and a premium to the getter-up of the club),	-	-	-	-	10
Twenty copies (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber),	-	-	-	-	20

THE PREMIUM PLATES.

Any person sending \$2 in advance, will receive "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" for one year, and any one of the following costly and beautiful fine mezzotint and steel Parlor Prints:—

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix. 14.

[This is one of the very best large size mezzotint engravings. It contains seventeen full-length figures, engraved in the very best style of art, and covers a space of 285 square inches—cost of engraving, \$1500! The retail price is \$3. For \$3, we will furnish the paper one year and the colored print.]

THE FIRST PRAYER.—"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."

[This is a neat, chaste, instructive, and appropriate parlor print, 26 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in superior style. The store price of this print is also \$3.]

[There are no wood-cuts or lithographs in our premiums.]

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the Club will receive any one of the following beautiful mezzotint and steel large size parlor engravings:—

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY PREACHING IN THE GWENAP AMPHITHEATRE.

[This engraving is a fine mezzotint, and in the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving, \$1500. The picture is 23 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$2.]

AMERICA GUIDED BY WISDOM.—An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity. The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price, \$2.]

PRESIDENT TAYLOR AND HIS WAR HORSE.—A fine mezzotint, engraved at a cost of \$1000.

THE REVERIE.—(Plain). This beautiful mezzotint engraving will be furnished, uncolored, to club subscribers. The store price of this print, plain, is \$2.

REMARKS.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive any one of the last four described plates he may select. By paying \$1, he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less than \$2. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving, in the last list, he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it. Address, post-paid,

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher, No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A FEW REASONS WHY GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK SHOULD HAVE THE PREFERENCE WITH THE PUBLIC.

The first, and perhaps the only one that need be given, is—it is the best.

Second. The articles in the "Lady's Book" are written by American authors, who are paid for them.

Third. It contains many more and better engravings.

Fourth. Having as many subscribers as any two other magazines, the publisher can afford to issue a more expensive publication, by which the subscriber is benefited.

Fifth. It is the only work designed for the amusement and instruction of ladies, and conducted by ladies.

Sixth. Because in the "Lady's Book" you have the original, and in others only counterfeits.

Seventh. Why will persons subscribe to a second-rate magazine, when they can get the best at the same price, \$3?

Eighth. Because the money paid to writers, engravers, and others is freely distributed to Americans, and mostly to American ladies.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION, AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLIII.—NOVEMBER, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

Match Plates.—Good and Evil.

- | | | |
|--|---|-------------------|
| 1. <i>EVIL COUNSEL</i> , | } Match Plates for the Lady's Book, carrying out the great design of the work. Engraved, in mezzotint, by the most celebrated engraver of that style in Philadelphia, | T. B. WELCH. |
| 2. <i>GOOD COUNSEL</i> , | | |
| 3. "THE PICTURE GALLERY," containing the latest Fashions for Winter Cloaks, &c. Designed, expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by one of the most <i>recherché</i> Dress-makers in Philadelphia. Engraved by | | J. I. PEASE. |
| 4. "THE GUILLOU BASKET." A beautiful Basket, colored in Lady's Book style. Lithographed by | | P. S. DUVAL. |
| 5. <i>LATEST FASHIONS FOR LADY'S RIDING DRESSES</i> . Engraved by | | J. FROST. |
| 7. <i>MUSIC</i> .—O, LADY WITH THE NUT-BROWN HAIR. Music by | | JAMES M. STEWART. |
| 8, 9. <i>MODEL COTTAGE OF THE MOST APPROVED STYLE</i> . Two engravings. Engraved by | | G. S. JONES. |
| 10-18. <i>COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS</i> . Nine engravings. Engraved by | | J. FROST. |
| 19. <i>MONUMENT OF A GREEK GIRL</i> . Engraved by | | W. CROOME. |
| 20-23. <i>CHEMISETTES AND CAPS</i> . Four engravings. Engraved by | | J. FROST. |
| 24, 25. <i>STRAW-WORK</i> . Two engravings. Engraved by | | C. T. HINCKLEY. |
| 26, 27. <i>BRAIDING</i> .—SOFA CUSHION AND SLIPPER. Two engravings. Engraved by | | GEO. GILBERT. |

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

Model Cottage,	260	The Faded Flower, by <i>William C. Brown</i> ,	302
Counsel.—The Evil and the Good, by <i>Alice B. Neal</i> ,	261	To Phœbe, by <i>T. B. Rider</i> ,	303
Aunt Tabitha's Fireside, by <i>Edith Woodley</i> ,	263	The Star of Destiny, by <i>M. L. Sheldon</i> ,	308
The Captive Deer, by <i>Fanny Fales</i> ,	266	To a Sleeping Child, by <i>M. S. O. Farrell</i> ,	309
Leaves from my Journal—Schiller, by the late Miss <i>Harriette J. Meek</i> ,	267	My Little Nieces, by <i>Adaliza Cutler</i> ,	304
Hope, by <i>Mrs. M. A. Bigelow</i> ,	269	To my Wife, by <i>F. I. W.</i> ,	304
The Seen and the Unseen, by <i>Morton Colman</i> ,	270	A White Violet in Autumn, by <i>C. E. B.</i> ,	305
L'Esprit, by <i>Joseph Merrifield</i> ,	272	Heaven in View, by <i>Clara Moreton</i> ,	305
Harwood Hall, by <i>Mary Lavenant</i> ,	273	Sabbath Lyrics, by <i>W. Gilmore Simms</i> ,	306
The Last Jew of Baden, by <i>* * Freese</i> ,	278	Sonnet, by <i>Wm. Alexander</i> ,	306
Costumes of all Nations,	281	Tell her to meet me there, by <i>Miss N. H. Hubbard</i> ,	306
Zillah, by <i>N. T. Rosseter</i> ,	284	Chemisettes and Caps,	307
Stray Leaves from the Diary of a Physician, by <i>Kate Carroll</i> ,	285	Knitted Lacc Collar,	308
Lucy Cameron; or, Honesty's Reward, by <i>J. M. Evans</i> ,	288	Straw-Work,	309
Lines on the Monument of a Greek Girl, by <i>D. Sirock, Jr.</i> ,	296	Braiding.—Sofa Cushion and Slipper,	310
Three Eras in the Life of a Prima Donna, by <i>Miss Susan A. Stuart</i> ,	297	Editors' Table,	311
Song of the Dying Girl, by <i>Cora Lee</i> ,	302	Literary Notices,	313
		Publisher's Department,	315
		Various Useful Receipts,	315
		Fashions,	315

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent, and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Is. and, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. Over 500 and under 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for 1500 miles, or twenty-four cents for three months for a distance over 1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK



GOOD NIGHT TO FIFTY ONE.

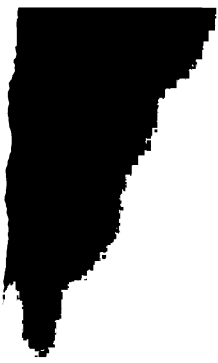
MRS. S. J. HALE

EDITOR.

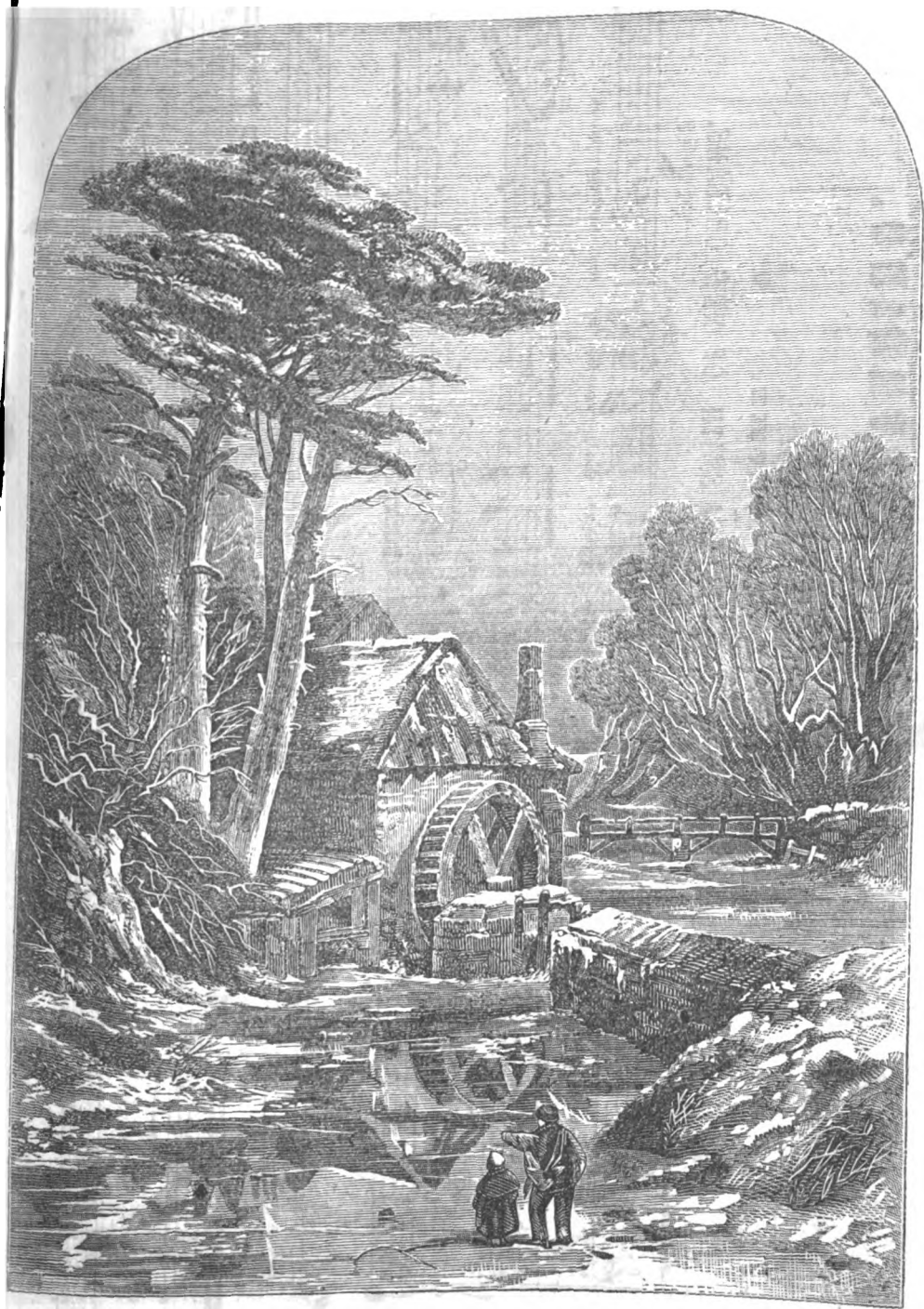
LOUIS. A. GODEY

PUBLISHER

Digitized by Google







THE FROZEN MILL

LOVE THE STRLE EVRINO.

POETRY BY

T. A. GOULD.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, BY

THEODORE P. LA HACHE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS GEORGIANA SMITH OF NEW ORLEANS.

Sudanie non troppo.

VOICE.

1. I love the still ev - 'ning! It lull - eth to rest, The world-care that wan - der By day thro' the breast, How

PIANO.

acomp. *sempre. p*

mf

gen - tly it com - eth With soft - fan - ning wings, What joy to the care - worn Its quiet - - ness brings.

crca.

2. I love the still ev-'ning! It seems to im-part A deep sense of de-votion and peace to the heart; And what les-sons are taught us of

crca.

con 8 vi.

wis-dom and love, By the soft gleam-ing stars In their arch-way a-bove.

legato.

pp

I love the still evening!
Tis then are upcast,
By sweet memory's wand,
Treasured scenes of the past:
Yes, in winter or summer,
Which o'er it may be,
The evening time always
Is pleasant to me.

4. I love the still evening!
Our better thoughts stray,
In the noise and the glare
And excitement of day;
But the truant's returning,
How gladly we greet,
When the evening time cometh,
Tranquillity sweet.

MODEL COTTAGE



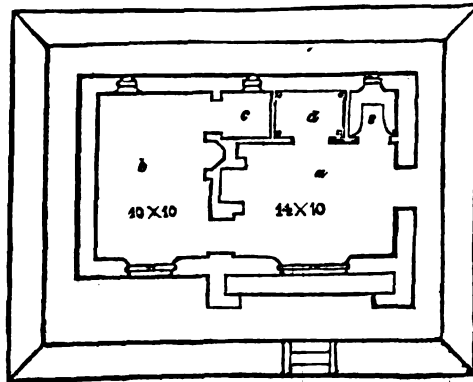
A Cottage Dwelling of two Rooms.

Accommodation.—In the ground-plan of this design there is a kitchen, *a*; with a bed-room, *b*; a light closet in the bed-room, *c*; a bed closet from the kitchen, *d*; and a pantry, *e*.

Construction.—The exterior walls may be of

earth or stone, and the interior of brick nogging, flat, with the exception of the chimney stacks. The pitch of the roof being low, it should be covered with slates.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents 7,770 feet; at 10 cents per foot, \$777 00; at 5 cents, \$388 50.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1851.

THE DRESS-MAKER AND THE DRESS-WEARER

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.

(See Plates.)

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in!
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnight's chill and murk,
Stitched her life into the work;
Shaping, from her bitter thought,
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there."—LOWELL.

HALF buried in the velvet cushions of one of the luxurious arm-chairs of an apartment, furnished with a magnificence an Eastern sultana might envy, sat an elderly lady, habited in a costly and most elaborate undress. Her face had been fair to look upon; but, by long practice in the fashionable art of concealing all expression, she had succeeded in wiping out from her features everything of the kind, save one of cat-like distrust and haughty self-conceit.

Listlessly reclining upon a yielding lounge was a young lady of seventeen or eighteen, with a set of features most rarely and wonderfully beautiful. Still, with face and form of perfect symmetry, the long lashes of those usually downcast eyes could not conceal, in their occasional over-bright flashes, the pride and discontent of a heart warring with itself; also in the pettish curl of her faultless lip, and in the haughty arching of her exquisitely penciled brows, could you read the same.

Beautiful as had been the mother, and as was Bertha, her favorite daughter, no one for an instant could accuse the eldest daughter, Caroline, of being even good-looking. Hopelessly homely, her face expressed most plainly that she had never forgiven

either father or mother for her ill looks, nor her sister for being so favored.

Like a stray sunbeam in a scowling picture was the presence, in that family group, of Clarice, the youngest daughter. If she was pretty, she did not know it. Her delight lay, not in herself, but in her tame birds and squirrels; in Strauss' and Labitzky's waltzes—which she was forever playing; in dancing fancy dances; and in diffusing the warmth and joy of her own sunny temper among the ever-contenting members of her family.

"Clarice, do stop that intolerable drumming on the piano! I wish to read something to mother."

"Certainly, if you wish it, sister Caroline; for my fingers fairly ache with that last grand attempt," replied Clarice, waltzing, with the lightness of a fairy, across the spacious room, her voice softly echoing the air she had just been playing.

"You might as well be a humming-top, and done with it, such a whirling and buzzing as you keep up!"

"What were you going to read to me, Caroline?" said Mrs. Winslow.

"An announcement of the death and failure of Mr. Walter Lee."

"Of Walter Lee! Caroline, did you say of Walter Lee?"

"I think I spoke sufficiently plain for you to understand the name."

"Walter Lee! How shocking! When did he die?"

"Very suddenly, last evening; and the paragraph states that his death was most probably occasioned by the startling announcement of the failure of the house in which all his property was invested."

"I suppose his widow and daughter will look to us now for their support," said the hitherto silent Bertha.

"Do tell me, Bertha Winslow, if you have aroused yourself sufficiently to make such a wise remark?" sneered Caroline. "I thought you had been fast asleep ever since breakfast. All I can say is, if *you* suppose that, I suppose Walter Lee's widow and daughter will not be so weak as to imagine they have a claim upon *us* merely because Mrs. Lee happens to be the sister of my father."

"Ruth Lee has many accomplishments. She will doubtless conclude to maintain herself and her mother by her own industry," said Mrs. Winslow.

"I do not recognize any claim they have upon *us*," persisted Caroline. "If people are careless in business, it is no reason they should expect to depend on those who are more prudent."

At the first word that announced her uncle's death, had Clarice left the room, and, with her school-bonnet and shawl in her hand, was she hurrying through the streets to her uncle's dwelling.

The closed shutters and the crape at the door told too plainly the sad tale within.

"I knew *you* would come to us in our affliction, dear Clarice," said Ruth Lee, as the warm-hearted girl stole into the room where the mourners were sitting, and threw herself weeping on Ruth's bosom. "Oh, Clarice, may such a bitter grief as is now breaking my heart-strings never come upon you!"

Ruth paused, for the vision of her uncle Winslow, her cousin Clarice's father, her own dear mother's brother, passed before her—a vision of a stern, cold, cruel-hearted man, who neither asked for nor accepted love from those nearest him; and she felt that, if he were to die, Clarice's loss could not compare with hers. And then arose to her mind the image of a man with a child's simplicity of heart, with a woman's tenderness, and a nobleness of nature that was Godlike in its uprightness and truth. The irreparable weight of her bereavement once more overpowered her, and the tears she shed seemed like tears of blood wrung from her heart.

The hard, uncompromising truth at length stared the widow and orphan in the face. They were beggars. All was swept from them, to the very home in which they had lived so happily. With a strength of purpose scarcely belonging to her years, Ruth Lee aroused herself from her grief, and set herself seriously to planning what had best be done. She could not look for much help from her mother, for her health, never very good, seemed so broken down by her affliction that Ruth began to fear she might lose her also.

"To-morrow, dear Ruth, we must leave the home where we have seen so much joy. Strangers will reap the fruits of your dear father's taste, and judgment in planning and executing this comfortable and elegant abode. But what shall *we* do? Shall we accept brother Richard's invitation to make a home with him?"

"And be looked upon by his parsimonious wife as dependents and in the way! No, dearest mother; while I have youth and health, I will look to

no one but myself for our support. I have found two pleasant little rooms down town that I can get for a mere song."

"Yes, but that song must be paid; and what with, dear Ruth?"

"By myself. I have decided upon making dresses."

"Ruth!"

"I always had a handy way with my scissors and needle," continued Ruth, with a steady voice, but with a cheek more and more pale.

"You be a dressmaker!"

"Why not, dearest mother? It is an honest employment."

"But you play and sing so beautifully! If you must do something, why not teach music?"

"Who would learn of me, dear mother? To whom could I apply, or *would* I apply, for patronage? All our friends, even our relations, have shown how little they expect to do for us, or sympathize with us, by keeping almost entirely aloof from us. Then, I doubt my own proficiency too much to put myself before the world as a music teacher. Besides, we have no home suitable to bring pupils into."

"But a situation in some school, my child?"

"Would take me from you too much during the day. No, dearest mother, I have thought of all, of everything, and can see nothing else for me to do. Besides, I have partially engaged some work for next week. Aunt Winslow paid us another stately visit while you were lying down this afternoon, and, without making any offer of assistance—which, God forgive me! if she had, I should *not* have accepted—she seemed very desirous to know our plans for the future. I told her my plan, and she remarked, in a very patronizing way, that it was a very judicious one, and that Bertha had several new dresses to be made, and that I might try my hand at one next week."

The next week found Ruth and her mother settled in their narrow quarters. Ruth made the dress, and it was pronounced a "fit," and soon she had more "custom" than she could well manage. The very fashionable persons who had, since her change in fortune, declined recognizing her as an acquaintance, were glad to avail themselves of her undeniable skill. To her taste and ingenuity there seemed no limit; and, as she always kept her promises, cost her what sleepless hours they might, she soon found herself able to place before her mother many of those little comforts to which she had been accustomed, and which her frail health demanded.

And now, in the elegant mansion of the Winslows, all was bustle and preparation. An unlooked-for piece of good fortune had befallen them. The plain Caroline had actually received an offer, notwithstanding the oft-repeated predictions of her mother and sister to the contrary. It was also a "highly advantageous offer," as Mrs. Winslow, with much satisfaction, told her friends.

The happy bridegroom in prospective was a

crusty old bachelor, worth his weight in gold, who never till now had found a woman sufficiently ill-favored to justify him in proposing to her the question matrimonial. He had taken a life-long prejudice to pretty women. "They are all vain," he said, "and love themselves and every one else better than they do their own lawful husbands. And, from being flattered all their lives, they get to think themselves better able to judge of everything than any one else can for them."

All was preparation. The down-stairs was uninhabitable with painters and upholsterers, and the up-stairs was in as much turmoil with sewing-girls and satins, linens, laces, and lady friends; for there was to be such a grand wedding as had never been known.

Tired with the confusion, Mr. Winslow found fault with everything; but, as he had always found fault with everything, he was not much heeded. As he lived mostly in his counting-room, or at his club, the mother and daughters had all pretty much their own way.

"It is all the time what will be most becoming to the bride! What the bridesmaid is to wear is not of the least consequence," said Bertha, in a pet.

"I thought your evening's dress was chosen, and that you had decided Ruth Lee should make it," replied the bride elect.

"The carriage is never at my disposal; it is always engaged in the execution of your commissions. Ruth Lee, you know, never leaves her home to fit dresses."

"You can have the carriage this afternoon, Bertha," said Mrs. Winslow, who, if her proud heart loved anything, it was her haughty, beautiful Bertha.

"Much as I dislike that sanctimonious, patient little Ruth Lee, she must make my dress; for no one else can give it such a graceful fit as she."

"You have never tried Miss Pinchem," observed Caroline.

"I have no need of padding," retorted Bertha. "You would be glad to employ Ruth Lee yourself, only that she professes to be too honest to interfere with nature."

"I fear this Ruth Lee has very little custom, then," remarked a lady visitor.

"She makes all my dresses, and also those of many of my friends," replied Bertha.

"Dear mamma, let me go with Bertha this afternoon," implored Clarice. "This once let Cousin Ruth make my!"

"Not till you have done with that foolish habit of calling her cousin," replied Mrs. Winslow, in a stern voice.

The lady friend found occasion soon to depart, anxious to lighten her heart of the news, with which, until then, she was unacquainted, that the Winslows had low connections who were mantuamakers, &c., of whom they were ashamed.

Ruth and her mother had retired so quietly from the circle in which they had moved, that but com-

paratively few either knew of or cared for their whereabouts.

A stately carriage had just driven from the humble home of Ruth Lee.

Standing beside the table in the same attitude which she had assumed some moments before, after she had closed the door upon her haughty cousin, Ruth Lee seemed struggling with herself to restrain some powerful emotion that was working within her. At the sound of her mother's step within, Ruth gathered up the folds of the costly fabric that was piled upon the table, and, throwing it over her arm, she held it up as though admiring its beautiful texture, but really to conceal the heaviness of her own heart.

In a moment or two after, her mother entered the room, and Ruth tried to smile as she showed her the material for her cousin's dress; but it was a dim smile, and Mrs. Lee saw that it was more full of tears than joy.

"Did you fit Bertha this afternoon, dear Ruth?"

"I have her patterns, dear mother, and she is to call to-morrow afternoon to try on her dress."

"But what is it, my child, that has gone wrong with you? It is something more than usual, I know. Do not conceal anything from me. Let me share everything that comes near you."

With that, as though she could no longer restrain her feelings, Ruth sank into an armchair near by, and gave way to a resistless passion of tears. Checking herself, after a few minutes, she exclaimed—

"Forgive me, dearest mother; I am very wrong to distress you so cruelly. But *she* was so proud, and cold, and distant, and imperative; she, who *used* to be my schoolmate—she, who *used* to be my cousin! And then it was more a remark *she* made!"

"What was it, my child? Don't hesitate. Tell me what she said."

"It was only that she did not see how I found time to read *such* books. I had been reading 'Jane Eyre.' It was more the tone than her words. But, dear mother, it is nothing."

"Nothing that you should be so hurt?—you, who are all goodness?"

"But, dear mother, her heart has never been softened by grief. Her life has been one of uninterrupted pleasure. Nothing, dear mother, like suffering softens the heart to others' misfortunes."

"My poor Ruth!"

"Poor, dearest mother! Am I not rich in your love?"

"You have it all, my child. But did I not tell you that Lincoln Raymond had returned? Lieutenant Raymond now. He used to be a favorite with you, I remember."

That "*used* to be"—that, or some recollection of the bygone—set Ruth off again, and she robbed as though her heart would break.

"Dearest mother, I am very foolish and nervous this afternoon. There! I will command myself

before I spoil this half-finished dress. Now tell me when he returned, and how you heard of it."

"I read the announcement of the arrival of the ship in which he sailed, in this morning's paper. His name was very flatteringly mentioned among the list of officers."

Ruth suppressed a sigh that arose to her lips, and the tears that would come to her eyes, and went on quietly stitching at the dress on which she had been at work all day.

"Welcome home, *Lieutenant* Raymond!" said Bertha Winslow, advancing, in her most graceful manner, and with her brightest smile, to meet that gentleman, as he was ushered into the drawing-room.

Clarice stopped in the midst of a waltz just new from Germany, and ran forward to shake hands with Raymond, without stopping to think whether she did so gracefully or no. Her smile was very bright, for it came from her heart. Lincoln Raymond had been very intimate with the two families; but report gave him to Ruth Lee, and report said that Bertha, with all her beauty, was very jealous of her cousin Ruth.

Bertha had never seemed so beautiful; she sparkled all over; and you could not tell, for the life of you, which flashed the brighter, her words or her eyes. Raymond seemed, for the moment at least, completely bewitched.

Clarice did not seem to like the way things were turning, and she recalled some bygone, in which Ruth Lee had been the heroine. Raymond's manner changed at once.

"I have been looking the city over for her," said he; "and hear but sad news of the family. Mr. Lee dead, having died insolvent also. Pray, Miss Winslow, where have Mrs. and Miss Lee removed?"

"Oh, did you not know?" replied Bertha quickly; "they went out west to some near relations of Uncle Walter's."

"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Clarice. But Bertha gave her sister a look that, for the time at least, silenced her.

Lincoln Raymond was so thoughtfully studying the pattern of the carpet, that he neither heard the exclamation of Clarice, nor saw her sister's look.

"Out west. How far out west, Miss Winslow?"

"Out west" is a very large country.

"Somewhere in Iowa, near *Prairie du Chien*; on the opposite side of the Mississippi, of course."

"So far as that!" said Raymond, in a disappointed voice.

Clarice left the room, looking as though she were in a high fever, and Bertha very adroitly changed the conversation. She said many enchanting things; but Raymond seemed thoughtful and absent, and soon after took his leave; not, however, until Bertha had made him promise to call the next morning and walk to church with her.

"Ruth, my child, I do not feel well enough to

leave the house this morning. You will have to go to church without me."

"I had thought to go to our old church this morning, dear mother. I have not been there since we moved here, so far out of the way."

"Is it not too great a distance for you to walk, my dear child?"

"I think not, dear mother."

Ruth had dressed herself with uncommon care that morning, although she would not have acknowledged even to herself the reason. As she neared the church, she felt as though she were almost guilty of some wrong—as though she had deceived her kind, good mother, in not confessing her real motive for not going to the place of worship they were of late attending. A soft blush stole over her sweet face, as she confessed to herself that there could be no harm in wishing to see him once more, just once more, to see if the last year and a half had changed his looks any.

The church was situated in the most fashionable part of the city, and the most fashionable people of the city attended it. For in religion, or its outward manifestation, as in all things else, there is the same spirit of exclusiveness that strives to bar the door to the "vulgar mass," and admit only those who possess the golden key to its entrance. The many familiar faces which she had not seen until now for nearly a year, filled Ruth's heart with sadness as she stole softly up the side aisle and quietly seated herself in one of the wall pews.

There, in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, was her own well-remembered pew, now occupied by strangers, and, near it, that of her aunt Winslow's, velvet-lined and velvet-cushioned. No one was in it but Bertha and—how the hot blood poured from her heart and burned upon her pale cheeks, when she saw once more his handsome face! She averted her own instantly, and, for a few moments, she thought she was going to faint; but tears came into her eyes, and she turned herself to the wall, and poured her heart out in bitter, silent tears.

She thought of the difference that *now* was between them, and magnified the difference until it seemed to her that he must spurn her as the dust under his feet. She had never felt until now her position so degraded, nor her employment so mean. A feeling of independence, and the strong desire to make her mother comfortable, had hitherto supported her. But now she almost hated herself for having undertaken anything that severed herself so utterly from the life to which she had been accustomed. Then the strange, unnatural state of society, and its self-imposed laws, rose to her mind. A panorama of her former numerous acquaintances, who had been hand in glove with her, but who now, when she met them in the street, either pretended not to see her, or unfeelingly cut her, arose before her, until, to her dizzy mind, it seemed as though she were really less worthy of esteem since she had undertaken that hateful employment. She

thought of her weary, toiling days, days of toil that often extended deep into the night, and she felt that she and her mother had better accepted the invitation of her uncle Richard, or done anything than what she was now doing. Such a loathing for that weary, weary toil, and its endless privations, came over her, as made her heart sick and sink within her.

The services of the church went on, meantime, and Ruth alone, and in her sorrow, seemed to read the hearts of those present. And very few were there who were sincere in the prayers their lips uttered. The responses of most of those gayly-dressed worshippers of mammon were spoken with a ready lip, but with a thoughtless heart and wandering eye.

Ruth felt sickened to the very soul with the sad thoughts that crowded through her mind; and then that such thoughts, to the exclusion of those more suited to the place and day, had taken possession of her, filled her with the keenest remorse. With a strong effort, she banished them from her mind, and, with a devout and penitent heart, she followed the remainder of the service, not once daring to trust her eyes in the direction of her cousin and Lincoln Raymond.

In the churchyard, just as she was going out of the gate, a voice close behind her, that made her very soul stand still, remarked—

"Do you know, Miss Winslow, that just now, as we left the church, I caught a glimpse of a face so like Ruth Lee's that it seemed to belong to her very self? I have been looking in vain for the same face under every bonnet around ever since."

"Resemblances are very common," said the voice of her cousin Bertha. "But it could not, of course, have been Ruth Lee, unless they have carried balloon-making in Iowa to a greater degree of perfection than they have with us."

Ruth heard, as in a dream, and glided on, reaching her home at last, worn out both in mind and body.

"My darling Ruth, what is it? You are as pale as your own white dress, and you tremble like a frightened bird. What has disturbed my precious child?"

Ruth threw herself on her mother's bosom, and gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears. She had restrained herself so long that now the sympathizing voice of her mother unlocked the tear-gates of her heart.

"Oh, mother, I know I am weak and wrong; but, when I am able, I will tell you what troubles me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Lee, when Ruth had made a clean breast, and told her *all* that oppressed her heart, all she had thought and felt that day—"my dear child, have patience: all will yet be right and well; evil may prosper for a time, but truth *must* prevail, goodness must meet its own reward. You can see what is the design of your cousin Bertha, but she will outwit herself. It would be too

great a wrong that one so artful and truthless as she should be the wife of one so pure and noble-minded as Lincoln Raymond."

"But, mother!"—

"Now your good heart is seeking to excuse her. I can read it in your face. Well, it is better so Charity comes from God; and, of all God's precious gifts, it is the one least in use."

Day after day passed on, and Bertha Winslow laid her snares more and more closely around her victim, until, blinded by their artificial glitter, he seemed ready to fall into their artful meshes. Her eyes were very bright, and the most dazzling red burned upon her cheeks; her voice was very soft, and the touch of her hand, as it met his, vibrated through every fibre of his being, so full of electricity was it; for, oh! she loved him with all the intensity and fire of her nature. It might have been well—it might have been, if he could, by little and little, have influenced her naturally noble spirit back to its original simplicity and truth; but, though young in years, she had grown so old in the ways of the world that she would have been more likely to influence him, through an unholy love, to the destruction of his own purest and loftiest feelings.

Day after day passed on, each day leaving Ruth Lee more weary and pale from her endless toil. Every few days would bring her some fresh rumor of the growing intimacy of her cousin Bertha and Lincoln Raymond. Her whilom companions, who made her *now* feel herself to be their servant, seemed to take peculiar delight in telling her the welcome news, probably from sympathy for her, knowing she and Raymond used to be so much together.

One such had just gone, when a carriage drove up rapidly, and, in a moment, Clarice came bounding into the room where Ruth was.

"Oh, Cousin Ruth," said she, throwing her arms lovingly around her, "how glad I am to see you once more! And, oh! I have something to tell you to which you must listen at once."

"What is it, my dearest cousin? I am all attention."

"Oh, it is a masquerade! Will it not be delightful? A real masquerade—a private one—no one is to know about it; for, you know, it is against the law. Mrs. Sumner is going to have it. It is to be at her house, which, you know, is nearly an acre large; so we will not want for room. She is going to have everything in style. The whole house is to be thrown open to the guests. I am going in the character of a tambourine dancer and fortune-teller, and you are to make my dress. I teased mamma so hard that, for this once, she consented. But you need not put much work on it; make it as slightly as you can, so that it will hold together for one evening; and you need not mind the stitches, for no one will see them. Here is a complete Persian costume," continued Clarice, opening a bundle. "It is of the richest materials, for I chose them myself, and ordered the dress to be made after this pattern.

See, is it not beautiful? It will be the most becoming dress you could wear. You may have to take in the seams of the tunic a little, to fit your slender waist; the skirts, I think, will be just the right length. And here are the little shoes—number three: you see I remember your number. And here is the mask to tie over your sweet face, and”—

“Dearest Clarice, *what are* you talking about? Not, surely, of my going to this!”—

“Now, do not say a word, for I see the *no* upon your lips. I have set my heart upon it. No one will know you. Your mask will shield you, and you can see everything and everybody, and enjoy the brilliant scene, and mingle with it, without any person even suspecting who you are.”

“It will be very, very pleasant certainly; but”—

“There are to be no buts. Mrs. Sumner and I have arranged it all. There is your ticket; and Mrs. Sumner is going to send a coach for you at eight o'clock this night week. She has always felt kindly towards you; but, to keep peace with her family, has seemed to give you up.”

“But the dress, dear Clarice?”—

“Never mind the dress; it is a present from Mrs. Sumner. Now, don't look proud. We must not be *too* independent in this world, but do as we would be done by, and accept favors from others, when sincerely given, as we would give them, lovingly, and in the spirit of trust. Oh, there is so little of that spirit in this wicked world!”

“My dearest Clarice, where did *you* learn so much of that true spirit of Christ? But I need look no farther than your own truth-inspired, genuine little heart for an answer to my question. You have prevailed, darling. I could not refuse you a much more important request, whatever pain it might cost me.”

“Pain, dear Ruth! But this will cost you nothing but pleasure.”

“And now your dress, my darling Clarice?”

“Yes, yes, here it is; and here is the pattern to guide you in making it. You will go?”

“Yes, dear Clarice.”

“Mrs. Sumner, recollect, is to send a coach for you; but you will not come home alone, unless I am greatly mistaken.”

The night of the masquerade had arrived; and Ruth had to acknowledge that she could not have worn a more becoming dress. Her mother could not sufficiently express her admiration of the beauty of her darling. Everything that could make her toilet complete, even to the embroidered and perfumed handkerchief, was sent with the dress. It was like some fairy tale to Ruth. And when, punctual to the moment, the carriage came, the tumult of her thoughts grew more strange and conflicting. She was once more going into the very midst of the circle of which she had once formed a part, and not an insignificant part; but it was still like a fairy tale, for she was going to wear the invisible cap, and not one of the gay company could know who she was.

The scene was brilliant beyond her expectation, and she was charmed out of herself and all her old sad thoughts in watching the numerous beautiful and strange costumes, and in trying to make out this one and that. Her cousin Bertha she was sure she had discovered, dressed as Mary Queen of Scots, and a most queenly queen she made. A tall, graceful form, in the picturesque, close-fitting guise of the ancient Greek, complete in all, even to the light flowing mantle over the left shoulder, who hovered continually near the Scottish queen, was, her heart told her, Lincoln Raymond.

Presently, tambourine in hand, came up to Ruth the merry little fortune-teller.

“Come with me, dear Ruth,” whispered she, very mysteriously; “I have something to show you.”

Ruth followed her cousin through rooms and long entries all thronged with the gay maskers, until, coming to a door, Clarice drew a key from her pocket, and, opening it, said to Ruth—

“Go in, dear, and stay till I return. It is a perfect love of a little room.”

Ruth could not well do anything else than remain till her cousin's return, for she had locked the door and taken the key with her.

However, she soon returned, but not alone; for she brought with her the graceful Greek.

“Now,” said the tambourine girl, “do me the favor, both of you, of unmasking, and tell me, when I return, if the surprise is not mutual and well conceived. You need not fear interruption.”

Before Ruth had time to reply, the dancer was off with her tambourine, with the door locked after her, and the key in her own possession.

“This is a cool proceeding, to say the least of it,” said the Greek. “But I will do my part of the obligation,” continued he, unmasking; “and, if my fair friend will do hers!”—

But the “fair friend,” instead of unmasking, chose rather to faint. The Greek gently untied her mask to give her the air, and, as her features were revealed to him, he could scarcely repress a scream. He caught her to his heart, and held her there so long and fervently, that his own strong life infused vitality into the pale face resting on his bosom.

“Where am I? Oh, I have had such a strange dream!” exclaimed Ruth.

“You are safe, and will soon, I hope, be well. But, dearest Ruth—my dear Miss Lee, when do you return from Iowa?”

“Oh, I have never, never been to Iowa in all my life.” And Ruth looked as though she were going to faint again.

“Never been to Iowa! This is strange! You cousin Bertha?”—

“Oh, do not say anything ill of her! She is my cousin. Never mind me. Let me leave the room I had rather go.”

“But, my dearest—but, Miss Lee, the door fastened upon the outside, and we are both prisoners. Let us make the best of it, and talk over it

past. I cannot tell you how I have longed to see you. I had decided soon to go to Iowa in search of you."

"They told me you were soon to be united to my cousin Bertha."

"We will not talk of that; though I will confess that your false cousin somewhat bewildered me. But she never could succeed in effacing you from my heart, dearest, dearest Ruth. When I left the country, a year and a half ago, it was more suddenly than I expected, and without any formal engagement or declaration of love between us. But my whole heart was yours, and I hoped and trusted your love was also mine. Was I—was I mistaken?"

Ruth trembled from head to foot, but could not say a word. The coming in, just at that moment, of their little jailer, was a great relief to Ruth; but, though she had given Raymond no verbal answer, the light of love in her soft eyes had illumined his inmost soul, and made him happy.

Clarice saw at a glance how things were, and all she said was—

"Oh, forgive my poor sister! And forgive me for not revealing to you sooner that Cousin Ruth had not left this place; but, oh, I could not speak the words! Bertha is my sister; and her untruth made my heart ache so much, I could not speak it. But oh, say, am I forgiven?"

Raymond was too happy to harbor an unkind thought against any one, and certainly not against the present author of his happiness. So, out of his full heart, he comforted the tearful little Clarice into smiles again.

Clarice was right, Ruth did not go home alone that night. Nor was there any more stitching for the weary dress-maker.

"How happy we shall all be, dearest Ruth, in our dear old home again! It was so kind and thoughtful in your Lincoln Raymond to re-purchase the house your dear father built. I shall be, as I have been, the happiest mother alive; and now more than ever, in having two such dear children instead of one."

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY DAN L. STROCK, JR.

(See Plate.)

Give me thy blessing now,
My mother. They are gone for whom I strayed,
From this loved home; and Time his hand hath laid
Heavy upon my brow.

Forgive me for the hour
Of careless passion, when the blood danced warm
With fancied joy, as love twined round the form
That held me 'neath its power.

Oh! if to feel the pain
Which that fond heart endures, doomed, day by day,
To see the spell which charmed it melt away,
Never to come again:

To watch while, one by one,
The cords are broke that youthful passion strung
To music, wilder than the siren's song
Floating at set of sun:

To weep, when none behold
Save one, at midnight, how the lamp's dim g are
Flames on the aching eye, while through the air
The bleak wind whistles cold

To change the worshiped bride
For the sad wife—abused, neglected, made
A mark for insult, humbled to a grade
Which slaves might view with pride:—

If these, my mother, move
Thy pity, wilt thou bless me? Oh! then hear
A tale of grief, unfit for parent's ear—
The sad reward of love!

Hear of the narrow bed
Where slumbers one whose infant lips scarce learned
To whisper "mother," ere the spirit that burned,
Within her bright eyes, fled:

Of hours passed at night
Beside his couch who loved me once, while pain
Harrowed his brow, and his strong heart in vain
Grappled with Death's dread might!

Rudely his humble bier
They bore away, strangers, who did not know
That I would be alone, nor saw the woe
That sheds no soothing tear.

Mother, may this atone
For counsel slighted? Still thou wilt not say
I am forgiven; and I no more will pray
For the forbidden boon.

Never, to vex thy ear,
Shall this sad plea return. I shall be gone,
Ere years or months roll round, to that dark bourne
Where sorrow craves no tear.

Farewell! But, oh! my heart
Still clings to thee, and I could clasp thee now
Within my arms, and seal upon thy brow
A prayer we ne'er might part.

She rose with the calm look which suffering wears
When hope is gone forever. But the heart
Of her she prayed to, by the strong appeal
Was touched and softened. While her aged frame
Shook with the memory of happier days,
She pressed the suppliant to her heart, and breathed
A mother's blessing in her willing ear.

OAKFORD'S.

It may, at first, seem to our lady friends that they have little claims to an invitation to an opening at "Oakford's"—so long celebrated for black beavers of unexceptionable style. But, on once entering the beautifully furnished establishment, they will see their claim is quite as good as any a gentleman can put forth. Here, on this pure white marble slab, are boxes of gauntlets, the neatest and prettiest that ever reined in a horse; graceful riding-whips, crossed in stars; and, above all, the crowning novelty of the season, the **BRIDAL RIDING HAT**!



It comes to us unwrapped gingerly from its resting-place; in shape at once coquettish and comfortable, in color purity itself, and crowned by its rosette of satin, from which floats a plume more graceful in its combinations than any we have before seen. Surely the invention must have emanated from a refined and delicate taste. This, of itself, is worth peculiar notice. Plainer hats are near it for your ordinary wear, the crowns higher than heretofore, and the plume "flowing free." Black satin face rosettes, instead of white, are principally used. Then there is the *nouvellette*, a child's hat, very similar to the bridal hat described above. The plume, a spray of marabout and dotted cock's feathers, tipped with beaded ends. Nothing could be prettier. The *child's promenade hat* is somewhat plainer, with a round crown and rolling brim, and may be worn by a boy or girl. The distinctness of the white is relieved by blue or pink ornaments, in both of the latter styles.

The *Spanish sombrero* is of plain black, with a low crown and medium brim. A simple cord and

dependent tassel marks this as appropriated to young lads, and is very tasteful.

LADIES' BEAVER HATS come next on the list: they are of elegant shape, principally of fawn or stone color, and trimmed richly with satin. (See our Fashion Chit-Chat.)

FURS are the next important item, which will interest every lady reader. Those worn most the present season are sable, stone martin, Hudson's Bay martin, and fitch. Swan's down tippets and muffatees are also very fashionable, more so than for many past seasons, as we are assured by a glance at Mr. Oakford's cases. Muffs, if worn at all, are much smaller than in a long time; but, for all fashionable purposes, they are out of date, muffatees having taken their place. These are deep cuffs of fur, lined and quilted with silk, so as to be entirely comfortable, and secured at the wrist by an invisible gum elastic band. Tippets are broader in the cape, and not so long in the ends, as the past season. The front is *en scarf*, and ornamented with tips. These are also richly quilted and lined. (See Chit-Chat.)

But there are two other articles, among the variety of Mr. Oakford's establishment, we must not pass without notice. A sleigh or chamber robe of fur, either beautifully shaded, or plain, with a light border. One of jet black, with an edge of white, we have never seen surpassed for softness and beauty. Then there are *foot muffs*, delightful to the eyes of elderly people or invalids, looking only too comfortable and inviting this frosty weather.

But what avails all this beauty without a full purse? for we are stopped on the very threshold by an ominous placard, "All sales conducted on strictly cash principles."

SONNET

BY RICHARD S. JAMES.

WITHIN the ramparts of an ancient fort
An Indian tomahawk of stone I found;
And though I searched with care th' abandoned
mound,
The inner space, and the unscentried port,
No other vestiges of any sort
Recalled to mind the warwhoop's fearful sound—
The patient hunter stealing o'er the ground—
Or council fires, where satchems would resort.
As on the western wind his warwhoop died,
So has the Indian's glory passed away;
While solitary relics of his power abide,
And crumble in the cultivated clay;
For sometimes, as we turn the sod aside,
A cloven skull, or weapon we survey

FAMILIAR RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TIMES OF THE EMPIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. M. SANDERS.

MALMAISON.

CHAPTER I.

MALMAISON, situated on the road from Paris to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, beyond the village of Rueil, was, perhaps, of all his residences, the one which Napoleon liked best.

The origin of Malmaison is very ancient, according to our antiquaries. At the time of the irruption of the Normans in the eleventh century, a chief of these barbarians, named Odon, established himself with some of his soldiers upon the summit of one of the hills which overlook the Seine, in the neighborhood of Nanterre. Perched like an eagle in his inaccessible eyrie, the bold brigand pounced upon the travelers and merchants who happened to pass on this road, extorted a ransom, and frequently dragged them back to his den, where he strangled them without the least compassion, when his rapacity had not been satisfied.

His crimes, of all kinds, struck the country people with such terror, that they called the sort of fortified barn which he had built on his place, *Mala domus*, House of Evil, or, in their own language, *Maltaise maison*, from which has been made, by ellipsis, *Malmaison*.

Superstition seized upon this fatal renown, and, long after the death of Odon, the villagers never approached the ruins of the abandoned habitation without fear and trembling. Very soon a thousand doleful stories were related of things said to have happened on this accursed territory; and nocturnal apparitions led them to believe that the devil in person had taken up his abode there. Woe to the pilgrim who, through ignorance or daring, went up into the snares raised by Odon about this infernal domain! He would pay dear for the shelter he had sought there. The building of Malmaison, thus struck with an infamous reprobation, presented nothing more than a heap of ruins; the ground was untilled, and ponds of stagnant water poisoned the atmosphere for a great distance around.

At length, the monks of Saint Denis, not having the fear of the devil, took possession, by virtue of a royal grant, of this neglected soil, and cultivated and embellished it, without even thinking of exorcising it; and, by degrees, the places which not long before had been the terror of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, became models of cultivation and luxurious agriculture.

However, the neighborhood of Malmaison was again in bad repute at the close of the fourteenth century; for we read, in the *Chronique de Saint-*

Denis, that, in 1369, the baggage of the Constable Duguesclin was pillaged there. On this occasion, the brave constable said to the King, Charles V. :—

"It is a great pity, sire, that, at less than three leagues from your capital, one cannot travel in safety, but must be exposed to the sudden attacks of robbers. During the next peace, with your majesty's permission, I will make a circuit with my men-at-arms, and purge the country of these vermin."

"My dear constable," replied the king, "you will do well, and I grant you from this time the right to put down those daring brigands, who do not even respect the trinkets of my captains. But, Bertrand," added the monarch, smiling mischievously, "since you take the *grandes compagnies* away with you, I think this labor will be more necessary upon your return."

In fact, these *grandes compagnies*, or great bands, led by Duguesclin into Spain, and on other distant expeditions, were a real scourge to France, for they themselves pillaged everything they encountered on their way.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Malmaison was ceded by the monks of St. Denis to Sieur Perrot, counsellor to the Parliament of Paris. At a later period, it descended to Guiton de Forlagues, captain of the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, who, residing frequently at his country house of Rueil, had found it convenient, in circumstances where his life was unceasingly threatened, to have his private guard lodged at a short distance.

Forlagues enlarged the domain, and added a building in which he accommodated a part of his company.

After having passed successively through several hands, Malmaison was, in 1792, sold as national property, and fell to a furnisher of the armies of the Republic.

Before setting out for Egypt, Bonaparte had expressed to Josephine the desire of finding, on his return to France, a country residence, already furnished, with gardens and other appurtenances, and had commissioned his brother Joseph to make this acquisition; but the latter did nothing toward it. In the letters which the general-in-chief of the army of the Orient wrote to his wife, he incessantly urged her to arrange for him, on his return, the agreeable surprise of this house in the country.

"I do not wish a palace," said he in one of his letters, "but one of those smiling villas, such as you have often seen in Italy. It may be a little larger than the house of Socrates, but must not be so

splendid as that of Scipio, for I shall not bring back with me from Egypt three hundred slaves, as Scipio did when returning from Carthage."

Josephine, always desirous of pleasing her husband, employed several persons in making excursions through the environs of Paris, for the purpose of finding this much desired habitation. After having hesitated a long while between Ris and Malmaison, she decided in favor of the latter, which she purchased of Monsieur Lecoulteux du Moley, and not of Mons. Lecoulteux de Canqueleu, as some writers have said, for the sum of 200,000 francs, of which 40,000 francs only were paid on account.

This place was very far from resembling what it has become since. The property, strictly speaking, was composed of a *château*, which, upon his return from Egypt, Bonaparte found in a very bad condition; a park, large enough, it is true, and a farm that did not bring more than 12,000 francs a year. Josephine superintended in person all the works of embellishment and improvement which were successively executed, to create, I may say, the beautiful domain, subsequently celebrated by Delisle in his poem of *Des Jardins* (The Gardens).

Malmaison, the property of a wealthy family, who took a certain pride in imitating the English in the comfort of their country houses, was already, at the time of Madame Bonaparte's purchase, a delightful residence.

The *château* was not so large as those of Méreville or de Morfontaine; but, on the other hand, the park was much better planned, notwithstanding its proximity to a rather barren hill, which rises on its left. Nothing could be greener or more shady than the avenues bordering the great road leading to St. Germain-en-Laye; the neighborhood of the river Seine, moreover, gave a healthy freshness to the shrubbery. After some time, wishing to enlarge his domain, the First Consul requested Mademoiselle Julien, a very rich old maid, then living at Rueil, to sell him, as a neighborly favor, and at any price she might demand, a garden, which was only separated from those of Malmaison by a small byroad. The park of Malmaison was not more than seventy acres in extent; and on the side of Mlle. Julien's property it became very narrow, so that from the summit of the hill of which we have spoken, and upon which a small terrace à l'Italienne had been constructed, everything that occurred in its vicinity could be easily observed. This was the real motive that influenced the Consul to purchase this plot of ground, for which accommodation Mlle. Julien made him pay an exorbitant price.

The apartments of the *château* on each side were composed of a tolerably handsome bedchamber, with a dressing-room and another small room for a servant. The furniture was yet more simple; the floors were not even inlaid; all the rooms opened upon a long corridor, to which one ascended by a few steps, having on the right the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, and on the left, the *salon de réception*.

Josephine celebrated her installation at Malmaison by a charming *fête*. On the day of the inauguration of the delightful villa, news was received at Paris that General Bonaparte had returned to Cairo, from his expedition into Syria. As the most alarming reports had been current upon the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the return of the general-in-chief into the capital of Egypt was regarded by the nation as a sort of victory. The *fête* was influenced by it; the rejoicing was universal. Josephine was happy then, for her happiness was shared by all France.

Immediately after his return from the Orient, Bonaparte went to see his new residence. The gardens were delicious; flowers and exotics were planted in abundance; a thousand rare shrubs bordered the walks of the park, which were laid out in fanciful designs, and nearly all protected by a monastic shade. The furniture of the dwelling had been entirely renewed. New decorations of perfect elegance gave an additional charm to the modern paintings of the ceiling, the sculptured wainscot, and to the fairy reflection of mirrors, distributed with the greatest profusion. The master ran through the gardens and apartments with the delight of a school-boy, and everywhere found something to eulogize. Madame Bonaparte smiled to herself at the raptures of her husband, and said to him, in an almost tragical tone—

"Well! citizen-general, are you perfectly satisfied with your country house?"

"*Citoyenne*," replied Napoleon, in the same tone, "you are an Armida, and deserve a Rénéau."

After the events of the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte, who had his own plans, and would not continue to live in the pomp of the Luxembourg, since the Directors had rendered a sojourn there almost ridiculous, dwelt constantly at Malmaison. Every evening, during the fine season, and when the affairs of government no longer detained him at the consular palace, he could be seen either in a carriage or on horseback, accompanied by only one *aide-de-camp*, taking his way to that charming country-seat, which he preferred even, he said playfully, to his *gilt cage of the Tuileries*.

However, this ride was not unattended with danger. More than once, Bonaparte had been informed that men, posted in the quarries of Nanterre, would carry him off, or even attempt his life. To this information the Consul shrugged his shoulders, and replied to Fouché, then minister of police, who urged him to be on his guard—

"They would not dare; but, should it be their intention, it is your place to provide for the safety of my person; as for me, I cannot, and should not, occupy myself with the stories retailed about."

It is true that the road leading from Neuilly to Malmaison was neither beautiful nor safe. As the days were not yet long, the Consul had to pass the night between the *Chant du Cog*—a sort of inn, isolated and of bad repute—and the totally deserted quarries of Nanterre; for, at this season, the road of Saint Germain was little frequented. The numerous

vehicles kept up by the movement of the population, were not running then, as they have since done, in the environs of Paris. All was solitary and dangerous. Already, since his return from Egypt, several attempts had been made against his life, and the discovery of some of the snares laid for him, even at his very fireside, forced him at length to be on his guard. It has been said since that these pretended plots had been fabricated by the police, in order to render them more necessary to the government; but it is very certain that the conspirators of this period—and we know that the early times of the Consulate were pregnant with conspiracies of all kinds—employed every means to get rid of Bonaparte. Without speaking of the assassination attempted upon him at the opera, or of the conspiracy of the camp of Dijon, or of the infernal machine, or even of the plot of George Cadoudal, which took place three years later, we shall mention only one, which will fully sustain our assertion.

It was found necessary to make some very urgent repairs to the chimney-pieces of the apartments at Malmaison. The contractor intrusted with the work had sent his marble masons, among whom had slipped in some wretches in the pay of the conspirators. Although the people attached to the service of the Consul were incessantly on the *qui vive*, and exercised every day the strictest *surveillance*, it was observed that, among the number of laborers employed, there were some men who only made a pretence of working, and whose language and manners formed a strange contrast with this kind of occupation. This suspicion was not unfounded, for, when the apartments were ready to receive the Consul, upon a thorough examination of them being made, a snuff box, exactly like the one he usually carried, was found upon the desk before which he was accustomed to sit. At first, it was supposed that the box had been forgotten by the Consul, or, perhaps, placed there by a *valet de chambre*; but the doubts awakened by the equivocal appearance of some of the false marble masons having taken more consistence, it was thought proper to analyze the tobacco contained in the snuff box. It was poison-d!

There was, even in the park of Malmaison, a quarry of considerable depth, which communicated with the other quarries on the outside of the park. Fearing the conspirators might take advantage of this locality to secrete themselves for the purpose of executing their plans against the person of the Consul in one of his solitary rambles, an iron railing was placed round the opening.

In spite of these base attempts, Malmaison was, nevertheless, becoming a delicious abode. It was, indeed, there, to use the expression of Chénier, that the saloon of *Aspasia* could be found beneath the tent of *Pérides*.

At Malmaison, Bonaparte was no longer a hero of the battle-field, nor a counselor of state. He left, if we may thus express ourselves, his glory at the threshold, reserving nothing but his more amiable

qualities. The conqueror of Italy and Egypt—who had dictated laws at Milan, and at Memphis—was nothing more at Malmaison than a good citizen, exclusively occupied with his family affections.

Every one was received at Malmaison with equal courtesy; but the intimate society of the Consul was confined to a rather small number of persons. Among the military men were seen Beurnonville, Lannes, Kellermann, Duroc, Berthier, Murat, and Junot; among the *savans*, the diplomatists, men of letters, and artists, Messrs. de Talleyrand, Volney, Cabanis, Desgenettes, Larrey, Denon, Chénier, Ducis, Lemercier, David, Isabey, Méhul, Chaudet, and Talma. To this choice set of agreeable and intellectual talkers the Bonaparte family naturally added itself, among whom it is well known were several charming ladies. It was under the refreshing shade of Malmaison that the brothers of the hero, who were afterward to bear the crowns of Naples, Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, could first suspect the high destinies in reserve for them, and discover, thus to speak, the sceptres which were yet concealed under the consular fasces.

In these *réunions*, equally removed from the republican unconstraint, the *mauvais ton* of the Directory, and the cold and formal etiquette of the ancient court, there reigned a sociability full of elegance. There each one expressed himself freely; the philosopher could support his theories, the diplomatist his schemes, the artist and the poet their wild fancies, with the same independence as in their own *salons*. The Consul mingled in all their conversation, broke lances with everybody, and entered warmly into each debate of science, art, literature, and politics. Thus, with Lemercier and Talma, he sustained the pre-eminence of Corneille over Racine; with Denon and David, he placed Michael Angelo above Raphael; with Desgenettes and Cabanis, he sacrificed medicine to surgery; and finally, with Talleyrand and Volney, he put Montesquieu far above Puffendorf.

The evenings at Malmaison were sometimes passed in reading aloud. The citizen circle then formed itself into an areopagus, by which the merits of the new works then attracting public attention were duly considered and judged. At the request of Napoleon, the *Génie du Christianisme* was read at Malmaison, and he thus summed up the opinion of all the auditors in saying, "Gentlemen, this book of Monsieur de Châteaubriand is a work of lead and gold, but the gold predominates."

Sometimes, also, in the mild summer evenings, the Consul, surrounded by his usual companions, Hortense and Eugene de Beauharnais, his adopted children, proposed a party at *Bar*, upon the beautiful lawn of the *château*. It was then a real child's play. The two camps were formed, the courses commenced, and Napoleon, always confident in his good fortune, gave himself up so impetuously to the pursuit of the enemy, that he was always taken prisoner, almost at the commencement of the game. The exchange of captives, and the reproaches made

by the vanquished among themselves, formed as many gay episodes.

Bonaparte had a small theatre erected, in which comedies were performed at least once a month. Michot, an actor of the Theatre of the Republic (la Comedie Française), was engaged to put up the scenes, attend the rehearsal, and give directions to the actors, who were, as amateurs generally are, very undisciplined. Among this elegant troupe were Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Mademoiselle Augustine (who afterward became Madame la Maréchale Ney), Madame Junot (late Duchess D'Abrantès), Murat, who had recently married Caroline Bonaparte, sister of the Consul; Pauline Bonaparte, known subsequently by the title of Princess Borghese; then Eugene de Beauharnais, Bourrienne, Lucien Bonaparte, &c. The Consul never performed; but with Josephine, his brothers Joseph and Louis, and the persons who had dined on that day at Malmaison, he formed the centre of the *parterre* or pit; a critical *parterre*, whose remarks, often pointed and made in a loud tone, only added to the amusement of the performance.

The two pieces which Bonaparte liked best to see performed were the *Bachelier de Séville* and *Déjanire et Malice*. General Lauriston played the part of Almaviva; Hortense, Rosine; her brother, Basile; Didot, Figaro; Bourrienne, Bartholo; and Lebezy, l'Eveillé. The repertory was composed also of the *Projet de Mariage*, the *Gageure Impie*, the *Dépit Amoureux*, and the *Impromptu de Campagne*. Hortense de Beauharnais performed astonishingly; Madame Murat only tolerably; Eugene very well; Lauriston was rather heavy; Didot passable; but Bourrienne excelled, above all, in the character of a valet of the old school. If, then, the troupe was not good, it was neither for want of excellent lessons nor lack of rehearsals, for Talma and Dugazon gave all of them instruction and advice. Moreover, they had, to speak in stage style, scenery very finely got up. Bonaparte had given to each one of the performers a collection of plays, magnificently bound, and had procured costumes equally rich and elegant.

The Consul consequently took great pleasure in these representations, and although the actors amused themselves as much as the spectators, the former were more than once forced to observe to him that their occupations would scarcely permit them to learn so many new parts.

Bonaparte then employed all his persuasion, saying to the reluctant artists—

"Bah! you have memory enough; that will cost you no effort. Don't you see how much pleasure it gives me to see and hear you? You have only to rise a little earlier, that's all."

"Indeed I sleep a great deal," said Bourrienne to him one day, when he was persuading him to learn a part in the *Médecin malgré lui*.

"Well, *mon cher*," replied the Consul, "do this for my sake. You make me laugh so heartily, that you ought not to deprive me of this pleasure, particularly as you know how seldom I amuse myself."

Bourrienne studied the part, which he played to perfection. The company was always very numerous at Malmaison on the days of theatrical performances. After the representation, there was, generally, a crowd in the apartments of the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, where they engaged in the most animated conversations. Josephine performed the honors at these little parties with a great deal of tact and amiability. After these delightful *soirées*, which generally lasted until one or two o'clock in the morning, the company returned to Paris.

But it was not only at Malmaison that theatrical representations were given, at this time. Lucien possessed the magnificent dwelling of Neuilly, and one day invited his brother and all his intimate friends to a grand performance at his house. They played *Alzire*. His sister, Eliza, sustained the character of *Alzire*, and himself that of *Zamora*; but too faithfully, perhaps, for the indelicacy of the costumes shocked and disgusted the Consul.

"I must not suffer such license!" said he to Josephine, who sat beside him in the saloon; "and I shall tell Lucien very plainly what I think of it, after the performance."

When Lucien made his appearance in the saloon, after having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon apostrophized him in the most animated manner on the subject, and earnestly requested him to abstain in future from such improper exhibitions. On the evening of his return to Malmaison he again spoke of it very angrily.

"What!" said he, "while I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister show themselves in such a costume on the stage! It shall not happen again, I promise you!"

Lucien had a very lively relish for theatrical success, to which he attached the greatest importance; he read tragic verse to perfection, and could have rivaled advantageously the best actors of the capital.

These amusements attached the Consul still more to his modest villa. Thus, while Madame Bonaparte added to the *château* a rich gallery of paintings and sculpture, cabinets of antiquities and natural history, a menagerie and a botanical garden, the Consul thought only of the useful and solid, and employed himself in enlarging his domain; buying now a field, then a vineyard, or some acres of arable ground, and all this, as he said, by his *personal economy*. He said very truly, for the man who was twice in possession of Italy, who held in his hand the treasures of Egypt, and who, since his elevation to power, had the disposal of all the resources of France, was not worth more than a hundred thousand crowns, and had, for his whole revenue, only the salary of First Consul, which was a hundred thousand francs per year. The glory of Napoleon was never tarnished by avarice.

Josephine, on the contrary, was rather extravagant. She gave, bought, dispensed, and all without keeping any account. Passionately fond of rare flowers, the money she expended, for example, in this kind of purchases, was quite disproportionate to

the amount allowed by the Consul for her private expenses.

One day a box, sent from Holland, arrived at Malmaison, containing the most exquisite bulbs of Java and Japan, unrivaled tulips, gigantic jonquils, ranunculus from the Cape of Good Hope, and dahlias from Bombay, the first that had ever been seen in France. Bonaparte was present, and, notwithstanding the delight his wife experienced at this display of botanical riches, she feared the disapprobation of her husband.

"There now, I suppose you are satisfied," said Napoleon, running his eyes over the contents of the open box before him; "but all this costs an enormous sum, no doubt. I'll wager there is more than twelve hundred francs' worth of flowers in it?"

"I cannot conceal anything from you," replied Josephine, in a tone half ironical, half timid. "I acknowledge, even, that your guess is not very far from the truth."

"What a folly!" cried the Consul; "however, it is not so bad after all, for we can garnish our platbands with these flowers. Now, then, let us see what they cost?"

"Guess."

"Fifteen hundred francs?"

"Something like that."

Josephine smiled as she spoke. The case had cost ten thousand francs!

A large volume might be written of all the piquant episodes of which Malmaison was the theatre. We shall limit ourselves to the recital of one more.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME BONAPARTE had appropriated a part of the park for the *fac-simile* of a view in Switzerland, of which she was particularly fond. Nothing was wanting to perfect this resemblance: there was the chalet, the precipice, the little wooden bridge thrown over the abyss; and even goats and cows, brought purposely from the canton of Appenzell, were rambling about, as much at liberty as in their native valleys. One morning when Josephine had invited her husband to take breakfast at the *chalet*, what was the surprise of the First Consul at seeing a beautiful young girl established there, doing the honors of the little farm with the most perfect grace! The pretty *fermière* served them with eggs, fruits, and the rich products of the dairy, excusing herself with much animation for not being able to receive such illustrious guests in a more worthy style.

Napoleon, enchanted with his reception, found everything excellent; and the rural repast being finished, he said to the fair Swiss—

"Mademoiselle, you have proved that you can play the pastoral to perfection; accompany us to the *château*, for I imagine your place is much better defined in the saloon than the *chalet*."

"Alas! general," replied the pretended *fermière*, "I would willingly revisit France—but I cannot leave Switzerland without the high protection of the First Consul, which I implore at this moment for my family and for my self."

Napoleon instantly detected the plot of this idyl, in which Josephine had made him play, unknowingly, the principal part. He threw a side glance at his wife, and said, with a smile—

"All comedies must have a *dénouement*; this must have one, and I shall make it my business to furnish it."

Josephine replied: "My friend, I have left you an easy task."

"And most agreeable," interrupted Napoleon. "Mademoiselle" continued he, addressing himself to the young person, "you and your family can leave Switzerland whenever you please; the portals of your native land are open to you from the present moment; and you cannot doubt it, since the First Magistrate of the Republic begs you to accept his arm to re-conduct you into France."

Josephine, who had shared the delicious emotion of the young exile, followed the couple, who betook themselves slowly along the alleys of the park leading to the *château*, where the Consul immediately signed the eradication of the banishment of Mademoiselle de Saint —, her father, grandfather, and her two brothers.

The old Marquis de Saint —, of the *cordon rouge*, had been colonel of dragoons under Louis XV.; and the father of Mlle. de Saint —, the poor Swiss maid, was captain of the French guards. Thus Napoleon, by a single stroke of the pen, restored to their mother country three generations of noblemen, who, from that time to the very last moment, proved to him that gratitude is no chimerical virtue. Mlle. de Saint —, who was subsequently attached to the *service d'honneur* of one of the sisters of the Emperor, married afterwards a Polish count, M. de W—.

Malmaison was at this period a delightful place, where none but happy faces presented themselves. The family of the First Consul were constantly there, although they did not like Josephine. Mlle. Hortense de Beauharnais never separated from her mother. They frequently went out together on horseback, and to walk in the forest of Saint Germain, or the woods of Marlay, which is in the neighborhood of Malmaison. In these excursions, their most faithful attendants were usually the Prince de Poix and M. de l'Aigle. One day, as one of these cavalcades was returning to Malmaison, the horse which Mademoiselle Hortense rode became frightened and ran away. The daughter of Josephine, although a perfect horsewoman, attempted to throw herself upon the green turf bordering the passes of the road, but the tie which confined her riding habit prevented her from getting off promptly, so that she was dragged for some distance, hanging to the horse. Fortunately for her, the gatekeeper of Malmaison had seen her, and, throwing himself

at the head of the horse, stopped him; thus giving to the attendants of Mlle. Hortense sufficient time to ride up and raise her from the ground. She had not received the slightest injury, and was the first to laugh at this misadventure.

The gatekeeper of Malmaison, called Nanté, was an old porter of the military school of Brienne. This brave man and his wife had found a pleasant retreat in the favorite habitation of the First Consul. Nanté, who possessed the entire confidence of his patrons, had conceived the idea, besides other means of surveillance, of training six enormous dogs, among which was a magnificent Newfoundland. At Malmaison, the improvements were continued, without cessation. A number of workmen passed the night there, and had been carefully warned not to venture by themselves out of the *château*. One night, when some of the watch-dogs had remained within doors, and had suffered themselves to be caressed by the workmen, their apparent gentleness inspired one of these men with sufficient courage, or rather imprudence, to venture fearlessly out; he even thought it better to put himself under the safeguard of Tom, the Newfoundland, and accordingly took him out with him. They passed the threshold together, very amicably; but no sooner were they in the garden than this terrible animal flew at his companion, and threw him down. The cries of the workman roused the servants, who ran to his assistance. It was high time, for Tom held him by the throat, and gripped him fiercely. They raised the poor fellow, dreadfully wounded. Madame Bonaparte, who was apprised of the accident on the morrow, gave orders that the unfortunate victim should be taken care of until perfectly recovered, and be remunerated for his lost time.

Although at this period there were already courtiers at Malmaison, there was not any court. The etiquette was very simple; there was not yet a grand marshal, or grand chamberlain; no ladies of honor, nor pages. The household of the First Consul was composed only of Messrs. Philter, superintendent; Bénard, *maitre d'hôte*; Guillot and d'Anger, chief cooks; and Collin, chief butler. To the private service of the First Consul were attached, Lambert, first *valet de chambre*; Hebert, ordinary *valet de chambre*; Rustan, a Mameluke; and only two footmen. Then, half a dozen individuals, who, under the quality of *garçons*, or waiters, filled the subordinate situations. M. de Bourrienne, private secretary of the First Consul, directed his personal and ordinary expenses. Although a little rash, he knew how to gain the good will of everybody; obliging, and moreover honest, at the time of his disgrace, he was followed by the regrets of all who had ever held any intercourse with him. This is at least but rendering justice to the man who has been judged perhaps too severely.

They had only one table at Malmaison which afforded a family reunion. The Consul occupied one side, together with Madame Louis Bonaparte, (Mlle. Hortense had recently espoused the brother

of Napoleon). Madame Bonaparte, mother, sat on the opposite side. The *aides-de-camp* of the Consul generally dined with him; a consul or a minister was sometimes among the number of guests, but any other strangers were rarely invited.

Every moment that Napoleon could steal from business, he came to spend at Malmaison. The day before each *décade** was also a *fête* day at Malmaison. Josephine sent her servants out to meet her husband; she frequently went herself, accompanied by her children and some intimate friends, daily visitors of the *château*.

Such were the wickedness and audacity of the enemies of the Consul, that the road leading to the *château* was strewn with *piéards* and broken glass, to frighten and wound the horses; but the passage the most suspected was, as we have said before, the skirts of the quarries of Nanterre. However, all these excavations had been carefully explored by the men servants of the house. The Consul felt grateful for their devotion, and did not conceal his satisfaction, though he never appeared to experience any inquietude. He often even ridiculed their fears, and related very seriously to his family "that this time he had made a narrow escape on the road, and that some men of a sinister aspect had shown themselves on the way." He said also, one day, that one or two had even taken aim in his face; then, upon seeing Josephine very much alarmed, burst into a laugh, embraced her, and said—

"Cheer up, cheer up; no harm has befallen me yet."

On his *jours de congé*, or holidays, as he called the *décade*, Napoleon occupied himself more with his private affairs than with those of the State; but he was never idle; he razed, built, enlarged, dug up and planted in the park, without ceasing, examined plans, calculated the revenues, the expenses, and, above all, prescribed economy. Time passed quickly, and the moment when he had to relake his *yoke of misery*, as he often said, arrived only too soon. In a word, he seemed like a father in the midst of his children. This abnegation of his greatness, his simple habits, added another charm to his manners, already so engaging; but, however, this familiarity was not always without inconvenience to him.

Indeed, his habits, altogether military, his principles, wholly republican, had authorized liberties, inspired until then by the spirit of equality, which would become henceforward incompatible with the dignity of rank sustained by Napoleon, and the respect due to his authority; he was, therefore, soon obliged to give up his games of Bar, of which we have spoken above; because, however innocent this play, it gave rise to many improprieties, that were excused by the sort of companionship it established, but which would have degenerated into familiarity. The following fact will sustain our as-

* *Décade*, a space of ten days. The republican calendar divided the month into decades.

section, which, not derogating from the respect due to the memory of the illustrious warrior whom it concerns, we shall relate :—

One day when the Consul had ordered into the court-yard of Malmaison two Barbary horses which had been sent to him as a present, the general officer, to whom we have alluded, proposed to play with Bonaparte for one of them, in a game of billiards, against the price at which he might value it. Napoleon accepted, and of course had to lose. His adversary won the stake.

"I have beaten you," said he to the Consul, with his usual familiarity; "I have, therefore, the right to make a choice."

And without waiting for a permission which he did not ask, he ran to examine the horses, selected the most beautiful, saddled, bridled, and mounted him; then, turning to the Consul, said—

"Adieu, Bonaparte; I shall not dine here to-day, for, if I remain, you will be able to win back your horse."

Napoleon had not time to reply, for he was already far on his way. To prevent the recurrence of similar scenes, he thought it necessary to remove the general officer for some time; however, he conferred on him a post of high distinction: he was appointed ambassador to Lisbon.

About the same period, Josephine suddenly took a violent fancy for antiques, cameos, and medals. Mons. Denon flattered this fancy, and, without much trouble, persuaded Madame Bonaparte that, having a perfect knowledge of antiques, she should have at Malmaison a cabinet and a conservator. This proposition flattered the self-love of Josephine too much not to be immediately acceded to. A place was accordingly selected, a conservator taken, and the new cabinet enriched at the expense of the national library. Mons. Denon, who had first started this idea, was intrusted with making a collection of medals. But this taste subsided as suddenly as it had arisen. The cabinet was taken for a *salon de compagnie*, the antiques were banished to the antechamber of the bathing-room, and the conservator, having nothing further to take charge of, returned, of course, to Paris.

After she became empress, Josephine still preserved her predilection for Malmaison; it was there she passed all the leisure she could spare from the obligations of her rank. Malmaison continued then to receive the greatest embellishments; through her means a menagerie equally as rich as that of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and a school of agriculture were established there. The botanical garden contained already, both in the open air and in hot houses, the rarest plants which the skill and patience of men could cultivate in that climate. The menagerie, one of the most complete in Europe, consisted of all the quadrupeds, aquatic animals, and birds which could exist in that temperature. The school of agriculture was established upon the plan of the one at Rambouillet. In all these various establish-

ments the useful was always combined with the agreeable.

Josephine sacrificed enormous sums to organize these several establishments, without once thinking of lavishing money in building a palace worthy of her who was then the wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The modest habitation of Malmaison always appeared sufficient for her ambition. But if the appearance of this retired country-seat proclaimed to the stranger nothing of the Empress of France, the recital of her acts of goodness, the tears of gratitude that flowed in speaking of her by the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, soon made her well known.

Some years later, when, unfortunately for France, Napoleon placed the crown which had been forged in the furnace of war on the brow of an archduchess of Austria, Josephine, the excellent wife whom a deplorable divorce had withdrawn from the political stage, secluded herself entirely at Malmaison with her *souvenirs*, her children and her flowers, and there founded a small court, from which the grandes of the empire excluded themselves, but where the first and only real empress admitted with pleasure those whom she had formerly received. Poets and artists were also found among the fallen courtiers. Consolation, from letters and the arts, was indeed due to a woman who, in the time of her power, had so delicately scattered her bounty in patronizing all kinds of knowledge.

We shall relate hereafter how this noble woman died at Malmaison. She expired, in some measure, with the empire, the foundation of which she had laid by her amiable qualities and her popularity. Her soul left the earth at the moment when the fortune of France succumbed in the north and south; at the moment when Napoleon, prostrated by his own victories, landed at the Isle of Elba, the sovereignty of which had been bestowed on him in exchange for the empire of the world. The wings of the eagle had been shorn, but the imprudent monarchs had left him his talons and his thunderbolts; they were felt in the last struggle and the last crash of Waterloo.

At the commencement of 1814, Malmaison became a pilgrimage for foreign kings, who went there to visit a woman who had been saluted empress, and whom they yet recognized as a queen; but this homage, of an entirely disinterested nature, grieved the wholly French soul of Josephine; and she might have recollected those philosophical words, which she had not feared to address to Napoleon on the day of their final separation—

"I leave you," said she to him, "and my wishes are, as ever, for your happiness; but I fear that the crown, of which you have de-poled my brow, will be the presage of calamities less terrible to me than to yourself. God grant that I may be mistaken!"

Alas! she had predicted but too truly.

At the time of his marriage with Maria Louisa, Napoleon had demanded of Josephine some small pieces of furniture to which he was attached; these

were immediately carried to the Tuileries. With the exception of these triling restitutions, the furniture and decorations of Malmaison remained exactly as formerly. The *rez-de-chaussée*, of extreme magnificence, contained a number of tables in mosaic of Florence, vases of lapis and agate, bronzes of precious workmanship, crystals of Mont Cenis, and porcelain of Sévres.

Not one of these objects had ever changed its place. The billiard-room was ornamented by portraits of all the sheiks of Cairo; faces remarkable, moreover, as types of physiognomy. The furniture of the tapestried saloon, the work of Josephine, remained unaltered, except in being covered by cases made of *gros de Naples*. The ground of the tapestry was white silk, with the double J intertwined with *rose pompons*. As for the apartment which she had reserved for herself, on the second floor, it was of the greatest simplicity. Her bedroom was hung with white muslin with green fringe. The only ornament which made itself remarkable there was the dressing-table of gold, presented by the city of Paris at the time of the coronation; and which seemed placed there as the signet of the person who inhabited this chamber. Nothing had been found worthy to rival this exquisite piece of furniture, the taste and richness of which were incomparable; thus it was altogether isolated in the chamber. Many times Josephine wanted to make it a present to her daughter-in-law, the vice-queen of Italy; but the Prince Eugene always opposed it. "It was," said he to his mother, "a personal gift which you received from the city of Paris, and it would be ungrateful in you to part with it." Napoleon had sent this dressing-table to her after her divorce, together with a breakfast-set of gold, and other objects of not less value, which she had neglected to remove on leaving the Tuileries.

Malmaison was, to the repudiated Josephine, what Saint Cyr had been to Mme. de Maintenon, after the death of Louis XIV., a refuge against the annoyances and deceptions which always follow a sudden change of fortune. Always liberal and benevolent, she seemed not to regret so much the pomp of a throne, as the unfortunate whom she could have so efficaciously assisted. And by these regrets, indicative of a generous soul, she enjoyed, in her tranquil cloister, the only happiness of the kind left to her. To the number of pleasures remaining for her, must be added the visits, very rare but always so welcome, of Napoleon, who came, incognito, to seat himself by the fireside of his only friend, and pour out into her soul, perhaps, the bitter secrets of a union which politics had formed, in despite of France, of history, and, perhaps, of himself. When the Emperor was away from the capital, or whenever he was at the head of his army, he replaced his visits by a correspondence, wherein the softest effusions were mingled with the most tender expressions.

During the campaign of 1813, he thought he must appease the fear of Josephine by writing to her

after the battle of Dresden. Josephine replied to him:—

"Oh! it is very kind in you, my friend, that you have not forgotten me! You have read my soul; you have guessed its sufferings and its tortures. Thanks for your solicitude! Continue always to give me frequent news from you. My fate may have changed, but my heart can never change toward you. Affection such as mine resists everything, and survives everything."

The Emperor replied to her by the same courier:—

MY GOOD JOSEPHINE—

I have received your letter; I see with pleasure that you are better, and that you are content. I hope that you will not annoy yourself too much; take good care of yourself, and never doubt my affection for you.

NAPOLÉON.

DRESDEN, September 21, 1813.

This friendship, so tender, which had replaced a love so long reciprocated, had inspired Josephine with a sort of worship for the only man whom she had truly loved. After her divorce, she had not permitted even a single chair to be displaced in the apartment which had been occupied by the Emperor. Instead of occupying this apartment, situated in the *rez-de-chaussée*, she had preferred to lodge in the second story, where she was not so well accommodated. Moreover, everything, as we have said, remained exactly in the same state as at the moment when Napoleon had left his cabinet, at the close of March, 1810, to go and commence his glorious campaign of Austria, crowned by the success of Wagram. An historical work was placed on his desk, marked at the page where he discontinued reading, and the pen that he had used still contained the dried ink, which some time previous had, perhaps, dictated laws to Europe. A map of the world, upon which he showed to the confidants of his projects the countries that he wished to conquer, bore the marks of some impatient movements, occasioned, no doubt, by some light observation. Josephine alone took charge of these things, and wiped off the dust from what she called her *relics*. She had expressly forbidden any one to enter this sanctuary.

In the bedchamber of Napoleon, the bed, of Roman form, was without curtains. Arms of precious workmanship, such as Turkish sabres, antique poniards and pistols, were suspended from the panels of the wainscot, and some articles of dress were yet scattered here and there. It seemed as if he was about to enter this chamber, from whence he had banished himself forever.

At Malmaison, the Emperor had a private garden, which was reached by a bridge covered with canvas, like a tent, and which led directly to the entrance of his private cabinet. The windows of this cabinet looked out on a magnificent avenue of linden trees leading to Jonchère. It was in this little garden that Napoleon reposed himself after his labors. After her separation from him, Josephine

never permitted any person to enter the park by the passage of this little bridge.

After the dinner of state that Josephine had imprudently given to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, the indisposition which had affected her for some days took an alarming character; and, on the 29th of May, 1814, she was no more. During the five days that Death was bargaining for her, as it were, she preserved all her resignation and goodness. Redouté, the painter of flowers, had come there by her express orders; she requested him not to approach her, in the fear, said she, *that he might catch her malady*. Then, pointing out to him two plants, which were then in flower, she bade him make haste to make a sketch of them; "for the poor flowers," added she, "have but few days to live." She said again, as if to escape from this idea of destruction which governed her, in spite of herself, "I hope, however, my dear Redouté, to be sufficiently recovered in time to see them blossom again."

Vain illusion, which, thirty hours after, was destroyed without return: her hour had come.

The funeral ceremonies of the Empress Josephine took place in the Church of Reuil, in the midst of a population who manifested, by their tears and sighs, the attachment which they bore for one who, after having been their sovereign, had wished to remain their benefactress. The two grandsons of the Empress headed the mourners. The Russian generals, Saken and Czernitscheff, were there by order of the Emperor Alexander; and Messrs. Nesselrode and Humboldt, a great number of artists, and the superior officers of foreign armies, followed the funeral car, which was escorted by a detachment of Russian cavalry, and by the national guard of Reuil. At the cemetery, the Queen Hortense, whom her ladies had not been able to keep at Malmaison, threw herself upon the tomb of her mother, to make her a last adieu, and, in a prayer which drew tears from every eye, invoked the mercy of God upon this angelic soul. Thus Malmaison saw, in a short space of time, its masters descend, the one from the throne, the other to the tomb!

By a fatality without example, or perhaps by one of those secret predilections which the most strongly-steeled souls feel for the places of their fallen grandeur, Napoleon, repulsed, in 1815, by the representatives of the nation, tracked by the columns of Blücher and Wellington, came to rest his fugitive foot in this mansion, which must have recalled to him so many sweet and cruel recollections! He remained four whole days at Malmaison, near the modest tomb raised to Josephine, to the only empress worthy of the name, struggling yet against the thousand intrigues which were driving him to break his sword, and abdicate his glory once again. Napoleon left Malmaison for Rochefort, and Rochefort for Saint Helena!

Thus the destiny of this great man began and ended at Malmaison. There his star rose, and there it set. It was there he trampled under foot the

consular insignias; it was there he lost irrecoverably the royal purple and the sceptre which victory had given him.

On the 1st of July, 1815, Malmaison was ravaged and pillaged by the English troops. Here is what we read of the occasion in a journal of the times:—

"This beautiful property, where, for the last fifteen years, the most brilliant productions of art were found united, presents to-day a most melancholy aspect. Statues of Canova and of Cartelier, and charming pictures of Vernet, have been destroyed by the sabres and bayonets of the English and Russians."

The natural heirs of Josephine, to whom Malmaison appertained, sold to a company of bankers this domain, which ought to have been precious to their hearts; and, strange to say, not one of our modern *Tararets* untied the strings of their purse to prevent the division of this almost national property. The *bande noire* presented themselves, and Malmaison was carved up as if nothing more than the ancient manor of a Montmorency or a Crillon. For these patent demolishers, nobility has nothing illustrious, nor associations any country. They would be ready to buy at discount the stones of the arch *de l'Etoile*, and the bronze of the column Vendôme. Malmaison has undergone successive outrages: pillaged by the English and the Russians in 1815, it was razed afterwards by the French *iconoclasts*. So that Malmaison is nothing more to-day than it was in the eleventh century, with the exception of Odon and the superstitious renown. But the day will come when we shall see inscribed, on a column placed in the centre of this noble residence—

"Here the First Consul, Bonaparte, passed the happiest and most glorious days of his life; for then the country was free, happy, and great, and he was nothing more than its first citizen!"

LINES ON A GRECIAN TEMPLE IN MOUNT AUBURN.

BY J. C.

TEMPLE of Beauty—Temple of the Grave!

Wrought to perfection in that grant of grace,
When hearts might smile at every coming wave
Of light towards the veil that hides thy place.

Well did the ancients honor each high name—

From temple-tablets to recall them o'er—

Thy mystic presence serveth to the same;

We sacrifice their faith, its pagenantry restore!

And sweet it was, with this one thought to lie

After the labor of protracted strife,

While stood the pillar'd volumes not to die,

But noiseless hover on the verge of life.

Temple of Beauty—Temple of the Grave!

The still memento of earth's woe and sin

Long may the angel at thy portals save

The builders of thy strength from entering in!

MODERN ARISTOCRATS.

BY HADDIE LANE.

NEAR the close of a bright day in October, a merry party of young ladies were assembled in a cozy little room, fronting the street *par excellence* of the village of Somerton. Of all the beauties the village could boast, those four girls shone pre-eminent. We will introduce them.

That queenly creature, reclining so listlessly on the sofa, is Miss Julia Lawton—the great heiress.

he is an orphan, and her wealth is entirely at her own disposal. Suitors she has without number; her aunt's stately dwelling of Lawton Hall is daily besieged by bouquets and billets-doux, but the fair Julia is of the opinion that *her* starry eyes and raven ringlets would appear to better advantage in a European drawing-room; and she therefore looks down rather disdainfully upon her plebeian lovers.

Miss Mary Maurice, the young lady so gracefully occupying the ottoman, is really a beautiful girl. Those long flaxen ringlets, and clear child-like blue eyes, together with her winning ways, have won for her the appellation of "baby Mary." She is the pet and the plaything of half a dozen brothers, who are all her seniors, and all desirous that she shall never quit playing with dolls, and never confine those shining tresses with a comb. But "baby Mary" knows her own consequence. She has consulted her mirror, and it has told her a pleasing tale; and, instead of dolls, she now plays a most desperate game with hearts.

That young lady in the rocking-chair, who is so vigorously tugging at the needle with her little gold thimble, is Lizzie Linton. At first sight you would deem that the Somerton belles had little to fear from her rivalry; but, when she raises her head, and you see the bright color come and go in her cheek, and the mild light in her dark gray eyes, you would agree, with the village gossips, that "sweet Lizzie Linton is the most charming girl in Somerton."

Lizzie is an orphan, and a poor one too; and, were it not for the kindness of her brother-in-law, who took the lonely little one to his own home and promised to be to her as a father, she would be desolate indeed.

Do you hear that merry laugh from the window? Do you see the toe of that little slipper peeping from beneath the folds of the curtain? The laugh and the foot are the property of Maggie Atwood, the greatest romp the sun ever shone upon, and a favorite with every one, notwithstanding. She has the prettiest pair of roguish black eyes, and the most pouting cherry lips, to be found for miles around. She is the only daughter of an invalid mother and a doting father. She acts just as she pleases, is re-

sponsible to no one, gets into numberless scrapes, and makes a great deal of mischief. In the present instance, she is giving vent to a little of her pent up vivacity, by singing snatches of wild songs in the wildest possible manner. A spirited conversation is going on between the other three respecting the beaux. This very interesting subject is interrupted by the sound of wheels, and a scream from Maggie of—

"Do, girls, come here! There is the greatest specimen of humanity getting out of the stage!"

The young ladies rushed to the window. A curious-looking individual was slowly alighting from the stage. His eyes were obscured by green spectacles. His hair, of a flaming red, stood out, on all sides of his head, like the quills of a porcupine. A bright blue coat with brass buttons, and gray pantaloons, very much too short for him, completed his equipment.

Screams and peals of laughter from the windows told that this apparition was not without its effect on the risible muscles of the young ladies, and the noise was very much increased when the man quietly unlatched the garden gate and advanced up the gravel walk.

"Mercy on us! He's coming right in! What shall we do? I hear his voice in the hall!" These and sundry other exclamations were checked by the entrance of the individual in question, who, bowing politely to the ladies, inquired for Mr. Revere.

"My brother-in-law is not at home," said Lizzie Linton, coming forward from the window; "pray be seated, he will be in presently."

The stranger took the chair she handed him, and Lizzie could do no less than seat herself near him. He made some remarks upon the weather, and our heroine, conquering a strong inclination to laugh at his remarkable appearance, answered him politely. Lizzie soon heard laughter from the window, and it became very evident that her friends were audibly discussing the visitor.

"Shame on them!" she mentally exclaimed; and, perceiving that the stranger seemed much embarrassed, she began a conversation which very soon set him completely at his ease.

When Mr. Revere entered the room, he found the trio in the window seat shaking with laughter, and his little sister in earnest conversation with his visitor.

"Ha! my friend," he exclaimed, "I am happy to see you. Lizzie, this is Mr. Theophilus Bogg, a college chum of mine, and a highly valued friend. Introduce him to your companions."

Poor Lizzie performed, with infinite grace, the not very enviable task of introducing Mr. Boggs to the proud village beauties, who returned his low bow with a scornful curl of the lip. Mr. Revere led off his friend to his office, on business matters, but stopped an instant at the door to whisper to Lizzie, "Mr. Boggs is a schoolmaster from New England. I hope you will pay him every attention."

When Lizzie communicated this piece of information to her visitors, they declared, with one voice, that it was shameful for Mr. Revere to make such a fuss with a mere schoolmaster.

Miss Julia, with a toss of the head, "wondered what the world was coming to, when vulgar Yankees were allowed to mingle in genteel society."

"He is not vulgar," retorted Lizzie, "though he has an ugly name, and is not very prepossessing in appearance; yet his conversation betokens him a gentleman."

"I wonder if he is to stay here altogether," said Mary Maurice. "I know my brothers won't let me come here to see you, Lizzie, if he does."

"Why, Lizzie," cried Maggie Atwood, "how could you keep your countenance, with those great green eyes staring at you all the time? And such hair, and such a shocking coat! And the merry girl flung herself on a chair, laughing heartily.

The gentlemen soon returned, and Mr. Revere apologized for leaving his guest to the tender mercies of the young ladies, as he had promised his wife to spend the afternoon with her, in a visit to a lady who lived ten miles from Somerton.

An awkward pause followed his departure. Mr. Boggs essayed to draw Miss Lawton into a conversation, but her cold sneer and reserved manners chilled him into silence. Mary Maurice had thrown herself upon the rug, and was busily caressing the kitten, when Mr. Boggs, drawing his chair close to the fire, remarked upon the beauty of the animal, and inquired whether she was fond of pets. She shook back the cloud of ringlets from her fair forehead, and, gazing childishly up in his face, made him no answer. Mr. Boggs repeated his remark in a louder voice, thinking that perhaps the young lady might be deaf. A silvery laugh was his only answer, and "baby Mary" turned to the kitten again.

Almost despairing, Mr. Boggs approached the piano, where Maggie Atwood was seated rattling over the keys. She inquired if he liked music, and, upon his answering in the affirmative, volunteered to play for him. He was evidently gratified, and, when the piece was ended, was about to ask for another, when the lively girl, wheeling herself around on the piano stool, asked if he knew the name of that piece. In duty bound, he was anxious to know, and Maggie, fixing her eyes on his face, vociferated, "The Redhead's March," and left the instrument.

Lizzie was very much mortified at her friend's rudeness, and poor Mr. Boggs seemed quite hurt. It was a relief to all parties when a servant entered to announce that tea was ready.

Lizzie did the honors of the table, and endeavored to draw her friends into conversation. At first it seemed that her efforts were to be unsuccessful, the young ladies preserving a frigid silence. At last Lizzie's little niece Lily, in endeavoring to reach a tempting cake, lost her balance and fell from her chair. As she fell, she caught the arm of the servant, who was about to hand a glass of water to Mr. Boggs. The water streamed down over Lizzie's dress, and the broken glass nestled amid the rich braids of her hair; but she set everything to rights with her accustomed sweetness, soothed the frightened child, and resumed her seat at the table as though nothing had happened.

After this mishap, the ice seemed broken, the girls talked glibly; but it would have been far better had they been silent. Julia complained about *parvenus*, and talked very wisely about schoolmasters. Maggie Atwood turned the conversation upon gentlemen's dress, and wondered whether it were the fashion to wear blue coats and metal buttons; while Mary, with great *naïveté*, turned to Mr. Boggs and asked him what was the price of green spectacles.

Mr. Boggs, protesting his supreme happiness in being able to gratify her curiosity, informed her of the place where his own were procured, and gave her the exact cost of them, at the same time gravely hoping she might never be so unfortunate as to need them. This last sally somewhat abashed the young lady, who hung her head and said not another word. Immediately after, Julia Lawton rose from the table, and, followed by the rest, led the way to the parlor.

Very soop, to Lizzie's great surprise, the girls asked for their bonnets, although they had purposed spending the evening with her; and, though she begged them not to go, she was soon left alone with Mr. Boggs.

Now, a *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman was Lizzie's aversion; but she soon discovered Mr. Boggs to be as different from the Somerton beaux, in intellect and wit, as he was in appearance.

The hours flew by very pleasantly, and if Lizzie was pleased with Mr. Boggs' conversation, he was equally charmed with her sprightly remarks. Lizzie possessed the faculty, as agreeable as it is rare, of being an intelligent listener. Every passing thought and feeling was pictured on her glowing face; and, before the evening was over, Mr. Boggs was decidedly in love.

When Lizzie laid her head on her pillow that night, she thought of Mr. Boggs, not as the green-spectacled, blue-coated, red-haired stranger, but as an agreeable and highly intelligent man, for whom she already felt a friendship that might ripen into love. "What! love such an ugly man! wed a Mr. Boggs!" whispered Pride. "But he is so intelligent, so noble in his every thought, I could love him for his real worth," chimed in Conscience.

The next morning, as Lizzie was entering the village store to make a few purchases, the splendid equipage of Mrs. Lawton whirled up to the door,

and Miss Julia alighted. A hearty greeting passed between the two friends, Julia exclaiming—

"Lizzie, you are the very one I want to see. I have a whole budget of news to unfold to you. Last evening, when we were all laughing at Mr. Boggs' descent from the stage, little did I think that there was a distinguished foreigner in the same vehicle, gazing intently at us all the time. He is an Italian count, young, rich, and handsome, and he has taken rooms at the Widow Markley's. I saw him pass the Hall this morning, and he looked so handsome, in his sportsman's dress, that I lost my heart directly. Aunt is going to give a grand dinner party, and invite all the village, so I came down to the store to order glass and china, and I want you to go home with me to help."

Here we must observe that no party was accounted complete unless Lizzie had a hand in the arrangements, and a wedding was but half a wedding if Lizzie were not the bridesmaid.

As Lizzie sat in the carriage beside her friend, she could not help remonstrating with her on her imprudence in falling in love with an entire stranger, and inquired what Mrs. Lawton thought of the affair.

"Oh! Lizzie," Julia replied, "you know I am mistress at home, and my aunt is so anxious to be rid of me, that she would marry me to a schoolmaster, if he did but offer himself."

Our fair friends were soon ensconced in the study, making out a list of invitations.

"Shall I put down Mr. Boggs, the erudite Theophilus?" Julia asked, rather mischievously.

"Certainly," was Lizzie's blushing reply. "He is my brother's guest; and, in my opinion, is as worthy of attention as your count with the unpronounceable name."

"His name is perfectly euphonious," said Julia, tartly, "which is not the case with every one's. I have it at my tongue's end—Joachim Maraschinodelopodi. I have been brightening up my French, as I understand he speaks our language very imperfectly. Oh dear! only think, I have put down his name instead of Maggie Atwood's, in her invitation. I would not have her to know of my intentions for the world; it would be all over the village before dinner-time."

The days soon sped away, and that of the grand dinner-party arrived. Lizzie Linton, simply attired in a clear muslin, with no ornament in her rich brown hair save a single rosebud, entered the magnificent drawing-room at Lawton Hall, leaning on the arm of Mr. Boggs, whose brass buttons shone brighter than ever on that detestable blue coat. At the upper end of the room stood Julia, in earnest conversation with the count. Lizzie thought she had never seen her friend look so peerlessly beautiful. Her splendid figure was arrayed in a crimson velvet, which contrasted well with her dark complexion. Pearls gleamed amid her raven tresses, and a single diamond sparkled on her bosom.

The count was tall and slender, with long curling hair, and a most ferocious mustache, which gave a very frightful look to his countenance. It was evident that Julia was enraptured with his conversation, although the bystanders could discover nothing more than a few hackneyed compliments to his fair hostess, and a great deal of extravagant praise of Count Joachim Maraschinodelopodi.

Julia introduced Lizzie to him. The count stared at her through his glass, stroked down his mustache, and took no other notice of the blushing girl than by saying to Julia, in a voice meant to be very terrible—

"Vewy toleable for America, mais in Europe, aw!"

The Somerton beau, although most of them heard this decision, did not appear to set much value on it, for Lizzie was decidedly the belle of the room.

Once during the evening Mr. Boggs chanced to be standing near Miss Lawton and the count, when the lady let fall her handkerchief. Seeing that the count was not inclined to pick it up, Mr. Boggs very politely handed it to its fair owner, when Joachim, &c., looking very fiercely on the spectacles, ejaculated, "Aw! de puppy! In my contree, de ladies, ven dey drops der mouchoirs, ring de bell for de servant to pick dem up." To which valuable piece of information Miss Julia replied by a most benignant smile.

The party passed off, as all parties do, with a great many compliments, some torn dresses, a few broken glasses, and not a few heartaches. The next morning it was reported through the village that Miss Lawton was engaged to the count, and the news was confirmed by Julia herself, who came to Lizzie Linton to be congratulated.

The count and his *fiancee* were now to be daily seen driving at a furious rate through the village, or walking most romantically over the beautiful hills among which it is embosomed. The countless elect had dropped, at her lover's command, all her village acquaintances save Lizzie Linton. He had even wished to include her with the rest; but Julia, who had a little of her old spirit remaining, insisted so vehemently on retaining her friendship, that Joachim was obliged to yield.

The count was extremely desirous that their marriage should take place immediately; but here again he was overruled, as, according to Julia's idea, no one could marry them but the bishop, and it would be some time before he could visit the village. In the mean time, preparations went on rapidly, and numerous were the rumors respecting the bridal dress and the bridal cake. Huge boxes were continually arriving at Lawton Hall; the drawing-room was being entirely fitted up with new velvet furniture, and magnificent lace curtains were purchased for the windows. All the villagers stared and wondered, and were no wiser than before.

But this grand wooing was not the only one going

on in the village. Mr. Boggs's talents, his wit, his manifold good qualities, were making, slowly, but surely, a deep wound in Lizzie's heart. His awkwardness, his ugliness, his name, were all forgotten, and his occupation was now the only stumbling-block. To wed a schoolmaster, and assist in teaching country children, Lizzie thought would be impossible. But even this difficulty vanished, and Lizzie nobly surrendered her heart to the keeping of Mr. Boggs. Very soon after, Mr. Boggs came striding into the parlor, and informed her that he had succeeded in obtaining a school, with but a small salary, it was true, but upon which he thought they might live comfortably. Lizzie referred him to Mr. Revere, who had, all along, encouraged his suit. Her brother gave his approval, and preparations for the wedding were begun accordingly. They were not very expensive ones, however; for Lizzie made her own wedding-dress, and Mrs. Revere mixed up the cake.

It so fell out that the day fixed on for the ceremony was the very same that was to see Julia Lawton metamorphosed into an Italian countess. Miss Lawton was to be married in the morning, and her aunt alone was to witness the ceremony; while Lizzie's nuptials were to be celebrated in the good old-fashioned style, at eight o'clock in the evening, and the whole village to be invited.

The wedding morn at length arrived. A large traveling carriage was seen standing in front of Lawton Hall. Trunks, large and small, were piled upon it, and the villagers whispered that the newly-married pair were to start for Europe immediately after the ceremony. A crowd of boys and idlers was collected on the lawn, all anxious to get a peep at the bride. At nine o'clock the count, in his bridal suit, dashed up to the door. On this eventful morning he looked even fiercer than ever; and, flinging the reins to a servant, he sprang from his horse and ran up the hall steps, casting a contemptuous glance on the crowd of villagers.

"Now," thought they, "we shall soon see the bride." But they were doomed to be disappointed. Scarcely had the count banged the door behind him, when Mr. Revere, his horse all in a foam, came cantering up the avenue. He hastened into the house; and soon two or three servants came forth. One was sent for the doctor, another for Lizzie Linton, and a third for a constable. Before dinner-time the news was all over the village. It seems that Mr. Revere, suspecting all was not right, had made some inquiries respecting the count, and had discovered that he was an apprentice to a French hairdresser; and that, having heard of Julia's penchant for foreigners, he had absconded with some of his master's money, and had succeeded in palming himself upon the infatuated Julia and her credulous aunt as an Italian count. Such a scene at Lawton Hall! Miss Julia in a towering passion, her aunt in strong hysterics, the count arrested for robbery, and sweet Lizzie Linton flitting like an angel of mercy through that disorderly mansion. The trunks

VOL. LXIII.—33

were taken from the carriage, the count conveyed to the city, and Julia hid her throbbing head on Lizzie's bosom, and told how she was humbled.

The villagers were astounded at this unexpected revelation, but were confident they would not be disappointed in Lizzie Linton's wedding—that they were sure of. But, on the afternoon of that day, Mr. Boggs suddenly disappeared, and they began to fear that Lizzie, like Julia, would be a deserted bride. Mr. Revere shook his head, and said it was very strange, and Lizzie had a good long cry in her own little room. The bridesmaids came in and whispered their fears. Lizzie must dress, at any rate, so that, if the man did come, the company might not be kept waiting. The great clock on the stairs struck seven as Lizzie placed the last orange-blossom in her hair. As she turned from the mirror, heaving a deep sigh, a carriage drove up to the door. Some of the company, of course. No, it was Mr. Boggs' voice that sounded through the hall. Some one tapped at the door. It was Mrs. Revere, who told her that Mr. Boggs wished to see her. "What can he want at such a time?" the bridesmaids exclaimed. Lizzie tremblingly descended the stairs; but, upon entering the parlor, she saw no Mr. Boggs, but a gentleman of strikingly handsome appearance was standing near the door. Supposing him to have business with her brother, she said, half aloud—

"I thought they told me Mr. Boggs was here."

"And he is here, dear Lizzie!" replied a well-known voice.

Lizzie stood still, her eyes fixed upon the stranger; but she sought in vain for the red hair and green spectacles. This Mr. Boggs had dark curling hair of his own, and eyes that seemed to read her every thought.

"I beg pardon, dearest, for the deception I have practiced. My name is not Boggs, but Charles Clifton. I am no Yankee schoolmaster; although, as I am a resident of Boston, and a Professor in — College, I know not how far I am entitled to the name. Forgive me for deceiving you so long; I wished to see how far real worth, accompanied by ugliness and lowliness, would go to gain a pure heart. I felt sure that whoever loved Theophilus Boggs would love him for himself alone. Will you accept me as his substitute?"

Lizzie did not say no; but she did say—

"Oh! The—Charles, I mean, why did you leave me this afternoon? I was so afraid you were not coming back again."

"That, Lizzie, is soon explained. I went this afternoon to the city to bring my mother and sisters to see you, Lizzie; and I knew, if I told you beforehand, you would be asking a hundred questions, and would manage to discover my secret."

"May we come in?" said one of the bridesmaids, who were all dishonorably listening at the door; "the minister is waiting."

But the minister did not wait long; and soon young Mrs. Clifton was chiding Mr. and Mrs. Re-

vere, who had been in the secret all the time. As for the mother-in-law, she was so charmed with her new daughter that she declared, if she had known what a pearl Charlie had hid in this little village, she would have betrayed his secret long before.

Of course, Maggie, Mary, and Julia made suitable apologies for their rudeness to the *ci-devant* Boggs.

Julia, having verified the proverb that "all is not gold that glitters," lived and died an old maid; while sweet Lizzie Linton, as we *must* call her, in her happy relation as wife and mother, fully recognizes that

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the man for a' that."

THE ENCHANTED WORLD.

BY L. W. MEXCH.

THE benign watchcare of guardian spirits seems to be inculcated by the Sacred Scriptures. Thus the page of inspiration bears the record: "The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both." Nothing more would seem to be the purport of this passage than simply to express the historic fact, that a part of the Hebrew nation believed in the existence of angels and invisible spirits. In other places, however, there are more direct intimations, and passages which undoubtedly sanction this belief with the authority of Revelation.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?" "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven." "The companionship of attendant angels to the saints here seems explicitly inculcated. The heart of humanity is *gladdened*, and takes courage at the recital, so beautifully paraphrased by the poet—

"How cheering the thought that the spirits of bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this,
Will leave their sweet home in the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

"They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God."

In this sketch, the Scriptural view is first introduced to show in what manner the belief in spirits was intended to operate as an element of Christianity. And thus far we faithfully and implicitly believe; but further the mystic seduces us in vain. The beautiful dreams of Plato and the imaginative poets delight us in common with mankind; but it is in the sense of dreams.

How strange is the incident related of the poet Shelley! Visiting a rural scene in the vicinity of London, accompanied by a friend, after gazing upon its beauties for a time, "he stopped suddenly in the midst of his rapturous praises, and, looking into the eyes of his friend, burst into a flood of tears. It was a long time before he could speak; and, when his friend insisted upon knowing the cause of such an expression of feeling, he replied that, somewhere

in his previous existence, he had gazed at that identical landscape; and yet he knew that, in body, he had never stood where they then stood. He was sure that, at some previous time, he *had* done so; for it came upon him as an old familiar spot, and it must be that in spirit he had seen it." Such a declaration is accounted venial, while under the "fine frenzy" of Castalia; but in a sober moment, when the poet resumes the man, it can only excite a mingled feeling of contempt and pity. It appears the more serious, since it leads one to overlook the distinction of right and wrong, as well as of the real and the imaginary.

But, in their own proper sphere, the exquisite images of poetry and philosophy, as sources of the sublime and beautiful, as springs of high and lofty emotion, have always been valued and admired as the very poetry of life. Nor is their use restricted to pleasing hints and allusions, "to paint a moral or adorn a tale." They have beguiled the tedious hour, and charmed away life's sorrows, adorning and beautifying its course with their emotions. They have aided and illustrated the expression of thought, and cultivated a sense of the pure and beautiful in nature. And, so far as they conduce to these ends, so far is it salutary at times to yield to the illusion of their charmed spell.

The gracious presence of invisible angels has already been shown—a well-known allusion to which is attributed, by the poet Milton, to Adam, "the comeliest man of men," in conversation with Eve—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day and night."

"How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator!"

Kindred to these spirited lines, though it be not the original, is the sublime vision of Isaiah, where the seraphim cry one to another, and proclaim the supreme holiness of "the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." But the doctrine of in-

visible spirits has pervaded literature from its very infancy. How naturally does it enter the fond dreams of childhood, along with the earliest intimations of immortality! As, in the freshness of newborn vigor and hope, youth looks abroad on the clear and vast heavens studded with sparkling stars, it is then that new images of a purer world, a spiritual life, and angelic beings spring up unbidden. They live ever after in the soul, though unseen, awaiting the future sanction of revelation, and those "varieties of untried being, the new scenes and changes we must pass." In such an hour, amid "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," how almost unconsciously, in Fancy's listening ear, is heard the sublime music of the spheres, of which the great poet of nature has sung in the immortal lines—

"Sit, Jessica; look how the vault of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

Again, when the landscape is strewn with the graceful livery of spring, and birds are singing sweetly amidst the boughs of mingled verdure and blossoms, the soft hum of bees is heard, and all nature teems with new and varied life, till evening slowly spreads her silvery veil over the magic scene—it is then, while contemplating the obscure mingling of light and shades, that sprites, and merry elves, and

"Twilight fairies haunt the sacred scene;
By Fancy charmed, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring, diffusive, decks the enchanted isle."

Or when the scene is changed to the greater splendors of summer, the sun sails majestically onward like a sea of fire, his fervid beams falling upon the rich and gorgeous foliage; the streams have a lovelier flow; and the west wind breathes in softer murmurs. Still, all nature is pervaded by a vivid life and vigor which nourishes and lives within, over which the verdure of the fields seems to be drawn as a veil; even

"The air
Is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.

"Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The hidden glories of immensity;
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power."

Similar, though seemingly diverse, were the emotions of Frederika Bremer on beholding the storms and frosts of the Swedish winter. "The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night. And, in the

depth of that endless winter night, she heard lamenting voices from the east and from the west; from plant and animal; from dying nature and despairing humanity; and she saw life with all its beauty and love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark and void: there seemed to her no eyes, as there was no heart. All was dead, or rather, all was dying, excepting pain." "I believe that something similar takes place in every human being that is born to a deeper life."

What but the like dulcet sounds of fantasy have transmitted the name of Campanella, the imprisoned philosopher of Spain? All things in nature, he says, feel: else would the world be a chaos; neither would fires tend upward, nor stones downward, nor waters to the sea; but everything would remain where it was. Heat therefore has power, and sense, and desire of its own being; so have all other things, seeking to be eternal like God, and in God they are eternal, for nothing dies before him, but is only changed. God said, Let all things feel, some more, some less. The sky and stars, too, are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed spirits that inform such living and bright mansions behold all things in nature, and in the divine ideas; they have also a more glorious light than their own, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision. The world is full of living spirits; and, when the soul shall be delivered from this dark cave, we shall behold their living forms. But now we cannot discern the images of the air, and of the winds, as they rush by us; still less the angels and spirits, of which the world is full. See how the light is diffused over the earth, penetrating every part with endless variety of operation, which we must believe it does not perform without exquisite pleasure.

The fine genius of the author of this remarkable passage was doubtless rendered extremely sensitive by long confinement in a Spanish prison. But the contrast of matter and spirit still suggests the thought, that there may be many different forms of being and sensibilities entirely unknown to us, and unimagined. Yet the most sagacious intellects have searched in vain into this shadowy realm. We cannot bridge the chasm, nor unlock the gates which close the confines of the spiritual world from our mortal vision. But still allusions to the spiritual and invisible, like those already quoted, seem to strike a kindred chord which vibrates in every heart. These are the strokes which endear to us a work of genius, and which linger last in the memory. Not to multiply instances of this kind, the most celebrated passage in the *Lusiad* of Camoens is that in which the Spirit of the Cape, rising in wild majesty amidst his stormy seas, threatens the daring adventurer upon his unploughed waters. The imagery is so striking that, when once read, it

can never be forgotten; and, besides being the most acceptable to seafaring men, it is the most admired by the literary reader.

It would be interesting to trace the history of the belief in spirits, fairies, and genii, did not its length forbid. But, in closing this brief sketch, the picturesque lines of Coleridge may yet claim attention, since they are considered to convey a revelation of his poetical faith and belief:—

"Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
For fable is love's world, his house, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,

And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chaams and watery depths—all these have vanished:
They live no longer in the faith of reason!

"But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down."

FAIRY GLEN.

BY MARIE ROSKAU.

THE very prettiest residence in all the neighborhood of Elfindale was in the glen on the edge of a wood, about a half mile from the village. At least so everybody thought who loved the works of Nature better than those of Art. The house was an old, dark stone mansion, which had been built probably a century previous. A wide hall passed through its centre, having the parlor and sitting-room on one side, and the dining-room and kitchen on the other. There was nothing in the old house itself to attract attention; it was just such a one as you may see in a thousand other places without noticing at all, unless it might be for the purpose of deciphering the initials of its original proprietors, which are rudely carved upon the gable end. You could rarely see, however, a more beautifully laid out garden, or one that afforded a better collection of flowers and a greater variety of trellis frames to support them. No wonder, either, for the former had been selected from the very best gardens, and the latter made by the most tasteful artisans which the neighboring city afforded. The box hedge was trimmed with the nicest care and precision. Yet there was nothing stiff or formal in the appearance of the place—no twisting or torturing of nature—nothing to remind one of the prim formality of a fashionable drawing-room. The flower vines seemed from very impulse to climb over the latticed frames, without having the slightest tendency to gravitation, or any other deviation from the way in which the gardener wished them to grow. One would deem that Nature was on good behavior here. All this was very beautiful, yet not more so to me than the wild, rocky ground in the rear of the old house. There tall forest trees intertwined their giant branches covered with thick foliage. A wild mountain stream wandered through the ground, tumbling over the rocks in noisy cascades, or, with low, tinkling sound, gently coursing its way over a

stony channel. The birds and squirrels having been allowed for many years to build their nests, undisturbed by dog or gun, grew bold in their security, and it was no uncommon thing to see them approach quite near to the inhabitants of the dwelling, to obtain the food which was scattered for their benefit. Fairy Glen the neighbors named it.

This was the residence of "Uncle and Aunt Dudley," as all Elfindale called them. They are as much your kindred and mine as they were theirs, dear reader; so, if you please, we will improve the relationship by forming an intimate acquaintance with them.

Uncle Dudley was in the very springtime of old age. That term expresses exactly what I mean, so pray do not call it a contradictory one. Imagine for yourself a man of sixty years, in person tall and erect, with a bright blue eye, well-formed features, a complexion embrowned by exposure, and hair as white as snow. But you will form no correct idea of Uncle Dudley unless you throw over his countenance the mild, holy expression which it always wore—true index of his gentle character. In all harshness of judging, and wrong passions, he was a very child; but, in the holier attributes of mercy and goodness he was well learned, having been taught of Him "who is meek and lowly in heart."

Aunt Dudley was younger than her husband by a few years, small in stature, and beautiful in face—yes, beautiful, although more than fifty years old; for her beauty was the kind that outlives the period of youth. The roundness of figure was gone, and the glowing complexion had faded to a more delicate hue; but her eye wore its pure expression, and her countenance the charm of gentleness and intelligence. It was a question with the young people of Elfindale whether Uncle and Aunt Dudley had been at one time different in disposition, and years of constant intercourse had produced the perfect similarity

which existed between them, or if from the time of their marriage they had been so well fitted for each other.

Fairy Glen was the loveliest spot near the village, yet many could recollect when a blight more drear and lasting than that of Nature had fallen upon its household. The merry voices of children were once heard in ringing tones calling echoes from the rocks, and their active figures had sported playfully among the trees and flowers. Yet the voices ceased, and the forms disappeared, one after another, until one thoughtful boy, with a serious cast of countenance and subdued voice, alone was seen lingering among the trees. These trials had pierced the hearts of father and mother with a deep grief; but a heavenly hope and trust were theirs, and earth's disappointments could not bring despair. Their trials only tended to soften and subdue their spirits to more perfect Christian characters. Affliction to them had "afterward yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Fairy Glen was the favorite resort of the young people of the village, particularly the young ladies. Uncle and Aunt Dudley loved them all, and ever gave them an affectionate and cordial welcome; and the garden and orchard were universally acknowledged to produce the very finest fruits—from early strawberries to the luscious peaches and grapes of autumn. In the simplicity of your hearts, perhaps, my dear readers, you may imagine that these were the chief attractions to the young visitors. If so, you are very much mistaken; the person of Mr. Allan Dudley, sole heir to Fairy Glen, being by far the most powerful magnet.

In figure, Allan Dudley somewhat resembled his father. His dark brown hair was thick and glossy, and his eyes very dark—black, you might call them at first sight; but a closer inspection would prove them to be blue, shaded by long black lashes, which imparted the darker hue. His face was very intellectual, and serious and thoughtful in its expression; yet at times it was lighted up by a brighter smile than is ever seen upon a less grave countenance. Are you a connoisseur in such matters? If so, you might doubt Allan Dudley's claim to being handsome, but it would certainly be best not to mention such doubts to the Elfindale people, for frowns would darken the brows of fair ladies, and gentlemen would wonder at your boldness in venturing to express such an opinion. Everybody in the village considered him handsome, and it would not be worth while for you to try to undeceive them. He seemed perfectly unconscious, however, of such being the fact, for the most universal flatterers, I think, never dared to breathe one word of praise in his ear; or, if any were presuming enough to do so, the words probably produced about the same effect upon him as if he were told that his coat was a becoming one, or that his boots were a higher polish than those of his neighbors. In a word, he was above flattery, and all Elfindale knew it. His manners were dignified, although ever frank and cheerful. His

33*

parents loved him devotedly, and he fully returned their affection, giving them almost the same deference which he had rendered when a child. There was an habitual seriousness about him even in his boyhood, the result of the sickness and death of his sisters. He possessed talents and ability, and, having graduated with high honors at Yale, his attainments might have enabled him to excel in a learned profession, but he chose to remain in the quietness of his early home, directing in the cultivation of the farm, and employing his leisure hours in the improvement of his own mind, and in doing good wherever he had opportunity. Judge Marshal thought that he was wasting his talents in not studying law, and old Dr. Evans expressed himself very much dissatisfied that he had not turned his attention to medicine, for he always predicted that Allan's genius fitted him for the healing art. Even good, quiet Mr. Stevens, the village pastor, had been often heard to say with a sigh, after a conversation with him—

"What a pity that such powers of mind and real piety of heart have not been directed to the ministry!"

But he had strong reasons, no doubt, for the choice he had made, being ever guided by the dictates of good sense, never allowing mere inclination to direct him in any of the serious affairs of life; and all gave him credit for thus acting.

I have tried to give you a description of Allan Dudley; yet I fear that I have failed after all. You may have an Adonis in view, or perhaps your mind may even go back to the sages, and select from among them one to whom you may liken him; but neither model will do. He was a kind neighbor, a true friend, a gentle sympathizing master, a good son, and an humble child of God. This is the most correct representation of him which I can draw.

It was early in the summer, when the large snow balls were scattering their white blossoms upon the ground, and the roses their perfume through the air, that Uncle Dudley received a letter from Rose Atlee announcing her intention of visiting Fairy Glen, with the permission of its inmates. The parents of Rose Atlee had died when she was an infant, leaving her in charge of Uncle Dudley, who was a step-brother of Mrs. Atlee's, as guardian, and Mrs. Reynolds, a maternal aunt. This charge, as it regarded the former, had been almost entirely nominal for Mrs. Reynolds was considered in every way fitted to the trust, and, living at a great distance, had merely consulted him upon the more important concerns of her niece; acting on every other occasion according to the dictates of her own judgment. But this letter from Rose brought intelligence of the illness of her only son, and her intention of traveling in hopes of benefiting his health. They expected to be abroad for two or three years; and Rose, not wishing to go with them, had written to ascertain if it would be convenient for Uncle Dudley to receive her for that time. The inmates of Fairy Glen had not seen Rose Atlee since she was a child, yet all welcomed the news of her intended residence there.

During the visit which she had made in her childhood, Allan, who was six years older than herself, and fond of study, had been obliged to see his little sanctum invaded, his books mislaid, and many of his manuscripts scattered upon the breeze in the shape of birds and butterflies, cut by her busy fingers. Aunt Dudley had seen the utter demolition of various articles of china, valued as relics; and Uncle Dudley had witnessed the descent of a new hat and pair of spectacles from Rover's head into the canal; placed upon the dog's head, not by his own efforts, but by those of their mischievous little visitor. These trials were patiently borne, for the brother remembered his sisters, and the parents their own little daughters, and they could not chide one who so sensibly reminded them of their loss. Then she was a merry, mischievous, and wayward child, who had endeared herself to them notwithstanding her many faults; now she was a woman, in her twentieth year, and no doubt as much matured in mind and judgment as in person.

She came at the time appointed. Her form was taller, and her appearance of course more womanly than it was ten years before, but farther than this she was but little changed outwardly. There was the same fair complexion and glowing cheeks, the same light brown ringlets—only that now they were confined by a comb—the same bright blue eyes, merry laugh, and light-hearted expression of countenance. She seemed so glad to see them again, and returned their greeting with so much cordiality, that all were ready to give her the old place, or a warmer one in their affections.

"Why, cousin Allan," she said, using the familiar appellation to which she had been accustomed in childhood, though they were not blood relations, "time has made but few alterations in you; I should have known you anywhere—you look just as grave and serious as when you used to lecture me on the right use of books, or caution me when I wanted to catch the birds and squirrels that came so temptingly near."

"Am I to consider that remark as a compliment or otherwise?" he asked, smilingly.

"As a compliment, of course," she answered; and then continued: "The garden is more beautiful than ever, and the neighboring scenery just as grand. It will keep me in employment for weeks to explore the grounds of Fairy Glen; for I must see whether the birds and squirrels occupy the same haunts which they did of yore, and ascertain to a certainty whether the mountain stream wanders still in its olden channel."

"And so you think that your memory is retentive enough to enable you to come to right conclusions upon these subjects?" Allan said, amused at her liveliness.

"Oh, yes; I never forget anything which has ever interested me—at least, any place so extremely interesting to me as Fairy Glen. Aunt Reynolds often promised to bring me here, to hush my teasing (I do tease sometimes); but there was always some-

thing in the way to prevent her; and now I am so glad to be here once more, that I do not think I shall ever tire of rural beauty, or care ever again to see anything that will remind me of the city."

Allan smiled again, but the ringing of the tea bell prevented his answering, if he had meant to do so.

You wish to know whether Rose Atlee was beautiful—do you not, dear reader? And this is just the most difficult of questions for me to decide, for my own mind is hardly settled upon that point. She was just such a one as you may meet, in almost every place where ladies are assembled, without noticing at all, unless your attention should be directed towards her by another: then you would simply say, "She is agreeable looking, and rather pretty." Here all interest in her would be lost. In short, she could lay claim to about the same amount of beauty as your cousin Mary, or your friend — (I don't like to publish real names). Sometimes when animated with conversation, or by the glowing light of a solar lamp, you would pronounce her decidedly beautiful, and wonder how any could think otherwise; but, when seen through a less happy medium, you might regard it strange that any could be so discerning as to find beauty in so plain an exterior. With reference to her mental endowments and disposition, I will make no disclosures, leaving you to form an opinion of them according to your own judgment, and as they are developed by circumstances.

Rose fulfilled her promise of exploring every nook and corner of Fairy Glen, never seeming to tire of wandering through the woods, or following the course of the stream; sometimes in company, yet often alone with a book, whose contents she thought might be better enjoyed when read in the open air. "Because," as she expressed it, "the pure breeze removed all films of doubt and of the humdrum cares of life from the mind, and, invigorating it with new strength and freshness, left it clear to receive the right impressions of the author." Allan was sometimes the companion of these rambles, yet not very frequently. He was poetic in temperament, and fond of nature; yet good sense and a right appreciation of the practical affairs of life rendered him unwilling to appropriate to ideal delights the time which should be spent in the performance of every-day duty. You will tell me, perhaps, that I am exalting the character of Allan Dudley above the highest standard of human excellence; that I am placing him upon the untrodden eminence of perfection. It is not so. I am simply showing a naturally well-endowed mind, justly balanced, and under the control of right principles. I could point out to you more than one such in real life; but think for yourself, and you may be able to make the application without my aid.

The presence of a young lady produced many changes in the interior arrangements of Fairy Glen in a short time. The old piano, which had been purchased years before as a wedding present for Mrs. Dudley, was removed from the parlor to another

room, and replaced by one of modern structure. Articles of fancy work, completed, and in process of completion, were scattered here and there, and books and magazines of lighter literature found places in the library and upon the centre-table in strange proximity to Paley, Blair, and Baxter. Sounds, too, were heard at variance with their former serene stillness—snatches of opera airs, and the words of popular songs, and the light step and merry laugh. These were very pleasing to the eye and ear of Allan Dudley, and, had Rose left the place, a gloomy quiet would have been there, equal to that which the departure of the birds and flowers would have produced in the exterior of the house: yet not more lasting would have been its effects upon his heart. He would have cherished her remembrance as a pleasant thought, with no intermixture of sorrow to sadden it. As a beautiful landscape, once enjoyed, or the echo of a remembered strain of melody, such a recollection would have haunted him in after life, and have left no deeper impression. A bright sunbeam, a fragrant flower, or warbling bird appeared to occupy almost as high a station in life; for not one serious word was ever uttered, and the reflection of no serious thought ever shaded her brow.

Rose had been there about a month, and they were sitting together upon a rustic seat on the brink of the stream. This spot was one which had been a favorite with Allan from his boyhood, as most favorable for pensive musings. He had played there with his little sisters in their infancy; and there sometimes had received, with them, the early teachings of his parents. Other, and sadder memories, too, endeared the place to him. It was the accustomed seat of his sister Mary, the one who lingered longest, and was loved accordingly, not only for her own sake, but for those who were dead. She was sixteen when she died, and Allan fourteen. Here, in pleasant weather, they had sat together, she with her head upon his shoulder, or holding his hand, and speaking in a low, sweet voice the thoughts which a heavenly power had impressed upon her heart; and he listening with breathless attention, as if he feared that, like the passing notes of an Eolian harp, they would die away in perfect stillness, and he should hear their soft tones no more. He remembered her last visit there, and the strange feelings with which he heard her language of resignation and hope—so wonderful for one so young, who, but a few months before, had been filled with all the buoyancy of spirit and bright anticipations of youth, and an expected long life upon earth. Death was surrounded by dreary darkness to him even at a distance: yet, while its blighting was upon her, and when the chillness and gloom of the dark valley might be already felt, there was no sign of dread. Her hand had grasped that of a powerful Guide with perfect trust, and she willingly confided herself to his guidance to lead her safely to heaven.

Unknowning of these sad reminiscences, Rose talked in her usual playful tone of raillery, entirely regardless of the serious countenance of her companion.

But soon she perceived, by his vague answers and absent manner, that he was giving but little attention to what she was saying; and gradually her voice became more subdued and her words less frequent, until they ceased entirely. His seriousness was contagious; the smile vanished from her face, and she sat silently, with her gaze directed through an opening in the trees towards the distant horizon, where the sun was sinking behind a mass of purple and golden clouds which had assumed various and fantastic forms. Thus they sat for some minutes, both engrossed in deep thought, and then Allan broke the silence.

"May I ask your thoughts?" he said, suddenly seeming to recollect that he was but indifferently playing the part of entertainer.

A bright smile irradiated her face, and she was about answering in a playful manner; but the smile disappeared, and she said in a sad tone—

"I was thinking of a much-loved friend of my schooldays who died in consumption. I watched with her the last sunset she ever saw, and it was just such a one as this. At her request, she was placed in an easy chair by the window, that she might see it once more, and I stood by her side. She died that very night."

"Were her parents living?" Allan asked.

"No; she was an orphan, like myself," (here her voice faltered,) "and her guardian was in Europe on business. Mrs. Brown and the other teachers were all very kind to her, and her schoolmates loved her too dearly not to strive in every possible way to cheer her sickness. Oh! how sad it was to see one so young and beautiful passing away from earth, with all its enjoyments untasted! and yet she seemed strangely submissive and willing to go."

There was an earnest and touching expression in her countenance, while she spoke, that softened Allan, and he said with much gentleness—

"If she was prepared for death, it was much better to be taken to heaven and made perfectly happy forever, before suffering the cares and disappointments which all who live on earth must meet. And you, dear cousin, are no doubt comforted by this, although feeling that there is much in such a death to cause deep sorrow."

"Yes," she replied, "I know that she is happy now; but I cannot divest my mind of the feeling that she is a loser by the change."

"It is a natural feeling," he said, "for which I cannot blame you; yet it is incorrect. Did you ever reason about it?"

"I never could reason coldly, where my feelings were concerned," she answered, impatiently; evidently intending to convey a reproof to Allan.

He took no notice of this, but remained quietly looking upon the sunset for a few minutes, and then slowly and calmly repeated the words: "And I heard a voice saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors. And God shall wipe away all tears from

their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And I will be their God, and they shall be my sons. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may enter in through the gates of the city."

Allan spoke with much impressiveness, his eyes turned from her, and, seemingly unconscious of her presence, he appeared as if musing about what he *saw*. She had heard the words before, but they received new meaning from his lips. A strange feeling of awe and wonder came over her, and she gazed intently through an opening in the clouds, as if her eyes would pierce the veil that hid from human sight the city of which he spoke. Then, turning towards him, she said, with much frankness—

"I have been wrong, cousin Allan, in thinking too much of time, and too little of eternity, and that is the reason why I could not before sympathize with your feelings. Just now I *do*, for my better thoughts have their influence."

Before Allan could reply they were joined by Uncle Dudley, who, with his broad-brimmed straw hat in his hand, was returning from a field of grain on the other side of the woods. Rose was soon engaged in a playful conversation with the old man, and they left the place together.

From that time Rose Atlee assumed a new interest in Allan's estimation. He thought he had seen enough to prove to him that she was capable of higher feelings than he had at first supposed. Does it seem strange to you that, with this impression, faults, which might else have remained unobserved, were noticed by him? To me it does not. We expect better things from the man of strong resolves and noble purposes than from him who has scarcely sufficient strength to keep above a level with the inferior order of creation. We think, when made conscious of errors, he will bravely combat with them, while the feebler spirit might faint in the encounter.

"Cousin Allan," said Rose, one evening, "do tell me what you think of James Grafton."

"Person, mind, or manners—which?" he asked, with a smile.

"All three."

"In my opinion then he is tolerably well looking. I have seen so few emanations from his mind that I cannot tell how brilliant it may be, or how many golden ideas he may be hoarding up to dazzle the world with their radiance at some future time. With respect to manners, I think he endeavors to be extremely polite and pleasing to ladies in general, and particularly to Miss Atlee."

"What a mild sort of a judge you would make! My opinion is much more correct, at least to my thinking. His mind, if indeed he have one, is a looking-glass, bearing upon its surface a flattered

likeness of himself, and capable of no other reflection. In manners he always reminds me of the traveled monkey. His politeness does not become him—it is something which he has not in his own right—a mere imitation of the polished grace of a superior order of beings. His form resembles very much that of the traveler to whom I have before referred."

Allan held up his hands in mock dread.

"Oh, Rose, spare *me* in your judgment!" he ejaculated.

"I am very merciful in my judgment, and always just: so there is no cause for fear, unless you may be, like the unfortunate Irishman, arrested for stealing, whom some one was trying to comfort with the hope that the court would do him justice. 'Do me *justice*!' exclaimed the poor man; 'that is just what I am afraid of!'"

Allan smiled.

"You have rightly guessed my fears. I am afraid of justice, and recommend myself to your mercy."

"I do not care to pronounce judgment upon you this evening," Rose answered; "and, when I do, I promise to be very merciful. But who comes here?" she continued, seeing a gentleman opening the garden gate. "James Grafton! Now we may surely quote the proverb, 'Talk of his Satanic majesty, and one of the peers of his realm will immediately appear.'"

Allan returned no answer, but arose to meet the visitor, whose feet were then upon the steps.

He seated himself beside Rose, and, according to his custom, commenced overwhelming her with a shower of light, silvery compliments. These were received with much apparent complacency, and occasionally answered in the same strain.

"I should think," he said, "that you would weary of this lonely place, after having been accustomed to a city life."

"There is no loneliness where nature dwells," Rose replied.

"I mean with regard to society."

"I have never found in the city," she answered, "the same amount of intellect, intelligence, and refinement which I have at Elfindale. This is particularly the case with the gentlemen."

"I would thank you for the compliment, if it were not usual in all such remarks to make those present the exceptions."

"But indeed I do not mean to make any such exception in this instance," Rose replied, with much seeming sincerity.

Mr. Grafton bowed with a gratified look, as he answered—

"Miss Atlee's good opinion is so valuable that I would not willingly attribute the present compliment to mere flattery."

They were sitting upon the portico, and Allan had been silently listening to the conversation. When their visitor ceased speaking, he arose and entered the house. This movement attracted the attention

of Rose, and she glanced towards him in time to see that his face wore an expression of seriousness almost amounting to sadness.

"What can be the matter with Allan?" she repeated to herself. "He cannot surely be so fastidious as to object to my gratifying this foolish fellow's self-conceit."

Yet she could think of no other reason for his evident displeasure. For awhile her attention wandered from her companion, and her answers to his questions were given at random; but in a short time he forbore questioning, and continued, in a strain of highly-wrought language, something with which he intended to enchant her. He congratulated himself upon his entire success, for the calm moonlight displayed a smiling, yet thoughtful countenance, and gentle, earnest eyes, with slightly drooping lids, and his self-esteem whispered that the smiling face and drooping lids were evidences of his companion's enrapt attention. But no ray of moonlight penetrated into the inner recesses of her heart, enabling him to read what was written there, or the perusal would have pained his vanity; for her thoughts were not with him, but with Allan. She had known the latter long enough to feel the full value of his good opinion, and her conscience told her that she deserved his blame. Her heart, too, was pained by the effects of his conduct towards her; for, if he were not her lover, she still regarded him as a very dear friend, whose affection and esteem she was anxious to deserve and retain. Yet her wounded vanity began loudly to complain of his strict, puritanical notions.

"He had no right," it reasoned, "to look so reprovingly upon so small an offence—if, indeed, that may be called an offence which is practiced by all young ladies without the slightest compunction of conscience. If, by ministering a little to a gentleman's vanity, we can make him happy, that is one good object gained, independent of winning his admiration for ourselves. Allan is harsh in his judgment upon such trifles, and there are few, if any, who would agree with him in this. I will trouble myself no longer about his ill humor."

With this determination she strove, and with some success, again to become interested in seeing to what extravagances her flattery, and the inordinate vanity of her companion, would lead him. Late in the evening, he departed, in the best possible humor both with her and himself; fully convinced of his own personal attractions, and happy in the confident hope of winning the heart of the pretty flatterer.

Was Rose Atlee wrong in giving him this high degree of pleasure, unthinking of the future pain which a knowledge of the truth would produce? Or would the present self-complacency more than counterbalance the future mortification?

After her companion was gone, Rose still sat alone upon the portico. Her thoughts had again reverted to Allan, and she felt no inclination to enter the house, for fear of meeting the silent reproof

of his expressive eye. It was perhaps a quarter of an hour after Mr. Grafton's departure, when Mrs. Dudley appeared.

"Why, my dear Rose," she exclaimed, "you should not be here in the night air. Do come into the house. Your uncle has been quite anxious about you, and sent me to look for you."

"The air has not felt damp to me," Rose replied, as she arose and followed Aunt Dudley into the parlor.

Uncle Dudley and his son were there; but Allan was engaged with a book, and did not seem to notice her entrance.

"Welcome, my bird," said the old gentleman; "we have been waiting to hear your warbling."

"My voice is so out of tune, uncle, that I fear, instead of a robin's warbling, you will have but the harsh croakings of a raven."

"No, no, Rose; a robin's voice is never out of tune."

"How can you contradict me, uncle? But tell me what you wish to hear, and I will prove to you the truth of my assertion."

"Let it be 'The lonely auld wife.'"

Rose sang the simple and beautiful lines with much pathos. If her whole soul were not in the music, she was either very desirous of pleasing Uncle Dudley, or of attracting Allan's attention from his book. If the former was her aim, she was amply repaid for the effort, for he was completely absorbed by her song; but Allan's eyes were still intently fixed upon the pages before him, as though there had been no object more worthy of his notice.

"Thank you a thousand times, my darling, for the song!" said Uncle Dudley. "Dempster himself could not have done more justice to the words, or have pleased me better."

Rose playfully pressed her lips upon the old man's forehead, in return for the compliment, and seated herself by his side.

But it was time to prepare for retiring. Allan's book was closed, and the bell rang to assemble the household servants and those employed upon the farm. Uncle Dudley read a chapter from the Gospel of John, and then all knelt down while, with much fervor, he besought the blessing of their Heavenly Father upon the labors of the day, and protection through the night. Humble confessions of sin were made, and earnest petitions for pardon offered, and strength and grace to keep from further transgression asked of Him, "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." The chapter read, John xvii., was one well calculated to arrest the attention, and the mild solemnity of Mr. Dudley's tone seemed rightly fitted to deepen the impression. The faces of those who sat around were calm and serious, as though they listened with interest and attention—as though their hearts shared in the devotion. Perhaps this was so in the main; yet there was one exception.

The mild, solemn language fell upon the ear of

Rose but its meaning failed to reach her mind, for it was still wholly absorbed by Allan's displeasure. She knelt with the others; but the simple and eloquent petitions, that brought calmness and peace to more than one who heard, were entirely unheeded by her. Her hands were lifted, as towards heaven, and her eyes closed, as if to shut out from the soul all earthly objects; but her heart was not raised with her hands—no thought of heaven was there—and the closed eyes only served to allow the mind the more distinctly to contemplate earthly subjects of thought. Pride, wounded self-love, and thoughts of resentment towards another, and humble self-abasement, with confession of sin and prayer for pardon, cannot dwell together in one mind, and Rose made no effort to banish the former.

All arose silently from their knees. The domestics, with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, left the room, and Allan and Rose were alone together. Rose felt a strong disinclination to go; she hardly knew why, unless from a curiosity to know whether she had rightly guessed the cause of Allan's seriousness, and in hopes of ascertaining this if she remained. Yet it was very awkward to sit there with no visible employment, and she opened a book, as if to examine its contents. Her thoughts, however, were not with the volume whose leaves she was turning, but revolving how she should most easily commence her investigations of Allan's feelings. At length, she determined that it was best to appear as if not having noticed his displeasure. With this conclusion, she closed the book quickly, and said, in a careless tone—

"Cousin Allan, how could you be so selfish as to leave me alone to entertain that foolish James Grafton?"

"Because I did not think my assistance was needed," he replied, scarcely raising his eyes from the book which he had resumed.

"You lost something by not remaining," she said, not seeming to observe his coldness; "for it was highly amusing to see how eagerly, and with what confidence, he received all the compliments I paid him."

"That would not have amused me."

"Why?"

"Because I do not think it right to make any one an object of ridicule."

"Then you think I was wrong in encouraging his vanity?"

"I think all departures from the truth are wrong." Allan said this with a sternness quite unusual to him.

Rose was offended. With a flushed cheek, and in an excited tone, she answered—

"I was certainly not aware of Allan Dudley's right to act as censor of my conduct!"

"Rose," he replied, calmly, "I wish you to listen to me. I had no desire to reprove; but you asked my opinion, and I gave it; perhaps with more sternness than I should have used. If so, you will forgive me."

"I never could bear to be scolded," Rose said, pettishly.

"Had you been a stranger to me, or one in whom I had no interest," Allan answered, "I might have felt this less keenly; but it was very painful to me to see a deviation from the truth—forgive the expression—in one whom I regard with respect and affection."

He said this very kindly, and Rose was a little softened.

"You are too severe, Allan," she said. "There are few who would think so harshly of what is practiced constantly by many who would score a positive falsehood."

"Some may deem me strict in this; but I do not feel that I am wrong."

"I am certain that James Grafton feels much more happy from my flattering him than he would if I had allowed him to know the truth."

"He has been deceived and ridiculed."

"But he does not know it, and there is no harm done."

"Rose," said Allan, with much gentleness, "it would be far more pleasant to me to consult my own inclination, and assist you in apologizing for the deception; but my conscience and regard for you both demand that, if I speak at all, it shall be with plainness and sincerity. Are you willing to hear me thus, without feeling vexed by what I shall say, remembering that it is no unkind motive that influences me?"

"You are too solemn for so trifling a matter. The judge about pronouncing sentence upon a murderer could not be more so."

"I am not conscious of being unnecessarily solemn. Some regard such deceptions as trifling and allowable. I do not. Education, and different estimates of the importance of things, teach us to form various opinions; for these each one is responsible to his own conscience. I do not wish to obtrude my thoughts upon you, as they are so disagreeable to you. You will forgive the plainness with which I have already spoken, and believe that I would not be willingly harsh or severe."

Allan arose, and held out his hand towards her, as if about to close the interview, and not wishing to leave any unkind impression of himself; but Rose had no desire that the conversation should terminate thus abruptly. She laid her hand in his, and said, with much earnestness—

"I am a foolish girl, Allan, and have no doubt learned to think wrongly upon many subjects; and this which we are discussing may be one of them. I do not like to be blamed; but I have no desire to remain ignorant of the truth. Tell me what you will; be as sincere, or stern even, as you think you ought; although I will not promise to listen calmly, because I cannot be calm where my feelings are concerned."

He gently pressed the hand he held, and, still retaining it, seated himself by her side. Kindly and affectionately, yet sincerely, he reasoned with her

upon her conduct towards James Grafton, explaining its effect in giving him a wrong estimate of himself, and of her opinion of him, as well as its evil influence upon her own conscience. These were highly important in themselves; yet he spoke of the far greater danger of incurring the displeasure of Him before whom even the angels are chargeable with folly. Rose listened attentively to all he said. Her better spirit again triumphed, and all wrong feelings were subdued. Her heart acknowledged the truth of his reasoning, and resolved upon an entire reformation. New thoughts, new hopes, and new desires took possession of her soul. She felt the utter folly of the former frivolous pursuits in which she had been engaged, and earnestly longed to press forward towards a nobler and higher goal than any she had ever before had in view. With Miss Landon, she could say—

"I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind,
And feel as if immortal powers
Were given to my mind."

These aspirations produced a strange and delightful sensation, which she could not analyze. Humility and gratitude towards him who had been the means of arousing such feelings perhaps predominated. They parted friends—more than friends; Allan wondering why he had been so tardy in rendering to her the full credit which her noble qualities deserved, and Rose with a respect and affection for him amounting to veneration.

It was very long before she could sleep that night; for her thoughts were busy with the evidences of Allan's nobleness of character. Sweet and pure thoughts they were, too, for mingled with them were holy desires and high purposes. She wished to be just what Allan would approve of and love; and more than one petition arose to Allan's God for strength to fulfil the resolves she had made.

God is the hearer of humble, fervent prayer. The result will prove whether Rose Atlee's were such.

After hours of waking visions, seeming scarcely more like reality than those sometimes experienced in deep slumber, she fell asleep to dream of walking with Allan among the gardens of Paradise. All around her were bright and beautiful objects, and perfect bliss was in her heart, as they followed the course of a crystal stream bordered by fragrant flowers. Suddenly, there was a movement in the waters, and the head of James Grafton emerged from its depth. He stretched out his hands towards her, as if imploring her assistance. She would have attempted to rescue him, but Allan held her back, and, moving to the water's edge, seemed about to offer his aid. It was refused; and, with one strong effort, the drowning man arose above the surface, and, seizing her by the dress, drew her in after him. A strange sensation overcame her as she sank with him far beneath the waves, and she lost all recollection. Sweet sounds, like the melodious tones of a finely-strung musical instru-

ment, aroused her from the stupor. She opened her eyes to find a bright ray of sunlight streaming through her curtains. One window-sash had been allowed to remain partially raised through the night. A beautiful oriole, whose nest hung upon the branch of a willow near by, was perched upon the window-sill picking some crumbs of cake, which were scattered there. Occasionally, he would pause and sing out a joyous strain of melody, as if delighted with his repast. It was this which awakened her. She lay for some minutes enchanted with the brightly-plumaged bird and its harmonious warbling. Then her mind reverted to her dream, and to the events of the previous evening which had produced it. A strange feeling, akin to mortification, came over her as she remembered these things. Not that she had acted wrongly towards James Grafton, and upon other similar occasions, but because she had allowed herself to yield so readily to Allan. She placed her hands tightly over her eyes, as if the absence of light would render the recollection less distinct.

"Allan will have just cause for boasting in thus easily subduing my prejudices," she meditated. "He is quite too strict in his views. It is pleasant to all young ladies to be admired, and the only way to win the admiration of most men is by administering to their vanity. If I had tried, I might have induced him to yield to my opinions, for the time at least, and that would have been something gained. He will think I am very easily conquered. It is strange how he could have acquired such control over me as to lead me to forget to try one single art to lure him to me. It would be a triumph to secure his heart entirely; but yet, from the very first, I have despaired of this. Yet he shall not again have it in his power to pride himself upon my easy submission, for I shall certainly never again yield, but endeavor to subdue him, notwithstanding his cold stoicism. He must have some vulnerable part, and henceforth I shall make a strong effort to find out where this is."

The bell for morning prayers interrupted her reverie, and she rose to dress, with the determination of proving to Allan that she was in no degree humbled by his recent influence over her. She had no wish to disgust him by a display of self-will or pride on her part; but rather sought, by evincing what she called a proper degree of self-respect, and by various gentle arts, to secure to herself the ruling power. She had been a reigning belle in her aunt's circle, with none to dispute her right, and accustomed to being flattered and caressed, and seeing all bend, or seeming to bend, to her opinions. The desire of admiration had grown upon her, until she craved it almost as a necessary means of subsistence, and every effort was put forth to obtain it.

Mrs. Reynolds, although in many respects a sensible woman, had acted very injudiciously in the training of Rose. Instead of exerting an authority over her, she had allowed her own better

judgment to be overruled by the wayward fancies of her niece. She could not bear to chide or correct the child of her only sister, whatever might be her faults. Every appealing look of Rose served to remind her of that dearly-loved sister; and she could not nerve herself to refuse any request thus urged. There was a sacredness in her very faults, for they, too, called to mind similar traits in her lost sister's character. And when Rose had grown to womanhood, with her waywardness firmly established, it is not to be supposed that her aunt would then chide or seek to control. Rose was rendered perfect enough in her estimation, from her marked resemblance to the dead both in person and manners, and she felt no desire to have her different from what she was. Allan was the first one who had ever presumed to reason with her upon her conduct, as if she *could* do anything that was wrong; and we need not wonder that she should rebel against his authority to do so.

When she reached the dining-room, the family had already assembled. Again they all knelt in humble confession and earnest thanksgivings to Heaven, and again those sounds fell unheeded upon the ears of Rose Atlee, while her mind was intent upon other and far different objects of thought.

The servants left the room, and, with a bright smile, she returned the morning salutations of Uncle and Aunt Dudley. Allan was there, but he gave no evidence, either by his countenance or manner towards her, that the events of the past evening were at all remembered by him. Rose was surprised at this, for she had expected some show of triumph, or a slight display of deeper interest in herself.

"He will join me in our favorite sunset haunt," she thought, after having waited in vain, until late in the afternoon, for something by which she might guess what impression her yielding to his reasonings had made upon his mind.

With this expectation she sought the spot, but Allan did not make his appearance. He may have been gifted with a keen insight into character, and accordingly had no desire to place himself within the influence of her attractions, when they were to be exerted upon his own heart. However this may be, all her efforts proved vain: he smiled at her playful sallies, and met her more serious mood with a gentler reserve which forbade her to hope that even this touched his heart. An attempt was made at flattery—not the gilded words with which she sought to dazzle more common minds; but by gentle reliance upon his aid in many things, and a confiding deference to his opinions. Many of her old studies were resumed, and his assistance was required to help her through difficult translations, or in searching for specimens to complete a botanical collection. These services were cordially rendered, without any apparent recognition of the implied compliment, and she wondered more and more at his stoicism.

One morning Rose entered the parlor with a beautiful bouquet of flowers which she had been arrang-

ing, and singing the words of a merry song. She had placed the vase upon the centre-table, when her eye caught the reflection of a gentleman in the mirror opposite. The song was suddenly checked. He bowed upon finding himself observed, and she returned this acknowledgment of her presence with considerable embarrassment. He was remarkably handsome, and the polished grace of his manners displayed the finished gentleman. She had never before seen him, and admiration gave a deeper tinge to the blush of embarrassment. At this moment Mrs. Dudley appeared, and, after a cordial greeting had passed between them, she introduced the stranger as Mr. Winthrop.

Rose immediately recognized in him the Philip Winthrop whose talents and other brilliant attractions had been the favorite topic of conversation with most of the young ladies of Elfindale. Sometime previous to her visit, he had left for Europe, and she knew that his friends were expecting him home, although she had not heard of his arrival.

During the call he fully sustained the character which had been given him, and departed leaving Rose perfectly fascinated by his charming manners and noble appearance. Allan Dudley, with his seriousness and stoicism, had no longer any interest in her eyes, and all her thoughts were with the handsome and agreeable stranger.

The visits of Philip Winthrop to Fairy Glen became very frequent, and he was ever planning some new pleasure—a pic-nic to some delightful haunt in the neighborhood, a boating excursion, or a moonlight ramble; or, when the weather was unfavorable for these, a musical party within doors: for among his other accomplishments he possessed a fine voice, and performed with taste upon several musical instruments.

Rose Atlee now seemed to live in a new world, with new desires and new objects of pursuit. Her mornings were spent in practicing Philip Winthrop's favorite music, either with him or alone, and her afternoons in the perusal of such books as he liked, or in listening as he read aloud. He was passionately fond of poetry, and Rose thought she had never heard so eloquent a voice, or one who could so well express the thoughts of her favorite authors. If occasionally a day passed by, some of whose hours were not spent in his society, it was a dreary blank to her, possessing nothing worthy of remembrance. Very rarely now did she join in the family circle in their prayers, for she was nearly always engaged in some plan of amusement until a later hour than that fixed upon by the quiet inhabitants of Fairy Glen for retiring, and these late hours generally prevented her rising sufficiently early in the morning. This grieved the kind hearts of Uncle and Aunt Dudley, for they loved her, notwithstanding her faults; yet they hardly knew how to increase her interest in themselves and their objects of pursuit—for she had become almost as a stranger to them. They regretted this alienation of Rose, not in its outward seeming, but because her heart had lost all sympathy with

them. There was one appeal for them—to Him who turneth the hearts of all; and in his ears they poured out their desires.

They could not openly object to the attentions of Philip Winthrop, for his character was irreproachable among men; yet, with much that was estimable in his conduct, there was an indecision, a disinclination to business, and a want of stability where energy was most needed, which made them look anxiously and with fear upon the increasing interest which their visitor took in his society. Perhaps, too, there was a hope lurking in their minds that, at some future time, the inclinations and feelings of Rose should become more in accordance with their own—with what they believed to be right—and that a mutual attachment might spring up between herself and their son; but they never expressed such a hope, even to each other.

Allan's thoughts upon the subject, whatever they were, were confined closely to his own bosom, and he still continued to exercise towards Rose the same quiet kindness, and the same gentle reserve. Occasionally he joined in some plan of amusement which Philip Winthrop originated; yet not often, for his time was generally occupied with other, and to him more agreeable, objects of pursuit.

One night Rose returned at a late hour from a party in the neighborhood, and, as usual, attended by Philip Winthrop. Upon entering the parlor, she was surprised to find Allan Dudley there, as it was customary for one of the servants to wait up for her.

"Why, Allan," she exclaimed, "I did not expect to see you here!"

"Margaret had a headache, and it was inconvenient for any of the rest to wait up to-night," he answered.

"I am very sorry that I have been the means of keeping you up so late," Rose said, quickly, and really feeling the regret she expressed.

"That is quite unnecessary," Allan replied, "for I felt no inclination to sleep, and was glad to have so good a motive for keeping awake."

It was not often that Allan offered a compliment, and Rose was quite inclined to receive this as one. She smiled, and said—

"Now that I have done you such a favor, in return you must tell me the subject of your waking thoughts to-night."

"But they would not interest you."

"Yes, they would."

"Oh no; you are mistaken there."

"It is impolite in you to contradict me, Cousin Allan."

"Excuse my non-compliance of your request for a more flattering reason than mere contradiction."

"What other reason can you have?"

"I have not the vanity to presume that any thought of mine could interest one possessing the many attractions of Rose Atlee, and do not wish to be wearisome."

These words were merely used as a playful means

of getting rid of her request, and so any one with less vanity would have understood them; yet the self-love of Rose whispered that perhaps an attachment for herself secretly existed in the heart of Allan Dudley. So, with an appearance of carelessness, she said—

"But is it not possible that you may be mistaken, and that what you think will be wearisome may prove highly interesting?"

"Oh! no, no; I never could deceive myself in so thinking."

A strong feeling possessed Rose that Allan's thoughts had had some reference to herself, and that he was therefore anxious to conceal them; so she playfully laid her hand upon one of his which rested upon the table, saying—

"There, now, Cousin Allan, I will hold you in custody until you tell me."

The small hand which lay upon his own was white and soft, and the temptation to raise it to his lips, or at least to press it, seemed irresistible; but Allan did not appear to suffer from any such temptation, and, with the calm smile of a stoic, he replied—

"I can bear such a confinement, as long as you are disposed to keep me in it, with pleasure."

"You are unmanageable," Rose said, with a slight blush, at the same time hastily withdrawing her hand.

"Oh, no; not quite; but you don't know how to manage me."

The face and neck of Rose were suffused with a deep crimson, and, for an instant, she imagined he had read all her thoughts. She looked hastily in his face, but there was nothing there to indicate that he had a deeper meaning than that expressed: yet all inclination to further questioning departed, and, after calming her voice, she said—

"If that is the case, I suppose I must wait until I understand the art better."

"That is certainly the wisest plan," Allan answered, with a smile.

But, notwithstanding the efforts of Rose, there was an expression of uneasiness, almost amounting to pain, upon her face. Without seeming to understand its cause, Allan noticed this, and, with his characteristic kindness, tried to remove it.

Taking up a book that he had been reading, he directed her attention to some beautiful passages which it contained; reading in tones that Rose could not but acknowledge to be *almost* as eloquent as those of Philip Winthrop, and much more gentle. Thus he succeeded in soon dissipating her mortifying fears; and they talked of such subjects as Rose but seldom conversed upon—of higher import and of a nobler tendency. Very gently, too, he drew from her many a better thought, and yearning aspiration for a higher good, which lay hidden in her soul beneath a gay and careless exterior.

Once more was the better spirit of Rose awakened to active thought through the instrumentality of Allan Dudley, and again, with a full consciousness

of the immortal powers of the human mind, she formed good resolutions for the future.

For a time these feelings exerted an influence over her, and then they subsided as before.

The coming of winter wrought sad changes in Fairy Glen and its vicinity. The pines, which of all the trees alone retained their verdure, moaned drearily as the chilling winds swept through their branches; and, of all the numberless choirs which had filled the woods with their melody, but a few scattered and almost voiceless birds alone remained. Yet, even amid all the chilling desolation of winter, Fairy Glen was still beautiful. The leafless branches of the trees displayed a thousand fantastic shapes, which could never be observed through the thick foliage of midsummer; and the little unfrozen waterfall, now open to the rays of the sun, sparkled beautifully in the light, with the icy sprays and drops around it. The squirrel still visited occasionally some of his former haunts, and pawed among the dead leaves for nuts, while the ground was yet uncovered by snow. Then, too, there is something so exhilarating in a snow storm, especially in the country! It is with a sort of ecstasy that we watch the pure white snow-flakes gradually covering up all objects; and when the clouds have scattered, and the sun shines out, there is new beauty in the dazzling whiteness.

"You will weary of the country when the winter comes," Rose Atlee's city friends foretold in their letters during the summer: and she did sometimes long for the gayety of a city life. Yet not often, for the pleasure-seeking portion of Ellendale still kept up a round of excitement equal to that of the summer.

"Not another party, Rose?" said Aunt Dudley, with an inquiring glance at the former, as she laid an ornamental envelop with its enclosure in the card-receiver.

"Yes; a sleighing party for to-morrow," she replied.

"But you do not mean to accept it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you think it right to expose yourself to the danger of increasing your cold?"

"You are too careful of me, aunt; there is not the slightest cause for fear."

"You must excuse me, Rose; but I do not think I am wrong in dreading further exposure for you, while you have such a severe cold."

An unjust suspicion crossed the mind of Rose that Mrs. Dudley did not wish to see her enjoying herself, and she answered quickly, and decidedly—

"I am perfectly willing to take the whole responsibility of my own actions."

Mrs. Dudley did not reply; but the expression of her face was so serious and sorrowful that Rose feared that she had offended her. She did not mean to yield her point, but regretted having spoken so hastily. Laying her hand upon Aunt Dudley's shoulder, she said—

"Forgive me, dear aunt; I did not mean to offend

you. I am very, very grateful for your kind care of me; but I do think you are mistaken in imagining that the slight exposure of to-morrow will be injurious to me."

Mrs. Dudley smiled as she gave the kiss of reconciliation. She was pleased to see Rose so unwilling to offend; yet there was real sadness in her heart at the wilfulness she displayed where her own good alone had been consulted.

The party was very select, and passed off as pleasantly as those things usually do; yet Rose returned with a heavy heart. For the first time, she had seen much to blame in the conduct of Philip Winthrop. Previously the dark spots, distinctly observable to others, were in her mind surrounded by a halo which dimmed her perception of their real character, and made them even pleasing to her. But now this enchanting radiance was fast disappearing, and her eyes were opening to his defects. In the very outset, she had noticed signs of selfishness which were new to her. Then, he partook rather too freely of wine (she had a very great dread of the least approach to intemperance), and talked and acted in an extremely foolish way, exciting the amusement of some, and the pity of others. Many would have considered this only as a slight yielding to a strong temptation, which should be readily excused; but Rose could not so regard it. A cold shudder passed over her at each aside glance, contemptuous smile, or look of pity; and she thought with horror of the feelings which the wife of such a man would have upon a similar occasion. His handsome person and fine talents were no arguments in his favor then, but rather served to make his abasement the more conspicuous.

After a restless night of fearful dreams and troubled sleep, she was aroused to the full consciousness of a burning fever, the realization of Mrs. Dudley's fears. Medical advice was procured, and all proper remedies used; yet for a time her recovery was considered doubtful. A gloomy silence pervaded the whole household. Every one moved noiselessly through the rooms, and the quick, unnatural laugh of the invalid, and her delirious murmurings were thus rendered the more distinct. Mrs. Dudley watched untiringly and anxiously by her bedside, and each member of the family showed a deep interest in her welfare, either in active services rendered, or by earnest prayers in her behalf.

The violence of her disease abated, and consciousness was restored; yet she was left so extremely weak that there seemed but little hope that she would be able to gain sufficient strength to support her through the winter. With the return of her reasoning powers, recollections of the past gradually crowded her mind, imperfect at first, as the dim picturings of fancy, and then with all the distinctness and force of reality. These remembrances were dwelt upon for many hours in the day, when, by her low breathings and closed eyes, Mrs. Dudley thought she was asleep; and each reflection served to show more plainly the folly of much of her past

conduct. With these retrospections came deep gratitude that her life had been spared, and solemn purposes of amendment, in their depth and earnestness unlike those of former days. In sincerity she resolved, and having learned by experience her own inability to perform, she humbly looked for aid from Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness.

It was pleasant now to her to recall new proofs of Allan's goodness; and the high-toned morality of which she had before complained now excited her warmest admiration. If the feeling with which she regarded him was not love, it was deep reverence for his exalted character, and an earnest desire to deserve his approbation. The symptoms of returning health served rather to increase than diminish this feeling; yet there was now no effort made to attract his notice, for each new perfection which she saw in him made her the more conscious of her own faults, and seemed but to draw a more impenetrable barrier between them. An entire change was wrought in Rose Atlee, and in all her desires and objects of pursuit.

When she was again able to receive visitors, Philip Winthrop called; but the period of her illness seemed to have produced as great a change in him. Absence had served to lessen his regard for her, and all sympathy of feeling between them was so lost, that Rose wondered how it was that he had previously won her admiration. One month after her recovery he removed to New York, and she heard of his departure without *one* feeling of regret.

You are anxious to know, perhaps, how Allan Dudley received this change in Rose, and if his interest in her was increased by it. If we may judge by the watchful tenderness with which he anticipated all her wants, and the many efforts made to relieve the tediousness of close confinement to the house, it certainly had. Rose could not now complain of his want of attention, for all his leisure moments were devoted to her.

One day, after Allan had given some very strong proof of her influence over him, he said, smilingly—

"I think you have acquired a new talent of late, cousin Rose."

"What is that?" she asked.

"The art of *managing* me," he answered, with a peculiar expression, which she could not fail to understand.

She was silent, and a deep blush suffused her face, for the remark recalled some rather painful reflections.

"The task is not quite so difficult as you once thought—is it, dear Rose?" he asked with tenderness.

The blush deepened, but she still returned no answer. Allan was fearful that he had offended her; he took her hand, and said gently—

"Forgive me if I have in any way pained you; nothing was farther from my thoughts."

His manner showed plainly the anxiety he felt at having given her pain; and she replied quickly—

"Oh, no; you have never been the cause of one unpleasant moment to me since I have known you. I have had many such since our acquaintance, but they have all originated in my own waywardness and vanity, which I now deeply regret, and would wish you to remember no more against me."

"You have misunderstood my motive for alluding to the past," he answered. "I acknowledge that there is much in it which had better be forgotten; yet not on your part alone, for I have been to blame in not making sufficient allowance for errors that were chiefly the result of an improper education. I was too reserved, and you doubtless thought me cold and unfeeling; and now, to make amends for the past, I mean to be as affectionate and confiding as you will allow me."

There was something in his manner which recalled the blush to the face of Rose, and she was as taciturn as before.

After a pause, Allan resumed the conversation, but in a very low tone—too low for any ear but that of Rose. They were words of love which he uttered—of the pure, unalterable love of a manly heart; and she, of course, answered as he desired.

SLEEP.

BY SAMUEL J. PIKE.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." (Psalms.)

When wearily the eyelids close,
And for unbroken slumber yearn;
When, faint and feeble for repose,
The overburdened heart would turn
From Earth's fallacious happiness
To joys more pure and peace more deep,
God bendeth from on high to bless,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

Upon the quiet bosom rest,
Like summer rain on blossoms, dreams
Of worlds more beautiful and blest
Than this; while on the vision gleams
A glory Earth can never dim,
Nor clouds its brilliance hidden keep
Descendent from the throne of Him
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

In sweet and full forgetfulness
Of toils and tears and worldly woe,
The spirit trembles in excess
Of blissfulness, and longs to throw
Itself amid Death's waves, and swim
To shores where none may wake to weep
Abiding near the feet of Him
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

There, in the radiance of the day
That waneth never into night,
The shades like mists shall melt away,
And Heaven its own abundant light
Diffuse around the soul that lives,
In quietude unstirred and deep,
Beneath the smile of Him who gives
Unto his own beloved sleep.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—SECOND SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE long reign of George III. was celebrated in the annals of fashion. Hats were of every shape and size. The present round hat appeared after the French Revolution, when the three-cornered one entirely disappeared; after it came the chapeau bras and the opera-hat.

A writer of the early part of this reign is very severe upon the gentlemen for their love of adorning themselves; indeed, he attacks their costume and its appendages as poignantly as he does that of women: "The ladies," he says, "have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery; but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen who 'will lay a whole night (as Benedict says) carving the fashion of a new doublet.' They have their toilettes, too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and will spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies') have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs as the block at the barber's. About fifty years ago they buried their heads in a bush of hair, and the beaux, as Swift says, 'lay hid beneath the pent-house of a full-bottomed periwig.' But, as they then showed nothing but the nose, mouth, and eyes, the fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear."

The following lines describe certain varieties of dress worn by the ladies in the year 1766:—

"Painted lawns and chequered shades,
Crape that's worn by love-lorn maids,
Watered tabbies, flowered brocades;
Violets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtles, jessamines, and roses;
Aprons, caps, and kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats, and bonnets green;
Catgut gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
Fans and hoods, and feathered muffs;
Stomachers, and Paris nets,
Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
Rings and blondees, and mignonettes."

Ladies now wore wigs like the gentlemen, and frequently added a club, or *chignon*, behind, in imitation, probably, of the *toupées* of the other sex. Caps of every kind were also seen; some towering high in air, some equally low; some stopping down to the nose, others standing straight upwards. Mountains of lawn, muslin, net, lace, gauze, ribbon,

flowers, and wire assisted in composing these structures, many of which really deserved the censures of critics quite as much as those of former years.

In addition to these enormous coiffures, the fair ladies very often placed on the top of them a gipsy bonnet, surrounded with numerous bows and streamers

A few years later, a coiffure, which certainly rivaled the commode, was very fashionable, and



in spite of caricaturists and abuse, continued so for many years. It was a perfect mountain of curls, powder, pomatum, flowers, feathers, blonde, and ribbon, rising one above another.

After this came the corkscrew curls, adding, by their long twisted form, to the ludicrous effect of the *Alps*, which towered high in air on the foreheads of our ancestors.

A work published in 1776 mentions that a parrot, its wings and tail extended, was very often perched on the top of the powdered edifice. This rivaled the coiffures of the Chinese ladies, and their favorite head-dress of the *song wang*.

Powder remained the fashion till the year 1794. After it disappeared the hair was worn in curls,



which were sometimes short, at others long and straggling, falling completely over the face, so that

the bright orbs beneath could with difficulty peep out from the ringlets which almost entirely concealed them.

Then came the crop, that frightful coiffure, which no beauty, however youthful and graceful, could wear with impunity. Often a narrow band sur-



rounded the head, and perhaps a rose was placed upon the forehead, or an immense feather stood up like the *panache* in a soldier's helmet, as seen in the foregoing cut.

Bonnets were equally remarkable, as will be seen by the accompanying specimens :—



After long waists had been worn for some years, extremely short ones appeared, and the petticoats of the gowns were tucked up behind, like those of many peasants of the present day. *Sacques*, *negligées*, and the far-famed great-coat, now came into fashion. The latter is celebrated for having been a favorite dress of Queen Charlotte; and Madame D'Arblay has immortalized it by the following lines, in which she alludes to her majesty's predilection for it :—

"The garb of state she inly scorned,
Glad from its trappings to be freed;
She saw thee humble, unadorned,
Quick of attire, a child of speed."

34*

A little later, the fashionable costume is thus described by a modern female writer : "Ladies wore cloth pelisses, formed like a man's coat, with a velvet collar; a round black beaver hat, silk cravat, and boots with high military heels, a sprigged black lace veil, the trowsers, which peeped below the short petticoat, alone showing the weaker sex. The driving dress usually was a box-coat and cape, a round white beaver hat, lined with green muslin, a cravat, and Hessian boots; the costume beneath the coat consisted of a cambric dress fitting close to the form, sometimes even without any plait in the skirt, and gored in such a manner as to disclose the shape of the limbs. The robe was sometimes even damped to make it sit closer. The lighter the clothing, the more fashionable."

The bust was, at this period, frequently enrolled in a white satin spencer. The petticoats were frightfully scanty, the shoes elaborately sandaled, the stockings of thick silk, and the pocket-handkerchief had a good sempstress hem, subject to no other ornament than its neat red mark in the corner.

The Swiss petticoat and white chemisette body was our first launch into French fashions at the early part of the present century. The writings, songs, and caricatures of the day took up the strangeness of the attire—strange even to ourselves; much more so, probably, to the people we sought to imitate, for the very materials of Parisian apparel were then new to us. We had never seen *tulle*; we were ignorant of *satin rouleaux*; a transparent standing-up French *toque* was a thing unheard of; neither had we seen such short waists, or the dresses open behind and in front to the very waist.

The hair was now dressed *à la Chinoise*; the broad plait surmounting the head forming a sort of basket, which held a profusion of roses. The forehead was quite uncovered, the hair being strained up from it; and at the side fell the long distinct ringlet, emulated in length by the gold ear-ring that hung pendent beside it. Never had we seen such a head as this; we looked like so many cropped schoolboys.

The dress was equally new. A clear silk net over white satin, made very short both in the skirt and the waist, and trimmed round the petticoat with *satin rouleaux*. The morning dress of one of the first French ladies who made her appearance in England at the termination of the war is described as having been formed of a plain English gingham, instead of silk or satin, with a beautifully worked chemisette; her hair *à la Chinoise*, without other ornament than a large Leghorn hat.

No sooner did French modes once more reach our shores than they were instantly seized upon, and the dress of the British fair changed like magic! Toques, berets, tunics, manteaux, chapeaux, bonnets, every article of attire that a French *modiste* touched with her fairy fingers, was bought with avidity. Then appeared bonnets whose shape we cannot better describe than by borrowing the words of Moore :—

"That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church doors to let it in—
Nor half had reached the pitch sublime,
To which true *toques* and berets climb;
Leaving, like lofty Alps that throw
O'er minor Alps their shadowy away,

Earth's humbler bonnets far below,
To poke through life their fameless way."

From this period, English costume is so familiar to our readers as to render any description of it quite unnecessary.

HOW CAN AN AMERICAN WOMAN SERVE HER COUNTRY?

BY KATE BERRY.

AN answer to the above question involves the consideration of that old and very trite subject, woman's sphere, which has been so often enlarged upon and defined that, to say anything new in relation to it, is quite impossible. It will, however, in these days of women's rights conventions and kindred performances, be scarcely amiss to call the attention of the sex to a matter which they cannot too well understand, and which, led away by the unfeminine assumptions of the more gifted, but less scrupulous, among their ranks, the majority may be in danger of misapprehending.

Is it practicable to be a patriot and also a true woman?

In replying, we will begin by looking at the subject in its negative aspect, and by briefly dwelling upon what, in our judgment, it is best that woman should *not* do, in order to prove herself a true patriot. And, first, let our countrywomen be advised, by all means, to refrain from forming themselves into societies, under whatever title, or with whatever large and laudable aims, as a groundwork for intended action. It is now so much the fashion for people who wish to accomplish any particular design to set out in this way, that individual responsibility is in great danger of being lost sight of; the actual labor of a few zealous members being relied upon by their associates for bringing about desired results. Furthermore, it is a course that renders the sex quite needlessly conspicuous, and should therefore be avoided.

Whatever tends to produce an intermitted, spasmodic kind of action, should be guarded against with equal care. In attempting to arouse others, a writer or speaker, as the case may be, too often indulges in idle generalities and mere windy exhortations. He will entreat them, to whom the appeal is made, to go forward in one solid phalanx against error or evil practices; to put their shoulders to the wheel; to give "a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether," to demolish the intrenchments of folly or wickedness. All this sounds vastly eloquent, and may avail to stir the passions, inducing brief exertion in a good cause; but it does not usually eventuate in sustained and undiscouraged effort. The promulgation of a few plain hints and commonplace suggestions, the pointing out some quiet course of action, which each individual can calmly

pursue, is, in reality, better calculated, by promoting steadiness of performance, to insure lasting good.

And, especially in addressing woman, is this passionate and stirring mode of appeal out of place. The sphere she occupies is not a public one; the fulfilment of her duties is not to be accompanied by noise and display. So far the reverse, that the most important of them—attendance upon the sick, the care of children, and the thousand unofficial, lovely acts that render her the light of home, as well as the discharge of those claims which her afflicted or poorer neighbors have upon her—all these involve not the least assumption of forwardness or bustle, the least relinquishment of womanly grace and dignity.

After premising such views, it may be readily inferred that the writer has no intention of exhorting her countrywomen to attempt an entrance into the arena of politics, or even, by advocating the claims of candidates for office, to seek an influence, however unobtrusive, in election contests. It is not necessary for a woman to know much of political affairs, either as a system, or in their practical details and workings, as exhibited in our land, in order to prove herself a true patriot. Nothing is more unlovely and unfeminine than a female politician; scarcely anything so unbecoming to the sex as a heated and angry discussion of political subjects. It is not in the nature of things that women should deeply understand the ramifications of our great national parties; and, being usually influenced by affection in their views of these matters, and jumping at conclusions as they do, their attempts to talk politics generally end in making themselves ridiculous.

Within the memory of the writer, it has been proposed, by over-zealous Fourth of July orators, as a prominent means of serving our country's interests, that its women should resolutely restrict themselves to the use of American manufactures in the matter of dress, and carefully avoid the imitation of foreign usages. We have been repeatedly accused of an unpatriotic preference for foreign fabrics, customs, and manners. Such tastes have, doubtless, in a few instances, been carried to extremes; but it does not follow that they are to be totally relinquished, in order to the cultivation of a

patriotic spirit. There is much across the water worthy of imitation; and, as for the matter of buying foreign manufactures, it were best for our women to consult their tastes, purses, and position in the world, without troubling themselves to inquire whether this or that is the production of American or transatlantic looms. It would also be wise for them to pay all merited attention to the strictures which tourists from abroad make upon our modes of life and social usages; for a course of reform is therein often pointed out to act upon, which could not but produce good results.

And this observation brings us to the consideration of the true field where woman may display her love of country, and exert a vastly beneficial influence. The defects in the operations of our laws and constitution, which the lapse of years may call to view, we can safely leave in the hands of our rulers and statesmen to remedy. Endeavors at reform in this department, involving, as they must, in order to success, a knowledge of law, executive and judicial, fall not within the sphere of woman to undertake. With the social organizations of the country has she to do; for on them is her influence as potent and prevailing as it should be pure and salutary.

It is an inevitable result of a republican form of government, and the absence of fixed grades of rank, that each citizen should desire and aim to be equal in wealth and consideration to those whom he deems above him. This sort of ambition is, in some respects, desirable, and, if properly carried out, might lead to happy results. But, in many instances, it induces a spirit of discontent and a course of vulgar rivalry and display, quite at war with a true enjoyment of life, as well as with republican simplicity. The mere wish to make as great a show as our neighbor must, if indulged, lead to extravagance; and that an ostentatious mode of living, proceeding from such a motive, is but a too common practice among us, none can deny. Foreigners remark upon it; the thoughtful and prudent of our own people acknowledge and deplore its existence. If ostentation and vulgar show were confined to those whose means are sufficient to allow such a course, leaving its bad taste out of the question, the ill effects would be comparatively circumscribed. But, inasmuch as the less wealthy emulate the richer, or, if restrained by an enforced economy, look on with envy—and, in either case, a train of evils ensues, resulting in extravagance or discontent—the matter demands reflection, and, if possible, reform.

The particular defect in our social system, to which, in connection with the present subject, attention is now directed, is the practice of giving large parties, where expensive entertainments, ruinous to the health of partakers, and very exacting upon the purse of the host, are provided. By many people in our land, the idea of "society" is comprehended in a crowded assemblage, a flirtation, and a late supper. There are numbers whose

talents and graces fit them to adorn society, properly so called, whose limited means must prevent them from indulging in such socialities. This is an evil scarcely less than those before alluded to, as flowing from the same source—extravagance and envious discontent. For, could the influence of persons thus gifted be more extensively exerted and felt, what improvements might not take place in the aspect of society, and what higher tastes than generally prevail might not be created and cultivated!

And who is to start the reform?—who is to take the first step towards diffusing a more rational taste and practice? Clearly, it is woman's province to move in this matter, wherein, so think we, she may bravely show her patriotism and evince the truest zeal for her country's good. It often requires more genuine moral courage and real nerve to set one's face against some foolish conventional observance, or to conform in dress and living to one's means, than to front the cannon's mouth, or even go to the stake. "The world's dread laugh" is more terrible than a whole park of artillery. But it is the martyrdom which, in these days, all earnest, thoughtful souls, who discern between reality and appearance, and seek to act according to such knowledge, must be prepared to endure.

It is therefore truly becoming an American woman to practice such heroism. Those whose independence and tact can enable them to do it well might set the example by forming social gatherings, where music, conversation, and kindred intellectual enjoyments, with a freedom from restraint and formality in coming and going, should form the prevailing features. The refined circles of London and the Italian cities, if the impression which we receive from travelers who have mingled in them be correct, furnish good models, and the extreme simplicity of their entertainments plainly indicates that the gratification of the palate is the smallest inducement to call them together. At such assemblages, no danger is to be incurred to purse or health in providing or demolishing an overloaded supper-table. It is true that American women are beginning to understand this sort of thing; but much yet remains to be done. Nor need there be all the accessories of wealth to render such social intercourse pleasing and useful—saloons enriched with statuary and paintings, or expensive books, in order to give proper aliment to congenial minds. There is scarcely a town or village in our Union where moderate means, intelligence, and refinement are not so generally diffused as to prevent society being constituted on such a basis of truly republican equality and simplicity. A few lively and useful works, a taste and skill in music by no means rare among us, and a greater attention than is at present given to the art of conversation, with a spirit of courtesy, and a determination to please and be pleased, are some of the easy requisites.

Perhaps it will seem a homely and altogether too tame a field wherein to do battle for the honor of

one's country, and the suggestions may be laughed at. Nevertheless, the evil to which allusion has been made, and its results, moral and physical, are before us; and to you, American women, is the appeal addressed. With you it rests to render our social intercourse more free, improving, and intellectual than it now is, and, by a proper course of action, to place it on such a basis that those who are fitted by taste and refinement to enjoy it may do so, though they lack wealth, and that there may be a path by which young and unappreciated talent can become known, encouraged, and successful.

There is another way in which an American woman can advance her country's honor, not altogether unconnected with the above. It is well known, not only that the highest offices in our Union are attainable to the most obscure of its sons, if he be but persevering and determined, but that such attainment has been so often made as to render the assertion of its possibility entirely needless. What duty, then, does the knowledge of this fact enforce upon women filling positions of influence in social life? Undoubtedly, the duty of doing all in their power to encourage the attempts that men, poor in fortune but gifted with nobler endowments of intellect and energy, and whose breasts are fired with an honest ambition for success, are making to achieve a name and standing in the world.

Hesitate not, fair lady, to receive such a one among your friends, and withhold not the grasp of welcome, though the hand you take may be hardened at the blacksmith's forge, or the brow of its possessor tanned by following the plough. It is from such materials that the great and world-renowned statesmen of this republic are made. Is there a youth of your acquaintance who, struggling with poverty, yet ambitious to serve in the councils of his country, is forced between his periods of study to ply some humble trade, or spend hours in the irksome employment of teaching. Oh! do not look superciliously on such a one! Be a true woman, an American, and respect the honest zeal which warms a bosom heaving, it may be, beneath a threadbare coat. He is more worthy of your smiles, ay, of your hand and heart too, young maiden, than many a one rich in this world's goods, who, dressed in the latest style, dangles at your side and talks nonsense. Do I underrate woman's influence when I say that herein she may do much to make her country's genuine sons respected, and to aid them in their progress towards honorable distinction? If I do, let the other sex be answerable for the mistake, for they tell us that our smiles are potent, our encouragement beyond price.

The influence which woman, as an instructor of children, may have upon the destinies of our country, has been too often dwelt upon to admit of anything new being said. However, it will do no harm to allude to this branch of the subject. In the capacity of mother, her agency for good or evil is boundless. No son who, by a course of gentle and affectionate treatment, is taught to love his parents, and by good

discipline made obedient to the rule of home, will fail to be a law-abiding citizen of the great family of this Republic. She whose blessedness it is to be a mother may most meetly and appropriately show her patriotism by early teaching her sons to consider a republican as the best form of government in the world, and to hold in respect the characters and conduct of those great hearted men who composed the first American Congress. Especially should she instruct them to revere the memory of the sincerest patriot and wisest man whose deeds lent glory to our revolutionary struggle—the first President of the Republic. But, while dwelling with proper enthusiasm upon the well-fought battles and beneficial results of that contest, she should be careful not to foster a warlike spirit in her children.

Woman's sphere is one of peace, and though in the dread time of war her presence and ministrations have been all that lessened its horrors, yet she peculiarly has reason to regard it as a curse. The days are forever past when wars, however successful and brilliant, can add to the true glory of our country. Infinitely unsuited to the genius of our institutions are merely military renown and achievements; and a patriotic mother will point out any other field of distinction for her son to seek.

It is true that some of our wisest and most distinguished men are skillful generals, and the highest office in the gift of the people has been repeatedly bestowed upon such. But not for its own sake did they enter the arena of mortal strife, or to gratify paltry, personal ambition. The best and wisest of them, he for whose loss a nation's wail is yet scarcely silenced, deprecated war, and often expressed himself as utterly averse to an appeal to the sword for the settlement of difficulties. Let American mothers teach their sons such sentiments, and incite them to honor the humanity of our departed President; while they inculcate this truth—that the blessing of peace is the greatest that can fall to our land, bringing, as it does, all others in its train. They must render their instructions practical by enforcing upon their children the performance of those acts and duties which become the citizens of a peaceful state. They should teach them to cultivate the arts and occupations needful in such a state, and, while cherishing in their sons a truly manly independence of character, should influence them to subdue all quarrelsome inclinations, and learn to guard themselves against a readiness to return even real injuries and insults by personal violence.

There is a chivalrous and daring spirit, a love of bold adventure for its own sake, which seems almost instinctive in the breasts of many of the youthful belonging to the sterner sex. This spirit it was which, in ancient times, prompted men to rush into conflict with each other, and engage in deadly strife. It is far from extinct, even in this peace-loving Republic; nor need we seek to quench it, but only to turn it in the right channel. There are fields plentiful and broad enough here, whereon to exercise such an adventurous and heroic disposition. The

brave and dauntless fireman, who scales the walls of a burning dwelling to rescue a mother's darling from its flames, displays more true courage than did ever any hired soldier entering at the bidding of his leader the perilous breach. And the true-hearted man who, with sinewy arm and unflinching resolution, makes his way through western wilds, and rears there a home for one he loves, shows as bold a spirit of adventure, and seeks as fertile a field on which to give it scope, as ever any brave knight of old manifested or encountered, who, with his lady love's scarf upon his bosom, rushed, lance in rest, into single combat with his foe to vindicate her charms, or sought to display the strength of his devotion by doing battle with the Saracen on the plains of Palestine.

And therefore can an American woman point out to her sons a path, even in the midst of the peace-crowned scenes of this fair land, where they may nobly and most fully gratify their zeal for daring achievements in a manner vastly more rational and beneficial than ever characterized the bravest deeds of a crusader.

It is the peculiar duty of a woman in her private life to "follow those things which make for peace," and equally incumbent upon her, as an American and a patriot, in her intercourse with the world, and her influence on society, to keep steadily the same objects in view. Particularly, in the present clouded state of the political atmosphere, should she withdraw as much as possible from the threatening storm, and shut her ears from the din of party strife. If she can do no good in this way, she can at least avoid doing harm.

Of all that has been said, this is the sum: That home and the social sphere are the theatre where woman should seek to make her influence felt—where she can work, effectively and appropriately, in giving expression to her patriotic spirit. "In quietness," to quote the words of Holy Writ, "shall be her strength;" on the serene and resolute performance of her duties as daughter, sister, mother, wife, all comprehended in the one word, Christian, is she to rely to establish her claim to the possession of patriotism. She need not go out into the world's rough ways, and listen to noisy harangues at political meetings; she need not seek the halls of Congress to hear the stirring speeches and witness the exciting scenes which take place there; above all, she need never covet or attempt to obtain the right of voting, in order to be, or show herself to be, a lover of her country. In so far as she forgets the gentleness and retirement becoming to her sex, in so far as she enters upon the province of the opposite one, just to that extent does she impair her usefulness and true character. Will it be said that we limit her sphere—that we put, as a witty writer of our own sex sarcastically observes of the other when defining the same thing, "a shirt at one end and a pudding at the other?" No, indeed. Is there not enough in following out the course that has been but hinted at, to engage the intellect, the energies, the affections of

every American woman? That course might be enlarged upon, for there are many fields besides those here glanced at, which are strictly within the province, where she may act as becomes her sex for her country's weal; but we are already prolix. Sufficient has been suggested to form a groundwork for the action of every thoughtful, earnest-minded member of our sex.

There are ten thousand channels where her patriotism can find a way in which to flow and strengthen, blessing and being blessed; bearing the name of American woman to a bright and honored niche in that fair temple of national fame which her own hands—never lifted to wield either the sword or pen of strife, but ever employed in deeds of gentle heroism and sweet charity—shall in no slight degree have contributed to raise in this new and wondrous world of the western hemisphere

THE HEART OF MAN IS LIKE A HARP.

BY JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

THE heart of man is like a harp
O'er which dark spells were thrown,
In time of old, by magic art,
When magic its stern empire held;
And oft now from its strings will start
A sad, heart-breaking tone.

O grief beyond all other here!
How rich its tones might be!
How rich in harmony and love!
And growing sweeter year by year,
Might to the spirit-home above
Float in soft melody.

But now—Oh, sound no more heart-harp!
Why give forth tones of woe?
Why give such sad, heart-breaking notes,
When angel-music fills the air,
And every breeze that round us floats
Wakes music soft and low?

Oh! shall these heart-strings never more
Sound as of old in tune?
Is pleasure but a wandering gleam,
Soft glancing from a distant shore,
A moment o'er life's troubled stream,
And passing soon, too soon?

Ah! though these strings are shattered now,
Though spells are o'er them thrown,
Yet shall the moment come when they
Shall, as the soft winds o'er them blow,
Waft on the zephyr's wing away
For aye an angel-tone!

Yea, though these strings are now ajar,
Yet shall the moment come
When they shall be in tune again—
When they shall echo back afar,
Not the sad cankering notes of pain,
But notes of heaven, of home.

POETRY.

SONNET.—TIME.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHAT art thou, Time? A tiny islet lone
Upon Eternity's vast shoreless sea—
Yet mightier than mightiest seem'st at thou to be,
All yielding to thee—though unscen, unknown!
The rose, so fair, is withered at thy touch,
And falls, death-smitten, from its mossy stem—
Scattered its leaves, with none to gather them!
Succumbs the forest tree, which, erewhile, much
Boasted to have withstood thy mighty power;
And temples firm and strong, man's works sublime,
Crumble to dust beneath thy tread, O Time!
Man, too, thou wastest like the fading flower:
He only safe who, girt with power, did lay
Forever on thy bosom, vast Eternity!

TO A CAUTIOUS POET.

BY PORTIA.

"In joyous youth, what soul has never known
Thought, feeling, taste harmonious with its own?"

YEs, check thy heart with maxims cold,
Nor let the rosebud Hope unfold;
The fledgeling bird, that quiv'ring springs,
Restrain, and bind his trembling wings;
And veil thine eyes from morning light,
Till shaded o'er by gloomy night.

* These lessons they will teach, I know,
Who never felt one generous glow;
Yet that thy minstrel lips should own
Such treachery to the heart's pure throne—

Loose, loose the bird, when ling'ring ago
Hath bought his freedom from the cage;
Then bid him to the empyrean soar,
When youth and all its dreams are o'er;
When winter's gales are sweeping 'round,
Seek dewy violets on the ground;
And ope thy laggard eyes at last,
When morning's blush is all o'ercast.

THE HARP OF MEMORY.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THIS lonely realm at least is free,
And here my harp may wake,
Unheard, the song that breathes of thee,
Remembered for thy sake;
That lyre so loved in other days,
May well recall the notes of praise
That soothed its youthful fears;
When thou and hope alike were young,
And feeling, as each lay was sung,
Repaid the strain with tears.

These chords, in mournful silence, long
Deplored thy hapless fate,
Till memory came to wake the song,
Which still is desolate:
When thou grew'st silent, all grew dumb;
No fancy could the spell o'ercome
Thy loss o'er life had cast;
But, as the sorrow grew subdued,
Thy innage filled the solitude
As once it blessed the past.

Oh, memory, still her chant renews,
But not with former tone;
She cannot now, and would not choose,
Forget that she is lone:
That, if thou hear'st her tribute strain,
Thou dost not answer it again,
As still 'twas thine of yore;
She dreams that thou art nigh, but sees
No more as love and fancy please,
And looks and sighs the more.

TO RUTH.

BY T. F. W.

Oh, Ruth!—name filled with sweet simplicity!
Name linked with all that's beautiful and bright!—
To paint thee as thou art, a form of light,
Would be, indeed, supreme felicity!
Thy golden hair is braided on thy brow,
Which fairer is than e'er the falling snow,
In many a sunlight fold, and there, in bright
And beauteous characters, is painted Truth:
To what can better rhyme thy name, sweet Ruth?
Oh, I could gaze within those lovely eyes,
As soft and blue as are the summer skies,
And fancy I behold a *heaven* there,
Such pure and holy semblance do they wear.
There is a gentleness in all thy ways
That, magnet-like, doth draw all hearts to thee
Thou dost enchant all by thy modest grace,
Thy truthfulness, and sweet simplicity!
Thou hast the meekness and the tenderness,
The loving heart and soul-devotedness
Of *her*, thy namesake, who, in days of old,
Did glean for love old Boaz's harvest fields!
A wealth of the heart's treasures, all untold,
Is thine, sweet maiden; and thou dost possess,
In thy heart's garden, many a lovely flower
Of thought and feeling, which sweet fragrance yields!
May no dark cloud, dear one, around thee lower,
And no chill wind e'er blight their loveliness!
May happiness be thine without alloy,
No sorrow e'er obscure thy sky of joy!
On fairy wings may fly the rosy hours,
And "Time forever talk to thee in flowers!"
May life be one long summer's dream to thee;
And, like thy name, may'st thou, dear maiden, be
E'er beautiful in sweet simplicity!

TO MISS J. V. G.

DEARER to me than all beneath the sun,
 If but a wish of mine could make it so,
 It should be thine to glide through this rough world
 As softly as the fragrance of the rose,
 That's borne upon the zephyr's gentle breath.
 It should be thine to ride life's turbid wave
 As lightly as the fallen leaf which moves
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake,
 Sent by the softest breeze that ever blew
 Across the silvery tide; a breeze too soft
 To make the little trembling wavelet rise,
 And yet of force enough to waft it on
 To the far haven of its final rest.
 If I could pluck a pinion from the wing
 Of bird or angel, that dear form of thine
 Should never be encircled by the gloom
 And darkness of the grave; but deathless still,
 And never having felt the pang of death,
 Quick as the light that flies from yonder sun,
 Thou shouldst ascend from this low, dreary earth,
 Up to the bright and blissful seats of Heaven.

REMINISCENCE.—TO MARY.

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

MEMORY as oft reverts to thee
 As ebbs and flows the dark blue sea;
 Reverts to thee when, from each tree,
 Young Spring's gay birds sing merrily,
 Conversing most melodiously.
 Oft as the advent of fancy's dreams,
 When fair Aurora's earliest beams
 Array, in light, bright Flora's bowers,
 New-forming wreaths of fairy flowers:
 For thy mind's beauty is as fair to me
 As a cloudless moon upon a summer sea

THE ESTRANGED.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

TO-NIGHT I see thy blessed face,
 Thy gentle tones I hear,
 As dawning on my troubled rest,
 Thy airy form draws near.
 I feel the touch of thy dear lips,
 The pressure of thy hand,
 All in the breathless silentness
 Of sleep's enchanted land.

I taste anew each lost delight—
 Thy calm eyes seem to say,
 "Pride of my heart, it cannot be
 That all hath passed away!"
 The heavenly light of other days
 Around my pathway beams.
 And on thy cheek—but this, alas!
 Is only in my dreams!

And memory, with the faded joys
 Of dear departed hours,
 Comes, like the first delicious breath
 Of Spring, with bees and flowers;
 Again I hear thy fairy step,
 Thy meek eye on me beams;

I wake, but oh, to find that this
 Is in my dreams, bright dreams!

With thee I roam each spot so dear,
 When mind and life were new,
 Ere cold neglect upon my heart
 Had shed its autumn dew;
 I wake as one whom death had bound
 From what too real seems.
 To find, oh true, that thou art mine
 But only in my dreams!

W O M A N .

BY W. H. S.

THE earth was finished; Eden stood
 Illumined by the new-made sun;
 All was, as He pronounced it, good,
 When the God-fashioned work was done.
 The rising hills, the streamy vales,
 The countless starry lights above,
 The gently blowing, balmy gales—
 It was a world to see and love!

The air was full of odors sweet,
 And sounds of new created life,
 While the deep pulse of nature beat
 Devoid of tumult or of strife.
 Beauty, in every bud and leaf,
 Bloomed out perennial and green;
 Yet man, of this fair realm the chief,
 Stood sad and listless 'mid the scene.

It seemed a desert; mist and gloom
 Hung heavy o'er the lifeless hours,
 And dying 'mid their own perfume,
 Untended, drooped the fairest flowers:
 Plumed warblers on his joyless ears,
 Unheeded, poured their ceaseless song,
 And music from the far-off spheres
 Swept sweet, but raptureless, along.

In all the loveliness around,
 Fresh, Heaven-lavished o'er the land,
 Thus robed in beauty, he but found
 Deformity on every hand.
 For him, amid its rosy bowers,
 The bird of varied song might tire,
 Or open in vain the charming flowers,
 He saw, and sighed, and ceased to admire

He was alone upon the earth,
 And his young spirit felt the glow
 Of feelings, in whose very birth
 Such isolation were a woe
 He loathed this cheerless solitude,
 For he alone was doomed to this;
 All creatures else, though wild and rude,
 Had fellows to partake their bliss.

Oftimes he dreamed of happier fate,
 And once, when sleep had sealed his eyes,
 He fancied that his lonely state
 Had wrought him pity in the skies;
 Dreamed that an angel form was sent
 To be his partner and his guide,
 And waked to its accomplishment,
 For WOMAN slumbered by his side!

MANTLE AND UNDERSLEEVES.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



LA MARGUERITE.

Fig. 1. This is the name of a very showy and stylish mantle of velvet, which we give as very suitable for the present month. The body is of deep purple velvet, fitting closely to the figure in front, but the cape rounding in, to form loose and graceful sleeves. Beneath this, the mantle descends in full sacque fashion, forming heavy folds. It is lined throughout with silk of the same hue, quilted in diamonds. The cape has a heavy fringe falling over the arm, and a band of *cherry* velvet encircles the entire mantle. A spray of rich embroidery on each side the corsage, also upon the front breadth, adds to its elegance; but it should only be worn in a car-

riage, being too showy for the street. The collar is small and square.

UNDERSLEEVES.

We give two very elegant and elaborate patterns for the present month. It will be seen that they are both closed by a band at the wrist, as all should be at the present season.

Fig. 2 has a plain cambric body, finished, in the first place, by a row of insertion and gaufréd frill. The same at the wrist, and between the two are similar bands, placed *en spiral*.

Fig. 3 is a more ordinary style, and more easily made, or "done up." The falls are of thick cambric edging, suitable for a promenade or street dress.

A WORD MORE OF DRAPERIES.

A PROMISE we gave to furnish our lady readers with further information with regard to furniture draperies, we find recalled by several stylish fashion plates just sent to us from the elegant saloon of Mr. Carryl. Perhaps they were not aware that elegantly colored plates are monthly received from Paris, giving the last new fold, or, as a Western man might say, "the latest hitch," of curtains for beds, windows, and mirrors. Yes, mirrors; for

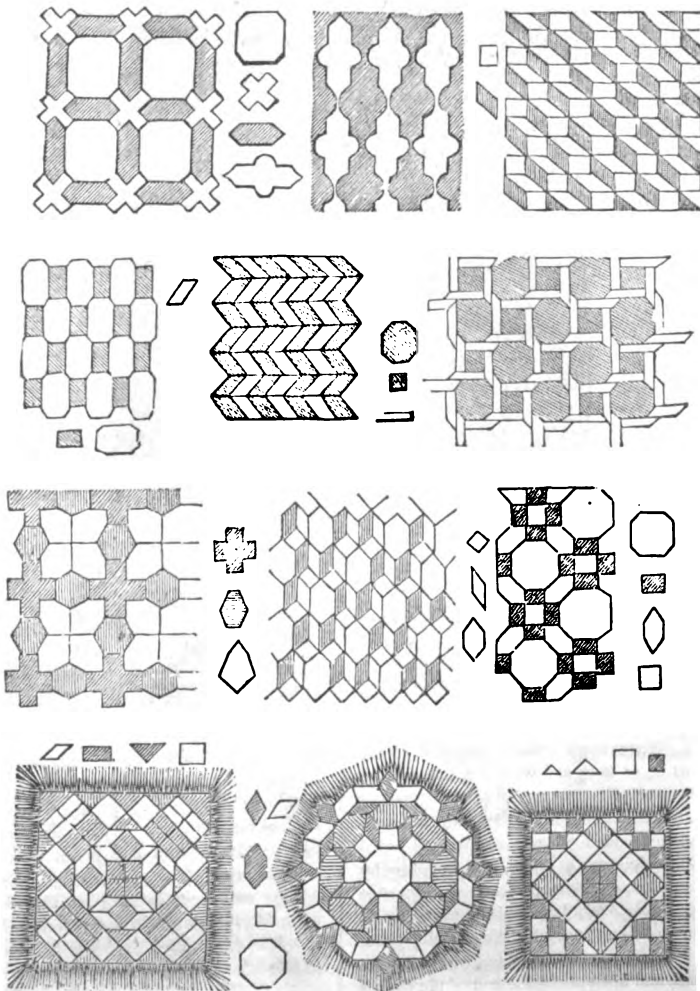
mantle draperies are now decidedly the fashion. They consist of a rich cornice and *lambrequin*, with sometimes light curtain folds, looped back at the side of the mirror. But be it specially noted, that such elegance should correspond with the tone of the whole room in style and decoration.

Bed draperies are of two styles, for each of which there are infinite varieties. High posts, of course, require one especially adapted to them; the same

may be said of low, or French bedsteads, as they are usually called. We have here a print of a high post frame, surrounded by a *lambrequin* of green damask, edged with heavy fringe. The curtains looped against each post are of the same, lined with a thin rose-colored silk. The counterpane, or cover, is of the same, also edged with fringe. For a French bedstead, the neatest style is to have the canopy passed through a large gilded ring suspended from the ceiling, although they are sometimes placed beneath a draped cornice, or alcove. The lace or embroidered muslin curtains should alone be used in summer

For halls, or dining-rooms, Mr. Carryl informs us that shade blinds are chiefly used. The most tasteful are of perfectly plain buff Holland, with cords and tassels of the same shade. They are much more stylish than the most costly Venetian or painted shades, as they are subdued in color, and can be made to harmonize with any style of furniture. Gothic patterns, painted shades, are sometimes used for halls or libraries; but sprawling bouquets, or flower baskets in gaudy colors, are not considered in taste. But we commend our lady readers to Mr. Carryl himself, whose store is at No. 169 Chestnut Street, corner of Fifth.

PATCHWORK.—COMBINATION DESIGNS.



NETTING.—NET FOR THE HAIR.



Materials.—Two pieces of fine netting silk, either cerise and white or blue and white; a fine netting needle, and a mesh No. 13.

Begin with the colored silk, and make 40 loops, which must be joined to form a centre, and net 6 rounds. Commence with white, and increase by netting 2 loops into every loop of last round; after which net 6 rounds. With colored silk net 6 rounds in honeycomb netting; increase before commencing by netting 2 loops in every alternate loop of the preceding round, and decrease at the end of the rounds

by taking 2 loops together at every other loop. This must be repeated at the beginning and completion of honeycomb netting. Repeat those last twelve rounds twice, which completes the net. Finish with a cord and tassel of corresponding color.

This recipe is for working a moderately sized net; but, if required for a luxurious quantity of hair, it will be advisable to increase the number of loops to fifty.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

A VERY HANDSOME BABY'S HOOD.

Twenty-four skeins of white Berlin wool, and No. 5 bone pins will be required; and for the trimming, three yards and a half of a pretty open gimp half an inch wide, one silk button the size of a shilling, and three very small ditto, also silk; the whole of which should be pure white.

Cast on eighty stitches, and knit six plain rows.

First row.—Purled.

Second row.—Knit.

Third row.—Purled.

Fourth row.—Make one, knit two plain, lift the one you have made over the two knitted ones; repeat to the end of the row.

These four rows form one pattern; repeat it eight times, then cast on twelve stitches, knit back and cast on twelve other stitches; knit two plain rows, which will reverse the knitting; now commence again and work eight more patterns, which will be the depth of the crown; instead of casting it off, run a piece of wool through the stitches, fasten it neatly, and sew the large silk button on the outside.

For the roll behind, cast on thirty-eight stitches, knit seven patterns, and cast off. To make it up, join round a piece of wire ribbon fourteen inches in length, sew it in the crown, then place a piece of

your gimp over the stitches. A little fine wadding should be used in the front, roll it back to the size required, and in the roll behind do the same; before placing the roll on the back, turn up a piece of the hood behind, to prevent its being too low in the neck, then place on the roll. Cut one piece of gimp five inches long, and another seven inches, and another eight inches, sew each inside the front, about one nail apart, and turn them over the front in a slanting direction, fastening each with one of the small buttons on the outside towards the crown. Make a rosette of the remaining part of the gimp, and place it also on the one side; run a narrow sarcenet ribbon round the head, place in a head-lining of sarcenet, and sow on ribbon strings.

For a baby girl a curtain would be required, for which cast on one hundred stitches, knit seventeen patterns, fold it double, and run it on the back of the head; and, instead of a rosette, make up the gimp in a wreath about two nails deep, and place it up the side.

A COMFORTER TO MATCH.

The same pins, and two dozen wool required.

Cast on one hundred stitches.

Knit eight patterns in width, sew it up loosely, and finish with a pair of bullion tassels and ring.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

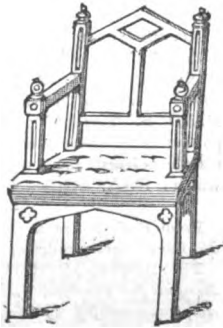


Fig. 3.

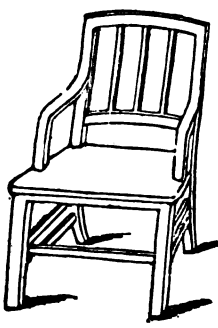
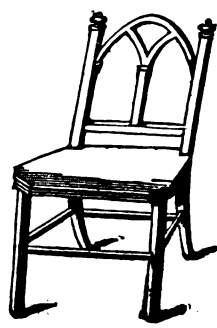


Fig. 4.



In the August, September, and October numbers of the Lady's Book we gave specimens of cottage furniture for the bed-chamber, which received many commendatory notices of the press from different parts of the country. We now return to the parlor,

and give some additional patterns for chairs, two of which are in the Gothic style.

Fig. 1 is a design for a cane-bottomed chair.

Fig. 2 is a Gothic elbow chair.

Fig. 3 is a parlor elbow chair.

Fig. 4 is a Gothic parlor chair.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We have reached another stage in our progress—the last month of the year, and the last number of this the *forty-third volume* (reckoning two volumes per year) of the “Lady’s Book.”

We do not name these things because we are intending to stop, or even pause, in our course. Like the telegraph wires, our course must stretch onward while there is intelligence to diffuse and minds waiting to welcome it.

The past year has been to us a pleasant one, and prosperous on paper. We look back with gratitude to the many, many hands held out to take the “Book;” hands with warm hearts in them, too, and we thank our friends for these favors. We look forward now with hope that these same hands will not only continue their clasp, but also prove their right to hold fast the “Book” as their own property, *paid for and received!* It seems a small matter; three dollars sent to the publisher, and you have twelve numbers containing over fifty splendid engravings, besides twice the number of new and useful drawings and embellishments, and from seven to eight hundred pages of letter-press. No one complains of the price; those who forget to pay must regard it as a mere trifle. But all great things are made by an aggregate of small matters; so we beg to remind our friends that even the little sum of three dollars, withheld by a large number of subscribers, is a heavy *loss* to the editors.

We hope to square off all these old accounts before the New Year, and then the way before us will be without an obstacle or hindrance. We have the purpose earnestly in view to keep our periodical where it now ranks, in advance of all others of a literary character in our country. In our January number, we shall inform our friends of the improvements contemplated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Articles accepted:* “The Muse,” “History,” “Our Talents,” “To an Absent One,” “Mrs. Peabody and the Shottish,” “An Appeal to Time,” “To a Snow-Bird,” “A Legend of the Forget-me-not,” and “Spring’s Morn.”

The foregoing communications are all we can admit out of several scores received during the last two months. We will add, in justice to several of our disappointed correspondents, that articles are often declined by us because we cannot comply with the request that the MS. shall receive early attention. We are compelled, for lack of room, to postpone the publication of such articles as really please us, and few contributors would wait patiently for months—it may be years.

One other matter we have often mentioned, but no writer for the “Book” seems to bear it in mind. We cannot notice a communication in less than three months from the time we receive it. Our work, owing to the large edition, must be printed two months, or nearly so, in advance of the day of publication. This December editorial is written in September. Of course, to comply with the requests made for the insertion of arti-

cles, if accepted, in any particular month, is not convenient, nor even possible.

The story by “Ezekiel” is not sufficiently finished in style to suit the pages of our work. Yet the writer has talents worth cultivating.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.), 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY; OR, HINTS ON DOMESTIC DUTIES. By H. A. Boardman. This work, the production of a clergyman eminent for his talents, learning, and indefatigable labors to promote the cause of true piety, is worthy the careful study of every person who wishes to promote human happiness. It is a series of lectures on the duties of the family relation as set forth and enforced in the BIBLE. The importance of the Christian virtues in daily life, and the means by which HOME may be made the place of love and joy, are the themes of this book, which we commend to all our readers.

THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNECTION WITH MAN, *Illustrated by the Principal Organs.* By James John Garth Wilkinson. This is a reprint of an English work, published simultaneously with the London edition. The writer is a firm Christian, and draws his philosophy from the BIBLE. It is an attempt to make physiology and medical science contribute to the moral improvement of society. Of course, the author contends for the diffusion of this knowledge among all classes. We hope the work will be carefully read by those engaged in training the young. It contains suggestions of great importance.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—
THE LAWS OF HEALTH, IN RELATION TO MIND AND BODY. *A Series of Letters from an Old Practitioner to a Patient.* By Lionel John Besle, M. R. C. S. This is a most excellent treatise on important subjects, and interesting to every class of readers who possess a single rational idea of the subjects to which it refers.

From E. S. JONES & Co., S. W. corner of Fourth and Race Streets, Philadelphia:—

THE MODEL ARCHITECT: *containing Original Designs for Cottages, Villas, Suburban Residences, etc., accompanied by Explanations, Specifications, Estimates, and Elaborate Details.* Prepared expressly for the use of artisans throughout the United States, by Samuel Sloan, Architect, office 146 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. We have been favored with the first, second, and third numbers of this valuable work, and most cheerfully recommend it to the particular attention of artists, and to the public generally. These numbers are for July, August, and September, and contain a number of elegant designs, besides a great amount

of matter descriptive of the various orders of architecture introduced, and explanations which cannot fail to interest artists, and to instruct those who desire to be informed in relation to the beautiful science of architecture.

From DANIELS & SMITH, No. 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

DICTIONARY OF SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATIONS. Exhibiting the most forcible passages illustrative of the various passions, affections, and emotions of the human mind. Selected and arranged in alphabetical order from the writings of the eminent dramatic poet. The title of this work explains all we could say of it. It opens with an appropriate preface, which is followed by brief criticisms on the works of Shakspeare, and also by a sketch of his life. The book is neatly printed on good substantial paper, and is well bound. T. Bell, Philadelphia, is the publisher.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Abraham Mills, A.M., author of "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," etc. etc. In two large octavo volumes, of upwards of five hundred pages each. These volumes contain forty-six lectures on English literature, commencing with Alfred the Great, and concluding with the letters of Junius, and embrace all the celebrated characters that appeared between the two periods. These lectures have been annually repeated for the last twenty years, during which time they have received such additions and corrections as successive years of investigation and study naturally suggested. They will, of course, attract the attention of the literary public generally, and prove a valuable acquisition to every well-selected library in the country.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, late Rector of Walton, Herts. By the Rev. F. R. Birks, M. A., Rector of Ketchall, Herts. With an introduction by Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. In two volumes. The subject of this memoir was a pious and most exemplary minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in England, whose virtuous and Christian examples are worthy of the meditation and imitation of all who profess the doctrines of universal charity.

THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By Alphonse De Lamartine, author of the "History of the Girondists." Vol. 1. Here we have the commencement of a work which is calculated, in the highest degree, to arrest the attention of the historical reader, and to awaken the slumbering reminiscences of all those who, like the author, have lived through the eventful period which has given ten governments to France, and which leaves her people still struggling between liberty and despotism. It will probably surprise many readers who have thought themselves well acquainted with the characters of individuals who were once prominent actors before their eyes, to find that, when divested of the prejudices and the rancor of partisanship, those very characters, once so obnoxious, are herein made to wear the brightest signets of worth and patriotism. On the other hand, they will not be less surprised to find that many of the public favorites, and of their favorites, too, of that day, were reckless and shameless impostors upon the credulity of a suffering and excited people. It was time that some one should come forward and do justice

to the events and to the men of the era which witnessed the struggles of France for freedom, and we are pleased to find that the graphic pen of Lamartine has been devoted to the task.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

SWALLOW BARN; or, Sojourn in the Old Dominion. By J. P. Kennedy. Revised edition. With twenty illustrations by Strothers. This novel, which was written more than twenty years ago, and which at that time was received as an American work of undoubted literary merit, has recently undergone a revision by its author, and is again presented to the public much improved in taste and interest. It is printed and bound in the neatest manner, and nearly all the illustrations are extremely natural and faithfully colored.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

THE INDICATIONS OF THE CREATOR; or, the Natural Evidences of a Final Cause. By George Taylor. This is an important work in the impending questions between a portion of the geologists and those who cling reverentially to the Biblical record of the creation of the world. It has, we believe, been heretofore favorably noticed in the "Lady's Book."

GULLIVER IOI; his Three Voyages: being an account of his Marvelous Adventures in Kailoo, Hydrogenia, and Ejanio. Edited by Elbert Perce.

BRAGGADOCIO. A Book for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL; or, How to Rise in the World. By Uncle Frank, author of the "Willow Lane Stories," etc.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF-MAKER, AND OTHER STORIES. Also by Uncle Frank.

These little volumes are all handsomely illustrated, and their contents admirably calculated to instruct and amuse the minds of the younger class of readers.

From MARK H. NEWMAN & Co., New York:—

LESSONS IN MODERN FARMING; OR, AGRICULTURE FOR SCHOOLS. Containing Scientific Exercises for Recitation, and Elegant Extracts from Rural Literature for Academic and Family Reading. By Rev. John L. Blake, D. D. We have given the above title in full, because it accurately defines the character of this valuable book. The author requires no other passport to public favor than simply to have his works known. The preceding one, "Farmer's Everyday Book," has proved very popular; this new work will be as warmly welcomed. It should be read in every household of our land; for those not directly employed in agriculture will be interested by the literary portion, which is of a refined and pleasing character.

From JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston:—

THE GARDENER'S TEXT BOOK, &c. By Peter Adam Schmits. We always welcome every treatise on the delightful art of cultivating vegetables and fruits, which flourish best around the homes of men. It seems to bring the idea of Eden nearer; it gives to women and children pleasant objects of interest abroad in the open air; and makes the love of nature a portion of our everyday thoughts. This little work is an admirable manual for families who wish to enjoy the pleasures of a good garden, and its author deserves success.

From ROBERT SEARS, No. 128 Nassau Street, New York:—

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CHINA AND INDIA. Comprising a description of those countries and their inhabitants, embracing the historical events, government, religion, education, language, literature, arts, manufactures, productions, commerce, and manners and customs of the people, from the earliest period of authentic record to the present time. Edited by Robert Sears. Among the series of illustrated works which have already appeared under the editorial superintendence, and from the untiring press, of Mr. Sears, this volume will be justly ranked as the most beautiful and interesting. In presenting his work to the reader, the editor very justly observes that, comprising, as it does, an illustrated, historical, and descriptive account of two of the most populous, most wealthy, and most ancient nations of the world—nations that were not only in existence, but had made advances in civilization, and arts even, at a period of time when the earliest European nations had not emerged from a barbaric state—it can scarcely fail to prove of exciting interest even to those with whom, as a general thing, historic facts are dry and uninviting. The volume is most beautifully printed and bound, the illustrations from authentic designs, and the maps accurately drawn and carefully engraved, and specially adapted to the subject matter.

From CHRISTY, KELSEA & BURKE, Athens, Ga.:—

ZARA. A Romance. By D. L. Routh. By computation, this poem, or romance, contains four hundred and nineteen stanzas of eight lines each. From this fact the reader can form a just estimate of the industry of the author, whose genius will probably soon attain an equally high consideration in the good opinion of his readers, should he continue the course he has so early and so diligently aspired to succeed in.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "The Life and Adventures of Don Quixote, and his Squire, Sancho Panza." Revised and corrected, with all the original notes. Translated from the Spanish of Michael De Cervantes Saavedra by Charles Jarvis, Esq., London. This is said to be the only complete cheap edition of the world-renowned Don Quixote ever published, and the publisher unquestionably deserves great credit for placing so great a fund of amusement within the means of the generality of readers.—"Memoirs of a Physician." By Alexander Dumas. Complete in two volumes. The name of Dumas is a general passport for the historical interest to be found in his works. In these memoirs we have additional evidence of the wonderful genius of the author in combining the truths of history with the inventions of romance. The work presents the reader with numerous engravings illustrative of the best scenes and personages in the work.

From Burgess & Garrett, 22 Ann Street, New York: "Harry Burnham, the Young Continental; or, Memoirs of an American Officer during the Campaigns of the Revolution, and sometime a Member of Washington's Staff." By Henry A. Buckingham. This is a very interesting American story.

From H. Long & Brother, New York: "Kenneth: a Romance of the Highlands." By G. W. M. Reynolds, author of "Mysteries of the Court of Naples,"

"Court of London," &c. With numerous engravings. This work has crossed the Atlantic with a pretty fair reputation.—"Lewis Arundel; or, the Railroad of Life." With numerous illustrations. By the author of "Frank Fairleigh." This work has also received high praise from transatlantic critics, having been pronounced "a truly great romance."

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York, through Getz & Buck, Philadelphia: "Matilda Montgomery; or, the Prophecy Fulfilled." A Tale of the late American War. Being the Sequel to "Wacousta." By Major Richardson.—"The Wedding Dress." By Alexander Dumas. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. An interesting story, the heroism of which, however, is made to present a miserable example to all "true lovers," by jumping into the sea.—"Life of General Lopez, and History of the late Attempted Revolution in Cuba." By a Flibustiero.

From S. Robinson, No. 9 Sansom Street, Philadelphia: "Comic Natural History of the Human Race." Designed and illustrated by Henry L. Stephens. This is the eighth and last number of the work, which contains, in all, forty plates.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia: "London Labor and the London Poor." By Henry Mayhew. Part 12. Price 12½ cents.—"Drayton: a Story of American Life." The object which the author of this volume appears to have had in view was the illustration of American society, by contrasting the positions of mechanics with the pretensions of wealth and aristocracy. And, this being the object of the author, we are not surprised to find some exaggerations on both sides of the question which he has very cleverly endeavored to present, by the introduction of individual characters.

From Charles Scribner, New York, through A. Hart, Philadelphia: "The Miller of our Village, and some of his Tales." With illustrations. By Uncle Frank, author of the "Willow Lane Stories," etc. Instructive and entertaining for young readers.

From Robinson, agent, Chestnut above Tenth Street, Philadelphia: "The August and September numbers of the 'Bulletin of the American Art-Union.'" This, as all our readers know, is an elegant and important work on the progress of the American fine arts.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia: "The Confessor." An Historical Novel. Three volumes of the London edition complete in one. Price 50 cents.—"Katharine Walton; or, the Rebel of Dorchester." An Historical Romance of the Revolution in Carolina. By the author of "Richard Hurdiss," etc. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents.

Publisher's Department.

OUR DECEMBER NUMBER.—In our November number we gave match plates of a moral tendency, and again in this number we do the same. Certainly our efforts in a good cause must be appreciated by our subscribers. This number contains, in all, six full page engravings—"Good Night to Fifty-One," "Dress the Maker," "Dress the Wearer," "The Reconciliation"—the match plate to this, "The Estranged," was published in November, 1850—"Christmas Cheer," "Indoor Fashions for December," with emblematic borders, and "The Frozen Mill." A set of embellishments that we really feel pride in.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER will contain a much larger amount of reading than we usually give; in addition to a great number of engravings. We give, and will continue to do so, more engravings, both useful and ornamental, than any other publication in this or any other country—religious, moral, humorous, and useful. In short, the “Lady’s Book” for 1852 will be a series of surprise numbers, excelling anything that has heretofore been published. The public knows us, and can put faith in our promise.

REMEMBER that our year commences in January, and that this is the only magazine intended expressly for ladies in the United States.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT will be opened in January, when ladies will be enabled to procure articles of the latest fashions, even before they appear in Philadelphia. See notice in January number.

GENTLEMEN of the press, friends, and subscribers, you crowd upon us so with your kindly notices and letters, that we cannot afford the room to publish your friendly remarks. The “Ashland Union” says, “If the ladies had a right to vote, Godey would be elected to the Presidency of the Republic *volens volens*.” That, we think, is enough for this month.

THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS.—We cannot devote a space more cheerfully, at the close of the volume, than we do this, in acknowledgment to our numerous editorial friends, from whom we have received the most gratifying, and the most unanimous, award that has ever, perhaps, been given to a single individual in the editorial and publishing business. To say that we feel grateful for the repeated expression of their high opinion of our labors in behalf of the literature and the arts of our country, would be but a cold and commonplace return for their warm, generous, and flattering appreciation of the merits of the “Lady’s Book.” How grateful we feel, it would be impossible for us to say in so many words; and how great the incentive to prolonged and still renewed exertions on our part, those continued commendations have been, to use the language of the profession when they sometimes get bothered, “can be more easily conceived than described.” We will therefore conclude by assuring our editorial brethren that we shall endeavor to deserve a still further extension of their good opinions and confidence, and that we shall always take pleasure in reciprocating their kindness and good-will, in the most substantial manner that may come within the compass of our ability.

“GODEY has chosen the work of catering to the literary taste of his countrymen for a life purpose, and well he understands the business.” The above, from the “Chicago Tribune,” is true. It is the business of our life—we have no other—and have been engaged in no other pursuit for the last twenty-one and a half years; and, if we are spared, it will be the future object of our life to cater for those who have so liberally patronized us.

THE “Ashville Messenger” says, “The engraving of ‘Sour Grapes’ is an admirable hit. We do not know who ought to have ‘sour grapes,’ unless it be ladies who will not take ‘Godey.’”

FROM some unexplained cause, we receive more notices of the non-reception by subscribers of our December numbers than of any other number of the year. Extra pains will be taken to mail this number correctly, and we shall be very particular in our inquiries when a duplicate is written for.

“OUR TREASURY.”—This department of the “Book,” which formerly gave so much satisfaction, will again be resumed. It will contain articles from Bryant, Longfellow, Percival, Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Hoffman, Tuckerman, Simms Halleck, Paulding, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Dana, Herbert, Fitz Greene Halleck, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Annan, Park Benjamin, E. A. Poe, etc. etc.

THE fancy plate in the March number is the title-plate to the second volume for 1851. Those who bind the “Book” will please notice this.

WE can promise our readers, in the January number, a rich treat—“Pleasing the Parish; or, the Minister’s Wife”—by the author of “Miss Bremer’s Visit to Cooper’s Landing.”

TO PUBLISHERS.—We have every plate that has ever been published in the “Lady’s Book,” and can furnish editions to any number, on the most reasonable terms.

SOMETHING NEW.—We will furnish stamps of any of our slipper and embroidery patterns, to any person applying for them, on the most reasonable terms; or any orders from ladies for any article of female dress will be attended to with pleasure.

SUBSCRIBERS are requested to look at the extract from the Post-Office Law on our cover, and to pay no more postage than that calls for. By paying three months postage in advance, they are entitled to the work at half the rates. We are induced to make this notice, having been advised that several postmasters are charging the most exorbitant rates.

PERSONAL.—Editors and authors, by virtue of their peculiar positions before the public, are peculiarly liable to hear themselves publicly criticized. Sometimes, it is true that, neither by virtue of their positions, nor in consideration of their personal virtues, do they escape censure; and therefore it is a happy circumstance for them when their personal appearance is made the subject of a remark, and their reputations and personal virtues are kept out of view, especially by the censorious. A lady said, in the hearing of one of our friends at the opera, a few evenings since, “Dear me! Is that Mr. Godey? I thought Mr. Godey was a much younger man.” “Ah,” said our friend, “Mr. Godey is still a young man; and, with all his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, looks much older than he really is, and all in consequence of the melancholy fact that a numerous class of his subscribers neglect to pay up!” Our friend has had some experience in the matter, and his remark is of general application. Men grow older much faster in the “profession” than they do out of it.

W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.—The name of this gentleman has long been familiar to the readers of the “Lady’s Book,” all of whom have had numerous opportunities of appreciating his abilities as a writer of great

literary merit, and as a man of superior moral excellence. We therefore take particular pleasure in announcing to them that our gifted friend and correspondent has been proposed for the Presidency of South Carolina College, to succeed the Hon. W. C. Preston.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—In referring our readers to the advertisement of this popular weekly paper for 1852, which will be found on the cover of our present number, we deem it unnecessary to urge upon our readers either the claims of the editor or the great merits of his work. The success which has attended the "Home Gazette" thus far, the first volume only having been completed, nevertheless, speaks volumes for the high estimation in which Mr. Arthur is held by the public as a writer, and as a sound and un-deviating moralist.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.—A cotemporary follows us in the notice which we made some months since, of the decided and gratifying improvement in the general appearance and elevated tone of the country press. We hail these evidences of progress in the craft, in the "art preservative of all arts," as the best and soundest guarantees of the perpetuity, the prosperity, and the glory of the republic. We sincerely hope that a corresponding effort will everywhere be evinced by the public, and that those who have increased their responsibilities, and added greatly to their labors and anxieties, will meet with that reward which can alone sweeten the bread of toil, and give renewed energy to the wearied faculties. Though occupying a position which some of our brethren may look upon as rather enviable, we could nevertheless speak as feelingly on this subject as any of them. We are not, it is true, in the political arena, neither are we harassed and perplexed with the ever-varying currents of news, foreign or domestic; and yet our brains and our utmost ingenuity are sorely taxed from month to month in order to present something agreeable, something original, chaste, and attractive, to our readers. Our life, therefore, is not one of ease and pleasure, as they may imagine, but one of incessant toil and anxiety, fully equal to their own; and therefore we say we can enter feelingly into every effort which they make for the improvement of their respective establishments, and anticipate for them, as in our own case, a just and liberal support.

We may add to this subject that there is not a country paper in the United States, that we know of, that is not on our exchange list. If there are any not on our list, they will be immediately placed there on application. So careful are we in regard to our country friends, that every paper is examined by a person specially appointed for that duty, and not an exchange is mailed that does not pass through our own hands.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—Another season of travel and excursions of pleasure has passed away; and, as will appear very natural, we gratefully recur to the means which have afforded a vast multitude of our fellow-citizens safe and pleasant trips to and from New York, and to and from the various points of quiet recreation on the shores of the Delaware. It is not our intention, however, to pass a eulogium upon the company, or to insist upon what is an acknowledged fact from one end of the country to the other, to wit, that the railroad and steamboat navigation under their direction is the most safe, the most pleasant, and com-

fortable that has yet been established. But it is to those who are in the employ of the company, and to whose care and attention the lives and the security of passengers are necessarily committed, that we should feel more particularly indebted. It is therefore a pleasant task for us to refer, at the close of the year, to those who have so well deserved the approbation of the public by their assiduity and attention to the travelers along the route, and whose care and forethought have doubtless contributed largely to their safety and security from accident. First on the list of the practical, working agents of the company is Wm. H. GATZMER, Esq., a gentleman whose devotion to business never wavers. Next, in the financial department, is S. C. Gatzmer and R. S. Troubridge. Clerk in the ticket office, H. M. Innis. Captains, Keester, of the steamboat John Stevens; Hinkle, of the Trenton; Agnew, of the New Philadelphia; Heath, of the Washington; Fine, of the Burlington. Gen. Cook, superintendent of the railroad; Col. Van Rensselaer, superintendent of the workshops; Mr. Gaunt, agent at Burlington. Clerks, Thompson, of the John Stevens; Packer, of the Trenton; Morgan, of the New Philadelphia. Conductors, Snodgrass, Forbes, Van Nostrand, Muschamp, White, etc. To these, and to the long-tried and faithful engineers on board the several steamboats—Messrs. Robert Allan, of the John Stevens; Peter Bloomsbury, of the Trenton; Robert Walker, of the New Philadelphia; Charles Gamble, of the Burlington; and John Bloomsbury, of the Washington—the traveling public of the United States have reason to feel truly grateful for the unprecedented security which has attended the rapid movements of the lines under their charge during the past year.

To this we will add a piece of information, which will still further evince the energy of the company in meeting the comforts of those who pass over the route. We learn from the columns of a cotemporary, that the Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth, steamboat builders, of Wilmington, Del., have just entered into a contract with the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, to construct for them a large and magnificent iron steamboat, to run on the Delaware to their various stopping points between Philadelphia and Bordentown. The keel is to be two hundred and sixty feet in length, being twenty feet longer than the John Stevens.

The construction of this boat is to be commenced immediately, in order to have it completed and ready for use early in the spring. The interior arrangements and accommodations are to be of the most beautiful and convenient order, far surpassing anything now upon the river, and, no doubt, will amply comport with the taste and liberality of the company, in increasing the facilities of travel upon our noble river. They have maintained an advance in such improvements, and they are determined not to be behind in any enterprise which has the comfort and convenience of the trading community in view.

One of the great lions of the day is "Simes' Apothecary Store," at the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut Streets. When lighted up in the evening, it is more like a fairy palace than a store for the dispensing of drugs. It is said to be the handsomest establishment of the kind in the world; and then its proprietor, where will you find a more agreeable man, and one better versed in his business?

MOORE'S FANCY STORE.—This splendid and fashionable establishment is in one of the most eligible situations in the city, No. 220 Chestnut Street, opposite the Girard House. Here can be purchased every variety of fancy stationery, including wedding cards, boxes, etc. Mrs. Moore is a most agreeable lady, and Mr. Moore, being in correspondence with the most extensive and fashionable stationery establishments in London and Paris, will be enabled to fulfil all orders made through him, with the same precision as if made by personal application, persons being particular in their directions.

HERE is a curiosity for our lady readers:—

ARTICLES LOST AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The following is a return of things found in the Crystal Palace, which were delivered over to the custody of the police between the first of May and the first of August, and were, at that last date, still unclaimed by their owners: 271 handkerchiefs, 65 bracelets, 183 brooches, 118 parasols, 77 shawl pins, 4 bonnet shades, 14 silk and 9 cotton umbrellas, 46 veils and falls, 2 shirt studs, 57 catalogues and other books, 35 bunches of keys, 44 neck ties, 1 pair of galochees, 8 lockets, 3 camp-stools, 16 victorines, 1 pair of slippers, 10 ladies' cuffs, 1 pendulum, 2 coats, 3 card-cases, 15 brequet and other chains, 3 knives, 3 pincushions, 29 pair of gloves, 25 walking-sticks, 10 pair of spectacles, 12 eye-glasses, 16 pencil-cases, 3 umbrella cases, 4 rings, 3 fans, 1 silver watch and guard, 1 opera glass, 2 toothpicks, 1 thimble, 30 reticules and baskets, 14 shawls, 2 boxes, 1 petticoat, 2 carpenters' rules, 1 Prussian five dollar note, 3 scent-bottles, 1 purse 6d., 1 ditto 1s., 1 ditto 2s. 7d., 1 ditto 2s. 6d., 1 ditto £5 9s. 4d., 1 ditto 6d., 1 ditto 11d., 1 ditto 6s. 3d., 3 empty ditto, cash found £2 10s 0½d.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

FORCEMEATS.—Take six ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of lean ham, two ounces of butter, six ounces of finely shred beef suet, a little thyme, parsley, and mace, a dessertspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, and the yolks of three eggs; well mix, and add three teaspoonfuls of milk, and twelve drops of essence of lemon, or a teaspoonful of lemon pickle; mix again, and form into balls, which are to be fried in lard, or used for stuffing.

CARRACK OR INDIAN SAUCE FOR COLD MEAT.—Two heads of garlic sliced, five spoonfuls of soy, five spoonfuls of mushroom ketchup, eight spoonfuls of walnut pickle, fifteen anchovies, or five spoonfuls of essence of anchovies, three spoonfuls of mango pickle, one quart of vinegar—mix in a bottle and set it in the chimney corner, shake daily for a month. It is excellent without the mango. This is an excellent sauce, and, without the mango, would be mild.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Take four pounds of mutton—part of the leg is best—add one gallon of water, one teacupful of pearl barley, two carrots sliced, two turnips sliced, two onions cut small, three carrots grated, the white part of a large cabbage chopped very small, and a small quantity of parsley. Season with pepper and salt. Let this boil very gently for three hours and a half; and at the dinner-table it will most likely—by all who are fond of soups—be pronounced excellent.

A GERMAN CUSTARD-SAUCE FOR PLUM, OR OTHER SWEET BOILED, PUDDINGS.—Boil very gently together half a pint of new milk, or of milk and cream mixed, a very thin strip or two of fresh lemon-rind, a bit of cinnamon, half an inch of a vanilla bean, and an ounce and a half or two ounces of sugar, until the milk is strongly flavored; then strain, and pour it, by slow degrees, to the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, smoothly mixed with a *knife-end-full* (about half a teaspoonful) of flour, a grain or two of salt, and a tablespoonful of cold milk; and stir these very quickly round as the milk is added. Put the sauce again into the stew-pan, and whisk or stir it rapidly until it thickens and looks creamy. It must not be placed upon the fire, but should be held over it, when this is done.

GERMAN SUGAR CAKES.—Blend well with the fingers six ounces of good butter with a pound of fine flour, working it quite into crumbs; add a few grains of salt, one pound of dry sifted sugar, a tablespoonful of the best cinnamon in very fine powder, and a large teaspoonful of mixed spices: to these the grated rinds of three sound fresh lemons can be added, or not, at pleasure. Make these ingredients into a paste, with the yolks of five eggs, and about four tablespoonfuls of white wine, or with one or two more in addition, if required, as this must be regulated by the size of the eggs: half of very thick cream and half wine, are sometimes used for them. Roll the mixture into balls, flatten them to something less than three-quarters of an inch thick, and bake them in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. Loosen them from the baking-sheets—which should be lightly floured before they are laid on—by passing a knife under them, turn them over, and, when they are quite cold, stow them in a dry, close-shutting canister. The Germans make three incisions in the top of each cake with the point of a knife, and lay spikes of split almonds in them.

STROKE OF LIGHTNING.—Throw cold water upon a person struck by lightning. It is said to be of very great benefit, if not a positive cure.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—A new and elegant evening dress of rose-colored silk. The skirt, which is the most striking novelty, is divided into two compartments. The flounce is composed of ten *ruches* of silk, very full, and puffed, giving a shape to the drapery which it will always retain. The upper part of the skirt has the same *ruches* disposed lengthwise in groups, on each side of the front breadth, and caught half way to the waist by knots of broad rich ribbon. The waist has a berthe of Honiton lace *en point*, and the sleeves are very simple, consisting only of a close puff of silk, with a very narrow Honiton edge. The hair is dressed with a new style of ornament, which is also used in the *corsage*.

Fig. 2d is a simpler, but, at the same time, stylish dress of white crape. There are nine narrow flounces slightly full, and edged with a double *ruche* of crape, finished by needlework points. The berthe, which also forms the sleeve, is in the same style. A drooping *bouquet de corsage* is composed of white, orange, and jasmine mixed; a wreath of small shining green orange leaves crosses the head, and is met by velvet

loops each side of the face. Hair dressed plainly in a round Grecian twist, and puffed slightly at the front.

We need not call attention to the beautiful design and execution of this plate; both points make their own appeal to the good taste of our lady readers.

CHIT-CHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Christmas is the anniversary of new winter bonnets in our goodly city. A belle may have paid her price for the *chef d'œuvre* of Miss Wharton, and visited it daily, in the seclusion of a comfortable nook of her wardrobe, to admire the style of the falling spray or the folds of bridelike blonde; still she does not venture forth armed by it for conquest until the great week of family meetings and loaded market baskets. Therefore Chestnut Street has just now its gayest aspect, and our ladies are looking lovelier than ever, from the effect of fresh plumes and bright knots of ribbon.

One of the most striking novelties in bonnets is the introduction of lace with velvet, which we have before alluded to. The crown has a fulling of lace, then comes a close body of the bonnet, if we may call it so, of shirred velvet, ending in another row of lace about the brim, which is finished by a heavy velvet shir. Plumes are used upon the velvet base, and the mixture of light and heavy materials has a most novel and stylish effect. These bonnets are made upon shapes, or frames of satin-covered bonnet wire, instead of the usual stiff foundation, which gives them an unequalled grace and lightness. Miss Wharton, of Philadelphia, and Lawson, of New York, have exhibited the most beautiful of this style which have come under our notice.

Ordinary evening bonnets for winter are all made over shapes of foundation, and are far more comfortable than those of plain silk and velvet. They are worn quite as much as ever the present season, and made of very heavy silks, satins, and velvets. Ribbons are not worn so wide as heretofore by our most strictly fashionable ladies, though one meets as many as ever upon the street. By spring, the mode of scarf ribbons will have passed almost entirely away.

The Gilet, or vest, is still gaining in favor. Silks, merinos, and cashmeres are made *en Gilet*. It is more particularly suited to plain colors, with the vest in contrast. For instance, at Miss Wharton's rooms we were recently shown a fawn-colored cashmere of exquisite texture, the corsage terminating in a basque, which, be it always remembered, is a short skirt, or flounce, having the effect of a short sacque fitting closely to the figure, but loose below the line of the waist. Imagine this sacque folded back in front, in a kind of rolling collar, descending to the hem of the basque, to display a close vest, like an ordinary coat-dress front, of blue watered silk, fastened by blue enameled buttons. The vest is about an inch above the corsage at the throat, and four or five inches broad, narrowing slightly at the waist, like a long chemisette. The basque is lined with white silk, and has an edge of blue lace gimp, corresponding in color with the vest. We have now in preparation a cut from one of the most tasteful styles, which will be more readily understood than those in the ordinary fashion plates, to be given in our next number, with a description of a *Gilet* without the basque, which is more suitable for light figures.

Some new styles of evening dresses for the gay season now commencing will also be prepared for the January number.

Dressing-gowns are becoming more and more essential to every lady's wardrobe. No one can dispute their convenience or utility. The printed flannels, having the effect of bright-colored cashmeres, are frequently preferred, for the reason that no lining is required. The front breadths only are faced with a light or pretty silk. There are two favorite styles of making up. The one has a tight back, made just one half too wide at the bottom of the corsage, and this is drawn to a slight fullness by a cord and tassel, or sash, always worn with the dressing-gown. The front breadths are perfectly plain from the shoulder to the hem, something like an ordinary loose dress, and are ornamented by a broad band of quilting in silk or satin, like that so much used for cloaks in 1849, which encircles the throat, forming a kind of yoke or cape, four or five inches in depth. Cashmeres should be lined throughout in quilted silk: Florence is generally used. They should be of plain colors, trimmed with a contrasting shade; as fawn color with blue or green, dark green, blue, or slate color enlivened by cherry, etc. etc. Cherry color is also the favorite shade for trimming printed flannels. A very neat and serviceable dressing-gown can be made from the skirt of a half-worn dress, by piecing the front breadth under the sash, and taking the back and sleeves, which should be loose, and turned up with a cuff, from one of the four breadths remaining. The fold we have described may be put on in plain silk, with pockets *en tablier*, and a small rolling collar, and cuffs to correspond. Invalids need not be reminded of the comfort of a dressing-gown, and it is the part of neatness, to say the least, to have one always at hand when making a toilet.

Winter traveling dresses, since every one goes to Washington, are principally of dark merinos, worn with plain cambric undersleeves, fastened by a cuff of linen to turn back at the wrist. We notice the very convenient fashion of carrying hand-baskets is revived. Those of sea-weed are most used, and have but one objection, their weight. But every variety may be noticed in steamboats and rail-cars. The shape is elongated, and the size sufficient for a pair of overshoes, a brush, etc., towel, and soap; nor should a needle-book be omitted in the catalogue of traveling essentials. Extra cuffs and pocket handkerchiefs, which add so much to neatness and comfort, may be thus nicely disposed of. It is wonderful how much a clean collar and cuffs will do towards renovating a traveling toilet! Sacques and blanket shawls are also put down among the indispensables. A close hood, without wires or frame, will be found very convenient by those taking a long journey, supplying the place of the bonnet at night, or evening, when rest is desirable.

A description of the favorite fashionable *fars* will be found by referring to Onkford's list. The tippets are very stylish the present season, some of the most costly ones being made with hoods, lined with richly quilted silks or satins, and finished by a depending tassel. They are fastened by a novelty in the shape of a gum-elastic slide, which is concealed by a large ornamented silk button, called a *brandebourg*. This style of Victorine is called *Palatine Royale*. Beaver bonnets are also worn in varied and elegant styles, and should always be trimmed with satin, to relieve the dull surface of the beaver.

FASHION.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION AND ARTS UNION OF AMERICA!!

This Work is conducted at an annual expense of over \$100,000, paid Writers, Artists, Mechanics, and the Women of our country.

The "Lady's Book" is now in the twenty-second year of its publication by the same Publisher—a fact unprecedented in the history of any American Magazine. Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of magazines have been started, and, after a short life, have departed—while the "Lady's Book" alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth. We do not ask the public to take solely our own statement, but we annex a few, a very few, of the notices that we have on hand from the cotemporary press of the day

NOTICES BY THE PRESS OF "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK."

Godey has a go-aheadativeness which is sure to render him the prince of magazine publishers.—*Lyons Whig*.

It is a long way ahead of all similar magazines in its getting up and general appearance.—*Ala. Advertiser*.

No man, woman, or child can read "Godey's Lady's Book" without feeling ennobled and improved.—*Va Pilot*.

The "Book" is an "art union" of itself, and in no way can so many truly fine and valuable engravings be procured as by subscribing for it.—*Woodstock Age*.

Godey is truly deserving of the premium of publishing the best magazine extant.—*Maine Advertiser*.

Godey's is emphatically a book for the ladies. It might appropriately be termed "The Book of Beauty."—*Nova Scotian*.

The utmost that art in its highest perfection can do, is now lavished on this work.—*Perrysville Eagle*.

For the sake of the future happiness of our kind, we wish every female in Canada was a reader of "Godey's Lady's Book."—*Intelligencer, Canada West*.

The truth is, Godey is insurpassable in the style, taste, and talent of his periodical.—*New Castle Dem.*

It still leads off at the head of American magazines.—*Plymouth News*.

Godey is certainly ahead of all the other monthlies, both in style and matter.—*Newmarket Democrat*.

All the magazines are enterprising, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Godey with his "Lady's Book" bears off the palm.—

For beauty and taste, we place it first among all the magazines.—*Romney Argus*.

A lady's parlor cannot be ornamented more richly than by the "Lady's Book." In fact, no parlor is complete without it.—*Troy Times*.

The literary matter and the plates are, by common consent, ranked at the head of magazine enterprise.—*Huntingdon Messenger*.

We invite all who are desirous of seeing the greatest work of the day now published—the "Lady's Book"—to call at our office.—*La. Register*.

Godey's we think the best of all the magazines published in America.—*Perrysburg Reveille*.

Godey certainly publishes the best magazine in the country.—*West Chester Times*.

Godey still keeps ahead.—*Elliotville Republican*.

Godey keeps his position at the head of the literary caterers for the people.—*Canton Reporter*.

Godey keeps a little in advance of his cotemporaries in many respects. His "Book" ranks A No. 1 among the *litterati* of the land.—*N. Y. Messenger*.

Each number is a perfect jewel, and we cannot wonder at its immense popularity.—*Reading Advocate*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the best magazine of the kind that comes to us.—*Conn. Daily Register*

This magazine is the most splendid of any published in the United States.—*Macon Cadet*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" is the prettiest work our mortal eyes ever looked upon.—*Centreville Whig*.

We have looked upon this as ~~the~~ magazine for a long time. We have never yet received a number that was not worth half the subscription price.—*Dalton Times*.

"Godey's Lady's Book" undeniably excels any of its cotemporaries, both as regards matter and embellishments.—*Jerseyman, N. J.*

Always having been at the head of American magazines, Godey is obstinately determined that his "Lady's Book" shall continue there.—*Boston Olive Branch*.

It is faint praise to say that it maintains its character as being first among the periodicals of the day —*Johnstown Republican*.

As a book for the ladies, it is really invaluable in its tendency to refine and elevate to a high standard the intellectual character of woman.—*Paulding Clarion*.

This is one of the very few periodicals that makes its monthly issues equal to the first one of the year.—*Osso Intelligencer*.

Its articles are of a high order, and display a spirit that will benefit American literature.—*Ballston Mirror*.

We have never known Mr. Godey to make a promise that he did not fulfil, and very often does better than he promises.—*Huntington Herald*.

The ladies of no country have been served by intellectual knight-errant so chivalrous and true Godey's last number is always the best.—*Ohio Telegraph*.

No just idea can be formed of this magnificent work without ocular inspection.—*Mich. Gazette*.

Of all the works devoted to the interests and amusements of the ladies, "Godey" is undoubtedly the best and most splendid.—*N. Y. Christian Guardian*.

It is far ahead of its cotemporaries in magnificence and worth.—*Portsmouth Dispatch*.

This is just what it professes to be, an excellent "Lady's Book," and in this respect stands unrivaled.—*Irassburgh Gazette*.

Godey is ahead of the world in magazine enterprise.—*Vevay Palladium*.

Godey certainly keeps a great distance between himself and all competitors. He has many imitators, but no equal.—*Lima Argus*.

This is undoubtedly the first magazine of its class in the country, and is very popular.—*Ironton Register*.

To those who desire the finest productions of American authors and artists, and one of the neatest and best conducted works in the world, we recommend Godey's Lady's Book.—*Pulaski Democrat*.

Godey ranks No. 1 in magazine literature.—*Ind. Local Press*.

Most if not all of the new features in magazine embellishments originate with Godey, and are copied by his cotemporaries. No person of taste should be without this Magazine.—*Mich. Democrat*.

Godey is justly the favorite magazine with the ladies. It improves in every number.—*Ala. Phiniz*.

We think it superior to any magazine in this country or in Europe.—*Jonesville Telegraph*.

Godey has obtained the start of all competitors and present appearances would indicate he means to keep it.—*Frankford Journal*.

Godey is as usual at the head of the magazine literature of the country.—*Boston Pilot*.

This is indeed the Lady's Book of the country. No other periodical can take its place in the drawing-rooms of our country-women.—*N. Y. Traveler*.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the "Lady's Book" is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the pages of the "Lady's Book," whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

It is the fashion with many magazines to announce in their advertisements, "Splendid Engravings, Fashion Plates," &c. What is the disappointment of the duped subscriber when he receives the numbers of a magazine thus advertised, to find all his splendid engravings dwindled down to paltry wood-cuts—as contemptible in design as in execution!

The publisher of the "Lady's Book" performs all he promises, and, as some of our exchanges are kind enough to say, "more than he promises." Each number of the "Lady's Book" contains at least

THREE ENGRAVINGS FROM STEEL PLATES ENGRAVED BY THE BEST ARTISTS

either in *LINE*, *STIPPLE*, or *MEZZOTINT*, and sometimes *FOUR*.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES

are published monthly, and are considered the only really valuable fashion plates that are published. They have been the standard for over twenty-one years. In addition to the above, every month selections from the following are given, with simple directions that all may understand:—

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Model Cottage Furniture, Patterns for Window Curtains, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID, AND NO DEVIATION.

One copy, 1 year, - - - - -	\$3	Five copies, 1 year, - - - - -	\$10
Two copies, 1 year, - - - - -	5	One copy, 5 years, - - - - -	10
One copy, 2 years, - - - - -	5	Ten copies, 1 year, - - - - -	20

And one copy extra for a year to the person sending the club of ten.

- ❑ No old subscriber will be received into a club until all arrearages are paid.
- ❑ Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.
- ❑ Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.
- ❑ A Specimen or Specimens will be sent to any Postmaster making the request

Address

L. A. GODEY,

No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

ONE YEAR, AND

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE

ONE YEAR,

**WILL BE SENT TO ANY PERSON OR PERSONS ON RECEIPT OF FOUR DOLLARS.
THE PRICE OF THE TWO SEPARATELY WOULD BE FIVE DOLLARS.**

Address, L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Or, T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,
No. 107 Walnut Street, Philada.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY OF THE UNION.

The proprietors of the *POST* think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of *THIRTY YEARS* is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our continued connection with that distinguished authoress,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," &c. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following nouvelles:—

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE:

By *MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ*, author of "Linda," "Rena," &c.

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTHWEST:

A COMPANION TO "PRAIRIE FLOWER." By *EMERSON BENNETT*, author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," &c.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH:

By *T. S. ARTHUR*, author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," &c. And last, but not least,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION. By *MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH*, author of "The Deserted Wife," &c. &c.

The *POST* also will contain every week Selected Articles of the choicest description, one or more Engravings, Humorous Articles, the most interesting News, Local News, Bank Note List, State of the Markets, the Stock Market, etc. etc.

TERMS.—The terms of the *POST* are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:—

4 COPIES		\$5 00	PER ANNUM
8	" (And one to Agent, or the getter-up of the Club,)	\$10 00	"
13	" (And one to Agent, or the getter-up of the Club,)	\$15 00	"
20	" (And one to Agent, or the getter-up of the Club,)	\$20 00	"

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Address, always post-paid, DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

P. S. A copy of the *POST* will be sent as a specimen to any one requesting it.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

THE POPULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER!!

1852.

WONDERFUL ENLARGEMENT TO LEVIATHAN SIZE!!!

REDUCTION IN PRICE!!

SIX COLUMNS MORE READING!!!

IMPROVEMENT IN QUALITY OF PAPER AND EXCELLENCE OF PRINTING!!!

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER

IS THE LARGEST FAMILY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES. It is acknowledged by the press, and thousands of subscribers in letters to the publisher, as decidedly the best now published for

**THE FAMILY CIRCLE, THE FARMER,
THE BUSINESS MAN, THE ARTISAN,
THE HOUSEWIFE, AND THE MAN OF LEISURE**

And, when enlarged and improved (as it will be for the year 1853), it will surpass anything in the newspaper line ever attempted. It is conceded by all to be

THE LADIES' FAVORITE NEWSPAPER;

containing the latest Reports of Fashions, with engravings, Valuable Recipes and Useful Hints for Housewifery, Cooking, Preserving, Cleaning Furniture, &c. &c. It is a Moral Instructor for Youth, and contains more really useful information than any other journal published. Chronological Tables of Historical Events, Scintillations of History, Biographies of Distinguished Men of the Past and Present Century, Valuable Essays on Important Scientific, Philosophic, and Useful Subjects, Records of New Inventions, &c. &c.

THE BEST ORIGINAL TALES AND STORIES

appear in *Scott's Weekly Paper*, and every attention is paid to procuring CHOICE POETRY, Select Reading, the LATEST NEWS from all parts of the Globe, Reports of Markets, Stock Tables, Rates of Discount, &c. &c. The publisher is not connected with any other publication, and his whole time and attention is devoted to his favorite *Weekly Paper*

LOWEST TERMS:

One Copy,	one year,	- - -	\$2	Full price	- - -	\$4
Two Copies,	"	- - -	3	"	- - -	10
Four Copies,	"	- - -	5	"	- - -	20
Ten Copies,	"	- - -	10	"	- - -	42
Twenty-one Copies	"	- - -	20	"	- - -	

And an extra premium to the getter-up of the clubs of ten and twenty. To insure the paper at the club rates, which are lower by 20 per cent. than any paper of equal size and character has ever been offered at, the full complement should be ordered at one time. Additions to clubs will be made at the same rates.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We present our claims to the American public without any ostentation or extravagant show. "*Scott's Weekly Paper*" is admitted, by even our city contemporaries, as the late trial proved, to be cheaper than any of them could afford such a paper at. To this our answer is, that we were bred in a printing office. The greater part of our life was spent in the extensive printing establishment of Col. Charles Alexander; and we had something to do with every paper (and there were very many) issued by that once eminent publisher.

Postage must be paid on all letters sent us. It is required, too, by the present postage law, that subscribers to weekly newspapers, to avail themselves of the cheap postage, must pay quarterly in advance. The postmasters, who are authorized agents for *Scott's Weekly Paper*, will explain the rates, which are graduated according to distance.

Address

**ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher,
No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Copies of *Scott's Weekly Paper* will be sent as specimens to any address desired.

A FEW REASONS WHY GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK SHOULD HAVE THE PREFERENCE WITH THE PUBLIC.

The first, and perhaps the only one that need be given, is—it is the best.

Second. The articles in the "*Lady's Book*" are written by American authors, who are paid for them.

Third. It contains many more and better engravings.

Fourth. Having as many subscribers as any two other magazines, the publisher can afford to issue a more expensive publication, by which the subscriber is benefited.

Fifth. It is the only work designed for the amusement and instruction of ladies, and conducted by ladies.

Sixth. Because in the "*Lady's Book*" you have the original, and in others only counterfeits.

Seventh. Why will persons subscribe to a second-rate magazine, when they can get the best at the same price. \$3?

Eighth. Because the money paid to writers, engravers, and others is freely distributed to Americans, and mostly to American ladies.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE FOR 1852.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE HOME GAZETTE, through the Editor's untiring efforts to produce a weekly family paper combining the highest degree of interest and instruction, with an entire

FREEDOM FROM VULGARITY, LOW SLANG, PROFANITY, OR ANYTHING THAT CAN CORRUPT OR DEPRAVE THE MIND, has already gained a wide circulation, and won the fullest confidence of a virtuous and discriminating public. In announcing the Prospectus for 1852, the publishers have little to say beyond what has already been said. They have given to

T. S. ARTHUR, THE EDITOR, entire control of the paper. Not a line goes in without his supervision; and he is, therefore, responsible for all that appears therein. So that just the same confidence felt in him by the public as a sound and safe moral teacher may be felt in his "Home Gazette," which is emphatically

A supporter of Religion and Virtue, and the conservator of good morals and social well-being.

In the *ORIGINAL LITERARY DEPARTMENT*, no magazine in the country is better sustained than the "Home Gazette." Besides a regular series of articles from many of the best writers in the country, **Nearly all that the Editor writes will appear first in the "Home Gazette."**

Of the impression made on the public mind by the Home Gazette, let the following remarks of the press, selected from hundreds of a like character, speak—

T. S. Arthur, its editor, has taken every pains to make the Gazette, what every one must admit it to be, the best family paper published in Philadelphia.—*From the Pittston (Pa.) Gazette.*

Arthur's Home Gazette is meeting, we understand, with unexampled success. We are glad to hear it, for the Gazette is like an oasis in the desert among the mass of worthless publications got up in the cities to humbug country people. It is published at \$2 a year, with a corresponding reduction to clubs. [The Courier adds, in reference to the terms of the Home Gazette, which does not club lower than fifteen copies for \$20:] Decidedly the *cheapest* plan is to pay a fair price and get a good article—particularly in newspapers.—*From the Lebanon (Pa.) Courier.*

To the ladies of Louisville, we commend this excellent literary journal as one of the best in the United States.—*From the Louisville (Ky.) Varieties.*

We know of no sheet that we can more heartily commend than the Gazette. The high-toned morality pervading every line, and the vast amount of useful information it contains, should render it a most welcome visitor to the family circle.—*From the Republican, Farmville, Va.*

Arthur's Home Gazette is one of the best literary papers of the age. It will better the hearts and elevate the minds of all who read it. Parents need not be afraid to subscribe for it on the ground that it may injure their children by giving them a disrelish for what is termed "solid reading." Its articles awaken rather than prevent thought.—*From the Mount Vernon (O.) Times.*

Already it has taken the lead among the weeklies. Its peculiar excellence is owing greatly to the care taken to admit only such articles to its columns as are entertaining or instructive, and excluding everything that might pander to depraved taste. This is done under the supervision of the editor, T. S. Arthur, whose moral character and talents are sufficient indication of the worth of any literary enterprise with which he may be connected.—*From the Portsmouth (Va.) Whig.*

We cannot too warmly recommend it as a literary newspaper. It is emphatically a home magazine of the very first order.—*From the Republican, Atlanta, Geo.*

We speak within bounds when we say that we know of no journal in the United States which exceeds, if it even equals, the intrinsic merits of the Gazette. Its matter is mainly original, chaste in language, sparkling in thought, and sublime in morality.—*From the Georgetown (Ky.) Herald.*

The Home Gazette has already taken rank among the first literary papers of America.—*From the Courier, Westport, N. Y.*

We regard Arthur's Home Gazette as one of the best papers for the family circle that we have ever known.—*From the Republican, Jacksonville, Ala.*

In order to keep the columns of our paper perfectly free from all that may injure either body or mind,

All Medical Advertisements will be excluded; and also, all advertisements, of bad books, or anything that can do harm.

The Home Gazette is printed on white paper, with **LARGE CLEAR TYPE.**

TERMS OF "ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE."

One copy, per annum, - - -	\$2 00	Ten copies, per annum, - - -	\$15 00
Three copies " - - -	5 00	Fourteen copies " - - -	20 00
Six copies " - - -	10 00		

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, one year, FOUR DOLLARS.

Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an *extra* copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club.

Address, post-paid,

**T. S. ARTHUR & Co.,
No. 107 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

RICHES WITHOUT WINGS,

AN ORIGINAL NOUVELLETTE, BY T. S. ARTHUR, will be commenced with the New Year in the "HOME GAZETTE." The title of this story sufficiently indicates the important lesson the author proposes to teach.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—EXCELSIOR.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION,
AND THE ARTS UNION OF AMERICA.

VOL. XLIII.—DECEMBER, 1851.

This Work is Conducted at an Expense of over \$100,000 per annum, paid to Writers, Artists, and Mechanics of our own Country.

EMBELLISHMENTS, &c.

SIX FULL PAGE PLATES, TWO COLORED.

1. *GOOD NIGHT TO FIFTY-ONE.* (On cover.) Engraved by - - - A. L. DICK.
2. *DRESS THE MAKER,* } Match plates of a } Engraved by - - - J. I. PEASE.
3. *DRESS THE WEARER,* } moral tendency. } Printed in colors by - - - D. STEVENS.
4. *THE RECONCILIATION.* Printed in tints by - - - T. K. & P. G. COLLINS.
5. *CHRISTMAS CHEER.* Containing *FASHIONS* for December, with emblematic border, showing the festivities and sports of the season. Engraved by - - - J. I. PEASE.
6. *THE FROZEN MILL.* A winter scene. Engraved by - - - JASPER GREEN.
7. *MUSIC.—I LOVE THE STILL EVENING.* Poetry by T. A. GOULD. Music by - - - THEO. F. LA HACHE.
- 8, 9. *MODEL COTTAGE.* Two engravings. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
10. *BRIDAL RIDING HAT.* Engraved by - - - C. T. HINCKLEY.
- 11-15. *COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.* Five engravings. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.
- 16-18. *MANTLE AND UNDERSLEEVES.* Three engraving. Engraved by - - - W. CROOME.
19. *COMBINATION DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK.* Engraved by - - - G. S. JONES.
20. *NET FOR THE HAIR.* Engraved by - - - W. CROOME.
- 21-24. *COTTAGE FURNITURE.* Four engravings. Engraved by - - - J. FROST.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTENTS.

Model Cottage,	324	To a Cautious Poet, by <i>Portia</i> ,	366
The Dress-Maker and the Dress-Wearer, by <i>Mary Spencer Pease</i> ,	325	The Harp of Memory, by <i>W. Gilmore Simms</i> ,	366
The Reconciliation, by <i>Daniel Strock</i> ,	331	To Ruth, by <i>T. F. W.</i> ,	366
Oakford's,	332	To Miss <i>J. V. G.</i> ,	367
Sonnet, by <i>Richard S. James</i> ,	332	Reminiscence.—To Mary, by <i>Robert G. Allison</i> ,	367
Familiar Recollections of the Times of the Empire.—		The Estranged, by <i>T. Hempstead</i> ,	367
Malmaison, Translated by <i>J. M. Sanders</i> ,	333	Woman, by <i>W. H. S.</i> ,	367
Lines on a Grecian Temple in Mount Auburn, by <i>J. C.</i> ,	341	Mantle and Undersleeves,	368
Modern Aristocrats, by <i>Hattie Lane</i> ,	342	A Word more of Draperies,	368
The Enchanted World, by <i>L. W. Meach</i> ,	346	Patchwork.—Combination Designs,	369
Fairy Glen, by <i>Marie Roscau</i> ,	348	Netting.—Net for the Hair,	370
Sleep, by <i>Samuel J. Pike</i> ,	359	A very pretty Baby's Hood and Comforter,	371
Costumes of all Nations,	360	Cottage Furniture,	371
How can an American Woman serve her Country, by		Editors' Table,	372
<i>Kate Berry</i> ,	362	Literary Notices,	372
The Heart of Man is like a Harp, by <i>John A. Chapman</i> ,	365	Publisher's Department,	374
Sonnet, by <i>Wm. Alexander</i> ,	365	Various Useful Receipts,	377
		Fashions,	377

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

Extract from the Law.

"And there shall be charged upon every magazine of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance not exceeding 500 miles, one cent, and for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce one cent; for any distance exceeding 500 miles, and not exceeding 1500 miles, double those rates. And all publishers of periodicals, newspapers, &c., which shall not exceed sixteen ounces in weight shall be allowed to interchange their publications reciprocally free of postage. Subscribers to all periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance, and in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, only two cents for 500 miles.—This will comprise Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and parts of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. Over 500 and under 1500 miles the postage is only four cents; this will comprise Texas on the southwest, Iowa on the northwest, and extends 700 miles west of the Mississippi River. All the subscriber has to do is to pay for three months' subscription in advance at the office where he receives his book to entitle him to the above rates—that is, six cents for three months for 500 miles, or twelve cents for three months for 1500 miles, or twenty-four cents for three months for a distance over 1500 miles.

Now is the time to subscribe and get the Nos. from the commencement of the year.

[T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.]



A000020202101



A000020202101





A000020202101





A000020202101





A000020202101